

P.O.R.E. 2&3

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## PORE 2

Part 1:

### **THOSE LUCKY BADSTARS.**

And Abraham said through Esther ... “In answer to your question ‘why can’t I have something to make me feel good, when all I do is feel bad when I have none of the stuff I want because it hasn’t manifested yet?’

And someone says ‘My life is rubbish, this God thing is rubbish. If God is all powerful, then why doesn’t it give us stuff so we can feel good if it’s so important?’ ...

Abraham: the answer you don’t want to hear is, the Law of Attraction is the fairest of friends, but the law energy can only deliver to you the like of the vibration energy you are giving off. You see, like vibration attracts like vibration. To get good you must feel good, so your relationship to whatever it is must feel good. You must ignore reality if your reality relationship to whatever it is feels bad.

“But what’s the point in getting something to make you feel good if you already feel good?”

“That was never the case, but because humans think that if they feel bad, something they haven’t got won’t make them feel good for long because they are not a vibrational match to it.”

So, God turns up and instead of bringing glad tidings of great joy, it brings the worst possible news that people could ever imagine:

You can’t have nice things until you feel good.

That’s like the average man’s football team always losing until he can enjoy the game, win or lose. Of course, people can still have nice things, dependent of course upon cost, how hard the person is prepared to work, and how much overtime is on, how much they like to save, how stressed they’re prepared to be, unexpected ills when trying to save ...

“I worked hard for the things I’ve got, but now I’m too tired out to use them/too busy to use them.

### **Here’s a good one I thought I’d just slip in as it’s hot off the press.**

We have some workers mucking about in the back yard. The bloke is of the type who knows a lot of stuff, or thinks he does. As an old mate used to say ‘if you’ve seen an elephant with two trunks he’s seen one with three.’ “When we feel bad, it is so we can appreciate the good times.” I find people usually say that when they are in a good mood.

Not long ago, I asked them how they were doing (how you doing today?).

“Not having a good day today” ... long faces, grim times.

“Well, shouldn’t you be happy then, it means that the good time soon will be even better, enhanced by now, which is really a positive time in that case? You told me that.

If looks could kill.

Here’s a real bummer, if you thought that having to feel nice to get nice was bad. Each particle of everything (particles are tiny building blocks of energy ... well, that’s done it) contains the thought energy receivers for both the thing (+ve having and – ve, the absence), so having a glass half full, which could mean feeling good half the time; still a huge order for most, is no good i.e. half and half or half of the whole is neutral ... the car’s going nowhere.

So you have to feel good for 55 %, you HAVE to add the extra 5%. That’s hard to put into time segments, so ... as much as you can. To do so it may help to try and have fun somewhere where you don’t unusually have fun. For instance, I, a man, had to go shopping all by myself in a supermarket because a certain lady was in China discovering bed bugs in dodgy hotels. The till isn’t always the most jovial of places on earth. The girl, who I had spoken to briefly in the past, asked “would you like any help?” She meant with packing. Because I am so brilliant and as funny as God wishes she was, I said “Psychological? If you have any and it isn’t too expensive.”

She went against all supermarket rules and talked to the customer with a smile ... she was happy?!

Management joy killers came down on lines from the rafters on SAS lines, just like in the NHS. I dissolved them with my mind; they melted screamily into the floor, heading for destination HELL. She said "You could go online and get one?"... I laughed.

"Ok, The last person I knew who used on online Psychologists (or 'a', unless she got a group of them gathered trying to sort her head) said that she suggested that she write down her problems on pieces of paper and then burn them ..."

Customers in the line began to whinge ...

I picked up a machine gun from the floor, which had belonged to one of the management who was now in Hell. I blew them all away with some great multiple head shots, which was very satisfying, oh happy days.

"I tried it myself... I wrote on a postcard my biggest, fattest, juiciest problem, and set light to it. I placed it on a saucer and then went for a pee. I shouldn't have put it on top of the Yucca pot soil, because the Yucca was dry, as I hadn't watered it. Up went the house ... it didn't but it got a laugh. There were no other people in the line, so don't worry and don't curse my inconvenient streak.

There was nothing creative happening until my ~~drug-crazed~~ brilliant mind got in there. It kills most people dabble with a miserable death as they try to feel good for 'half' the time, sorry 1% of the time, because lives are shit. What's that thing they have at the Egremont (Cumbria) Crab Fair ... 'climb the greasy pole'. That's a greasy stick, not a Polish person, like 50% of me is. You see, I'm 5% short of being any Nationality in particular, I'm not recognised as a citizen of anywhere.

'Mumbo Jumbo' normal people call it. They daren't feel good with nothing to feel good about, it's scary, almost blaughspheymy (MY spelling). How do you know you've felt good for 55% of the time? The answer to that is one that will change your life with no effort from you, it just happens. Mumbo jumbo wellbeing is very, very stressing for accountants or MBA people.

At seminars I sometimes take 3 pairs of Marigold gloves. I'll get a loving couple out in front of the heckling, booing crowd, who by now are chanting 'down with fifty five percent! God stinks! ... We want more overtime! We hate work!'

Touch her face, feel her skin ... how does it feel?

'Lovely!'

"Put on all the pairs of gloves, then feel her face ... ok, how does her skin feel?"

'I can't feel it'

"That's awful isn't it?"

That's an old trick from a nuclear plant I worked in. Work in a contaminated area, dressed in a PVC suit and three pairs of washing up gloves and then try and pick small screws up watched by a boss looking through a polythene window at you in the polythene tent. Ahhhh bliss! I once fixed something that was always faulty, by taking it apart and then putting the small parts together again with three pairs of gloves on. The manager walked away shaking his head when the device was in bits. It never went wrong again, which was terrible for 'JOBS'. The gold medal I received was beautiful and the presentation dinner was very lavish. I was fed grapes by a manager while two more wafted me with ostrich feathers on mop handles. That's a nice mental image ... Barry Manilow was good too as the turn, they couldn't get Chubby Brown.

Not having that sweet human contact is awful. I agree with, for a different reason, the Catholic Church for not being a fan of condoms. The body allows the owner i.e. 'you' to touch your lover, to smell a flower ... lots of things in fact. Before you, the owner, had the body, you couldn't do that. Doesn't the fact that you have a body so you can experience the earth with all its pleasures and woes, which looks different to the 'real you', feel rather good? Or were you taking that bit for granted? Surely not, I don't believe you. Are you saying you don't appreciate just being here?

Wouldn't that be a good base to start from? How much of the 55% would that fill? Apart from a body and a world which contains everything you will ever desire, which isn't a bad start. And the age old problem is, getting the stuff you desire. If you get ten grand a year, you probably aren't going to get a fifty grand car ... which is shit because that's the way of the world. If someone asks you if you're lucky, what do you say? 'No' ...'the only luck I have is bad luck? 'I see no ships, only hard ships'?

If I fell into a barrel of tits I'd come out sucking my thumb? If I fell into a barrel of crap, I'd come out smelling of crap? While this other person you know who is lucky ... 'if he fell into a barrel of shit, he'd come out smelling of roses'?

If luck was just a concept, like Communism is to Russians, what if Guri Yeller, the famous mind power man said, 'we can all get our minds together and think lucky at 8pm on Sunday evening. BUT, there is only enough mind power to affect half the population, if we're lucky, which we aren't because there is no such thing 'yet' ... so we can't be, can we?

Looking into the future in a prophetic way ...when the genes were written (or flagged?) with the lucky code or the 'unlucky' code, it gave some people the chance to say things with meaning i.e. you lucky bitch to the weekly thousand pound bingo winner who wins every week. Or 'maybe next time' to the genetically unlucky person.

Could we say that if luck existed already, before Guri Yeller came along and made it fair (all that means is the jealousy took a while to ferment), luck the concept was seemingly very unfair, unless whoever hands it out (God? Or 'the 'Gods'? how do they decide? Just how do they do that?) ... did it fairly?

How is 'fairly' decided or judged?

Would people have to write a letter entitled 'why I deserve to be lucky' and then set light to it, so the smoke went to the Gods who can read smoke by all accounts (or is that just Voodoo?) But, if we let he who has not sinned cast the first stone have the first gene addition? Would the queue be long? How about if it was handed out only to those who deserved it and wrote the best letters? What if they weren't deserving and lied in the letter. Reader, please tell us in as many words as you wish, why you truly woolly dooly deserve to be lucky.

A golfer once said "people say I'm lucky. But it seems the harder I work, the luckier I get." Gosh, I can't make sense of that one; maybe he drank woozy juice, saw double, aimed for the wrong hole, hit the green and got his ball in for a birdie. That's it isn't it!



**Well! No wonder! He's playing Gooker! He's brave, he's playing on a cliff edge too by the looks of things.**

That is it! Hard work doesn't make people lucky, because if it did, wouldn't lots of people who work hard and are unlucky, would be lucky (wouldn't they?). This golfer said that long before the gene writing thing came up.

A while after the letters were written, the panel took a while to read them because there were a few sack fulls, which contained some right desperate sob stories and even some 'if you don't give me it' threats ... it was seemingly impossible to turn down half of the people, so, another method of choosing was needed.

Guri Yeller then stated the obvious way, the fairest way. "Can we draw lots to see who receives the luckiness as part of their genetic makeup, which will be added by geneticists. This will have to be

accepted as fair by everyone, otherwise there may be jealousy produced and the shit may hit the fan big time.”

If there is no such thing as luck, and your ticket says One to be lucky Golden Ticket, what were you to do to actually get it, compared to someone who didn't get one of the honours of being lucky, and so, is therefore going to be ... 'unlucky in life.' Christianity makes it easy i.e. if you aren't Christian, you can't have it (good job they don't do that with holidays). Were they unlucky to draw their neg ticket? How can they be? There is no such thing. You can't be lucky if there is no such thing ... yet. So how did they get the ticket if the hated law, the law of mumbo jumbo attraction says like mumbo jumbo energy attracts like mumbo jumbo energy jumbo bummo (it can't be stated strongly enough). So the law of the Universe is bollocks and there is no such thing as lucky and therefore no unlucky. How do things work? It's a bloody frikkin mystery, and, as science says ... 'We do not know, it's a big accident that happened by sheer chance.' Hey, if there was a gene code for luck, there must be luck? Unless it was created with the gene code. Maybe it's a belief? But that's mumbo jumbo. It is something we don't comprehend which happened at the time of the big accident.

When the genes were written with the lucky code or the unlucky code, it gave people the chance to say things with meaning i.e. 'you lucky b ...' or, 'oh, unlucky mate.'

Or

“Evening lads, it's great being lucky, I won ten million on the lottery today and a fabulous car in a competition with all petrol, servicing etc., for life ... great eh?! How are your lives since the big energy gene code additions anyway?”

‘Oh, not too bad, you know, could be better, soon be Christmas.’

‘I got the sack, Charlie's wife left him with all the house contents after she maxed out his cards. Carol's hubby dropped her off at work and drove off in the car; it was the last she saw of him ... and her bank accounts in the red. Apart from that, things are not too bad, not too bad at all. Not much change actually, basically the same as back when luck or bad luck didn't exist.’

So, if Billy crashed the car into a fence after the pilot of a bi winged aeroplane threw his slops bucket out of the cockpit after a long trip and a turd landed on the windscreen of Billy's car ... what was it if it wasn't bad luck? Actually, the engine from a 40,000 foot high 737 landed with a clonk in the road just where Billy would have been if the turd hadn't hit his windscreen ... making the turd, erm, 'L, L, L ... erm, an accidental freak coincidence?



People who won 'luck code gene additions' were known as 'Lucky Badstars' (which was user friendly swearing), and within a few years a wall was built, like Hadrians, separating the two different sorts of humans (it made real the North South divide in England). But too much of the same for the lucky people bred boredom. For the Unlucky Badstars, they would climb onto the wall to watch 'Those Lucky Badstars'. The 'luckies' quite enjoyed this and so had large doors built into the wall every so often, twenty miles perhaps? Usually near towns where bad luck reigned, especially in the minds of the people, so they could have a Lucky Procession around Grimsville (a name given to drab, demoralised towns) every month, showing off their good fortune.

They wore these glasses so people could recognise the Luckies if they mingled with their poor, unlucky miserable brothers and sisters (more on the glasses later).



In Lucky Land, a TV programme was devised called The Luckiest of the Lucky. People in Unlucky Land, or at least those who hadn't had their second-hand TVs pinched, would watch it and wish and fantasize that they were Lucky Badstars. None of the management or workers from Wilkinson Sword got lucky and so the French Revolution, in English didn't happen ... they were hoping to win the blade contract on the guillotine. Unfortunately, as it was so fair a thing, the Unluckies couldn't have their revolution.

But then, disaster. The life of the gene code was found to be ten years, after which, luck both good and bad once again became non-existent. No one could then work out why one woman would live the life of Riley, while another one struggled to make hens meet (she was a poultry farmer in the recession).

Even in a bad quadruple dip recession, some people thrived and some didn't. Luck couldn't be blamed as there was once again no such thing and, in a natural way, the old mumbo jumbo so called wellbeing belief resurfaced to terrorise people who didn't like crap once again. "I have to feel good to get nice things?! I have to practice some crap called The Art of Allowing? What is that crap?!"

Whoa!

**A good time for a segment of refreshment said Abraham.**

I don't know if Abraham meant a can of beer, but here goes ... glug!



Here's something to stare at while you are refreshing. They're seeds. I picked them up off the road, took them home, held them into the direct sunlight, and 'click!' (more of a nice scrunch, but you know what I mean). I may do an exhibition called 'The more you drink, the better they look. Shall I put free booze on to prove my claim?'

**Commence ...**

What's this 'feel good to get good' business anyway? I'll tell you what it is, it's weirdo time, time for some good old mumbo jumbo. Everything is vibrating, right? Believe it if you want, all you need be is delusional. Delusional is easy i.e. 'there IS a God'... there you go, I'm delusional. But there is NO Devil ... hey up! Double delusional!

The invisible part of us, which isn't real obviously, is supposedly pretty big and as it has no shape as such (you can't imagine that unless you're well deluded, try it anyway). When you have no shape, you can take any form and when you're a big cloud of energy like we are supposedly, we can be the thing we want. Then, we, as the thing we want, invisible, and vibrating and all that jazz, we can then go and appear in front (and behind) our physical selves and be the thing, but we can't do that unless the mind in the physical joins us in feeling good ... our waiting room for manifestations is pretty big and pretty packed, Abraham calls it the Vortex. This feel good thing is something the human part of us can practice in order to feel good and is called The Art of Allowing i.e. allowing our stuff to come to us. If we are carrying negative energy, it is called resistance, because we resist our 'real' selves coming with the prezzies, or, it is best known as unlucky, or bad luck. However, we can communicate with our physical self, mind, cells and all. We can send ourselves in the physical, signals of emotion, because we are energy which we can set in motion, it can feel good or bad to the physical self. It's a good system, and it is called The Art of Allowing. Humans tend to hate it, so they mumbo jumbo it, to their utter despair. As it turns out, your best friend isn't your mother, it's your invisible part.

### **OTHER ART. Good segment of refreshment this, innit.**

But. What actually is art? After years of research, the Latin is the best description of art, they call it Ars. I like art, well some of it anyway. Art is supposed to make your mind agree with your invisible part, who/which likes art i.e. you get a bad signal if you don't like it and a good signal if you do. In other words, if you feel bad when you look at art, you're a twat as far as your invisible counterpart is concerned (giggles).

Sorry, but who said your invisible bit doesn't have a personality? And definitely an opinion. I don't care what people think, the invisible bit is cool.

I have asked people who I know, who work in a state that they call 'hard', which doesn't mean breaking rocks, it means applying themselves even if they don't like the job (I think) ... "Do you like the art of Damien Hirst? He's just sold a shark in some formaldehyde for twelve million quid." They got red faced and angry ... "What! For that RUBBISH!" ... tip: Don't ask anyone who uses weapons in their job i.e. butcher, when he's chopping something up.

So, if only they appreciated it, they would then feel good, but, maybe it was the money aspect? Never begrudge anyone. So, Mr Hirst was out.

There was always Tracey Emin, she did that beautiful piece of work worthy of the Masters of art i.e. Van Gogh, Rembrandt, Debussy, you know the wine pack. She just got out of her bed, full of crap, and sold it ...

There are many other examples.

I decided to become an artist, a modern one, it looked easy ... maybe even make some wedge? I've watched that wacky programme called Four Rooms a number of times. Tracey Emin's brother was on one episode, trying to sell a scribbly letter of hers which had written on it, I HATE YOU GRANDMA ... for thousands. Fine. She's the one who sold her unmade filthy bed, as you recently learned, for a pot of dollar. Now she's a famous artist, maybe the best ever (giggles).

It's quite pleasing, because that sort of thing makes 'our' (MY) books works of art (if I do say to himself ... that was a very arty statement, up there with Shakespeare and a guy called Milton Grizebeck, who writes Cumbrian sheep poems, in sheep language ... bloody genius!).



**MY unmade bed ... I'm originally from the English Lakes, my girlfriend Myrtle is under the bed. It took some doing i.e. getting her under because their wool is hard to grab because of the slippy lanolin. Meg, Joss Naylor's sheepdog would have been handy (see our book, *The Atomic Shepherd* [www.frankie-lassut.com](http://www.frankie-lassut.com)). They're my pink silk undies, which went down well (not like that!) when I was in hospital not long ago. I crapped in them when I wasn't well, but washed them, a tragic mistake for this piece. I realise now to my utter despair that I shouldn't have washed them, oh what a fool I am.**

But a filthy bed? That's just something to fade in comparison to MY prize exhibit, it's like Damien Hirst's shark ... I have my Grandma preserved in a fish tank full of formaldehyde (everyone thinks she's up the graveyard ... well, she was).

My loner friend, Damien Cursed (not Hirst) bought a rubber Grandma online, which looks just like one of those rubber chickens, but longer. He bent the legs and wrapped fuse wire around them so it looked like they had been broken and folded, so she would fit in the fish tank (the legs are actually modern art). He cut the beak off with a Stanley knife and stuck on a rubber nose from the joke shop, and it looked just like his scrawny Gran. He put a black sheet over the aquarium, just like they do in that boring water immersion trick and then would reveal it/her when he had visitors, some of which fainted.

He taped himself breaking some sticks of celery and plays the recording over his quadrophonic stereo system and tells the same people it is the noise of her legs breaking as he folded them to get her in the three foot tank of Formaldehyde, which is what they put dead people in sometimes, or pigs with two heads (people fainted again when they heard the celery go scrruunnncchhhh). Mine's real though. She left a letter to be put in one of those little explanation frames on the front of the tank ... which said

Dear Sicko Ghoul Viewer

I asked my dear, sweet, cute as a button (not a toggle) grandson Frankie to put me in this tank of formaldehyde (after I'd croaked of course), the tank formerly belonged to my goldfish Prudence, who got scoffed by her boyfriend Mike the Pike). I asked him because, apart from him being hung then put in Madame Tussauds for this heinous crime, I always wanted to work in an art gallery, the chamber of horrors in Tussauds, or staring through the weeds in a large tank in the Scotland Yard's Black Museum. There would be a note on the front saying 'Do you want to be a Dead Bod Squad policeman? Can you spot the lost body? If you can, please tell the Sergeant and he will give you an application form' ... a novelty exhibit you'll understand if there isn't enough room on the form for your bullshit, please use a separate sheet).

I think it would have been good to have a crowd staring through the glass, and somehow make my body fart (air hose?), as they sometimes do.

Yours Ima Kwite Green (literally)

Well, nobody would have my prize exhibit, not even the Birmingham Sea Life Centre, a favourite place of mine ... so, I decided to do a more practical Damien Hirst inspired idea, spot pictures (please don't get confused between Cursed and Hirst). I do also have a graffiti friend called Clanksy, who is easy to confuse with Banksy. Clanksy walks around with a beige sheet over him because he doesn't want anyone to know who he is, just like Banksy, who is actually in a nut house (under a sheet).

I went around his house the other day, he was cutting eye holes in his sheet because he had bashed his head on a lamp post ... he did have a very large lump on his forehead (and a broken nose). He said he had had some good ideas for graffiti art after he had given his temporal lobe such a good shaking.

My mate Damien decided to give this particular idea i.e. spot pictures a go, because for a start, he didn't have to think very much; which is always a good thing where most humans are concerned (40 years in a job where no thinking is required is almost orgasmic to some).

He's made a few quid with his spot pictures. His last one sold at a car boot sale for the record price of £4.75, which really isn't bad, extremely good in fact (he got a bottle of strong cider and immediately did another after three glasses). But, inspired, I decided to go one better, of course. I decided to let my inbuilt genius run wild.

If you were to buy a Cursed (Damien, not Voodoo) framed picture, it would now cost about five to six quid, as he is becoming more popular. But my idea means all you have to do is buy a frame with probably some white paper in it, and stare at it through my specially designed glasses; it saves you a fortune. I found that spots are hard to draw and colour in with decent felt tips, never mind paint. I tried a compass but got a hole right in the centre of each one, and drawing around a ten pence coin is really difficult. In the end, I bought some spots from Rymans.



**The specs to look at, pretty snazzy to the observer, who thinks, 'who's that nutter?'. I can see these going for at least a quid at a car boot sale.**



**You see, put them on and stare at a white wall, or a frame with white card in it ... instant spot picture. Saves you a bloody fortune.**

These next glasses (I'm on a roll now) are for depressed people (unlucky badstars) who want to appear lucky so they can mix with lucky people to see if any of that luck rubs off. Wear these amongst the normal crowd of unluckies you associate with, the unlucky depressed badstars will soon hate you, so don't be surprised if you get the occasional slapping, or dirty looks at work. Never ever go into the Inland Revenue headquarters with a pair on.



I'm a lucky badstar. The 'I'm Lucky' glasses again! Brill, aren't they.

I heard an Abraham Hicks recording on one of their voyages. The guy in the hot seat asked ... "will we see the whales on this voyage?"

Abraham, through Esther replied ... "No we will not, the whales have been harpooned by a whaling fleet, plus a few fur seal pups have had their heads smashed in with baseball bats, although the pattern of the blood in the snow could make a nice, good feeling abstract art picture for someone's wall."

In view of this sort of human behaviour I may invent 'Whale Specs'. In the right eye the whale is jumping from the water like they do, just think a fat bastard jumping from the shallows in joy, and in the other lens a big splash. I could get my mate Prince Harry to drop a large boulder from his Chinook for that one. All you would have to do is close one eye and open the other for a novel one frame whale jumping movie.

And that was the refreshment period, talking art.

Now back to the mumbo jumbo

No, hang on a sec. Just up the road from the seeds, I came across this ...



It's plastic. It was by a lamp post and I thought: what if a pissed/ drugged up Goth walks past in the night when the lamp was on with its eerie orange glow? What happens when his brain gets hold of it c/p with magic mushroom?

How about.....



*Snazzyyyy!*

*If you live in a city but crave the seaside, I have a solution for you. It's easy, bring the seaside to you.*

*Each day then, you can go to the loo side, you just have to make it a little sea eee ...*

*Then you can go, sit there, and sing ...*

*'Oh I do like to be beside the loo side*

*Oh I do like to be beside the loo*

*Oh I do like to walk along the corridor*

*Then go in and have a good stiff number two.'*



*Ok, end of refreshment segment. Don't have nightmares.*

Where were we? Having to feel good to attract nice good feeling things via the Law of Attraction, using the Art of Allowing. Allowing basically meaning, avoiding the collecting of negative energy which is called 'resistance'.

But, I want something to make me feel good when I feel bad because I haven't got that something that would feel good if I had it. If ONLY I had it! God you bastard! I said a fucking prayer! Are you deaf?! What are you?! A fucking miser or something?! All those mansions in the country house! When is enough enough!? Surely you can't live in them ALL AT ONCE! Now we humans, some of us! Demand!

You get your hand in your pocket! Bloody manifestation skinflint! Ever thought of auditioning for Scrooge?! Or Fagin?!

It was Eric Eineinst, who got together with Hephpen Stawkins who saved the day. Eric had read Einstein's book Theory of Relativity ... but, he read it when he was doing yoga, stood on his head, with a googly glass magnifying glass in his hand, reading the googly words backwards and missing out every third word. The rumoured secret hidden book was revealed to him.



The pair built a hologram Meta camera which works on the principle of interruption patterns and flew it several times around the world taking cool pictures which could be illuminated with a powerful laser light and projected into space. This was then carried to another dimension of another Universe using a dimension hopping gate that worked on a chip circuit similar to a microwave oven. This gate they used to form and then travel to another dimension, where the camera was put into hologram projector mode. As a result, a full sized earth appeared, plus a moon which they had photographed too, having been given a hand by aliens, who thought it was more fun than playing pool at NASA all day and deffo more fun than having things shoved up their arses at Area 51 by serious looking scientists who knew zero jokes (even they began to wonder what was up an arse that was so interesting?).

They then filmed, on an ordinary camera, for the news, an alien craft hovering ten feet above the hologram earth and dropping a large rock, which just fell right through the hologram of course (it is probably still falling? Eric looked at Hephpen and said "What now buddy?"

"Ah, ween eed the vibration Meta module, itzzzzz on myd esk, cany ou nip back and get id for me please?"

Eric did, and it was fitted into the centre of the earth in a very clever way which I can't tell you or Area 51 people will get me.

Everything in the Universe vibrates and the vibration detector translators in our body tell us it's solid you see. Mumbo jumbo? Sure, of course it is (tell no one or they will just call you a twat).

The new earth was suddenly physical, with everything the other earth had, a few dimensions away. They then fitted the Gravityometer and loosed a few cylinders of Ozone Layer which was a nice blue colour, plus some atmosphere they had made in the Cambridge UNIVERSITY Labs. You see, science can be fun, it isn't all shit. This new earth was shown on earth TV and loads of people said "Huh! What mumbo jumbo, that's in the middle of the desert, you know, that new one that used to be the tropical rain forests."

The last box was one that Hephpen Stawkins had knocked up in his bait time, helped a little by Stephen Fry who popped in to pick up a couple of honorary degrees for something or other, something like, his knowledge of JK Rowley's armpit hair, or her uncle Barry, who everyone called Arry, who was actually a Potter in Somerset. This box was the Universe Law box, which had been turned on to Abraham's favourite bollocks piss take, the Law of Attraction (yeah right, and I suppose my body is made from particles which are non-physical energy too! Get a proper job Abe, stop living in delusion).

Some people on the other earth, men that is and some lesbians, had black eyes, because if they shouted mumbo jumbo too loud and quickly at the TV set, it came out as the all too easy to say jumbo bummo, and their wives and partners heard and gave them a smack in the eye.

A dimension hop port was built on earth and millions came to the only planet of sense, where things gravitated towards people who felt bad in order to make them feel better ... how good is that, what a fair friend! People loved the Law of Opposite Attraction. At last, the new earth was perfect, most people wanted off the other one. It was generally believed that God had screwed up with the other one. They could now have whatever they wanted without having to feel good first, because let's face it, feeling good isn't natural, it is the pastime of the deluded.

A Big Exodus.

It was very dark all the time. Eric noticed this and then it hit him. He nipped back for a couple of days and photographed the Sun with the camera, perfect! What a pair of knob heads, fancy missing the bloody Sun out of the equation. How would people see?! The queues were worse than those at city cash points on pay day and benefits day.

Soon, the new earth was populated, while the other one was short of a few humans, because it was crap and didn't work properly. Feel good to get good! LOL! What a CRAP law! It isn't a law, it's a bleeding joke!

There was even better news. With the old rubbish mumbo jumbo bitter pill Law of Attraction, there was even a gap of time before manifestation, to help people refine desires, add bits etc., instead of the Universe just giving them, minus 'apps' to unhappy people, which just delayed the fun. This time the gap switch, the meantime switch was set at one week ... how good is that?! People wanted, and so got, lots of stuff, which is fine

But there was a glitch that snook in under the radar, because people's minds were so excited they didn't figure it, as it meant a little bit of fink in duhhhhh. The second glitch was discovered when it was too late i.e. the arrival back lounge (people could come and go when they wished, for five grand a shot), which was built with several Dimension Gates ... but, they couldn't bring anything back with them. Some of them who were used to the old Devil they Knew, wanted to go to the new lovely Devil, so generous earth, get their stuff, and bring it back ... that pissed a few off, but they couldn't bring something created under one law into another law, it would burn their fingers.

Apart from that glitch, can YOU see the other one?

### **A good time for a segment of refreshment!**

A good law

It isn't for everyone, but for those who fancy a go, the Art of Allowing is the life blood of wellbeing and the Law of attraction. It takes time and some practice and, probably the loss of some friends and a feeling of being as welcome here as a fart in a spacesuit. Maybe you'll be seen as a nutcase? It's a matter of learning the art of speaking another language, the language of appreciation, starting with yourself and working outwards i.e. beginning inside and then expanding. What is required is a passion for life, even if your football team loses.

Some people make this into a way of life, which it would naturally become, but that happens anyway ... so, why not make it a hobby?

### **The ball ... nothing to lose.**

A guy and his girlfriend were around the house doing some work. I already knew them and did speak a little. He has cancer. I was going to explain to him the PORE1 principle of halving the ball. I placed the glass marble on the table, but because some of Coventry is built on mines, the frack effect is in operation and the ball rolled off and fell into the old, disused fireplace. I heard the giggling as the cast of Don't be Afraid of the Dark claimed their new toy. Oh bugger, prop gone, now what? I wasn't going to get a rope and climbing gear, simply because I have seen the film and, well, they might be aliens (they're everywhere) and I didn't want the old fire poker up my ass with the new hi-tech digital hyper end on it. He would just have to use his imagination. And that is the beauty of wellbeing, you don't need any equipment, you already have it i.e. you have a mind and guidance (emotions) from the invisible part of you, the part which owns the body, the part known better as mumbo jumbo. Personally, I always carry a notepad and pen ... my ideas kit. Good ideas come in the shower when one is chilling, and that's a pain. I then came to discover Aqua Scribe, which is a website that sells things such as the wunderbar waterproof notebook, which enables me to write in the shower. So really, to trial period it, you have nothing really to lose, and, if you're pissed off and are already losing your mind ... you might just get it back. Why don't you, for a little while, make wellbeing's way of thinking (no Devil, no commandments, no sin, no punishment, except here ... no goodies, you have to be a lucky badstar for those).

The hard bit for most people is feeling good with nothing to feel good about

Isn't the Earth Bootiful! (?)

The earth is a beautiful place. In PORE 1, the idea that we forget when we come here in our energy bodies, and so we forget who we are and where we come from and especially why we come (so we have the pleasure of remembering or creating). Some of us (a lot) feel bad in the contrast, but we can't be here without it. It might be great on another place where the desires come before we're ready, and so that good feeling doesn't last long. It's a sick idea that we would even consider going someplace else, we would just wreck it again ... a pointless train of thought.

One little girl stood in the queue with her mummy and daddy. She was very sad, almost depressed over them arguing because of the glitch, which was actually a Godsend glitch.

The earth though, unlike the new LOA opposite operation one, has a soul and therefore a vibe, which is of course mumbo jumbo, but it sounds good. Humans, even dimensions away can feel this vibe, calling.

She felt the earth soul vibe and it felt good, the call of home is loud ... and it drew her soul towards it, so her body had to follow with her magical mind ... as a result of this vibrational attraction, without thinking about it, she clicked her heels together three times and said ...

"There's no place like home."

In a few hours she was atomised and heading back through curved time and inter dimensional space.

End of Pore 2, hope you enjoyed.

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And now:

PORE 3

TIMBERRRRRRRRRRRR!

Hi

PORE means Physical Object Reverse Engineering, which means when any (any) physical object is taken to its smallest parts, there is no solidity, only energy. Makes you think about this big solid world we live on, well doesn't it?

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See if you agree. 'Generally, as a rule of thumb, if someone laughs at something, they probably find it funny, and so they feel good. Correct? There is a wellbeing technical explanation, but it lays out of this physical world arena in the land of mumbo jumbo. If though a problem can be laughed at, it becomes easier to solve, agreed?

With that in mind ...

Fun in the rainforest

Funny little tragic story first to get you in the mood:

A lad who lives in the same house as me walked home the other night, and ended up being grabbed by some bloke and had a knife held at his throat. All tragic and stuff, anger with his spliff pals, unbelievable etc., 'this place is getting worse (it isn't, but they would never understand mumbo jumbo like vibrational attraction). I thought he could have treated the incident like the loo in a very expensive hotel. First of all, he could have said to the bloke 'yes please, a shave, you're very efficient, bordering on psychic ... in position with the cut throat even before I'd asked. Now move the blade accordingly please, and I hope it has been sharpened as well as a Hanso Samurai sword'.

Afterwards, and yes, it's hard to look at your face in a mirror in the dark ...

'Do you have a choice of aftershaves please?'

That would have done it ... one way or the other, but it would have introduced light heartedness for sure.

If feeling good is the most important thing we can do because it means we're on friendly terms with the invisible part of us, which is the mumbo jumbo part which owns the body i.e. MY body, then isn't it a good idea to laugh at things that make us angry, or worry us? That could mean we, if we laugh properly, which means we feel good, that certainly dispels the fear, and if the fear is exorcised, it can't then pull in whatever it is we're fearing on the end of that invisible rope. If you can do that when others are worried or whatever, you may get called Not Normal, and if they know you feel good because you're connecting with your inner being, you may also be branded a mumbo jumbo-ist. To me, that's a compliment, to others it produces a fear that they may lose family and friends when the word gets out that you're nuts.

Normal people are not sickness/illness (mentally) people. Anyone in this society who is not normal, which is a mental illness as far as normal people are concerned, the level of which governs whether not normal people need help or not from people in white. So what 'are' not normal people then? What is the opposite? Could it be 'natural'? Nudity isn't normal, but it is natural isn't it? **This stuff is easier to write after coming in from the pub.**

So, is it normal, natural or mad? It must be natural if it isn't normal? ... To laugh at something lots of humans fear?

YES! Of course it is (all this before I've sniffed the barmaid's apron, and to sniff such a thing, is it normal or natural?). Comedians do it all the time. They talk about disasters of one form and another and the audience howls ... but 'you' have to try and do it with real feel good humour, because that's the only healer of the situation, and, as you know, a war on drugs just makes the problem bigger.

To genuinely laugh uses the power of mumbo jumbo and the invisible bit of you, which likes mumbo jumbo, being made of the same stuff, .... does the rest ... rest assured.

Just think, if mumbo jumbo is valid, which it must be because normal people use it against natural people and there is no invisible part that is the actual us, then when we say 'my body', we are referring to nothing, which makes the body a real mystery and we can only point at it and say 'body'. Scary. We can't say 'my' if there is no 'my'. Just a slab of meat with a mind ... incredible.

So, not to be worried by fear ... Fun with Deforestation

On the entertaining programme 'I Bought a Rainforest', the guy, the total Charlie Hamilton James, a hero in the way of human progress, who bought it, had to stand back and watch an old mahogany tree being felled to make tables and chairs. This was met with negative reactions, which was, in mumbo jumbo terms, their invisible body owner disagreeing with their negative type thought reactions, but their normal minds don't do mumbo jumbo so that information in thought form wasn't available to them. Their invisible parts wanted its body to feel good, but to get that the mind had to agree with it ... and of course, few minds did, so mass negative energy was produced which will hold the activity of deforestation in place ... ahhhh! I just get so turned on when I spout such mumbo jumbo shit (Orgasmic!).

The frogs and bugs which had their homes on the tree were forced to leave their residence and then try and find somewhere else to crash and hope that the DIHSS (Department of Insect Health and Social Security) would give them some benefit to help them with their rent. A frog pays its treelord four Brazilian cockroaches a week and one cockroach and a small Brazilian silk moth is usually given as an entitlement. But, here's a good question; who, in the western world, with bills, gives so much as a shit about a Brazilian tree frog? Do you? Really? But you may be scared of not being able to breathe fresh air ...????

I bought some birdseed to feed the feral pigeons under the ring road. This older gen guy, when he heard, said 'you feed that vermin? Rats with wings!' I could not help but remind the silly old fart that the birds were the same family as the ones which delivered lifesaving messages in the wars, and, that the only vermin was him ... he walked off. That wasn't quite mumbo jumbo, but it still felt good.

In our daily lives, we don't give a shit about rain forests, do we? Do we bollocks. Why would we, they're miles away and they're only trees anyway. But, even if we did, what can we do about it? Eh? ... what are YOU willing to do about it? Go shoot loggers? They could be stuffed and put in people's gardens here, make unusual decor, better than gnomes.

What's the chances of you or your kids ever seeing a rainforest? Nil? Don't worry, you can watch the show on TV (and there is plenty of room for improvement to make it good entertainment).

Nothing! I'm willing with a massive whinge to pay the bills, that's all. You may say, because it has 'nothing to do with me'. People are only bothered because they think breathing air is going to run out. There are countries where the breathing air is so polluted that people have to wear filter masks now

anyway, so, get a filter mask ... and don't worry, soon someone will come up with oxygen cylinders to screw into them. All people will have to do is arrange trips to the shops to buy their mahogany furniture, and on the same trip kill the second bird with the same stone and purchase of a bottle of top up air ...

'A one day cylinder, one week? Or a fortnight madam?' ... That's where we're headed, so laugh, there will be designer purpose built masks, maybe with mobiles built in! It is going to be great! Orgasmic!

What if it becomes possible to plug a pair of 3DTV goggles in and watch a 3D movie while you are pedalling a bike in heavy traffic. In court, which will be held in intensive care, the person in traction will be able to say ... 'he/she knocked me off my bike when I was watching a good bit in Wolf of Wall Street! It's HER fault!'

A mate said to me today something about this subject. Our oxygen comes from those leaves, which are little conversion units, so, what was he going to do about it? The same as a lot of others, use negative made energy complaining about something they're going to do naff all about, because there is nothing to be done, except insist the government step in ... that should work.

The best energy is the energy of fun, so smile at it and feel good about it, that's the only solution, and even that won't bring the trees back. It will just keep it where it is, unless God does one of these Biblical things and plants some full grown specimens one night ...

So there you go, after you've waved the board, signed a petition, put a quid in a charity save the trees tin, ... then have a good time with it, because therein lies your power with your powerful inner self, the power in the Mumbo Jumbo labelled department of the human mind. The labelling system works the same when a kid is labelled 'autistic' ... now that IS mumbo jumbo.

### **Back to the programme ...**

The tree had to go because it was right in the middle of the cricket pitch the loggers were making with machetes. The trunk base was right in the middle of the green (I'm told that's what the wicket strip is called), which made it a bit awkward, except if a bowler could get a good spinny googly making bounce off the remainder of the trunk. Cricket is therefore difficult in such areas, but, how fortunate it wasn't golf. What a thought. Well that is nigh on impossible as the ground is too uneven. This unevenness is accentuated by the number of trees, which makes it pretty hazardous for the spectators who are usually protestors. If a logger is a good amateur, what if he whacks a brill drive AT 280 MPH, and it hits a tree? Ricochets like a bullet, hits another tree etc? ... What of spectator's heads? The tree was dropped in this case to make the game more interesting by having the base in the middle of the first green, which is good planning. The logger would play up to within chipping distance and then chip on the trunk which would be turned into a crazy golf setup, perhaps with the hole in the middle, what a good idea (ting!), it certainly beats a boring tree. Just think, if the tree was still there and the golfer was trying to play a ball right at the base with a six iron and couldn't get the head of the club positioned correctly or if the tree would affect the back swing, what if a hungry mahogany panther dropped on him ... you cannot discount these valid ideas. And no, he can't use a tree iron, that's only in Ireland.

Protestors by the way get bits of wood to make protest boards from the wood yard where the logged trees are cut (where else? B&Q?). Polished mahogany boards are popular, and after the protest, some protestors take them apart to make lovely furniture.

Getting a grass-cutter to work properly when tending the greens is a hell of a job, except if there is a crazy trunk golf base ... trees are very useful, but only if used for the purpose they were first designed for (or fore?) ... fore making golf more interesting in Rainforests The waste bit i.e. the rest of the trunk is expendable, in a useful sort of way.

However, back to the felling of the tree that just simply grew in the wrong place. It was rather boring and I for one was expecting a more exciting 'timberrrrrr'. I thought it was a bit like the let down splash wise when throwing a shopping trolley into a shallow city stream or pond. So a hundred year wait, then a big let down ... was it all worth it? Worse still, not all trees are that big, so they are extra boring. The job description in the job centre says, get to chop trees down producing a lot of noise, which is very exciting ... what a lie!

Some viewers I guess felt bad, sat there in a lovely leather armchair, tinny in hand thousands of miles away, feet up, in that armchair made of? And their mahogany dining table where they entertain. But it wasn't me, not guilty, I'm just laughing at it because it feels better than being sad or angry, and really, who gives a flying fart about trees? (I do actually, but I'm speaking generally). But, I was, like millions probably ... guilty of failing to be who I really was ... that intelligent, vibration based creative energy

entity; in denial. I therefore felt sad, angry and especially helpless; but that's an illusion caused by forgetfulness. Here's the law of mumbo jumbo ... 'like energy attracts like energy'. Condemnation, anger etc., shouting 'don't chop down our forests!' at the TV set may seem a fulfilling way of saying no, because anger is a sexy beast. But the Universe is fully inclusive and doesn't know 'no', or 'don't'. What we were really shouting with our vibrations created by our thoughts was ... chop down our forests, and so, the Universe was complying with our instructions. It is kinda simple, you have to admit.

We should pat ourselves on the backs for a job well done ... don't blame the loggers, they are our servants answering our non-audible call (well it is audible, but only bats can hear it and then only if they're into wellbeing and not Long Eared Mumbo Jumbo Bats).

You can't condemn a situation and then hope it changes. It's like feeding the ducks on a pond and then complaining about the number of ducks stood around looking at you hoping for some bread. Throwing bread and saying "ducks, please go away" is sure to work.

"Doctor, every time I scratch my arm here, it hurts like hell."

"That doctor is useless, I said 'every time I scratch my arm here, it hurts like hell.' Know what he said? He said 'don't scratch then'. I'm going to see another one tomorrow. I need some pills to stop the itch on the red scratched skin."

I forgot the nature of the soul, the invisible energy that is what each one of us is. We are power, unbelievable power, the power to the square route of Unlimited ... do we remember it? Nope, do we believe it if we remember it? ... Not yet; obviously ...

### **Good time for a segment of refreshment.**

**A poem ...**

**An old growth tree is unspectacularly felled**

**It's time to celebrate!**

**Not to seccumb to exhausting 'normal' 'usual' anger**

**Fury or hate**

**A tree chopped down is time to cheer**

**Drink a toast to the world, raise a glass of beer**

**A few trees gone will not make a difference**

**We've done it for a lot of years, with total indifference**

**Bit by bit, we munch away,**

**I didn't do it, it wasn't me**

**All forests old, to be seen no more**

**Maybe it's our exit door (well most do hate their lives anyway)**

**But something will happen if we can feel good**

**It's the only way, it's in our soul's blood**

**Feel good as much as we can**

**It's the only way for Homo Sappy 'happy' Man.**

Why didn't you cheer like a kid watching the Council workers chopping down a (diseased ... great excuse) tree in the park when it fell in all the spectacularness a falling tree is supposed to bring. Or, did it fail miserably to entertain?

All the animals that lost their home are well known as vermin by humans, furry and feathered filth of the highest order, (vermin is cute when it's albino though) so what did it matter? In another breath I could say that the tree was energy and energy can neither be created or destroyed, but the energy is there at the atomic level and beyond, yet the tree is effectively destroyed and will now become other things, for humans. The trunk could be used by a young couple in love, making their first home, using wood in the roof to construct the illegal rave club and marijuana farm ... what's wrong with that? Nothing you would say. Fair enough. You maybe consider thinking that if people who use wood on their houses are wrong, but don't do it if you have the same ... let he who has not sinned ... to me, that famous statement is worse, let HE who has ... what if it was 'Let She who has not sinned ... cast the first self-protecting from any

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