

Black Birds Hold Secrets

CHAPTER 1

My story is never gonna change. I demand irrefutable evidence before I point the finger at someone and here's why.

Philadelphia Halfway House Luzerne 2009 (True Story)

My eyes lit up with enthusiasm as I watched the cigarette accidentally fall from the old man's hands onto the floor and roll underneath the blue storage locker.

He doesn't have the strength to move the locker I think to myself,

he has no choice but to leave it there.

The old man better known to the other halfway house residents as "O-G" or "Pops" is for the most part a very calm nice old man. Unfortunately he's coming out of prison with no family support and I know by his behavior he's flat out broke. Numerous times "O-G" has asked me for a menthol cigarette and I have never had a problem giving him one. This of course

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stopped a few days ago when I suspected rather than ask me he was opting to steal cigarettes from the pack as he was in fact the bunk closest to me.

I knew the moment the other former inmates left the room I could use my muscles to move the locker, inspect the cigarette, and make my case.

Anger and resentment enraged inside of me as I inspected the tiny writing on the loose cigarette. "Newport".

Damn! I think to myself,

I only smoke Camels

A week goes by and a staff member named Isaiah gets caught stealing from the box we keep our cigarettes in. I'm elated to learn that "O-G" was innocent all along but realize how close I was to smacking him alongside the head as I felt literally "ALL" the evidence was pointing to him. I knew he smoked menthol, I knew he was broke, and I also knew that he knew which cigarettes were mine. It felt at the time like he was a smoking gun.

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THE LAUNDRY MAT 2023

I'm 42 years old now and it wasn't until up until two or three years ago that I learned aside from my schizophrenia was I was truly suffering from on a daily basis. Persecutory delusions. It's hard for me to make friends and it's even harder for me to trust people. I promised my ex-boss that as an author of over ten books it was on my to-do list to write a non-fiction piece expounding the persecutory delusions I suffer from on a daily basis.

EVERY ONE IS OUT TO GET ME EVERYONE WISHES ME HARM
EVERYONE IS TRYING TO GET IN MY HEAD

My laundry is done washing and I can't help but notice some holes in my t-shirt.

Has a mousey been chewing on my t-shirt?. I pull the clothes out of the washer one by one carefully like I always do even though I'm so used to that one sock that always falls onto the floor. I've been doing my own laundry since the age of 16 even during those few months that I lived with parents. Mom accused me once of overstuffing her washer so I was forced to go to laundry mat ever since. Mommy couldn't understand why I didn't argue with this new rule but I have my reasons.

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Every professional knows this one little secret. THE TRUTH COMES OUT IN THE LAUNDRY.

I didn't need mommy discovering protein stains or cigarette smoke, or even traces of illegal things. I will forever have bragging rights of mommy not once catching me watching an X-rated movie but she did eventually find some hidden under the steps years later.

I consider myself a creature of habit so after hundreds of laundry loads you better believe I'm proficient at emptying each and every pocket. My washer never makes clanking sounds unless it's the penny from the guy before me. As I carefully remove the articles of clothing from the washer I discover what poked holes into my t-shirt of ten years. A paper clip.

I'm furious and ready to fight. My face is red and I'm scouring an empty laundry mat looking for the prankster that tossed a paper clip into my load of laundry that damaged my five dollar t-shirt. My head is spinning and I'm thinking about sending an email to my psychiatrist to report this intentional abuse.

The government, the government did it. They are still mad that my little brother was a cop for 15 years and I was the only sober

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*one at the dinner table overhearing all their dirty little secrets.
The police are planning to silence me because I am the man
with a pen! Is not the pen mightier than the sword?*

I'm 100% convinced that a Republican police officer that feels threatened by my little four inch sword (my pen ha ha) has gps stalked me to the laundry mat to plant a paper clip into my load of laundry!

As I plop my clothes into the dryer I do my best to retrace my steps until I realized that I have a big problem. It's Monday and the laundry mat is empty. Come to think about it it's been empty for the entire 35 minutes that I've been here.

Did I slip out for an ice cream cone? No I didn't. My heart rate returns to normal as I realize most likely the paper clip was in the washer BEFORE I put the laundry in. I guess I can put the imaginary gun back as there's no reason to go on a shooting rampage over this now that I retraced my steps.

Bird Shit Mysteries Year 2022 (Analyzing the Green Eyed Monster)

I've been convinced for years that my neighbor is jealous of

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me because I have no kids of my own to take care of. I know that he doesn't make much money even if he is a manager but what really galls me is suspecting that he has a squirt gun full of bird shit because as I start my day off I can clearly see a blotch of bird shit right on my car! I guess the right thing to do in this situation is go over and burn his house down but after doing nearly five years in jail luckily I can remind myself how hard it is to get sleep on a mattress no thicker than an exercise mat so I guess burning my neighbor's house down won't fix my problem to this mysterious bird shit on my windshield.

Someone or some group is DEFINITELY haunting me because it makes ABSOLUTELY NO SENSE that a bird would pick only my car to shit on.

Why me? How much of this town's dirty laundry might they think I actually know? When is this harassment going to end? Who is holding the squirt gun full of bird shit?

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CHAPTER 2 EVERYTHING IS A TRAP

I don't like cameras but oh wait I do. I guess it all depends on my current situation. If I feel threatened like they're out to get me then of course a camera recording everything from a distance is my friend. But when I'm shopping? I can't stand it. For years and years since they developed surveillance cameras I've been convinced someone is watching live footage of me 24/7. It makes it hard for me to shop as I'm convinced these cameras monitor more than just what we can see with the naked eye. Each and every surveillance camera (and especially casinos) can see through our clothing. See our body temperature. And yes even see the speed of our heartbeat.

I enjoy flying and going to airports but as a 2004 botched phalloplasty victim suffering from BPS I'm 100% certain that when I fly the airport workers are giggling up a storm the moment I get on the plane. But let me assure you here's one story I'll never forget where I truly wished I was being recorded on video camera for my safety.

My parents street is called Edgewood drive because it runs adjacent to the woods. There is a stone path that goes through

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it that I would often walk the dog on. Bella and I were going for a walk one day when this lady (whom I don't know) played a mean prank on me that almost gave me a heart attack. 99% of the time I don't pass anybody in this walk but this special day in 2012 would be different.

The very moment the path became "woody" three kids maybe 12 or thirteen on bicycles were pedaling in my direction with smirks on their faces like somebody had put them up to it. I didn't find this funny nor did Bella the family dog I was walking. Even though I don't have any sex charges I secretly suspected the neighborhood knew I had felons and would jump to conclusions so being around little kids always made me EXTREMELY uncomfortable unless witnesses or cameras were around.

I pulled on Bella's leash and averted my eyes and walked past the bicyclers as fast as I could wondering if off in the distance woo woo lights would be flashing just waiting to catch me offering these smirkers a piece of bubble gum.

Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! I thought to myself. I was 100% convinced that some soccer mom that considered me a threat put her

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kids up to this mean prank just to get a rise out of me. I was definitely positive that off in the distance with binoculars was a bitchy soccer mom giggling up a storm telling herself

"How do you like that Blakey! You can get your convicted felon ass out of THIS neighborhood!"

I could literally hear her thoughts out loud despite actually seeing a woman with binoculars patiently waiting to say hello to these kids on bicycles. I even had a conjured up face in my mind of what she probably looked like. Medusa. Everyone remembers the psycho lady in the "Rescuers" book that drove her docile husband nuts and secretly sewed diamonds into Penny's teddy bear. Medusa had the same personality as Cruella de Vil from the 101 Dalmatians movie.

CHAPTER 3 (Who started Covid-19?)

As I write this story in mid 2023 you might ask yourself this simple question. Who started Covid-19 and is it a scam? Absolutely. If anybody remembered the H1N1 swine flu scam then surely they would know the similarities between H1N1

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and my license plate.

When the swine flu began I was still on federal parole under a lot of rules. Because so many celebrities these days catch criminal charges the only thing probation couldn't governize us with was the ability to collect income. They could govern our travel, they could govern our weapons, they could even govern whom we made contact with. But no probation ever put stipulations on how much money you could save in your piggy bank as this would be silly.

Because I was not allowed weapons, alcohol, and other fun things I began to focus on saving money. What people didn't realize in 2011 is that the Wu-han lab in China secretly spies on ALL our digital data which gets indefinitely stored and can be pulled up at any given minute just by a click of mousey. Every text message, every bank transaction, every email, I'm very much convinced gets stored at the Wu-han lab in China that secretly spies on us.

At the time of the swine flu I would have built up approximately \$12k in my piggy bank and the Chinese government that watches our every move considered this small form of power a threat. They flew chinese tourists out to our country with masks to confuse us and they believed it would mitigate the threat. It basically gave all the businesses

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in the United States more power to immediately close facilities without the public asking too many questions. H1N1 was nothing more than a National Security “test” run for an ensuing Covid-19 scare.

They purposely launched Covid-19 during when the seasons change and the fluctuation in temperature causes our annual sneezing and coughing. Covid-19 was nothing more than a ploy to give the government more power to thwart any upcoming terror attacks. It was the combination of having a nice bankroll and the chemical imbalances in my head that the government deemed a threat. They knew with this faux disease they could immediately shut down buildings if they got word from the Chinese government that spies on us that data in our smart phones was considered “alarming”.

All the pastors, restaurant owners, etc that played into the ploy by breaking out ventilators were all slightly in the know of this 100% Republican based scam. World population also had a lot to do with it as Studies have shown the chemicals in Covid-19 vaccinations is similar to that in birth control. The world population has nearly tripled in size over the last 20 years but unfortunately planet Earth has not tripled in size to accommodate this newly found accommodation.

So why name it Covid-19?

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The answer is simple. The government launched this faux disease in 2020 just shortly after I filed my 2019 taxes. 2019 was my most lucrative year so surely there was something good going on in my piggy bank. Do you trust the Republican government that solely relies on information from the Chinese government?????

CHAPTER 4. (The Wondering Girl at the Park)

I was trying to come up with a title of this book thanks to an unwanted writer's block when a previous delusion evoked into my mind. The girl at the park. The mysterious wondering girl at the park that knew of my killer. I don't know this girl's exact age but I would guess she's definitely mid twenties. So here goes this story.

Longs Park 2021

The weather was turning into fall so I could finally do my walks at the park around the pond that attracted dancing squirrels. Typically this park attracts all different types of people but despite all that the one thing us walkers will

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always have in common? Counter clockwise.

I try not to giggle too loudly as the little man living inside my head tells me mean jokes as he criticises basically EVERYONE that we see at the park.

She's too fat and needs to jump on a treadmill, he's missing some teeth how can any woman kiss him? She talks too much how could any fella put up with a chatty Kathy like that? I think to myself as I walk the circled path around the pond.

It seems like a usual walk at the park until something goes way out of kilter. The look. The look in her eyes.

And why is she purposely walking clockwise when the rest of us are all walking counter clockwise? Why must she go against the grain?

Nothing seems right about the girl I pass every 4 minutes so I pick up my walking speed so I can pass her every 3 minutes instead.

What's with the look of bewilderment in her eyes as if she's

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toting some huge dark secret? I'm confused by this brunette. This girl is young and beautiful yet she is purposely carrying herself as if she suffers from low self esteem. As if she's struggling with demons taunting her. Her brown suit looks like a goodwill clearance special and it definitely doesn't fit her properly as it is way too baggy.

Why is she doing this? I think to myself.

As she passes me a second time I insist on letting out a polite soft "hi" gesture as I make eye contact. Nothing. But gets even worse. That look in her eyes is literally exuding an entire Grisham novel. I'm quite certain that she's using that lost look in her eyes to communicate with me telepathically.

I know who your killer is Blakey but I'm not at Liberty to say. I work for the state and I witnessed calls being made about you Blakey but my job is on the line. I know who tucked the paper receipt in your heater.

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As I pass her three minutes later her bewildered eyes continue to tell me a story. Her conscience is bothering her but she knows there is nothing she can do as I'm just not worth her giving up her state job just to pacify my TMJ issues.

I'm sorry Blakey but I just can't tell you. Even though we have a democrat in office the republicans still have all the power and they don't like you. I'm sorry the boogie man creeps up on you at night but I can't tell you what I know.

I decided that I'm not gonna say hello each time we pass as I'm quite sure one and done is enough. I'm wondering if perhaps maybe the reason the brown suit doesn't fit her properly is because she bought it in a hurry. In a weird way I almost feel bad for the girl at the park because now I know she has to live with knowing I'm NOT schizophrenic as all these doctors say and someone is indeed taunting me!

I don't know her name but I have a photographic memory so at least now I know what she looks like. I will return to Longs Park many many more times with hopes of evoking her to come back. I'm not letting her get away so easy next time I will bring peanuts for the squirrels, lay a chock-full of them in her path so she will be blocked by squirrels and forced to tell me these deep dark secrets she knows of concerning these Republican plots of conspiracy against me!

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CHAPTER 5 (Explaining my previous book “If there was Schizophrenia”

It's been almost ten years but it still feels like it happened yesterday. I'm pretty sure that in my non-fiction book “If there was Schizophrenia” I mention a movie theatre scene at Legacy Theatre Bristol VA. Before I had gone to the movies I remember strange alphabet people following me around at a nearby Dollar Tree. Dollar Trees were always great for mentally ill people because the entire store literally required no thinking at all. EVERYTHING in the store was literally a dollar.

I was sitting at the Legacy Theatre alone in a corner convinced that the Harley dudes had a special way of reading my mind. I felt as though they were telepathically recruiting me to oversee the Unemployment Agency to make sure those checks went out despite not ever being able to collect some myself. The movie hadn't started just yet but the room has already darkened when somebody purposely used an attractive female to evoke a psychotic episode out of me. This ploy was meant to goad me into checking myself into a psychiatric hospital as this town of Bristol did not know me and most likely considered me a threat.

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The commercial ads continued as handfuls of people entered the theatre at a cheaper rate because it was a weekday mid afternoon. I was minding my own business when out of nowhere a young woman in her early twenties entered the theatre wearing only a t-shirt and pink underwear. I couldn't BELIEVE what I was seeing.

Do these Harley guys really have to be that funny? Why are they putting their girlfriends up to this? Who's trying to goad me into checking myself into a behavioral health unit only to have a doctor tell me I was hallucinating?

The girl smiled as she walked past me and I made a point not to stare. Years of Federal incarceration trained me to prevent myself from being caught "Wreckless Eyeballing". Yup you heard it right. Occasionally female prison workers had to come on the compounds and believe it or not the Feds could charge you with what they called "Wreckless Eyeballing" if they felt you were gawking too long.

As I write this story nearly ten years later I have learned some things about clothing that I just didn't know. THINGS AREN'T WHAT THEY SEEM. YOU DON'T ACTUALLY KNOW WHAT SOMEONE IS WEARING UNTIL YOU TURN THE LIGHTS ON.

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