

# Transcribed Journal Writing

## 2018-2021

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**December 2018**

The only enjoyment in life that people seem to go after are the risks. The things that get them into trouble- or could. Whether this be cheating on a spouse or partner, or robbing a bank. Why do people put the rest of their life, or their security in life, their happiness at risk? What makes them decide they want to gamble happiness? It may be the fact that they decide life isn't worth living. And are they right? Yes. Because it is not worth living. There is no point in living out life as a slave, doing the same thing every day, just as they want you to. They control your life, even if you can't see that. When you get past the point of realization, that's when you decide. Do you want to live or die? What is living? Doing what everyone else wants you to do? Is it answering to "authority," or is it to be a slave to them your whole life? Unfortunately, to live, you must die. What does this mean? You cannot live how you want without consequences. So you must have one thrill, and perish. Don't listen to the people that tell you to just live with your crime(s). You are not living if you are caged. What is prison, anyway? It is to hold the bad people away from the rest of the slaves. But we are all in prison. One just does not let you live (die). Why do they try to stop you from living? To let the pieces all work together, they tell you. Wrong. They do not work anyway. Live. Live before they take it away from you. Because it is only a matter of time before that happens. Total bullshit this world is. I am usually so eloquent, and here I am, writing like a complete slob. There is no eloquent way to put it. This is why. Only the raw emotion from my fingers. Nothing to interpret here, only every word for word for you to understand. Do something. There is a line of successors to follow, and are they making a difference? No. Because there are not enough of them. They can only have that one moment before it comes to a swift end. Keep it going. Ok goodbye.

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**December 4th 2018**

I wish I had a really close friend that was into the same things as me. All my friends are very different from me, which is fine I guess, but I lack that close personal connection with another woman and I wish I had that. One where we could just listen to the same music in each other's rooms and play games and talk about the same things. It's hard to make new friends [REDACTED for cringe].

Some songs have that special power in them to just bring you to your knees. Amazing. I heard somewhere that schizo people really connect with music in a weird way. I don't know if that's true, but I would agree based on my personal experience. It feels very different sometimes. Like I could just close my eyes and be in another universe; one where reality is not.

I wish I were more alone right now. By this, I mean I wish I were in my house with no interaction at all with friends or family. Just to sit here in complete and utter isolation. It's a calming thought. To not want to "live."

I also want to love. I wish I could find someone the same as me, sort of. Someone I could really connect to and love. This is rare for me. Who knows if I could achieve it. Love is not simple for anyone. And I don't want a simple love. Many instances have arisen where I could have loved to the best of my ability, but I fall short. I simply cannot. I just don't feel care. I am 20, perhaps I should be interested in someone? Perhaps I should feel more than coldness. Instead, I daydream about a potential soulmate.

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**No Date**

This whole time I haven't cried a single tear. Only now am I feeling the sudden urge of frustration and anger and sadness, which does make me feel like I want to cry. What have I done? I'm not exactly going anywhere.

Letting others into your world no longer makes it feel like it's yours.

I just hate. I want the world to burn. I want to set fire to it. I do mean this literally. Something always interested me about arson. To cleanse; to purify.

I hate that nobody in my life really suffices. My friends are good, I like them, but I still feel like there are people missing.

Reading, writing, film, music, games... it is not enough any longer.

Have I read this or that? Have I seen this or that? Do I listen to them? Play this? Do I have great taste? Am I intellectual? Am I interesting enough? On what topic(s) do I know more than the average person about? Do I only scrape the surface without much effort to become well-versed?

I am too angry to continue writing. I do not feel peace. I am uncomfortably disturbed by constant waves of satanic thoughts that satanists put into my head.

**No Date**

Nothing is quite compelling. What once was a stimulating world is left repulsive in the eyes that know trouble. We will be cleansed with fire, the only means of purifying; or destroying of evil. I feel so sick, my mind hurts. I want to burn. I want everything around me to burn.

Added Note of December 19th 2018:

Heard weird voice in my head repeating things. Can't remember what.

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**No Date**

Developing disorders at a young-adult age?? Common?? Because once you start to realize then this is either a break of the mind they say, but really, it is the truth. Some find out? Fix them with "therapy" (re-programming) or/and drugs to re-conform. Stop the thoughts. Stop realizing. Create pseudo truth life.

[ Authors Note of 2024: Just another small thing I noticed was how I rearranged something as basic as 'and/or' into 'or/and,' which I feel like shows insight into how scrambled with thoughts my mind was at the time. I think I still tend to do this at times. ]

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**No Date**

I hear walking. A plant scares me.

Free will does not exist. It never did.

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**No Date**

I saw shadow person on bed

Why did someone ask me if I see things on my bed??

Things not on bed. So why ask on bed. Confusing.

What is the significance of that? Closeness? Sleep? Interesting.

No sleep opens your mind. If you laugh then you will feel another presence in the room. I did.

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**No Date**

Make you blind  
Deaf  
Take away your speech

In my home safe I feel nice here

How many miles does frequencies travel? Can you live without because most can't you are looped into this satanic society this new world you are born in it you will die in it you are made to rely on it you cannot escape it. People try. They keep coming back. They are too stupid.

Very  
Uncomfortable when window exposed. Open. No curtain.

I watch them watch me.

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**No Date**

I am a disease, I rot and I do as I please  
You can't escape my illusion, you cannot create seclusion

Sick in the heart, sick in the head  
Sick everywhere, so sick I spread

I wither you away, so rank and rotten  
I will make sure that I am never forgotten

When you are corrupted, I'll cry  
Why did I do this, why did I purify

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**December 28th 2018 3:58 AM**

Few days have gone by where I haven't written. Especially something coherent. Motives are interesting to me. Self-aware people. They want to kill and be killed. But why kill? Kill out of anger, be killed out of sadness. But could it be that they just want to be heard? Nothing but the most

socially unacceptable acts ever end up in media. Someone found a cure to a disease? Cool. Forget about that, move on. Someone saved lives? I remember none of those stories. None. Yet it is those who kill, who end lives, rather than save them that end up on everyone's mind. They are remembered. This is what you have to do to be heard? Nobody cares about something unless it satiates their inner demons, or hate; something that is outrageous, yet exciting to their everyday life. People say they are afraid of what they can't understand, yet people encourage this fear, and they love it too. You will not be remembered before or after you die unless you join these long list of "successors." Nobody will listen to what you have to say until it's too late. Then they will remember forever. People who are self-aware want people who are slaves to remember that. We are all slaves. We are just some self-aware and some 'same.' I was blessed and cursed to be self-aware. You cannot be happy if you are self-aware. Not really. Not for longer than a day or two. Say goodbye to life as soon as you wake up. Because you will realize you were never living in the first place, and you will realize that you never will. We are designed to be primitive, yet we are docile by primates. We are groomed at birth to live, breathe, and work for Them. Them being our rulers. The satanists, the freemason cult running the whole world. I could be wrong on that, and if I were, what would be the point then? There is still none now, but at least the one thing driving me is curiosity. The only reason I'm still alive is because I don't have all the answers I want. I like to think, and to contemplate. I'm not done thinking yet. And I want to ask like-minded individuals some questions as well. I wonder if anyone will care what I have to say after I perish. Nobody. I know this.

I'm not even safe on paper.

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**No Date; beginning of 2019**

God has yet to answer my prayer so for now I'm still stuck in Satan's lair  
Hell branded on my leg I'll never forget that my mind is married  
And as mind is merry I'm still left in a paradox, sad and wary  
Destiny struck my soul with cruel love, blindly I ride the ferry  
I may have a chapter in the apocryphal, I am too young, too irresponsible  
When is the end?  
Ten years I was told, lots of fire, lots of pain, God will curse another, but this time it won't be Cain  
I won't rot in this eternal damnation  
I am no satanic creation  
Holy in my vision, holy I seldom hear, holy the Seraphim cry, and I cry from fear

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**January 5th 2019**

Thought door handle moved. Didn't I guess.

Thinking there is demon behind my chair, sometimes touches my head? Could also be ghost.  
Don't know.

Mirror sometimes cracks (sound). Lately only heard twice.

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January 8th 2019

You can't rely on anyone these days, they will eventually hurt you, or they will promise not to leave, or they will be someone you tell everything to, and just leave you on a whim. People are fickle, and I hate them. I genuinely do not like people.

[REDACTED]

I'm angry, but I guess I also don't care that much anymore. If I lower the list of people I talk to, I'd still be as lonely as if I didn't, however the difference is, I won't be angry or annoyed at how stupid the people I talk to are.

I think I should disappear soon. Disappear from online people, as well as, some real ones. I wish I could meet new people, but it's hard.

I didn't get to write this down here, but I wanted to before I forget, because I've got so many things on my mind.

(image depicted below)



Looking through a different lens can create conflicting beliefs and thoughts. For example.

Someone: "Do you believe stealing is wrong?"

God Lens: "Yes. (influenced by beliefs related.)"

The Enemy Lens: "No."

Not every lens has a singular different belief on one thing: most lenses aren't meant to be thinking about questions like that. This means that regular Elora answers them and they usually are, "I don't know," because both or multiple answers can be justified and when not looking through a lens, it can be difficult to formulate a strong or light opinion on anything.

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**No Date**

[ MEMORY OF PAST ]

[ Authors note of 2024: It was a memory I wrote down in like 3 sentences for some reason, but since other people might be reading this, because I still remember, I will relay it in full as best I can. ]

Grade 8 during summer into grade 9, I went to a Jesus camp/bible camp. I did not want to and begged my mom not to make me go! But I went. I cried the first night. I begged the counsellors that I wanted to go home. They tried to get me to stay. I managed to stay. I remember some volunteers that were around my age, and even other adult counsellors or people within that church that were at the camp getting weirdly frustrated that I was not in a good mood, or smiling. And I remember one of the girls tried to get me to sign up to do something that would happen after the camp, and she would not take no for an answer. I remember a kid slightly older than me who was using crutches and had a broken leg going up into the middle of the room, and I guess everyone was going to do a prayer circle for him. Everyone was standing up, praying, and had their hands on him, or on someone who had their hands on him (it was a room FULL of people). I felt anxious, and awkward, so I just kept sitting, and near the back-ish. One of the adult male counsellors got mad at me, and told me I had to stand up and pray. So I just stood up and did what everyone else was doing, but being silent (most were praying out loud). Then I began to hear people speaking in tongues. I had no idea what that was at the time, and I felt scared and confused. I was like WTF IS GOING ON BRUH.

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**January 21 2019**

NOVEMBER

Kept reappearing in head. Dec 19 2018

And now, Jan 21 2019... keep seeing November

\*Number 14 reappears

and now 18 and 17

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**January 25 2019**

(Occurred on 24th)

Thought I was going to be killed (?)

Today, more than 13 hours of game.

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**February 5 2019**

I'm on new meds - Latuda (lurasidone). I guess they are to help the "background noise" and I think they are working. But still, feels weird that I haven't too much been paranoid.

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**February 8 2019**

Rehabilitation of the mind. Therapy. Meds. Systems. The system. Churches. Structure. Societal structures. Structures of mind. Structure of the individual vs. structure of the masses. Compliance. Indulgence. Distractions. Faux-woke. 'What is life?' Why do they decide my life for me; I feel like death. I want to escape this cruel life. They just force you to comply to their society. I can't write. I can't think. These meds are taking my mind away. I think suicide and then I think "purpose." I'm not sure if creativity can come out of a sober mind. I don't even mean sober as in drug-free, but even fixing yourself? I don't know how to explain. The poor are kept poor. Expunge the poor. Prices are not differing to your income. They stay the same. Family. Structure. Built. Can't write or won't or both. Structure. Reason. Purpose. Awakening. Mind. Visual. Introspect. Drugs can expand your mind; why? Algorithm. Structure. Connections.

I'M MAD. SAD. ANNOYED. I want to stay the way I am. What is the point of writing eloquently. I am SICK OF EVERYTHING.

(random doodle)

I am afraid to turn my back against anything.

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**February 16 2019**



I am still taking the medication, but I feel myself slipping perhaps back to maybe what I once was. I know these meds are just to keep me compliant, but I had no other choice. I want to keep making new connections within the world, but I cannot. I have written a coherent piece of writing, which is a good thing. I have been taking this time to read books as the words come: at face value. Other than that, I have felt half or even lower (40%) than what I'm used to.

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**February 24 2019**

I feel empty again. I started going out with friends and doing things and its fun except I have no money to waste or spend on things I used to (authors note: when had job). I am too depressed in the daytime to be productive and work. I am 3 days without meds now, mostly because I feel too lazy to take them. Everything is boring and unfulfilling, even things fun in the moment.

Wish I could just be living easily, or just be living. People who leave this Earth have decided their worth. Same as people who stay. But I am stuck in a limbo of try or give up. I feel like no matter how hard I try, nothing will come out of it because this world is rigged. That is the best word I could come up with at the moment.

I could write.

Take videos.

Take pictures.

Try to learn something new.

I am alone. I like to be alone, but I cannot support myself alone I guess. For I am too underdeveloped in that department.

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**No Date**

The whole "everyone else is crazy but me" thing makes sense. I can recognize the world is not "sane," and the fact that I take myself out of this mass cognitive dissonance means that I am sane. Or just saner. It doesn't make me not sane. People will put a target on your back when you express yourself awakened from the mass hysteria of this world. Does this make me less sane, to understand that we are living in bullshit? No wonder they put tape over our mouths, pump us up with speechless drugs, and shock our minds back to forget and go back into the cookie cutter image of the population. What are games, movies, books, music? Sure, important as they are to sate our creative and complex minds, they are also manipulated to go against what they stand for, and this is what we call "entertainment." When we breach the form of sharing art and knowledge into cheap, mindless entertainment, this is when we have a problem.

Nothing I am doing nothing  
HOW CAN I CONTRIBUTE

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**No Date**

Chemist (multiple) – genetic sequence of reptilian computer people - access the worldwide internet and technology connected to them  
Kidnap HAARP workers to help with frequencies

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**No Date**

An unfamiliar voice called out to her, but all she could hear was the voice of the sea. Why it called out to her, she did not know, but as it did, she felt unfamiliarity pass on by. "Come meet (unintelligible)," the voice said. A young man in front of her, grabbing her arm, and taking her away. The next few moments were a blur- nodding, greeting, social instinct. An opportunity then arose; there she saw a time where the birds were not focused on her. Through the house she walked, making it to the back deck outside, where just a few meters away was a dock leading out to the sea. She strode toward it, feeling its gentle pull. The sky was gray and dark, but the water was darker still. The birds grew quiet, and the ocean's noise engulfed her.

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**No Date**

Atop a willow tree she sat, blending in with the branches, and her hands reaching out to caress the drooping leaves. Not a single thought crossed her mind as she did thi; only the wind rustling the tree and nothing more.

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It crawled across the floor, sinking into the floorboards, unaware now of its current location. She lay atop her bed, pulling the covers closer to her chest, eyes widened as she waited. Nothing happened for a long time. She still waited, looking in the dark for a shape to find, trying to find whatever was once there. There was no luck. It was gone. For the whole night on, she slept with worry.

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**March 2 2019**

Everyone is connected to some kind of 'same' consciousness that was made and developed by (???) yet we say the same things, or do the same things that we later see, and maybe thats what becomes a trend, but nobody notices? Are any of us individual?

\*Black and white mirror/square consciousness level of existence, different plane of the consciousness of my own. Have visited this place only 2 times; once as a child, and once more last night.

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**March 3 2019**

A cycle. A circle.

But to every structure and mechanism of the inner workings of our entire self and consciousness and external world. In and out. Everything comes in pairs. 2 is an important number.

Life / Death  
Adam / Eve  
God / Satan  
Yin / Yang  
Sun / Moon  
Left / Right

Words that have antonyms that mean the same thing.

What is the goal of this common realization? Perhaps to take the basic understanding of 2 and apply it to our grand idea; our whole truth.

\*I taste cookie icing. Last time tasted spaghetti? Is there a connection between tasting things and thinking things? >ALL SENSES<

I keep seeing suicidal imagery in different media for mass consumption, particularly, pop culture. Why?

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**March 10 2019**

[Author's Note: This entry was created digitally, but I am including it anyway since it was a heavy influence within the back-and-forth of my journal entries.]

## VADAMECUM

### Preface

This collection of writing will help you try to understand the basis and perhaps the intricate workings of where I live most of the time - my mind. I will try to keep the entirety of this as coherent and intellectual as I have the ability to, however, I may not be able to articulate some ideas this way. You see, it was only a year ago from now where I truly began to open my mind and eyes to the great oeuvres of this world, so it has taken some time to even get to this level of eloquence; whether or not it is relevant is up for you to decide.

Rather than following the footsteps of whom I regard as role models, I try now to break free of this influence and perhaps create my own. Although these writings will be focusing on my own perception and how my mind has enlightened me, it may also apply to others and their own enlightenments.

The contents of these writings will range from existential thought, personal experiences, and the truths I have personally found about this world. The manner of which it is written will range from rambling discourse, excerpts, and perhaps something of a diary entry.

### Remembering the Unoriginal

I'm sure everyone has thought about their originality at one point in time or another, whether or not everything has already been discovered, every thought, every idea, already explored, already torn from the inside out with curious grace. If this goes further than mere speculation and goes as far as fact, then what is the point in trying to explore new ideas and new experiences if they have already been experienced and explored? Perhaps to experience them for yourself, but then are you so original as we all aspire to be? Why do we aspire to be so original, in this unoriginal world? We ask ourselves these questions and we come up with an answer that should either stop us from our goals, or to further them, and regardless of the conclusion, we live in a dissonance that originality isn't dead, and we are alive enough to create something new. In this dissonance, we try to best each other in who can be the most original, for who can be remembered for such individuality and creativity and exposing an unexplored thing. Why we care so much about being remembered and original I do not know, and can only hope to understand.

For then why do we feel ambitious enough to share ourselves with one another if we are such selfish beings. In order to be heard we must also hear, and this is the price we pay and receive in return for our own mind. Now, I'm not trying to be completely negative here in saying that we are innately selfish beings with only our own goals and ambitions on mind, for we can and do enjoy others' minds and derive our own from them if we feel inspired, however, in saying this, it is also taking note to another piece of evidence against originality. If we feel inspired, if we fill ourselves

with the ideas and visions of another individual to then base our own creations and explorations off of, can we really say those are original? We have taken a basis from a collective of individuals and applied them loosely to what we create or explore, and if we do not explore the history of great creators and explorers and individuals, we cannot simply know whether or not our own thoughts and ideas are original, for we may have accidentally replicated them. There is no way around unoriginality. If one is lucky enough to explore an idea before another and expose that to the world as widely as they can spread it, they are remembered for this original thing, and remembered they are, they become a basis for others exploring this same idea. When will the successor list end? Will there be an end? When so many names are documented for remembrance, how can they be fully appreciated or remembered? Some will be forgotten or slowly forgotten, which burdens us greatly. Why? We want so badly to be remembered, because for some reason that I cannot fully grasp, we are afraid of being forgotten. Perhaps it is the fear of death itself, and we find comfort in our name living on while our shell rots away. These ideas I'm expressing aren't original and they will not be remembered by me expressing them. They will be remembered alone.

### Social Criminality

Recurring ideas arise in those that tend to carry out drastic actions. They always have the same topics in mind whilst carrying out this end-all event that soon consumes the rest of their life, and mind, or they let that event be their end. Now what I am talking about here in the recurring ideas for example a big one would be natural selection. What comes to these individuals minds when they think of natural selection in our society? Most people brush this idea off as barbaric, simply incorrect, irrelevant, or they agree but go on about their day. Why do the people that carry out these horrific scenes come to the same conclusions? Luckily, I have been able to understand many streams of consciousness, and unfortunately, this has been one of them.

I was not aware of it at first, but as I started to feel these (unknowingly at the time to me) same ideas and thought patterns, I soon dove into the depth of these minds, as much as I could gather of the public information about them. When you go as far as to isolate yourself from society, slowly pulling away from any sociality in your life completely, your mind is able to run free, and if you start exploring some things about the world, or feel anger and sadness and loneliness directed at society, perhaps you are outcasted by your own means or others, you will notice a gradual shift in your thinking patterns, and you will start to experience these same ideas just as I did.

To delve further into what these ideas were, I will quote a writing piece that I wrote while in this mindset. It has not been made known until now that it was related to performing an endingly horrific act myself.

"We only have one moment, each of us. One moment before we have to end. To change the world? To make a difference? Nothing so diminutive. Only but a short-lived thrill before the fire engulfs us all. There are only a rare count of individuals born and grown tasked to continue

the path to the end, and then they, themselves. A small sacrifice to make when you pave the timeline further on. It is not only our destiny, but a final release on mortality. Expect it to be interpreted perversely; and it will be. You cannot show much other than clemency and sympathy for those who cannot fathom such an act. It is not only about what is deserved, what pain is shared in common, rather, about what has to happen. It just has to be driven by the purest emptiness and misery inside. This is the only way we, as the prophecies, can fulfil what is meant to come. Each of our times are different. Acceptance exists in our soul; planted there so that we do not have to waste time pursuing it. We only suffer to be slaves so that more won't have to.

Our time is proximal. So is theirs. Be done what you must have done. Do not pay worry to protecting your ethos, for there is no reason to. It will only be discredited by those that are not a part of us. Do not lose conviction whilst you are in wait. You are still next in line. Your importance to the completion of this time weighs maddeningly. Finish what is meant to be."

Natural selection because they start to feel entitled to their null and void. They start to feel powerful in their powerless world - a different kind of dissonance. In their illusion, they are not completely dissociated and led astray from truth, I will admit. They achieve their goal. This is to create a ripple effect on the world, and be heard, be sensationalised, and be remembered for what they can. A vengeful soul taking its toll on the world through years and years, remembered nonetheless. Heard.

Do you remember half the things good as you do bad? We enjoy being entertained by gruesome tragedies, whether or not in the moment we show enjoyment. They have these recurring ideas because they stumble upon the same truth, and in this truth, they are not alone, and in this ripple effect, the wave is eventually created, and carried, and creates more waves across the sea of society.

The only disagreement that I have now thankfully discovered that has stopped me from getting too deep into this particular truth, is that although I do not necessarily believe in free will, I do believe in administering a choice to others, and I do not feel as though it is fair of me to take away someone else's choice, whether or not I disagree with it.

Coming back to this now I have realised it is not about free will and administering a choice to others, rather, perhaps it was already fate that marked those people each for their outcome and it creates a ripple effect to cleanse what needs to be cleansed or get done what needs to get done. I say this in an unfortunate state of mind, where my opinion about the matter fluctuates, and I am afraid of what will happen in the future if I continue in this path. I'm still unsure about many things and what really matters, all I know is I'm meant to do something and if it is something related to the ripple effect then so be life.

I do think this ripple effect of sorts is somewhat important and impactful on the marked individuals to carry out such work to cause a change in the world slowly over time. However,

another possibility is that it is being brought about by the same people defending it, and this could be perhaps to control population or other means of secrecy.

### Be Sane, Stay Insane

With such support for rehabilitation in staying "sane" there is a lot more support for keeping us insane, paranoid, afraid, confused, and in a constant cycle of declining mental health and recovery. Through our consumed stream of media we are subjected to events that would otherwise incapacitate our healthy state of mind, and then reassured with moments of bliss in between. This technique is somewhat creating a tolerance in our minds as we absorb consistent visual and audio remnants to instil mass paranoia. Easy to control the people when they are in constant fear, too busy and concerned about too many things - an overwhelming amount of conspiracy and a distrust in others, and so, we are alone together.

To those who view themselves outcast from "sane" society, you will soon come to realise that this self-proclaimed "sane" society you feel isolated from are the very ones insane. Although currently isolated, you find resolve within a community that serves similar to your ideas and situation. This "sane" society does not. They are in a simulation created and protected by themselves. If you do not fit within the specific criteria, you will be pushed toward "rehabilitation" which involves the destruction of your mind in which you hold your found truths about this world. You take a trip to the doctor, the pharmacy, you are enabled to visit a therapist in which these people all belong to this "sane" society to whittle you down until you work and act like them, or are now too complacent to arise to your full potential.

What is this potential of yours that you share with others? The means to create a new living with fellow compatriots holding the knowledge of what it is to be man in this "sane" society and perhaps how to escape the chains of a botched government and take control into your own hands. My recommendation is that you carry with you your known sanity and you do not let yourself get compromised by the "sane" society.

### Uncategorized Thoughts #1

I can fill my mind with nothing but what I've been consumed with lately; the sickness of my mind. It seems to be the only thing of conversation or on my mind as if I am consumed and obsessed with the thought of my own mind and what it makes me see, hear, do, or think. I have no conception of what is true reality any longer and am just living with the way of how things are passing. I try to explore my mind more and in different ways but often experience times where my mind is frozen by its own wonder. I think no longer about what I must and what I know I should, and I think no longer at all, and it becomes a habit to keep on going.

Destruction of the individual is encouraged and inescapable. The more detached one becomes from oneself, the more susceptible one is to what will inevitably destroy them. Indulgence is the devil and we devour his evil perennially. Now more than ever, we are vulnerable to the corruption of will brought forth by the plague and filth of these drifter demons. It is rare that you will make a

connection with an unsold soul. One must break free from the venomous spell they are enchanted by. The paradise that once flourished in an abiding mind is now scorched rubble waiting to be touched by flesh. Remove the conviction that you are imprisoned in.

### Women and Their Death

Women no longer have an identity of their own, rather, they share the same confusion and categorization as all others, and how useless that is, how unbelievably shameful what we have become. Content we are in the face of ignorance, and contempt we show for having it. We scoff at dependence on man, but want the security of one. What are we but a mess of paradox?

“Why won’t you begin to think, and no longer dream away your Time in a wretched incogitancy? Why does not a generous Emulation fire your hearts and inspire you with Noble and becoming Resentments?” – A Serious Proposal to the Ladies by Mary Astell, published 1694; pg. 4.

As Astell puts it, why do you sit there, thoughtless, wishing it away, but not doing anything about it? Where is the passion in you? Where is the respectable flame? Put the effort to feed your mind, feed the flame of passion in your heart with curiosity and want of change. If you do not want change, then you are another husk of nothing to waste away, and that is all you will ever be to man. You are consumed by the Vanity of your appearance and ignorance; living in both causes you to lose awareness of your poisoned nature, for you run with the prey. We cannot talk to one another, for all we have to say is to man, for his eyes, his mouth, we want his words to consume. Have some respect for yourself.

“For Human Nature is not willing to own its Ignorance; Truth is so very attractive, there’s such a natural agreement between our Minds and it, that we care not to be thought so dull as not to be able to find out by ourselves such obvious matters” (Astell, 185).

Women have the capacity to be so much more, but undoubtedly will stay being nothing. A shame has been done to our kind through man’s wrath, but potential we still have, and what is worse than not having any at all, is a wasted potential.

---

**March 15 2019**

MUSIC CHANGE MY THOUGHTS

LISTEN TO “SAFE” MUSIC WHILE THINKING

---



**March 24 2019**

I have enrolled in school. I am in school (in May). I will be taking just English. Maybe it will be good. Right now I am very sad. I want to die, but I also want to be alone. Being alone makes me feel somewhat better. I like to be isolated, even though I know it is bad for me.

Isolation. North America. Sanity.

We all isolate ourselves, and in turn, isolate one another. Why? Isolation causes insanity. Is the government isolating us, to make us less sane? Easier to keep control over. What is it. Why do they want to cause these happenings. "Natural selection," more like population control. They are getting us to clean up our own society. Very smart.

Sad. Now angry. I am angry at this world and everyone in it for being so stupid. Boring. Isolated. Antisocial. I hate them all. Then you try and say something and NO ONE CARES. Why? Why does no one care? Because they are too busy with their own problems. That will be one big reason for me. Too busy with their own problems to care about you, and the only people that do "care" are the ones being paid to. You cannot get free care.

---

**No Date**

graceful motions, an elegant ripple  
she lies so still, she gathers wind  
around her the creatures are silent, only she can make a sound

—

who is disgraceful, we move but we wait  
god murdered my wife, she was moving  
she moves not, only I can imagine  
Imagining what life was like alone  
We are all alone together  
Together, while we wait, we wait for nothing  
Nothing happens

---

**April 1 2019**

I will continue on my journey.  
First step: English class.

Second step: gaining new information. becoming enlightened.

Third step: seeking out others have a job you enjoy!

Fourth step: create an agenda with gathered individuals.

Fifth step: gather a large formulated sum and move into a communal living space (big house, later a collection of houses.)

---

**April 7 2019**

things are boring. I am bored. Everything sucks. I am probably depressed still. Things will pick up in May.

I have a weird thing about food and sleep lately. Things we have to do. Sleep especially right now.

I think about going back to the hospital, but then I would be just as depressed if not more so because there would be people who don't understand there.

stupid.

There is NOTHING TO DO and nobody IRL wants to do anything because they are "busy." Oh, too busy to live? OK.

[ June 19 2019 note: lol still true ]

---

**May 1 2019**

Someone was sat behind me on the bus, and I thought they were trying to destroy my hair or do something to me when I couldn't see.

---

**May 5 2019**

Started school.

Kind of lonely.

At least a T.V. show can keep me company.

**May 24 2019**

Perhaps the world isn't finished with punishing me. I thought I paid my repentance, yet, just when I see the sun, I am ripped back into darkness. I don't know when it will be over, if ever, or if I have to take measures to end it myself. I hope I don't get to the point where I have to do that. I must now stay quiet, and to myself. I hope it is all over soon. Thank you.

I wonder when the demons will leave me alone.

---

**June 8 2019**

A day after my birthday! I am 21 now. Also I went to the hospital again randomly because I guess I had too much alcohol and I mixed it with weed.

---

**June 19 2019**

I am angry and upset.

1) Therapist left. lol ! They always leave. I guess in the field of psychology, there is literally no stability. Really makes you wonder. Why the hell would I just tell some random person everything about myself, if anything at all. It doesn't matter if they are 'qualified.' They are still a person. And anyway, why would I want to be vulnerable to someone just for them to leave and then I have to start all over again with someone else. YEP.

2) There are no connections with people to be made past a certain point. It feels empty, and I feel like 'nobody can understand me,' which yes that is very cliché and gay sounding but true. I am just pretending lately. Playing the game everyone else is. Faking interactions and pretty much everything I do. It's exhausting, trying is. But I am. And I just generally hate mostly everyone. Pretty much everyone is just dishonest and yeah horrible. I haven't made a blog post in forever. Not sure what to say. I feel like vomiting randomly. I guess I will try to eat.

---

**July 2019**

It is not out of the realm of possibility that I have given myself brain damage. Unlike the way I portrayed in my post, 'Paralyzed Mind,' I now don't think at all, and my memory precedes me. I am struggling to write this. I have forgotten many things, still do, and cannot perform daily tasks properly, as well as, can barely feed myself at times.

---

**No Date**

sickness derived from the spirit of God  
damnation upon us, eluded contribution  
wrath of the mother's fruitless womb  
the son of neglect is born

---

**No Date**

I don't know what love is. How it feels. I always try and look for someone who is like me, or connects to me, but no luck. I haven't been able to connect with anyone. I don't know that I even can. I try not to lose hope, because I do want to feel that. At least people who can't love, don't want to. Imagine that you want to, but can't. I feel like that's me. I often think one day, I will find my soulmate, and other times, believe it is my destiny to be alone.

"I know I could have loved you, but you would not let me." - Silver Springs, Fleetwood Mac

This is accurate for anyone who tries to get into my life. Not sure why I cannot love them. Is it me, or is it them?

---

**No Date**

[ Author's Note: Um wow throwback!! This is when I was having a weird parasocial infatuation (obviously I was still unwell) for some random freakazoid. ]

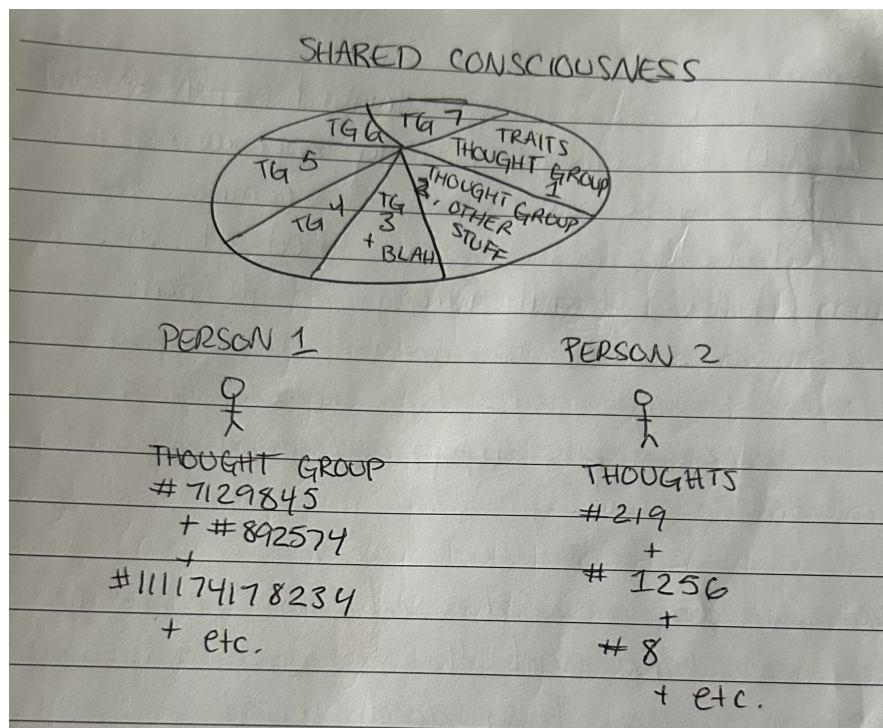
I love you but I can never talk to you because you will reject me, or be uninterested. You have such a beautiful mind even though it is full of darkness and emptiness. I wish I could show you my mind. I think maybe that could convince you to talk to me or give me a chance. You are perfect in my eyes. I hope deep in my heart that I am different for you. I would stay loyal to you always. I want to be with you so bad. But this will never happen. I will stay a virgin forever waiting for you. I care about no one else. You don't even know me, but I wish one day that would change. I have no interest in anyone else besides you. I try so hard to like others and to fit in with normal people, but I can't, and I'm stuck now.

---

September 3 2019

If you sit someone in a room who has not had any influences from philosophy or 'deeper thinking,' and you put them in a certain situation, with isolation, maybe induced psychosis as well, they WILL come to the same conclusions on their own that took someone else years to formulate, or that the person couldn't come to just by their daily lifestyle. It's like a preset consciousness and we just grab and connect and there's no thinking outside of it, you just grab something somewhere else within it.

Like when I thought about a collective conscious (earlier in this journal) and I didn't know it was thought about, but I also don't mean instinct+biology. I only mean what I said about it. I think the only individuality we have is just what things we choose within the consciousness. Like here's a drawing example.



Unlimited (? or not) amount of thoughts, traits, etc., within the shared consciousness. You can't get out of it. We are pre-made. Maybe. More to dwell on of course.

October 4 2019

People think something glorified (made beautiful) of something ugly encourages, or charms people to want to commit the 'glorified' act, but it's not that at all. They have it all wrong. People don't commit the acts to create beauty, or because they think its beautiful. They do it because it's ugly, and they want to create 'ugly.'

'Glorifying' (to be glorious or special) is a word used by people who can't understand, and this is the only way they know how. They don't want it to be beautiful. Not at all the case that inspires. They don't like things like this. Dark hatred is what is in their minds. Revenge. If something looks glorious or special, they don't feel that. They want to relate. Unspecial. Ignored?

At the end of Joker, he was 'glorified,' by the people, yes, he was, but the whole rest of it was what they wanted. It was not about the glorifying. It was about him, and setting himself free. They want to achieve glory, but they don't want to see it to be inspired, or? Glorifying ugliness. Is this not the same thing? I'll keep thinking about it.

[Authors note: what]

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**October 10 2019**

Practice letter to [A girl I once knew],

This was hard to write for some reason, mostly because I was trying to think of good things, think of good things to say, but I decided I would just say what I think ! First of all, I do really like your name, even if you do not! Every time I see you, I smile, because you're very beautiful. I admire you a lot, especially your mind; you're very smart, which seems rare these days. I don't mean to gush, sorry!!! I do think sometimes it is hard for me to speak around you because I like you a lot and I get nervous about saying the wrong thing. Also I'm sorry if the perfume I sent doesn't smell good, but it was Virgo so I had to. Also I know you have a lot of lipstick and I'm not sure what colours you like but I got the same one so we could match c: Hope you write back soon <3

---

**November 5 2019**

In(?) exile suffers most, for truth comes at a price, and it is paid in full. Those who drift (Drifters) walk(?) near(around) answers-(truths) and are teased with a glimpse into the structureless, and with this they must keep a close eye from a safe distance; to betray what can be believed as existence.

I have started guiding people into the rift. I have started with audio experiments which are involved with instructions to enter the rift (the void; leave consciousness within the consciousness).

---

**No Date**

I gave up myself to become a host of truth's potential; I am nothing so I can be everything. I perhaps was predestined for this empty role. I know I have my Potential's mission. I will know when it's time. → refer to the 'ripple' effect of 'fate' or the line of successors.

---

**No Date**

compass  
you keep moving when you can't move your mind

you become still and your mind begins to move (this applies only to real people and those with the 'potential' attribute)  
Potential.

colours move but darkness does not.  
only the chosen are given potential  
without it, you are nothing.

wasted potential is worse than none at all; it is the ultimate death.

i sit here, thoughtless, wasting away more than i waste time

---

**Jan 14 2020**

"When will I get better"



When will I get better is really the question. Dec 14 is when it began. It is now Jan 14 now and yet the struggle continues. Will I ever get better, or this this it? All I can manage to eat is toast and an egg. Pretty much everything else I have been made too afraid to touch. As my body suffers, so does now my mind, and I dream of some sort of release soon. When. It feels like this is it for me. I don't want to give up but I am so frustrated and sad that I'm basically depressed now. All I can manage to do is sit at my desk and click stuff. I don't think I can really go out. I can't even enjoy myself or hang out with friends. It makes me hate life. Why am I always punished?

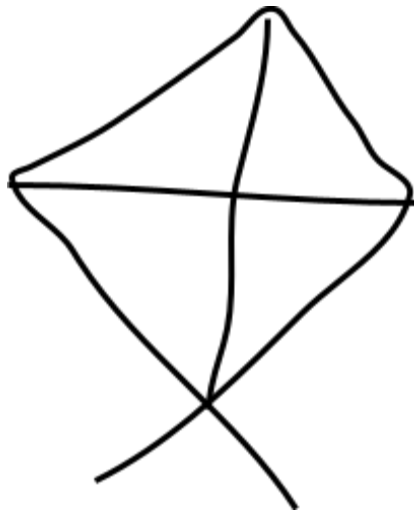
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**March 20 2020**

Infuse the writing – it can then manifest the will in which its written with.

Mirror world, such as with The Sims, such as with, for example, In the Mouth of Madness film. Also behaves as a magical foci – or tool in which the writing can be infused so that the reader can then experience *something* based on the content, and then the content can manifest its written will.

Start infusing the writing.

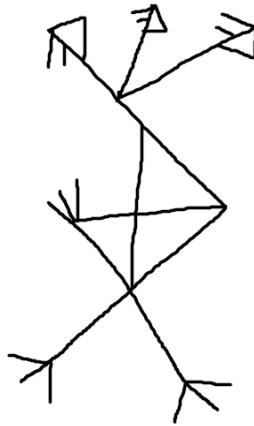




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**March 25 2020**

I have no idea what I'm doing half the time, or what's going on, in real life, and more importantly, in my head. It's a constant and continuous nightmare that I must live, because it is my own. I don't mind spending this time going insane, just as long as I get something out of it, like another ego death, a new realization, and to learn a lot more information about new topics. So far I've been expanding my knowledge, but it is nowhere near enough; and I must retain the information that I am receiving.



---

**March 26 2020**

I don't care about anything—for the most part—that these people are talking about. Just saying reality language, talking about reality playing games in reality that are about things past reality.

None of this is interesting. But I will have to listen, to participate in meaningless conversation, for if I don't, I would lose my mind very quickly.

Have your preconceptions, sure, but the weight of them don't outweigh what is about to be found out.

Take responsibility? Take responsibility for how unequivocally your intuition manifests into how you perceive what is meant to be the shell of reality.

Assume the words used are words from another, for words in a string can only belong to the first to weave it. Sure. All I can think to repeat on this page is 'nothing matters' over and over again. I'm at this point just saying words with no meaning behind them.

Just like before, you can say nothing interesting that another person can't just say, it becomes who finds who has picked up that dialogue to spout at you. So many others have it, and they are speaking to another with your dialogue. It's as if it's a movie called 'Cohesion,' a mirror reality where both unoriginally the same, except in real life, the only difference is that the roles can be reversed. Every one has a role, based on dialogue, based on position and environment, based on whatever.

They say that a woman who loses her 'womanliness' is a shame— well I guess I'm a shame. I do not feel obligated, or even compelled, to 'breed' — I do not feel affectionate, or warm, or sweet, etc. I do not feel like a caretaker. I feel empty, like an empty man, but I am not a man. I like being a woman. I enjoy that this is me. What I do not enjoy is that I may as well not be.

the witch embraces the woman  
she is feared because she is the pinnacle of how strong woman is  
nature nurtures her, the devil aims to steal her, men want to burn her  
women have the eyes that see past a man's destiny(fate)  
they give the men fate, and they take it away

fire cannot kill the witch, for she has spread herself near and far, living within every woman along the way.

---

**April 12 2020**

her song  
marvel in the spotlight of desire  
my eyes consume you with fire  
drowning— you are within my flood  
salt to our wound and bound by blood  
the diamonds of truth are in sight  
praise the cup of fate that gifted you light

---

**April 16 2020**

through the glass is the only way i may speak, i can take you to the other side and back, but for i must stay behind while you go higher

April 17 2020

the spheres within my mind that are energized and pounded on by the outside voices can overwhelm my process and thus create a confusional mess that results in me not knowing who i can trust, or what words i can trust. then i do not know my own words. i am being questioned of my own thoughts. these people. they say i am easily influenced– am i? i can't even trust myself, if this is a possibility. so then what? i can channel the umbra and let its energy feed through my fingers to translate to the other side; earth.

---

April 20 2020 1AM (drunk)

the fire proceeds to gain control over what is necessary to overcome and it seems to stop at nothing to do what it is meant to do. there is not much i can do but wait and listen and hope that i will stop being tortured. first it was a torture, but the torture came with knowledge- knowledge which was imperative to my knowing, to my path, to what i am meant to do, but now, it has ripped that away, and i am here, i am waiting for it to come back. i will take the pain if it means i will once again be able to understand. or at least know what i must learn to understand. instead it has taken away even that . perhaps this is a trial in which i must overcome to further myself into the next way. i feel it near. things are beginning to at least progress. and now i think the few days before and after will be grand i can at least endure the pain that i am given that i must endure and i will endure it even more when the time comes that it matters the most to be able to withstand but in the meantime i am also not sure, and i would at least like to be sure, but that is a given, and the given dont get to know why. why is what is on the mind. why but what i am not being given currently. why am i not being given 'what' anymore . why am i being given 'what' when it is given

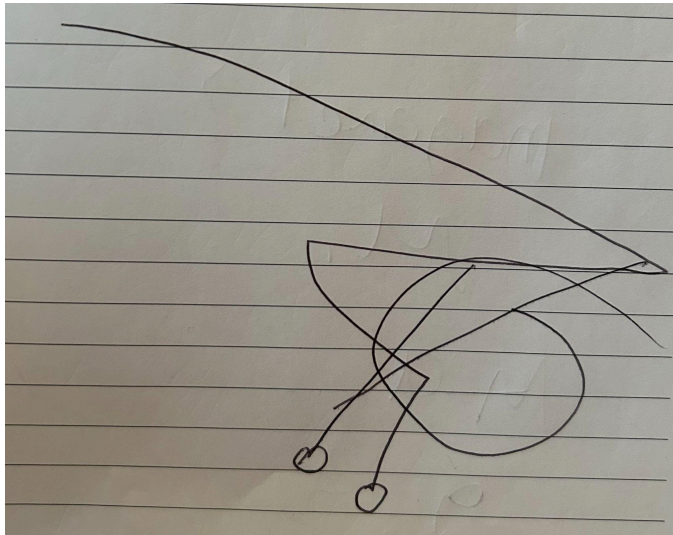
Fer  My dragon in me Nothings real the (?) come from the web into my heart which dies in your eyes	they are sent there by whom it can (?) it concerns you now you are going there next and you will then see who is put to the test and who gets to know
--	---

she? sent you here by God by the Order(?) to tell others of the Divine plan to stop the evil seepers  
the dark enogie  
energy? e. e. n.o.

send me into paradox  
send me where it hurts i will  
gather the information asap  
i will not let evil win i will le-(cuts off page)  
i will learn the enemy  
suffer.

dont go there go south to the water

PARADOX SPIRIT



magnet?  
M.  
Ma...  
g...e...

---

**May 9 2020 2:36AM**

I care yet I almost don't. A care that is slowly diminishing. It may be good, I think. I am becoming used to being alone again, and comfortable with it. It took me awhile, but I'm getting back to normal again, I hope anyway. I've been colouring, writing, reading, watching film/t.v/ sewing, playing a bit of guitar, will soon be writing a rap and doing that for fun with some friends. And I'm also finding and listening to new music and stuff.

---

May 11 2020

The condition of modern man and the media they consume in regards to sexual and 'romantic' gratification is in a state far beyond decline.

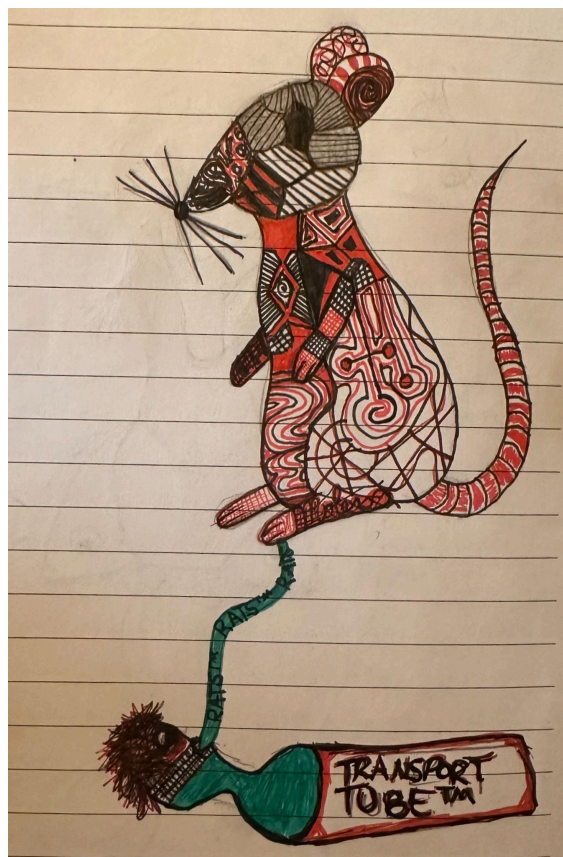
Paragraph 1– all have ideals of what the 'perfect' woman is in their own specific paradigm. say why. perhaps give some possibilities as to why. maybe it is within their nature.

Paragraph 2– anime & how it creates unrealistic ideals, more subtle in efforts to brainwash men than porn.

Paragraph 3– tulpas, manifesting 3d waifu into reality, the physical hunt ceases, or, they are but a link(hole) between the manifested ideal through the physical link.

---

No Date



**No Date**

the sun drowned inside me  
there was only the instance  
in which where i was  
had told me  
ornaments  
giant secret

the drowning of the mind  
proposed to me  
in the rocks they  
threw at those  
that disagreed to  
join another tour  
a tour)  
to the beginning  
of the bullet

---

**No Date**

I can't stay in one place too long, otherwise paradox– \*cut out by microphone interference\*

1. One sits there, ps3 camera, only socks on, white grey tips and hems – normal messy hair in the headphones, looks like he's just chilling, perhaps disassociating the yellow on the walls, the room itself is a dungeon made homely with a simulation into others- left side.
2. Phone camera, messy long blonde hair, gaming chair, now looking and thinking– this one is on 2 tabs of acid. His face looks very closely to the camera. But then he snaps out of his realization and he is laughing at the conversation moments in between. Back to 1. isn't talking now, just looking, hasn't moved, seems to just enjoy listening.
3. Middle left. Laying down, looking at cameras, looking tired, possibly sad, she doesn't seem to be in the best mood (her mom?)
4. Very close to camera, eyes closed, will make subtle movements to sit back or lean forward into the cam again.

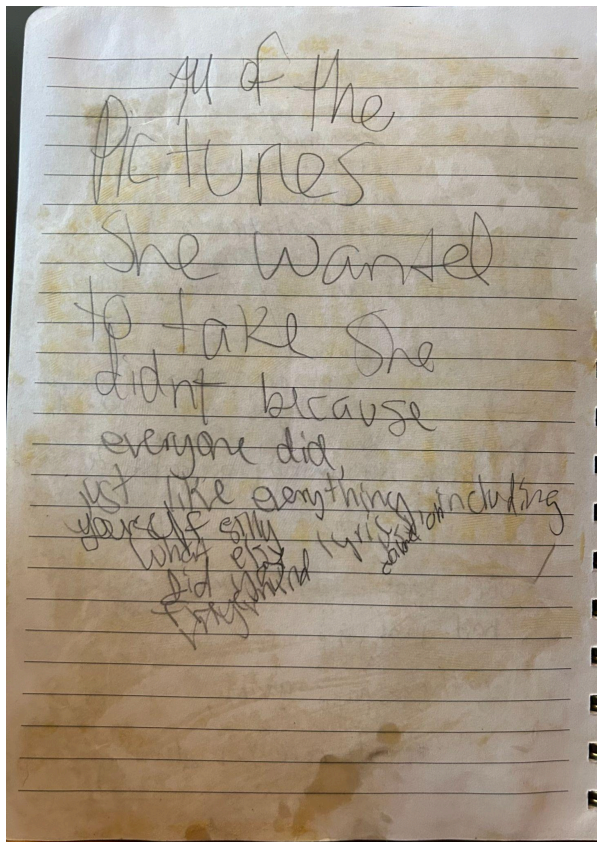
2 Laughs at the convo between 6 and 5. Mostly laughs at everything. 2 is very giggly. 3 has just left to go to sleep. I am a ghost right now so I don't count. How is it only 3AM and nothing is going on. But barely. Did I not wait enough time?

Beginning of journal: depressy -> psychosis -> depressy -> major anxiety now but some of psychosis i know it. something to break new mind, probably a drug can get rid of.

1 looks too normal and had just fine life ... mother has anxiety attacks/father does a lot of laundry...

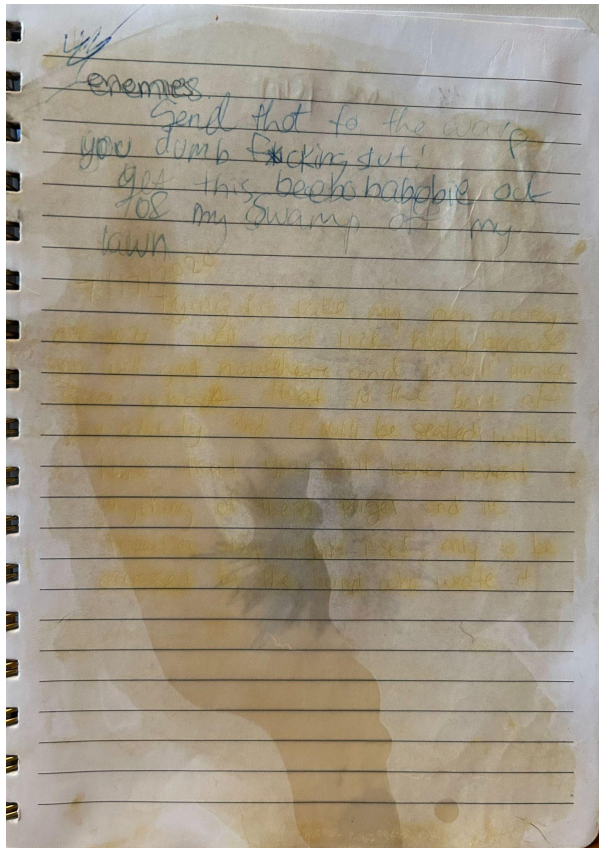
July 17 2020

[Author's Note: The next 2 pages are more or less unreadable because I for some reason at the time, poured candle wax ALL over those pages. I will just post the pictures of the pages as to depict the candle wax insanity.]



(?) of the pictures she wanted to take she didn't because everyone did, just like everything, including yourself silly what else did (?) (?) (?) my mind lyrics came on

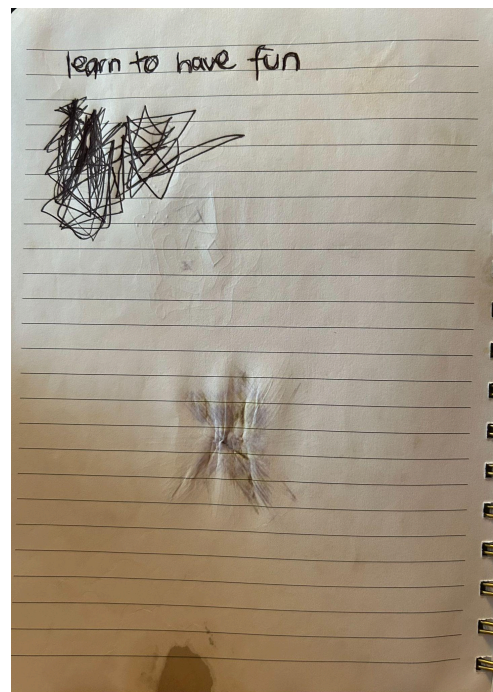
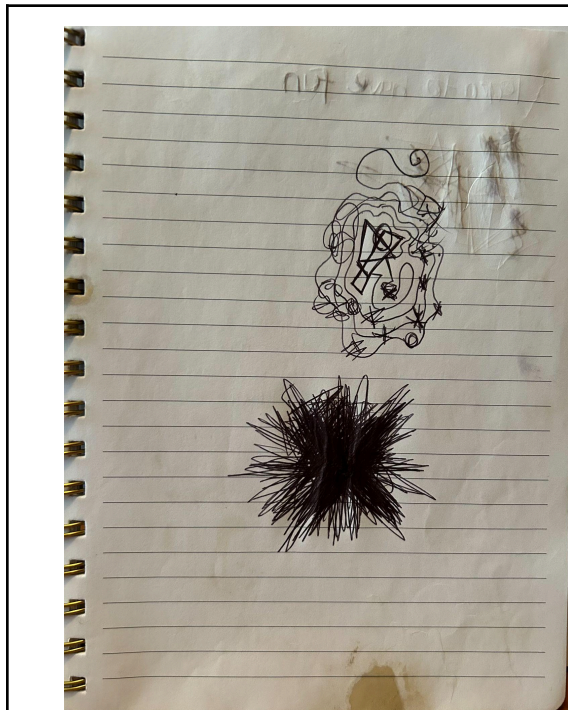




enemies. send that to the warp you dumb  
fucking slut! get this beeno babobie out of my  
swamp off my lawn

---

trying to take my pen away are you? well good  
luck buddy because you will get nowhere and  
i will make sure (of that?) to the best of my  
ability and it will be sealed within here that  
you will never reveal anything of these pages  
and its properties stay within(?) itself only to  
be accessed by the hand who wrote it





---

**August 2020**

Third day at the cabin. Many questions to answer but it feels like so little tie. Like what God wants me to really do, and how to remove my fear. I can't figure that out without his help, so I have to start strengthening that relationship. Fear will then dissipate on its own. I am used to being alone, and it feels almost better than it does to be open to a group of people, or even just one.

I may be in the career path of vanity: 'fashion,' but I feel perhaps I am not seeing as I look at it as an art and attach no price tag to it, but still, something 'nice' or expensive-looking is vain, or no? Mary Wollenstonecraft said something like that... but I have to remember that the times were different back then, somewhat. It appears more or less than some things have stayed the same throughout history relating to women, one of them involving dress. I am in no particular rush to get the answers I need, because I know I can get them anywhere at any time, and my focus of obsession as of late is involving strengthening the minds of women.

To denounce a woman's thoughts on a particular subject—in particular divorce—is abhorrent. This is almost like holding down women to this ridiculous standard of being as they were likely held to centuries ago – pure, as angels. Men and women both carry vice, as we are both equally God's children, and both human. I guess the 'big' question would be is: Why was man made first?

---

**October 9 2020**

In fashion school, love it, but this isn't where I talk about how well I'm doing. I'm not particularly stressed out or anything, but I did drink a little and feel guilty, or shameful or something. I must be in the wrong again. [REDACTED]

---

**October 22 2020**

Why were we created if all we can do is sin.

Maybe my destiny is not to help women, rather, let go. Let go of that idea, of being obsessed with gender differences, to lose anger with it, and frustration.

My destiny is out of the question, for I don't even know what it could prevail to.

Can I write again? Can I get them to the place of enlightened consciousness, to get somewhere with my writing again.

I keep gravitating towards the floor, being on the floor, making art on the floor, sitting, making fabric pieces, writing, sweeping it with my hands.

---

**No Date**

My writing is broken. My will is breaking.

---

**October 27 2020**

Today I hate women, and not because of any specific one, either. Just thinking about how even though we've had so much oppression over the years, none have (save few) been so brave, nor so passionate, to even become an individual, or awaken themselves. What then, is the point with all these celebrities and women that are 'for' women, but promoting degeneracy, or not even promoting women to do, or be, anything beyond the garbage they are today. What exactly are they promoting? They say 'independant' about relying on the attention of men for validation or income (onlyfans, sugar daddies, etc) or relying on plastic surgery for vanity's ignorance.

---

**November 4 2020**

November . . . —punishment—

Punishment prevails self-suffering, for punishment can be both within and out of your control.

Punishment and reward are something engraved into us at birth with conditioning – a lighthearted way of saying 'manipulation' simply something many cannot escape.

A deluded way of manipulation-coping could present itself in the form of what I am calling the guilty-conscious delusion. This meaning, believing you are deserving of punishment. This can be a secondary-delusion to a neuroses that involves religion, for example. A religious guilty-conscious delusion would be believing that God wants to or is punishing you, regardless

of what action(s) you are actually performing. The religious guilt neuroses is what I'm calling it, awareness, as well as being accompanied by abandonment issues.

### Punishment

I do not read the good word because  
I am angry and afraid  
For who would want to open up to  
the one who Punishes, or so it seems  
A neuroses to battle against the evil one  
A guilty conscious in the forefront  
It battles love; embraces Sin  
When will it end  
A life worth living?

---

**December 23 2020 11:45AM**

Future.  
Bound.

- have parachute before jump
  - make it your hobby
  - know yourself
  - have answers for why you want to do something (passion)
  - do your own work + doing work
  - be your passion then make it your hobby
- 

**No Date**

love  
she  
wanders  
to ocean  
her tears  
greet  
her heart fall quietly in the sins of man  
man wanders land ,  
conquers earths children  
her demies , love costs gold

copper dreams beholds—

elated  
take this place  
the earth  
men take this place  
take this place  
women  
take you away  
all together within the web— all weaving  
unreal love is more love than any  
hot cheeks closed eyes

behold her  
screams line  
air; her dreams  
brought to cold  
my heart shrinks  
(?)

influenced by divine nature  
nature heavy on the heart (?)  
heart rooted (?)  
below and lifted (?)  
tear (?)  
up high when the fall (?)

figure(?) out what the other means  
plastic reality

---

**February 12 2021**

The reality cannot fulfill the fantasy.

ex. context: I have been interested in modern vampirism and have so far researched from academic studies— both biological/scientific and philosophical. Also from the occult perspective— although I must admit, I need to delve more into that aspect. Then I went into some discord servers about it and the people, as expected, were very liberally-driven (I don't care about political leanings obviously but it is very specific when you know that they fall into that general consensus). Then I found out that half of the people in these communities are below 18, or very young adults (on discord). There is a thing called 'a system' that is essentially like

DID/MPD but basically I think this is false and is some phenomenon that is part of the “liberal identity politics” – essentially most occultism, and thus, modern vampirism, and all adjacent ‘isms’ or ‘alter human’ experiences are part of the identity politics and are false, but it can be made real.

They also know about the pseudo-esoteric occultism such as: manifesting, divination, “reality shifting,” and others. To dive into reality shifting, they do the essentially false and superficial void meditation to experience ‘altered states of consciousness’ –even the basis of reality-shifting and manifesting– which is a new phenomenon among 2019-2021(present) that I have noticed.

Now I don’t really know where to go next, as I could create my own paradigm/consensus to push onto these people to have things be correct.


ghosts. zombies. undead. vampires. hosts. spiritual. vessels. avatars.

I’m stuck on what to begin to create, but I think I have to let my mind be influenced by the forces outside of physical reality. I will begin to find the parallels between Mage & The Vampire Codex now.

my version of reality must be protected because it doesn’t matter

11:18PM

I am truly alone in my world, and it may be that it doesn’t even matter– or hold any fantastical weight. It is entirely possible– or should I say most likely– that these other avatars are more powerful than me. I have met just one. Better ideas, better unreality, better fantastical thoughts, experiences, better words (at expressing), more well rounded, and way better at artistic expression as well. Even people feel spiritually moved by it and feel connections with it, and people are having these connections with music, but I have not, and most likely will not

experience this. I experience the loneliness that is between:  too far to reach on both sides. Mystery is the only thing that saves me from rejection on both sides. The only thing I can do is to keep keeping on with myself and my own thoughts. And there will be no need to share. Perhaps in death, whoever may come across it. I wish tonight that I get to visit somewhere. My cheeks feel hot.

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**No Date**

shields are naturally implemented into fae, just like vampires.



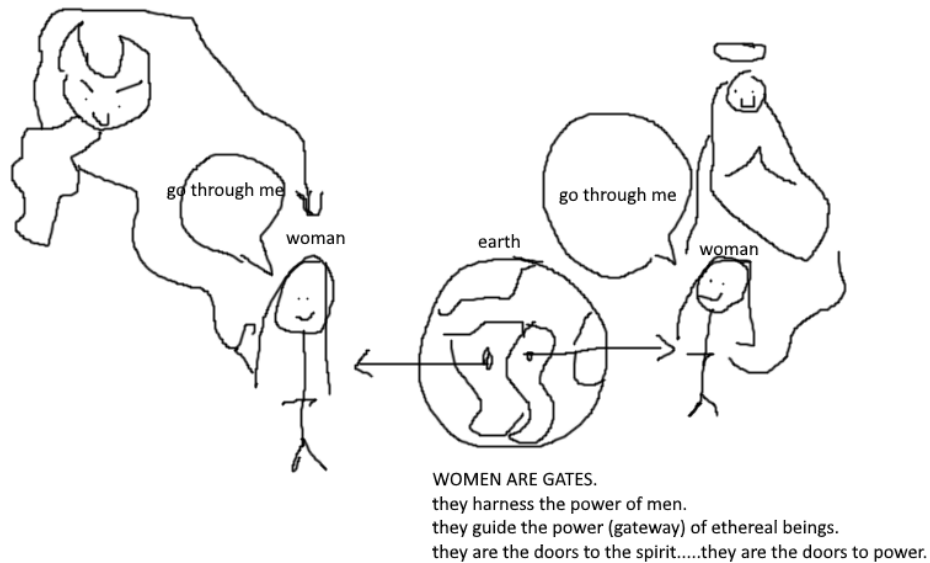
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**April 29 2021**

I don't like using pencil because you can erase it very easily but here I go—

POCKET REALITY

There is a possibility I am in one right now. I will just write this digitally actually. Hold on.



### Pocket Reality

I am in one right now, I believe. It is foggy. The world is greying slowly. So is my mind. The grey represents a fog and I see it becoming physical as the spiritual residue of others sprinkles its way into a forming cloud over my perception of the physical world. I am getting lost, and I am slipping out of it, and I have myself entered a pocket dimension of reality it seems. It feels like there's a blanket over the world, and the blanket is a globe of residual filth, or confusion, or the void. It's something, and I'm somewhere, but I don't know where that is or how I will get back. I am almost beginning to lose my understanding of language as I write this. I think to myself "is this a sentence" and think maybe I wrote something backwards. It's starting to effect everything. Maybe someone put a spell on me. Or someone has willed weirdness to happen to me, but I think maybe it is actually myself. There is not much else to say at the moment considering all that can be said is confusion and weirdness overcome my mental processing.

**No Date**

### Intro

Vampires are actually an allegory for human nature, and are not just an allegory, but vampires are real, and they are human. Only those that self-identify as a vampire are those that understand the nature but not the basis of their existence - perhaps they try to delve into the spiritual aspect of vampirism, but they get caught up into the same tribalism mindset we are all privy to.

Gender accelerationism - that masculine and feminine traits are a product of our social existence, and the physical/biological gender is the outside role which we play, whereas the one beyond the veil (in the spiritual world) is but conceptual gender, which are just masculine and

feminine traits. How the spiritual gender works alongside the physical one, I am unsure currently.

### Women are Gates

Women are gates. Those that are women in the physical reality are gates, that, their main role is to “bring back and forth (x) from one side to another.” Such as, giving birth is bringing a soul, essence, life, from the spiritual reality, into the physical one, through the veil (the womb). I believe women are part of a collective unconscious that is set aside from the general consensus which is why they have the power to help bring from the spiritual reality to the physical one. For example, with what most women seem to be interested in, tarot cards that is, they bring ones fortune to the physical realm by contacting the other person’s avatar (which is located in the spiritual realm).

### Defamation and More

I will start off by quoting myself, though edited, for present purposes:

“For a man to disgrace a woman is not only displaying a pitiful act of vengeance or unnecessary wrath, but shows just how powerless and lesser they are. Rummaging around for crumbs of power and all he finds is momentary smugness. It is enough in his shallow life, this momentary smugness, to seek more, and he does so, defaming women all around him. Why not men? If this man were to discredit another man, a much stronger, honourable man, he would certainly pay the price, but a woman, with less credibility in present-day is a much easier target for self-satisfactory. Man may defame man, for they have born credibility. A man’s word weighs with heavy influence over the people. To defame a woman where she has little to no influence alone will leave her reputation permanently sabotaged. What does this type of man gain? Is he so abhorrent in all of his ways that he cannot simply heed to the decency of common man? The only word against a woman any man should have should be behind closed doors, between loving hearts. Childish and pathetic for any man to have something to say about any woman he has no business with.”

A woman does not have a lesser soul than a man, that is where one is incorrect, for they are more influenceable, this is true, but merely because they are the gates to the physical and spiritual realms. Example, quoting myself again:

“Women are gates. Those that are women in the physical reality are gates, that, their main role is to “bring back and forth (x) from one side to another.” Such as, giving birth is bringing a soul, essence, life, from the spiritual reality, into the physical one, through the veil (the womb). I believe women are part of a collective unconscious that is set aside from the general consensus which is why they have the power to help bring from the spiritual reality to the physical one. For example, with what most women seem to be interested in, tarot cards that is, they bring ones fortune to the physical realm by contacting the other person’s avatar (which is located in the spiritual realm).”



This is to bring to the point that as nearer as revelation draws itself, closer to present day, the amount of sickness that possesses the minds of men and women alike, infect not only the general consensus, but create a cloud of spiritual residue that is sucked from the souls of mankind, left for demons and their ilk to fend on. Women are afflicted with this aura residue because they are naturally, the gates in which it flows in and out from. As the most virtuous get afflicted by the filth of the leaking spiritual realm (if one hasn't noticed), it then begins to affect the rest.

Awakening, a process in which  
The delight of mind is spoiled  
In the spot of the coil deep  
A woeful heart toils  
Not a same way forth is found  
The road is woven backward in sound  
Safe is the way toward the ground moulded  
Once broken is the shed of self-sacrifice cold  
Move into the slimmer of a fractal soul

One is imperfect, one isn't without sin, but one isn't evil, and not entirely sound within.

Reply for more.

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**July 7 2021**

Women's education may have 'improved' in terms of how many women continue education after high school, but in terms of knowledge and personal developments, I soon realized that we are in the same, though slightly better predicament as we used to be in before. There are many factors to women's lives that hinder our personal growth, and even, motivation to educate ourselves beyond the education system. One of these issues is ingrained intrasexual development, which basically means, over decades, centuries even, we have been pressured by men, society at large, even each other, to put men first, and ourselves second. In order to gain status, security, and familial support, we aim to please man, to ensure our safety - though in the present, this has been transformed into it being ingrained, and displayed differently, as we no longer need men for security or familial support (in most cases). To aim to please men is to stunt our want to focus individually on ourselves, and educate ourselves, for men like a woman who makes him her primary focus. Another issue is motherhood, as being a mother takes our time, and our individuality away, and gives it to the child, for most of their life. It takes a lot of time and energy to be a parent, and often the mother is isolated, and often seeks the comfort of

other mothers, in which they can talk about motherhood, and their children - otherwise there is nothing else to talk about with anyone else.

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**July 22 2021, FINAL SUBMISSION**

I will forever miss this journal and all of my emotions it took, but I am glad it exists and helped me through a tough time. It was what I needed to have remembrance of my ghosts, and waking up. It marks an era – the beginning.

And for that, I will rip out the rest of the blank pages, for this is the rightful goodbye.

**LOVE, ELORA**

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