

What it was like for me to leave America for China.

Once I was *finally* retired from MAJestic, and I was able to do whatever I wanted. As such, I made a cognitive appraisal of my situation. I performed what they call in the industry, a *situation analysis*.

I discovered that my life as a post-MAJestic operative in the United States was not going to be a pleasant retirement. I discovered that I would forever be monitored, watched and observed. I discovered that those watching me were themselves, NOT part of MAJestic. But, rather outsiders who were doing so for *other* reasons. And they, not knowing who I was or what I was capable of, could cause all sorts of uncomfortable situations.

Uncomfortable for all of us.

Indeed, I would have to constantly “look over my shoulder” and follow all kinds of odd reporting rules, often changing without notice. Rules that were *politically driven*, and not structurally driven. I would have to live the life as a third class citizen, and float under the poverty level. My life would be solitary, poor, meaningless and difficult.

Yuck!

Therefore, I did what was my only option. I left the United States and moved overseas. For after all, that is the only recourse that was available for me.

Quick Review – Why I was incarcerated.

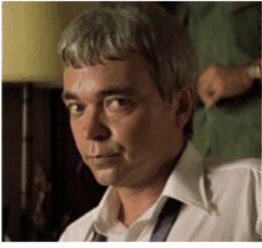
This subject is covered in great length elsewhere. But to summarize, it's all quite simple, really.

The United States has many top secret programs. Those programs where the agents might be considered dangerous or might need to be monitored are put into a monitoring program. You can think about every "Top Secret" themed Hollywood movie you have ever seen. Would you want those agents walking around freely once they exited their respective programs?

- Jason Bourne meets the Antifa.
- James Bond 007 has an encounter with the IRS.
- Jesse Eisenberg (American Ultra) gets pulled over for "special screening" by the TSA.
- Ripley+ decides to move and live in New York City.
- Dren (the creature from Splice) joins match.com.

In the United States, there is only one *legal long-term* monitoring program. (The parole system is a short-term monitoring program.) That is the sex offender registry.

Thus, all *potentially* dangerous agents, as well as all (core two implanted) MAJestic members, are retired as sex offenders so that they can be monitored. This is the way it is done. Don't get all hot and bothered about it. The decision to do so was concocted sometime in the 1990's.



MAJestic Mission Shut-down & Retirement

All programs must end. This is how members of MAJestic that have core kit #2 probes implanted are retired. As they all need to be retired in a specially equipped facility and subject to a life time of monitoring. We cover the entire process and what is involved.

Yet, since the programs that the agents were in were so secret, no one can be told what they did or what their roles were. No one knows.

It's secret right?

The reader should be quite versed in what a "cover story" is. After all, it is a Hollywood staple. In the movie "American Ultra", the cover story was rabid crazed monkeys forcing a quarantine on the town. And in real life, the cover story for the retirement of MAJestic (so-called) dangerous agents is "sex offender".

That's the way it is done.

No no one is told anything. At best there is a note on their binder to contact some phone number in Washington D.C. There they would have a very blank vanilla instruction sheet of what to do and what to watch out for. There would be no information on their capabilities, their training, their missions, or anything like that. Those who would be responsible for "retiring them" would be in the black as to their true and real purposes.

So they are just labeled a "sex offender" and monitored. And no one is the wiser. To everyone else, the person is just an evil sick and twisted sex felon. Yuck. No one even wants to go near them. No one knows the TRUE and

REAL reason why they are being monitored.

No one.

The problem with Special Access Programs, especially the unacknowledged ones, is that they are so secret that no one knows what they are dealing with.



Maybe a MK Ultra Mind-control "sleeper" warrior.



Maybe a person from a "Mission Impossible" force.



Maybe a person who was "impregnated" by a dangerous alien.



Maybe a highly trained assassin who works covertly.



Maybe an agent of Treadstone.



Maybe a team member who travels the universe.



Maybe a spliced human in disguise.



Maybe a time traveler from the future.

When it is time to retire a member of a W(U)-SAP, the state resources are utilized, and no one knows the true story and mission parameters of the agents.

The problem with being in a waived, unacknowledged, special access program is that it is so secret. The secrecy is complete and there might be one other person on the entire planet who knows your role and the full extent

of your training and what you are capable of. This causes problems. Firstly, the secrecy necessitates a need for monitoring. Who knows what an agent is capable of? Secondly, it causes problems with the agent who often does not like being classified as a bad and dangerous person.

Personally, I really don't understand why I, *personally* should be monitored. I'm not a covert assassin or military killer. I'm not a radical. And while it is possible for some elements of MK Ultra related training in my background, I really highly doubt that. I'd know, after all.

Truthfully, at worst, I think that I am more like an improved Ripley +.

I am not anything even approaching a 007; a Jason Bourne, or a member of the Mission Impossible Action force. LOL. Truthfully, I'm not someone that is going to attack people indiscriminately or shoot up a High School.

At worst, there might be some kind of transitional reality-shifting around me. Maybe your socks might change color. Maybe your 4L car engine turns into a 3.6L engine. Maybe the Beatles song "I want to hold your hand" becomes "I wanna hold your sand." Maybe the wine color of the color chartreuse turns into a yellow-lime color.

No biggie.

Yeah. I know it sounds so terrible. Walking around being modified by Lord-- knows-what, for who-knows-why, but that is no reason to have someone monitored until they die. Is it?



Hollywood wants to make everything so terrifying. However, life is rarely so dramatic. It's not all bang em' up and shoot em' out. Even when you are face to face with the "real deal", you really won't be able to tell. You won't.

Remember Hollywood is fiction.

Please keep that in mind. It is our fears that cause us to box ourselves inside this reality of ours. The real deal is something else all together. Still... I just don't understand why I personally need to be monitored. Really, I'm not going to do anything, nor have I ever done anything.

Anyways...

This is my story regarding this phase in my adventure .

When I exited prison, I was alone.

My parents were dead. I had few friends and relatives remaining, and none of them wanted to endure the reporting requirements to the local police for housing me . I cannot say that I blamed them. No one wants to let the local police have any of their personal information; whether it was bank, e-mail or automotive unless there was a compelling reason to do so. I became a "tar baby" , and no one wanted to help me.

I had few options .

We've all probably had moments in our life when things got so tough, we just wanted to throw our hands up and quit. But it's precisely in those times when have to grit our teeth and keeping going on. Quitting is the easy thing to do. It's the keep-going-on that's hard. But it's taking the hard way that makes you a man.

So you swallow hard. You look at the bright side of things, what ever you can find, and plow forward. When people treat you poorly and things don't go you're way, you just let them roll off your shoulders.

My New Life in America

Characteristics of my new life as third class citizen of America;

- Inability to obtain “white collar” or professional employment. Employment in doing the only thing that I knew how to do. I was stuck doing unskilled labor or being retrained to some semi-skilled non-professional occupation.
 - Inability to live where I wanted to. I had to live in “sex offender free” zones. This has become problematic, as local level government has over the years, been intentionally fencing sex offenders out of their jurisdictions.
 - Inability to leave the state without permission.
 - Inability to sleep at a girlfriends house, friend’s house, or hotel without notifying the police.
 - Inability to visit city, state and federal parks.
 - Must be aware of all sex offender laws in all jurisdictions. As they change and are revised, the offender is not notified, it is up to them to be aware of changes in the law. Ignorance is not acceptable.
 - Inability to get medical treatment without notification that I was a sex offender.
 - Reporting requirements and registration. Depending on my locale, I might need to report every year, or every month. Some areas require that I wear a GPS tracking brace, and ask permission to own a phone.
 - Inability to obtain any kind of secondary education without notification and an interview by the police..
 - Changing of address needed government approval.
 - Changing of phone number needed government approval.
 - Purchase or sale of a vehicle needed government approval and notification.
 - Driver license requiring special identification as a “sex offender”.
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- Changing of Internet registration data needed to be reported.
 - The slightest violation in any reporting aspect would result in a felony.

Such as buying a new cell phone. Downloading a social media APP, or walking on the sidewalk outside of a playground.

- Being subject to neighborhood notification. Depending on location, this might mean signs being posted, police knocking door to door and telling people about me, or my picture being displayed on local television every couple of weeks.
- Internet database access of my criminal history.
- Periodic reporting every few months to the local police station.

Of course, I could accept these limitations. Others have. They generally move in with friends or relatives, or perhaps a wife or a girlfriend and start their life anew. However, that was not in my cards.

"For sex offenders, our mistake is forever available to the world to see. There is no redemption, no forgiveness. ... There is never a chance for a fresh start. You are finished. I wish I was executed because my life is basically over."

- Townhall.com

You see, but...

I had few relatives. I had no relations remaining in the United States. When I exited prison, I discovered that my "friends" took hold of all my belongings and sold them off to flea markets, and book dealerships. All that I could find were some old photos and underwear getting moldy in the basement of a garage behind one of my "friends" houses.

Now, truthfully, as all readers can expect that there are various “work arounds” that a person can do in order to minimize the effect of these restrictions. For instance, I could find a cheap house far away from a city or town, and keep to myself. I could live in a shack off at the edge of a state forest, or cemetery. I did not need to be connected to the Internet, cable, or telephone. Or, alternatively, I could use someone else’s service. I could live a quiet and retired life far away from others, and be left alone quietly to die.

Ok.

Well, in a way I did that. You cannot get any further away from you fellow Americans than to move completely around the globe. And so that is exactly what I did. I decided to leave the USA. If the government, and my fellow citizens do not want me around, I am not stupid. I let them have their way. I gave them what they wanted. I gave them what they legislated towards.

I did what they legislated. I am now far, far outside of their life.

A Felon who was once a Professional

This is the story of my post-prison life and how I tried (unsuccessfully) to reintegrate into American society . This was before I decided to leave the USA. What I describe here is well known to anyone who once was a white-collar professional and who entered the prison system.

It is set up that way.

Lower rung elements of society won't experience the same kinds of hurtles. That is because they have a large and extended support network, for the most part. Some, upon exiting prison would find construction work with friends, or start a tree stump removal business. Others, with skills in the "trades" would pick up where they left off doing plumbing, or electrician work. (The possessed so-called "trade skills" that enabled them to be self-employed.)

But I could do none of that.



The rural poor can make do if they have a felony in their background. They have a support network and can survive on their network of friends and associates.

As a "professional" all "professional" work was closed and denied to me. (Professionals include doctors, lawyers, scientists, engineers. All require professional registration at the state level, or barring that, employment

with a company that is a registered entity.) All of it. This is partly due to design; no registration agency would touch me. But it is partially also due to the culture of industry ; no one would hire me.

My life was over in the United States. By law, I have now become a third class citizen with all sorts of restrictions on my behavior, where I lived, how I acted, where I worked and what I could do. Not to mention what tools I could use. For instance, how can someone work in a office and NOT have access to a computer, a telephone, or a printer? No one is going to hire you with those restrictions. Why not simply ban wearing shoes?

I could have accepted it.

There is more than one way to do something

However, I did not have to. I had other options. I had skills. I had friends. I had abilities. My dear reader, when I was selected for this W(U)-SAP out of AOCS while at NAS NASC Pensacola and then began my mission parameters at NWS China Lake it was because I had skills and ability.

These skills; these abilities, did not suddenly vaporize and disappear when I was incarcerated and retired. I still had them. I just could not use them...

...in the United States.

Logic dictated that I had a choice. I could stay in the USA and be monitored as a third class person, live on the dole, and subsist in a life of loneliness. Or I could leave and set up a new life elsewhere. I could leave the USA. Hum... What to do? What to do?

So I left.

Prep while in Prison

The entire time when I was in prison, I studied. I learned how to write and read Chinese. It was pretty darn difficult to do. Let me tell you. But I was able to obtain some study guides and spend all of my free time learning. I practiced and practiced.

My sister sent me a small stipend to live off of. Instead of spending all of it at the commissary, I saved most of it up. So what when I would be released I could buy a plane ticket and leave.

Of course, while in prison, everyone thought I was bonkers. They laughed at me. They made fun of me. They mocked me. They played tricks on me and made my life difficult. This was true with my fellow inmates, as well as a number of guards. They would come up to my cell, and ask *"Hey Professor! How's that Chinese coming? You gonna dig your way out of here eh?"*

But I was used to it.

All the time when I was in High School and working in the coal mines, I was constantly picked on and being made fun of. They made fun of my dream to become a rocket scientist. They picked on me and constantly berated me telling me that I would “never amount to anything”. Though they didn’t say it that way. They said that I “*wouldn’t amount to jack shit*”.

It just caused me to work harder. I took it. I gritted my teeth and shoveled harder. Some times I would say “Fuck you”, and pick up the pick axe and throw my weight into it.

To qualify as a Naval Aviator, I had to meet physical requirements as well. My Aerospace Engineering degree wasn’t good enough. I had to be a perfect physical specimen. So every day I exercised. I did two hundred pushups at a time, and the same in sit-ups, not to mention running five miles every day before my classes at the university.

So, here I was. I was well experienced in dealing with ridicule by assholes. I studied. I saved, and I planned. When the time came for me to be released from prison, I was ready.

This would never happen to me

This is the story that I lived and experienced. There are many who might say “*that would never happen to me because...*”. Of course, these fools

abound. (yes; if you the reader believes that it can never happen to you – are a fool. It can happen to anyone.)

All it takes is to be accused...



The truth is that no one really knows what is in store for them unless they live that life themselves.

You could be smart, and obey the law. You could do everything right and perfectly, and never get into trouble. You could be a virtual saint in real life, helping poor people and tending to the needy, but it won't matter. Someone can crash into your life and make an accusation, and turn your life upside down.



The Chicago PD claims Jussie Smollett paid Ola and Abel Osundairo \$3,500 to fake an attack. In it, he claimed that white anti-gay Trump supporters attacked him. It was later discovered that the entire episode was a fabrication.

All it takes is one person to make an accusation, and their army of friends to “jump on the bandwagon” and accuse you in unison. The media picks up on it and goes after your jugular. Death threats become common. People drive slowly past your house. Sugar is poured in your gas tank. Someone tries to set your house on fire. Your pets show up missing...

You think I don't know about this?

In fact, one of the most common stories that I would hear in prison was how no one expected that they would go to prison (with the exception of black urban youth, they seemed to view it more or less like a rite of passage.). Even people who were involved in the most horrible or obvious criminal activities all thought that they were “smarter” than the law or legal system.

I once shared a cell with a man who had five DWI's and he just could not reconcile why he was in prison. He said he just did nothing wrong, he just broke the law. WTF?

The reader should learn from my story.

YOU can go to prison easily...

In America today, going to prison can happen to *anyone* . Yes, and that means YOU. Yes, you! All that needs to occur is for someone to *accuse you* of violating the law. It doesn't need to be proven. That's Perry Mason nonsense.

Today, it's a new ballgame. Once you are accused, you risk having your entire life destroyed.



Some people manage to survive the accusation, and then try to limp along on their lives. They are hurting, but they still have their house, their car, and their families. They still have a job, a role, a life. Others, like myself, are not so fortunate.

You could be hiding in your house and never go out at all, and the legal authorities can break down the door and accuse you of some crime. The DA could press for a huge horrible sentence and offer you a much lighter sentence in exchange for a guilty plea. Which is, in fact, how nearly 90% of all criminal cases in the United States are resolved.

So, yeah. You could agree to their terms, and then the Judge could ignore your plea agreement . (Like what happened in my case.) Learn from my experience.



If someone wants you to go to prison, you will go. That's the way it works in the USA.

An emotional time

Anyways, here is what happened after I completed my prison sentence. It is difficult to describe my complex emotions at the time. I just cannot.



But I will try. To begin, I will quote from one of my favorite authors a segment that well describes my feelings and emotions at the time. I felt betrayed, and alone.

Betrayed, and alone.

"The Fog Horn blew.

And the monster answered.

A cry came across a million years of water and mist. A cry so anguished and alone it shuddered in my head and my body. The monster cried out at the tower. The Fog Horn blew. The monster roared again. The Fog Horn blew. The monster opened its great toothed mouth and the sound that came from it was the sound of the Fog Horn itself. Lonely and vast and far away. The sound of isolation, a viewless sea, a cold night, apartness. That was the sound.

"Now," whispered McDunn, "do you know why it comes here?"

I nodded.

"All year long, Johnny, that poor monster there lying far out, a thousand miles at sea, and twenty miles deep maybe, biding its time, perhaps a million years old, this one creature. Think of it, waiting a million years; could you wait that long? Maybe it's the last of its kind. I sort of think that's true. Anyway, here come men on land and build this lighthouse, five years ago. And set up their Fog Horn and sound it and sound it out towards the place where you bury yourself in sleep and sea memories of a world where there were thousands like yourself, but now you're alone, all alone in a world that's not made for you, a world where you have to hide.

"But the sound of the Fog Horn comes and goes, comes and goes, and you stir from the muddy bottom of the Deeps, and your eyes open like the lenses of two-foot cameras and you move, slow, slow, for you have the ocean sea on your shoulders, heavy. But that Fog Horn comes through a thousand miles of water, faint and familiar, and the furnace in your belly stokes up, and you begin to rise, slow, slow. You feed yourself on minnows, on rivers of jellyfish, and you rise slow through the autumn months, through September when the fogs started, through October with more fog and the horn still calling you on, and then, late in November, after pressurizing yourself day by day, a few feet higher every hour, you are near the surface and still alive. You've got to go slow; if you surfaced all at once you'd explode. So it takes you all of three months to surface, and then a number of days to swim through the cold waters to the lighthouse. And there you are, out there, in the night, Johnny, the biggest damned monster in creation. And here's the lighthouse calling to you, with a long neck like your neck sticking way up out of the water, and a body like your body, and most important of all, a voice like your voice. Do you understand now, Johnny, do you understand?"

The Fog Horn blew.

The monster answered.

I saw it all, I knew it all-the million years of waiting alone, for someone to come back who never came back. The million years of isolation at the bottom of the sea, the insanity of time there, while the skies cleared of reptile-birds, the swamps dried on the continental lands, the sloths and sabre-tooths had their day and sank in tar pits, and men ran like white ants upon the hills.

The Fog Horn Blew.

"Last year," said McDunn, "that creature swam round and round, round and round, all night. Not coming to near, puzzled, I'd say. Afraid, maybe. And a bit angry after coming all this way. But the next day, unexpectedly, the fog lifted, the sun came out fresh, the sky was as blue as a painting. And the monster swam off away from the heat and the silence and didn't come back. I suppose it's been brooding on it for a year now, thinking it over from every which way."

The monster was only a hundred yards off now, it and the Fog Horn crying at each other. As the lights hit them, the monster's eyes were fire and ice, fire and ice.

"That's life for you," said McDunn. "Someone always waiting for someone who never comes home. Always someone loving something more than that thing loves them. And after a while you want to destroy whatever that thing is, so it can hurt you no more."

-Ray Bradbury. The Foghorn.



The Fog Horn (Full Text) by Ray Bradberry

Here is a story about the emotions of being the last of your kind. This story is one that influenced me when I was a young boy in the 1970's and continues to haunt me to this day. All of us are human. We all feel emotions and passions. They drive us to accomplish or destroy. It's our choice.

Finding a place to land

Leaving prison is pretty bitter sweet. You are damaged. And while, you are made stronger, more efficient; a "better" person in many ways, the full realization and manifestation would take years.

You are damaged.

Years of your life has been put on "hold". What ever education that you had picked up in prison had no applicable application outside of the prison walls. It's as if your educational background has been obliterated. You have no money. No recent "job history". No vehicle, phone, furniture, and

clothing worth mentioning. You are reborn, but not as a young infant. No, that is for most felons, but not for me as a "Sex Offender".

You were reborn as an old man with a big sign that said "stay away!".

Family

"Don't hold together what must fall apart. The familiar life crumbles so the new life can begin."

– Bryant McGill

My sister opined that posters would have to be put up in the town where she lived advertising that a sex offender lived with her . This would not be good because she had a life and a business in that town, and any association with me was potentially hazardous to their family business. After all, she reasoned; who would shop in a store that supported a "sex offender"?

This was especially true in small rural communities and small cities. The fact was that, she believed, that I would have to advertise my presence to

the community. That advertising would severely destroy her small town business that she had worked so hard to create.

My brother also expressed concern that there were families with children in his apartment building. I was not permitted to live near families with children. Or near parks, playgrounds, schools , public spaces, libraries, post offices, and other locations. Even a park bench would violate my parole if I lived within proximity to it. He owned a nice collection of firearms, kept pistols in his trucks, and maintained concealed carry. If I was anywhere near him, I could be arrested.

A felon cannot be in the physical proximity of a firearm. Even if I rode in a car, and I had no idea that there was an unloaded gun in the trunk, I could be arrested for possession of a firearm. A second offense and a gun charge at that. I would be looking at 15+ years' incarceration. (Word to the wise, I knew a guy doing time who was looking at an additional 15 years simply because he was hitchhiking. The guy who picked him up was an off duty cop. He was arrested by the guy who picked him up because the off-duty police officer had a holstered pistol.)

Both relatives did not want to help me in any way. There was no choice in the matter. I was on my own.

I was on my own .

Be a resilient man. For a resilient man understands that the only thing he can control is himself. Only he can change his circumstances and only he can control how he reacts to adversity. Circumstances don't dictate your life-you dictate your life. The resilient man waits for no one to solve his problems; he is always actively trying to solve them himself.

Half-way Houses

“Those who corrupt the public mind are just as evil as those who steal from the public purse.”

—Adlai Stevenson, 23rd Vice President of the United States

With no money and no friends, the only recourse for me would be to enter some kind of “half-way” house arrangement. These organizations are designed to help felons transition back into society. The felon is given a place to sleep (while paying rent), some food (while paying for the meals), and help locating work. It’s a great way to integrate oneself back into society. However, there is one problem.

Most “half way” houses did not accept sex offenders .

There is evidence that some half-way houses that do actually accept sex offenders require that a large bond be posted. If the sex offender violates their parole in any way they lose their bonded money. On the surface this sounds like a good idea, but it is actually just a money-making scheme.

There is a high rate of parole violators partly due to the fact it is very easy to violate parole; for sex offender, the mere idea that they

could reoffend because they sat in a car with someone else who had a cell phone was a real threat.

Other violations include, having a phone number, having a facebook account, applying for a job using a email account, going to a PG rated movie, watching television, having a MP3 player, going to a restaurant that served beer, or using the computer.

I ask the reader; could they live in America under these parole stipulations?

Is the reader actually willing to risk parole by watching a Disney or Pixar movie? How about riding in a car with a friend who happens to have a cell phone? Are you, dear reader able to insist that all of your friends leave their cellphones at home when they are next to you? What about going to a movie rental place? What if you pick up a DVD box that is rated as PG? Are you and your friend ready to accept prison incarceration for that little mistake?

Most, but not all. Yet finding one, with an open bed was problematic, if not impossible. So, actually, once I exited prison my troubles were only just starting. I had to have an address and a place to live.

Not only to start my life over again, but also to meet the reporting requirements for a sex offender.

If I could not obtain a place to live, work, and meet their reporting requirements and fees (!) I could be re-imprisoned for failure to meet the terms of my release. I was in-between a rock and a hard place.

Low Income Housing

“Our carceral state banishes American citizens to a gray wasteland far beyond the promises and protections the government grants its other citizens... When the doors finally close and one finds oneself facing banishment to the carceral state—the years, the walls, the rules, the guards, the inmates...the incarcerated begins to adjust to the fact that he or she is, indeed, a prisoner. New social ties are cultivated. New rules must be understood.”

– Ta-Nehisi Coates, The Atlantic

I looked at low income housing .

That was an alternative, with the fact that I had no income. Low income housing, also known as “Section 8 housing” is a special program in the United States that provides subsidized housing for people with low to no in-

come.

There were different sub-programs involved, and I could apply for each program individually. All in all, it is a good program, except that it is abused by a certain percentage of the population, often mismanaged, and tended to have a large percentage of mentally ill inhabitants in it.

As will all segments of society, at the bottom you will find crimes; [1] often of a most petty nature, [2] poor manners, and a [3] general disregard for others. But as transitory housing, it was well worth the investigative effort that I could apply to it.

I knew that it would be a difficult thing to attempt to do. The waiting periods were very long (typically lasting years), as there were many people trying to enter these programs. But I had to give it a try and see if I could at least get on a waiting list.

I went to many interviews with this goal in mind. In all cases they (The management of these housing organizations.) dealt with an enormous State level and Federal level bureaucracies. As such, I had to fill out many forms, and consent to all kinds of background checks. But the bottom line was always the same.

None of them would accept sex offenders.

This was usually due to the facts and requirements of the federal and state agencies; they routinely denied people with this kind of criminal history, and also due to the whims and choices of those whom interviewed me ; they often just simply chose not to help me.

I would say that all of the state run and state funded organizations refused to give me anything other than a thank you, but no. Many times the people wouldn't even bother to shake my hands.

The religious ones were different. But they too often received state and federal funds, and they also had their hands tied. The religious organizations were there to help. They were doing this work for spiritual purposes and actually believed in helping people. While the state run organizations were just getting a paycheck. It was just a job to them.

Those whom made the hiring decisions failed to hire me. It was their choice. It was made by their own personalities and how they accepted or did not accept my application.

One of the companies where I applied was a service center that provided a live person on the phone to handle customer complaints and questions. These firms typically hired felons because they offered terrible hours and were easy to monitor and evaluate performance on because the employee was "chained" or "tethered" (figuratively speaking) to a computer that they could monitor and appraise.

The woman who interviewed me, after completing the interview and passing the test, plainly told me directly; *"I will not hire anyone who is a sex offender. Period."*

She then gave me this big smirk on her huge black (African-American face) and said in the most sarcastic manner possible *"Oh, but I DO hope that you can find work somewhere else..."*.

Religious Charities

I looked into religious charities that would house the unemployed, sick, or mentally disabled. (By the way, for the record, I am a big fan of religious charities. If the reader wants to do good, I would suggest donating some time or money to their religious charity of choice.) But most also would not accept sex offenders.

It turned out, as one manager told me, that in order for the ministry to accept government and state grants to operate they had to abide by the requirement that they would not take sex offenders. So to operate and house the homeless they must agree not to house sex offenders. It was a federal requirement.

The government created these policies, and yet had no program to deal with those that they put into the programs. What did they think we would do? Without being able to live, get work, or be able to perform simple tasks we became a liability and a burden to the community.

But that did not matter to those who buy votes to get reelected. They only wanted to stay in office. They would offer "feel good legislation" in order to buy votes and to stay in their comfortable offices.

The term "feel-good" legislation" refers to indiscriminate and/or unenforceable bans, as well as draconian sanctions applied to behavior that is already illegal. They consist of laws that have no basis on existing crime, but rather on the emotional needs of the population. It creates a general disrespect for law and reduces compliance, while aggravating (or at best, failing to improve) the problems these laws were supposedly enacted to solve.

Friends

I looked into old friends, my former business connections, distant relatives, and even friends of friends. In each case the answer was no. I cannot blame them, but I actually did need to be able to have a place to sleep, and one that I could register with the police with. It was a problem that I had to resolve and to do so quickly.

A need to act quickly

I had three days to take action. (It was not my choice, but rather the time limit imposed on me by law .) Three. I looked at my resources. I had on the clothes on my back. I had \$100 in cash and a check from the prison of all the money that I had saved up. I had no relatives or friends remaining in the United States who were willing to help me.

However, I did have resources outside of the United States.

You see, prior to my arrest, I had been doing a substantial amount of international business. As such, I had friends, job and employment contacts , and even (some) savings in a bank (untouchable by the United States government).

It was a great *coincidence* that I had the *nudge* to put aside some money outside of the USA. All I had to do was reestablish contact with my external

resources and build a new life elsewhere .

I tell you the truth, if I could have made a new life back inside the United States I would of. But even if I could, it would be a paltry one at that. At best, I was looking at laborer work (physical labor with a shovel or moving dolly) or janitorial work in my late 50's for minimum wage. I was looking at bike-riding instead of a car, and a small shabby low-rent room in a boarding house instead of an apartment (a owned home was out of the question). (These boarding houses, with rent of \$100/week were often quite shabby affairs, with neat but dusty decrepit surroundings, unadorned light bulb hanging down from the ceiling with a lone wire, and stained curtains on the wall.) It was not a nice promising new life that awaited me.

It would be a lonely life. A life without relationships; where friends and girl-friends were difficult to make and keep. (All a girl would have to do was look me up on Google .) It would be a life where I would be scrutinized for everything that I would do, how I would do it, and why. My life would be a prison disguised as "freedom". (Which was by intentional design, that had somehow due to political manipulation, morphed into something actually quite unreasonable and difficult.)

Path of least resistance

So, I took the only opening that was available to me at the time . I registered with the police as I was compelled, by law, to do. I then tried to

collect my identification, but they were all discarded or mislaid, so I had to reapply for everything.

Eventually I was able to obtain my identification papers. I had to reapply for everything from scratch. [1] I began with fingerprints, and then using it to [2] reapply for a driver's license. Then using that, [3] I applied for a Post Office box. Then with that, [4] I applied for a replacement passport. With the replacement passport, I was able to [5] apply for a visa to China, and [6] buy a plane ticket.

You don't think that I just got out of prison and boarded a plane, did you?

I tried to find work and housing, but it was impossible to do so. I couldn't even open up a bank account because during my arrest, everything fell apart. For instance, the auto-deduction bill payment system bankrupted my account , and I found that I owed them thousands of dollars before they closed my account .

Heck, when I got out of prison, I discovered that it was impossible for me to open up a bank account unless I paid the balance due plus interest. I could have bought a car with the amount they wanted.

At the Airport

I arrived at the airport, not expecting any hassles.

I followed the procedures that I had done a thousand times before. Only this time, I was no longer a first-class American citizen. I was a third-class felon. When I went through TSA, I discovered just what it was like to be a caged animal.



It seems so odd. But this is what happened to me. Now, you can justify it in all kinds of ways. You can say that it was an “orange alert”, or that I was a felon. Or you can say that I was a convicted sex offender. What ever, this is exactly what happened.

They took me aside to another part of the airport, and stripped me naked. They conducted a cavity search. They placed all my belongings on this enormous table and photographed every item. They went through my wallet, my bags, and my papers. In going through all my belongings and wallet they asked me why I was carrying the few dollars that I had on me, and why I didn't have a cell phone. They asked me where I was going and why. They scanned all the music on my MP3.

I wonder if the Gestapo was ever so thorough in Nazi Germany? Well, I ask the reader this. Think about it. Were they?



When I went through TSA, it was local police, TSA and immigration officials that conducted the searches. They were quite nice about it. Seriously. But, I in no way felt that I was living in America. I felt like I was back in prison.

I went through immigration, and then boarded the plane for a new future. It was a future of unknown expectations, and unexpected lifestyle. But I was not afraid. Anything was better than the life in a hard labor prison in the Southern United States.

The often quoted phrase "It's all good!" took on a new level of meaning once I stepped out of prison and left the shores of the USA.

The reader needs to recognize that talented people retain their talent regardless of the situations that they encounter. As I experienced such a deluge of "bad luck", one would expect me to end up on the street begging. However, that is not what happened. How? The answer is simple, if a per-

son is exceptional, and is chosen by MAJestic; their core being will stay intact even after they left the organization.

Such is my story.

The airline apparently “lost” all of my luggage. Imagine that! I wonder if some “good Samaritan” decided to *accidentally* misplace my belongings once it was identified that I was a “sex offender”.

As a result, my connecting flight to NYC where I would board a Chinese airline had to be without luggage.



A baggage handler takes luggage from conveyor belt connected to a Ryanair Holdings Plc passenger aircraft at Stansted Airport. Photographer: Simon

Dawson/Bloomberg via Getty Images

Lord only knows what happened to the overall dispensation of my bags. They are probably lost somewhere in Newark, forever collecting dust and slowly rotting away.

So I arrived wearing black medical scrubs (my preferred choice of attire when flying internationally for long trips where one has to go through multiple American TSA checkpoints), a pair of black house slippers and socks, and one pair of underwear. I had my backpack with a handful of documents, a toothbrush, and a towel. And less than one hundred dollars. That was it.

I had nothing, no hope and no life in the United States.

But I did have one elsewhere. Knowing that gave me advantage. So I made a few phone calls, and renewed my contacts. I reconnected with my outside resources and boarded a flight overseas .

Final Egress from the USA

Exiting the airport in the United States, and boarding the Chinese airlines to China was like a breath of fresh air.

No problem. I might be a pariah in the United States, but outside of the country I was just an average man. I had served my time, and even got a certificate of rehabilitation out of it. I had no parole officer to report to, or any limitations on where I could live. I was free, as long as I left the country. Though, I am sure that there is some bureaucrat that wants to change even that.

I might have been a felon, but I was still a citizen (though a third class one at that), and I possessed the basic rights as a citizen and that meant that I possessed an American passport . The fight out of the United States was the turning point in my life up to that time, and after I left, everything came together quickly.

It was a purge of all my belongings and a sum totality of my past.

After being treated so harshly at the hard-labor prison camp in the hot Arkansas wastes, followed by being an “untouchable” being barked at by TSA and militarized police, I entered a new world.

It was a much softer world. It was a world where smart people were valued. It was a world where knowledge had merit and your worth was determined by your ability. It was a polite world.

I immediately felt at home.

In hindsight, I should have obtained a second passport prior to my incarceration. Let that be a lesson to the reader; always have a second passport. Do not count only on having an American passport.

American passports make opening a foreign bank account nearly impossible, add all kinds of reporting and legal difficulties, and adds additional fees to everything you do, just because you are an "American".

More about the problems of being an American in the modern global economy, please read [THIS](#) ,and [THIS](#) , and (probably the best advice) [THIS](#) , and [THIS](#),and [THIS](#) .

I would also advise the reader to keep all passports and personal papers in a place outside of their home and vehicle. Maybe a safety-deposit box, or with a very trusted friend.

When the USA government wishes to "investigate" you, they tend to seize everything. They will freeze and take your bank accounts, and all kinds of personal papers, computer and cell phones.

Don't be caught as I was, all bank accounts frozen, all documents seized (and then lost by the authorities), all records taken, and with all friends inclined to avoid you.

The airline lost my luggage, so when I arrived in China I wore only a pair of slippers, and some black (charcoal) colored hospital attire, and a small backpack with only my most important papers. That was it.

Truth be told, I arrived in China alone, with just the clothes on my back and a handful of possessions in my backpack. My entire luggage kit was lost. I was like a tattered hobo with a bindle stick .

Reconnect with Loved Ones

As soon as I was able to, I met up with my (now) wife. It was a joyous reunion, though she was aghast at how much I had aged while in prison.

She helped me access my Chinese bank accounts, get new clothes, and establish a place to work. For the first time in over five years, I felt relaxed and calm.

Arrival at my New Home

I felt like a man released from a Gulag. Approximately a month from my release from prison, I was reconnected with former colleagues and friends. I was employed, and furnished with new clothes, and an apartment, and was well on the way to my new life. A life, mind you, completely different than anything that I had ever experienced before.

The reader should watch the final scene in the movie; “The Next Three Days” (2010). It starred Russell Crowe as John Brennan and at the end of the film, the family arrives at a hotel in Caracas, Venezuela. As Lara lies down next to him, Luke kisses his mother on the forehead and falls asleep. John takes a picture of their sleeping faces as the movie ends.

This was what it was like arriving at my new home outside of the American Gulag.



The freedom NOT to tell anyone about your life and how you live it.

Above is a screen shot from the movie; "The Next Three Days" (2010) where the hero and his family escape the USA and finally find freedom in another nation. The movie was good, but it's all Hollywood dreams, smoke and mirrors.

Here's what the real deal looks like, and what I experienced;



Hollywood is fun, and the movies are great escapist entertainment, but this

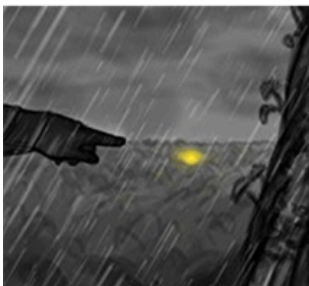
is the real deal. It doesn't end after an hour and a half at the movie theater. You live it. Here's what it really was like. Photo by the author upon arrival with my wife as we rode to our new home.

Literally, I had nothing else. It was like this...

"He stood before the yellow door. The printed letters over it said THE SUN DOME. He put his numb hand up to feel it. Then he twisted the doorknob and stumbled in.

He stood for a moment looking about. Behind him the rain whirled at the door. Ahead of him, upon a low table, stood a silver pot of hot chocolate, steaming, and a cup, full, with a marshmallow in it. And beside that, on another tray, stood thick sandwiches of rich chicken meat and fresh-cut tomatoes and green onions. And on a rod just before his eyes was a great thick green Turkish towel, and a bin in which to throw wet clothes, and, to his right, a small cubicle in which heat rays might dry you instantly. And upon a chair, a fresh change of uniform, waiting for anyone—himself, or any lost one—to make use of it. And farther over, coffee in steaming copper urns, and a phonograph from which music was playing quietly, and books bound in red and brown leather. And near the books a cot, a soft deep cot upon which one might lie, exposed and bare, to drink in the rays of the one great bright thing which dominated the long room."

-The Long Rain, by Ray Bradbury.



The Long Rain (Full Text) by Ray Bradberry

This is the full text of a most excellent science fiction story. It concerns a group of survivors from a crashed spaceship stranded on a Hellish rainy planet; the tropical cloud-covered Venus. They survive the crash, but have to battle the forces of nature and their own passions.

Landfall after the storm

That is where my transition-adventure ends.

For the most part, after I left the United States I began a new life, with new friends, and a new occupation in a new location. Everything is thus new, exciting and very, very different.

My experiences have changed me, and now I look upon all news and politics, and life in general as an American expat would. With incredulity, shame and profound sadness.

Final Comments

A close friend saw me five years after I had exited prison. He told me that I had “changed in a fundamental and visceral way”. He said that I was hurt and broken inside in a way that it was hard to gauge, but it was entirely evident that I had been hurt, betrayed and damaged to a point of being a totally different person completely.

On the upside, everything that I experience is observed by the <redacted>, and thus determines the future course of events for Americans.

Yeah.

They have been *watching* this entire time.

Watch what is going to unfold in America. Just you all watch.

What it will be...?

Wait and find out.

MAJestic Related Posts – Training

These are posts and articles that revolve around how I was recruited for MAJestic and my training. Also discussed is the nature of secret programs. I really do not know why the organization was kept so secret. It really wasn't because of any kind of military concern, and the technologies were way too involved for any kind of information transfer. The only conclusion that I can come to is that we were obligated to maintain secrecy at the behalf of our extraterrestrial benefactors.



How to tell if someone is in MAJestic (Part One)

There are many fakers out there. I really do not know what their motivations are. Some might actually have some experience, I don't know. None of them seems to have any kind of background that even approaches the membership I know of. This is how you can sort out the truth from lies.



How to tell if someone is in MAJestic (Part Two)

In this second part, we go into details on how the United States safeguards secrets. We talk about the MJ-12 disclosure and a historical overview of MAJestic. We also discuss the various reasons and restrictions that MAJestic is operating from. It's an important read.



Top Secrets and Flying Pigs

Here I try to explain how the Special Access Program works, and described how the most secret elements of those programs are kept waived and unacknowledged. I discuss why, and use the example of a fictional "Flying Pigs Program". To understand MAJestic, you need to read this.



The "Sales Pitch" Used to Ask Naval Aviators to Give Up Everything for MAJestic

This is a narrative on how I was offered the role within MAJestic. I was in training to be a Naval Aviator when I was called upon by the base commander. He asked me, and another AOCS, to join. This is how he convinced me.



Feducial Training of ELF-Based MWI Access

This is a small post about the training that we needed to learn into to enter into a transport mechanism for MWI access. You cannot access and switch world-lines without being able to access and "center" the implanted probes. This discusses this procedure and training.



MAJestic Mandated ELF-probe Implantation

This post goes into detail on how the first two “kits” of probes were implanted into my head. All of this procedure took place on the Naval base at the ELF substation. At the time, only myself and the other member of my “cell” aside from the Commander took part in this procedure.



My Very First MWI Portal Egress

This is a narrative of my very first experience in world-line travel. It happened immediately after I gave up flying as a Naval Aviator and joined the MAJestic organization. After training on feducials, and implantation, I joined a group of others and left our world-line.



First Egress Destination - EBP Implantation & Entanglement

This is the narrative of what transpired when I entered the Fixed Dimensional portal. I went to an extraterrestrial medical facility where a EBP was installed within my body. I discuss what happened and my first encounter.



Post EBP Reconstruction -Return To The Navy Barracks

This is my narrative on how I exited the dimensional portal and returned back to the Naval base. I discuss what it was like meeting my fellow classmates and how I was instructed to leave the Navy and become a civilian. This is how it is done and what I experienced.



After Implantation – Lost as an Autonomous Vagabond

This is my story of what happened after I joined MAJestic, and left the US Navy. I was fully actuated, but not yet trained in using my abilities. As such, I was a “loose cannon”, and existed in a very confusing state of reality. I was the real life Jason Bourne.



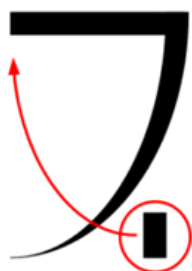
Rescue from the Wilderness – A Special Assignment

This particular post discusses how I found my way back to the Navy again, and began my “training”. I went into the desert to a Naval base located in the middle of the remote desert. At that time, I had no memory that I was part of a secretive military program, and thus the “special assignment” held little tangible meaning for me.



Probe Calibration and World-line Training (Part One)

Here is the story how the set of MAJestic probes, placed inside my skull, were calibrated. This took place after implantation, and involved calibration exercises at the Naval facility at China Lake in California. This is a two part post and discusses the facility and actions there.



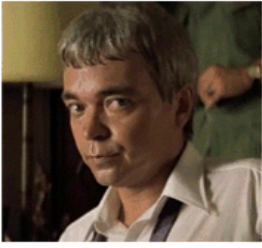
Probe Calibration and World-line Training (Part Two)

This is the second portion of the two part post. In this section we talk about how I was instructed in the operation of calibration of the probes and how I was provided with some limited knowledge in how to modify the programming. It wraps up with my exit from training.



Adventures in World-Line Travel

Here are a selection of stories and experiences that I had when I was involved in world-line travel as part of my MAJestic mission parameters. As such, my experiences gave me some insight into the nature of the universe and of our human species. I hope this is an enjoyable read.



MAJestic Mission Shut-down & Retirement

All programs must end. This is how members of MAJestic that have core kit #2 probes implanted are retired. As they all need to be retired in a specially equipped facility and subject to a life time of monitoring. We cover the entire process and what is involved.



The Ultimate Method to Make Your Computer Safe and Secure

The best way to make your computer secure and private is to have very strong encryption and use an obscure operating system that very few people know about. Here we look at 37 obscure computer operating systems.



What life is like inside the ADC Prison in Arkansas

This post discusses what life is like in a hard labor prison in Southern Arkansas. We discuss hoe squads, food, the hole, commissary, dress, fashion, homosexual culture, prison gangs, murders, relationships and other aspects of life when you are sentenced to "Hard Time".

MAJestic Related Posts – Our Universe

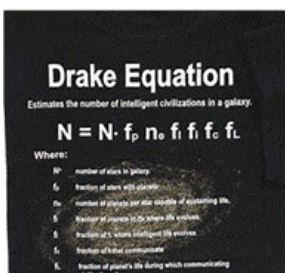
These particular posts are concerned about the universe that we are all part of. Being entangled as I was, and involved in the crazy things that I was, I was given some insight. This insight wasn't anything super special. Rather it offered me perception along with advantage. Here, I try to impart some of that knowledge through discussion.

Enjoy.



The Secrets of the Universe

When people discover what my role was in MAJestic, one of the first things that they ask me is whether or not I can "tell them the secrets of the universe". Certainly, they argue, I must have learned something... Well, I did. Here's the first installment.



The Drake Equation as Viewed by MAJestic

Many people use the Drake Equation to figure out why the average person is not exposed to extraterrestrials. Yet, MAJestic members know the real reason. Here we review the variables within the equation relative to MAJestic understanding and discuss things relatively.



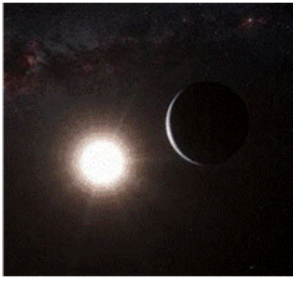
Our Galaxy as Presented to MAJestic

Here is a very general overview of the little that I know about our galaxy. It is a mixture of known and accepted science blended with what I was exposed to in MAJestic. Of course, what is presented is within the limits of what I understand, no more. So it is actually a rough outline.



Sirius is not the home of the Enlightened Extraterrestrials

There is a rather large number of "spiritualists" who are convinced that enlightened beings from the Sirius solar system have come to earth to teach and instruct us humans. I actually find it rather laughable. Here, I review what Sirius actually is and why no great enlightened beings live there.



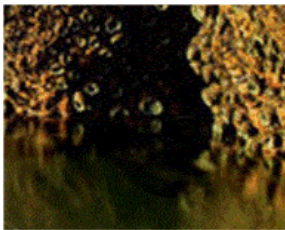
The Alpha Centauri System

Here are my thoughts on the Alpha Centauri System. It is, as always, a mixture of conventional science and what I know through my relationship with MAJestic. Keep in mind, that I am a man with limits. It is but an overview, and what is presented might hold some surprises.



The Fuselage embedded within the rocks of Victoria Falls

There is evidence that there was an accident (of some sort) that damaged a vessel (of some type). Over the years it has become buried in silt, which later turned into stone. Here we study this issue.



The Hammer inside the Rock – The “London Hammer”

Here we have evidence of a shellfish dislodging apparatus or hand-tool that was abandoned millions of years ago. Here we study this artifice. We look at the manufacturing challenges in making such an object and study the environment in which it was lost.



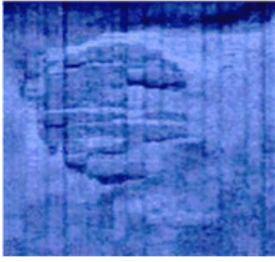
The Hollow Moon

Why is the moon hollow? This is one of those uncomfortable facts that just doesn't jive up with the conventions of accepted scientific knowledge. Yet, every study has confirmed this to be the case. Here we study this issue in detail.



The Mystery of the Lapulapu Ridge

Deep down under the sea in the greatest depths of the Pacific ocean is a mobile underwater city. It's been *operating there for many, many years. It has been leaving* tracks and debris middens all over the place. Here, we look at this in some detail.



Mystery of the Baltic UFO

Sonar scans, and visual confirmation, indicates that a large disc shaped object skimmed the undersea world of the Baltic sea and crashed. Subsequent investigations were suppressed. Now, all that is available for study are a small pile of rocks. Let's look at this mystery shall we.



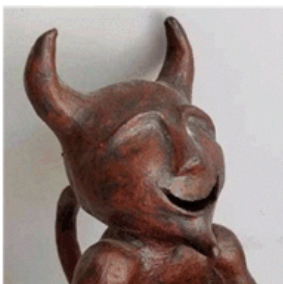
Mystery of the Bronze Bell found inside a block of coal.

A hand-bell made out of brass was discovered totally encased in a solid block of coal. What is so interesting about this bell is that it depicts a winged humanoid. The only thing is, the coal dates from a time long before birds, where only insects flew in the skies.



The Oil Lamp Discovered in a block of coal

Many things have been found encased within rock hard coal. One of which is a small "pot". This is obviously the lower part of an oil lamp, common a few thousand years ago. The problem is what is it doing in millions of year old coal?



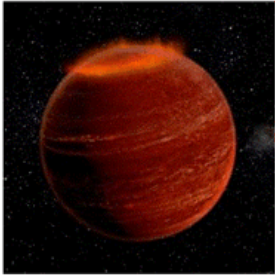
Did Extraterrestrials set up a colony in Pennsylvania?

Sounds really strange doesn't it? Well, here we talk about the possibility of a community of very "unique" red-skinned, horned giants, with firearms were actually a colony of extraterrestrials. It's a long stretch. Yet, we look at them from this prism, as unlikely as it is.



The Oxia Palus Facility.

Here we talk about a facility that I know a lot about. It is a MAJestic aligned facility on the surface of Mars in the Oxia Palus region. It is many things, and was initially a mining operation with a smelting and processing facility. Here we discuss this facility as an overview only.



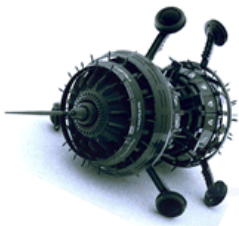
Let's chat about Brown Dwarf solar systems

Up until a very few years ago, no one knew if Brown Dwarf stars existed. Now we know that they do indeed exist, and that they are everywhere. Most people are unaware of them, but they play an important role as these dwarf stars are the home of many an intelligent extraterrestrial.



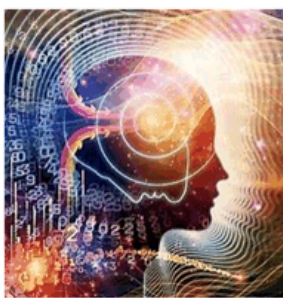
NASA Manned Space Exploration - What happened?

When President killed the Apollo space program, and Jimmy Carter neutered NASA, everyone sat back, fat and content that money was not being wasted and that instead American infrastructure was being taken cared for. Here is the real reason why Apollo and manned space died.



The Disclosure of the CARET Program at PACL

A full unapproved disclosure of a MAJestic related reverse engineering program was released to the public. It concerned the CARET program at PACL. It was quickly attacked and debunked. A music video was even generated as part of it. Here is the full documentation package.



Yes, We Do Live in a Multidimensional Universe

Here we discuss how world-line travel is possible. We look at the physics of the MWI and the mathematics involved. We also discuss an overview of Heaven, our universe and how our experiences within our reality are important. In our reality, everything is possible. It really is.



The True Nature of the Universe

This is a discussion on the true nature of the universe and how individual realities fit within its' scope. I consider this an important writing and it acts as a "bridge" between the various "schools of thought" on the nature of our universe. What is presented is for your consideration.



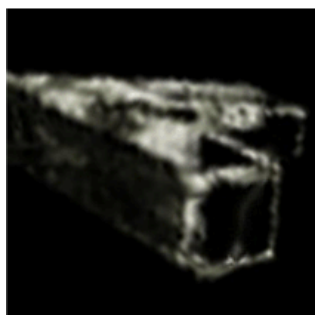
Why our Understanding of Reality is False

Here we discuss four paradoxes of the second law of thermodynamics and use this as a springboard to illustrate that it is impossible to understand our reality within the MWI using Newtonian limitations placed on us through observation.



Evolution of the first sentient life on Earth.

Humans are not the first intelligent life on earth. There were many others. Here we discuss one of the first species of intelligent life; the Cephalopods. They have existed for hundreds of millions of years, and now exist as octopi that inhabit the oceans around us. Let's talk about them.



Transport of an Extraterrestrial Modular Structure

In 2012 through 2014, a huge armada of skyscraper-sized modular components was tracked inbound to our solar system from deep space. They decelerated and landed on the moon. This is the story of how MAJestic scrambled to find out what was going on at this time.



The Frightening Possibility of Genetic Social Stratification

The primary mission requirements that I was involved in lay in assisting our benefactors in human sentience determination. The human race is moving towards a day of evolution and key to that point in time is the chosen sentience we select. It has frightening consequences.



The most common extraterrestrial species that interacts with Americans.

Here we discuss the grey extraterrestrial alien species. Contrary to the public narrative, there are numerous extraterrestrial species that regularly visit the Earth. In fact, they have all been doing so for many, many years.

MAJestic Related Posts – World--Line Travel

These posts are related to “reality slides”. Other more common terms are “world-line travel”, or the MWI. What people fail to grasp is that when a person has the ability to slide into a different reality (pass into a different world-line), they are able to “touch” Heaven to some extent. Here are posts that cover this topic.



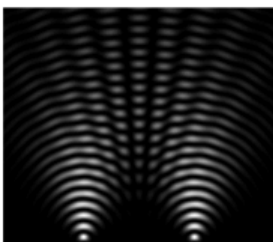
Some True Stories of Cat Heaven

Being in MAJestic taught me many things. One of which was an intimate understanding of Heaven and other “spiritual” things relative to quanta entanglements. Here I discuss what it is like to have a beloved animal (cat) dies and what actually happens to them and why.



Consciousness Migration for World-Line Travel

This post discusses how Heaven was formed, and what reality actually is. It discusses how world-lines function and just what MWI (Many Worlds Interpretation) is. This little post is the foundation of all aspects of my particular involvement with MAJestic. As such, it is important reading material.



What I miss from my original world-line

This is a little micro-post of some of the things that I miss from my time “before” I got involved with MAJestic and all that MWI “stuff”. It really makes no sense to anyone in this reality, but to me, it’s pretty important stuff. It’s simply a compilation of some of the quirks of this reality that are different to me.



An Observed World-Line Switch - The Aluminum Foil Lady

Here is a report of a person entering this “world-line”. She appears on a busy road and is filmed by an automobile dash cam in the process. She is wearing a protective thermal “space blanket” material coat, and is apparently dressed like a nun. We discuss her and the utility of roads in this context.



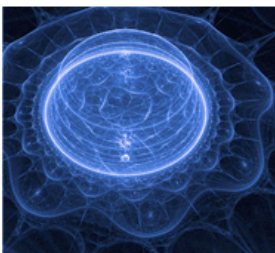
World-Line Travel Using Vehicles - Some Examples

There is ample evidence that people are entering and leaving our reality using various methods and techniques. One of which consists of vehicles with heavy devices that enable world-line cross-over events. Here we discuss these events and look at numerous examples.



A World-Line where the Beatles Never Broke Up

Here is a story about a man who ended up getting hurt and was rescued by someone from an alternative world-line. He tell his story and brings back a Beatles mix tape as proof. We discuss his adventure relative to MWI slides and look at commonality of descriptions.



World-Line Creation and Stability Considerations

Let's talk a little bit about what a world-line is, how it is accessed, and why it sometimes needs to be accessed. This isn't full of all kinds of stories about visiting different world-lines, but rather why certain advanced species use the MWI to control the sentience evolution of humans.



ProfessorPhate as an Example of MWI Crossover

In 1999 an individual going by the name “Professorphate” produced a narrative claiming that he was from another world-line. In his narrative he talked about this other world-line and the circumstances that brought him to our apparent reality. Presented for curiosity only.



The “Passage of Time” is actually Observed MWI World-line Slides. Here we discuss what time actually is, and the differences between a dimensional egress portal and a MWI slide. We also use examples, two to be exact, where people have entered and left our reality using a 7th dimensional transport. We discuss how this works and why.



What is the Color of Chartreuse; is it Red or Green?

Many people who have lived through the 1980's, such as myself, clearly remember the color to be a deep red like color. However, our current reality describes this color as a yellow green. This confusion is known as a Alter-vús, and this post describes what is actually going on.



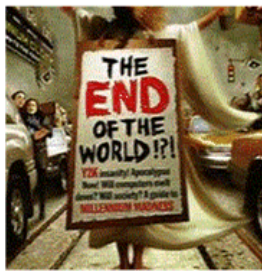
Mandela Effect - A System of Soul Management

Here we look at an interesting mystery that is occasionally observed. It is known as the Mandela effect. Essentially it is a situation whereas our memories do not match up with the reality. Here, we look at it in terms of MAJestic and the management and cultivation of soul growth.

John Titor Related Posts

Another person, collectively known by the identity of “John Titor” claimed to utilize world-line (MWI egress) travel to collect artifacts from the past. He is an interesting subject to discuss. Here we have multiple posts in this regard.

They are;



John Titor and World-Line Travel as Time-Travel (Part 1)

This is an introduction to John Titor and his claim that he utilized world-line travel to go into apparent past(s) to acquire equipment. He burst onto the internet in 1998 and left in 2001. He left a trail of mysteries in his wake. In review, knowing what we know today, his story rings true.



John Titor and World-Line Travel as Time-Travel (Part 2)

Here we look at the John Titor narrative that describes what happened in the United States that precipitated civil war, and World War II. We look at it from a point of view twenty years later, and to the surprise of many, he accurately predicted many things that we take for granted now.



John Titor and Details on his Time-Machine (Part 3)

Here we spend some time going into the disclosed details of how the Time Machine actually works. We look at the manual and come up with the conclusion that he actually was hiding something or some elements of the machine. Let's look at this issue.



John Titor and our Reactions to his Disclosure (Part 4)

Strange as it might seem, once the news of John Titor hit the internet, many people had all sorts of reactions to it. Here we review the reactions. They, in themselves, tell us a lot about ourselves, society and about the nature of the universe. Here we look at the reactions.



John Titor - Full Text of his Transcripts (Part 5)

For over a decade the actual transcripts of what John Titor said and his discussions on chat boards were obliterated. The only thing that you could find were websites that said he was a hoax. That all changed when enthusiasts collected and posted his writings. Here are the earliest transcripts.



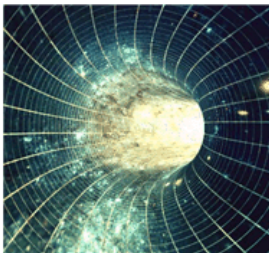
John Titor – Full Text of his Transcripts (Part 6)

There are all sorts of fragments of the John Titor discussions floating in bits and pieces throughout the Internet. This post collects some of the more obscure bits that did not make it into part 5 of the text. These tidbits are interesting but also irritating as the attacks on the narrative are relentless.



John Titor – Full Text of his Transcripts (Part 7)

This is the final discourse from John Titor to the rest of the folks on the BBS “Time Travel” board. He answers questions and responds to requests. He also clarifies things. Of course, the sniping and harping, as irritating as it is, continues unabated. It’s the final posting of this discussion.



John Titor – Full Text of his TTI Board Transcripts (Part 8)

Here is a secondary source for discussions involving John Titor. He subscribed to numerous time travel BBS forums, and this one; TTI is often overlooked. Here, we look at some of his statements on the board. His dialog on this board is very interesting and contains uncommon narratives.

Links about China



How a Business KTV Works in China

KTV’s are all over China. They range from tiny booths, to family affairs to fancy palaces for friends. Here we discuss a kind of “seeder” side of the KTV phenomenon. We discuss the KTV used to discuss business and to reward high-performing employees; The Business KTV.



The Dance Craze that is Sweeping China

China is a big country, and as such it has passing fads and events that everyone seems to participate in. The latest is a dance craze that is based on a silly song involving Tarzan like yodeling. Everyone is doing it from kids, to policemen, doctors and entire school classrooms.



The Tale of the End-of-the-Day Potato

When you finish a good day's work, how do you like to be rewarded? How about a nice beer, and a nice well-cooked meal? How about your dogs or cats near by? How about a kiss on the cheek, a nice frosty alcoholic beverage in your hand? Or, as I have found, my end-of-the-day potato.



News as Every-Day Dog-Shit

Has the news that you read every day benefitted you? Has it made your life better, happier, calmer or helped you to make more money? What benefit do you derive from reading it? Chances are that it provides no benefit at all; you are just a slave to habit for others to manipulate.



Attack of the Dancing Grandmothers

One of the things about China is that the old folk love to dance and exercise. They get up at the crack of dawn and dance to loud disco until every goes out to work. Then they rest. They return to dance at dinner time until night. Here is my take on this crazy and popular Chinese pastime.



When the SJW Movement Took Over China

Many people are unaware that the SJW movement is not regional to the United States. It is global. It reoccurs in a generational cycle. China has experienced three such cycles in my lifetime. This is the sad story of what happened when the SJW's were permitted to run amok in China.



The Importance of a Family Meal Together

One of the most important things that I have learned is that friends, family and close-ones should share meals together. Further, they should do so with some sense of formality and purpose. Here is my take on this issue, and how I prefer to structure my family meals.



Freedom and Liberty in China

As Americans we have been raised into believing that America is an oasis of freedom in a world of chaos. We have been taught that other nations are shit-holes and that communist nations are the worst. Well, the 1960's narrative doesn't play well in the 2020's reality.



The Ben Ming Nian – The 12 Year Curse

The Chinese believe that all life have both a physical reality and a non-physical reality. As such it goes through a twelve year cycle. Every twelve years it sort of resets itself. A new phase of life thus begins. Here we discuss this from the point of view of interactive quanta and patterns.



Beware the Expat

There are a handful of expats that have left America to explore a new life outside of America. We do so for many reasons. Some of us want a new quiet life, while others want excitement. Still others want to unleash their criminal skills on an unsuspecting public. Be aware.



How to tell if Wine is Fake in China

There are many fake things made in China. From fake designer purses, to fake mouse-traps. If someone can make some extra money by making something fake, they will try it. Here, we talk about one of the most dangerous of fake goods; fake red wine.



How China Deals with Obesity

In the modern world, obesity is a real problem. People all over the world are getting fatter and heavier. The American solution is to ban fattening things, and make laws to control behavior. Here we discuss the Chinese solution; to provide areas to dance and exercise.



Great Wedding Ideas from Chinese Weddings

The Chinese have over 5000 years of experience in formalized weddings, culture, food and relationships. Here we spend some time looking at the contemporaneous Chinese wedding. We look at the fun and playful side of it for ideas that we can use in American weddings. Enjoy.



How Christmas is Celebrated in Communist China

Contrary to what most Americans believe, Christmas is celebrated all over the world. The progressive narrative of banning it, or turning it into a pale shadow of what it once was is a lie propagated by “diversity officers”. Here we talk about the celebration of Christmas in China.



What Chinese Apartment Houses are Like

After a thirty-year-long growth spurt, China has forged an enormous and growing middle class. This has, in turn, created a need for consumer appliances, automobiles, and apartments. Here we look at what Chinese apartment houses are like. They are quite different.



Snapshots of Chinese Culture

China is a land that changes every few months or so. The roads change, the buildings change. The society, culture and traditions seemingly move with the changes in all sorts of interesting ways. Here we talk about these changes in the form of micro-videos. It's a fun post, most certainly.



What Rural China is Like

Unless you have lived in China, your impressions of what China is will have been colored by the news media. There would be mention of the new ultra-modern cities, and some discussion on the pollution in the industrial areas. No mention of anything else. Here we attempt to cover this omission.



Chinese New Year – cultural snapshots of society

The Chinese New Year (CNY) is a very important holiday in China. It has many cultural aspects regarding it that are unknown in the West. These things includes such things as spontaneous dancing upon arrival, quaffing hard grain alcohol and monkey parades. Here, present some videos of these events.

China and America Comparisons



Democrat Busybodies and the Destruction of Freedom

Wouldn't life be wonderful if you could just be left alone and live your life in peace? I think so. The founders of the United States thought so, however there is an army of busybodies who disagree. They have this vision of utopia where everyone listens to their commands.



Comparison between American and Chinese Playgrounds

The differences between American and Chinese playgrounds couldn't be more telling. It is a tale of how things are handled differently and the roles that parents take. In China the role of the parent is to equip the child for life. While in America it is to protect the child from life.



What Authentic Chinese Food is Like

The entire world feasts on “Chinese Food” served in “Chinese Restaurants”. This could be a Chinese take-out in Memphis, to a “Dim Sum” restaurant in NYC. As delicious as these establishments are, what is it like to eat real, Chinese food, in China? Well we talk about it right here.



The Last Straw – Why I Left America

We all come to cross-roads in our lives. We experience life in all of it's glory and pain. This is the story why I left the USA and moved to China. It's not that I hate the USA, I love it dearly and miss it terribly. However, a series of events and changes pushed me out. This is my story.



What happens when you try to implement Diversity Initiatives in China

This is a very good story in what happens when a young millennial tries to implement diversity initiatives in China. There are many lessons here. From how pompous SJW's are to misconceptions about what China is.



What High School taught me about Democracy

Yes, I know, the United states is supposed to be a Republic. However, running for president in school was set up as a Democracy with majority vote. I learned a lot about the follies of a Democracy and what eventually befalls it. I wish to share those experiences with you.



Why an American man should leave America and Travel

America is great. It is large and wonderful. However, we all need to set outside of it to really appreciate what we have, and to face what we do not have. Only then can we really understand where our problems originate from and how to resolve them



Top Ten Misconceptions that Americans have about China

There are many misconceptions about far-away places. China, due to it's size, and relative importance as a source of manufactured products is often the target of many a ill-defined comment. The disconnect between reality and perception is enormous. Here we discuss it.



The Top Ten Misconceptions Chinese have about the USA

When the Chinese come and visit the United States, they are often spellbound in shock and amazement. They find that they LOVE, absolutely L-O-V-E the United States. I have many friends who have told me this. Another thing that they have told me is that it was not what they expected.



Comparisons Between American and Chinese Girls

Here we compare the differences in beauty between Chinese and American women. Since beauty is in the eye of the beholder, we spend some time looking at what makes women attractive to the opposite sex and why. Then we look at attractive girls comparatively.

Learning About China



Learning About China through Looking at Pretty Girls -1

Here we discuss elevators, eating at work, subways, residential areas, apartment building hallways, riding on boats, family KTV's, getting out of cars, tennis courts, department stores and restrooms. It's pretty amazing what you can learn by looking at pretty girls.



Learning About China through Looking at Pretty Girls -2

Here we discuss suburbs and memorials. We discuss malls, Arabic culture, parking garages, bedrooms, living rooms, and living in Guangzhou. We discuss walking and talking. Finally a nice hypnotic dancing video for fun. It's pretty amazing what you can learn by looking at pretty girls.



Learning About China through Looking at Pretty Girls -3

Here we discuss more malls, farms and their kitchens, pools, apartment (3rd floor) parks and open areas, dance studios, military barracks, riding on a yacht, beaches, waterslides, and the garages outside a housing development. It's fun talking about China with all sorts of pretty girls.



Learning About China through Looking at Pretty Girls -4

Here we discuss public parks, gyms, work offices, apartments in Shanghai and the excellent views there, the Southern Chinese coast, Pizza Hut, speaking and singing in English (as a second language), sofas, safety at night, the ideal face, and buying gold in Hong Kong.



Learning About China through Looking at Pretty Girls -5

Here we discuss Shanghai, highways, hotels, exercise, and elementary school students dance-exercising, after-school dance classes, public squares and dancing and carrying on in public. We talk about rural kitchens, doors in apartments, and Chinese apartments in general.

Articles & Links

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