ROMA - Volume ID

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- Here is to drum beaters and the musician who have guided my lessons in education

Index

Chapter 1 - Simplicity

Dreams are something that can come and go. The United States is not. It is a country that was made with laws put in place by the founding fathers a long time ago. Ever since 1816, the wars that made this country are and were not run with odds. The wars were fought with men who had convictions, just as the ones we have now. Hurry as we may, to make calls, as to who won and who did not, there were casualties on the battlefields. When people die, they are not just another number. Soldiers are not instruments of death, nor are they sacrificial pawns that should be used for a motive. We do not appreciate them enough, nor do we value the families that were willing to let them fight alongside us. Here as we stand today, the object of most movements is not to get somewhere. I think they like to move just so they can move others and score. They

play like a children's game of marbles, clashing together, senselessly, without care. I feel at times we do not recommend enough division from one another, because we fear that separation will limit us from falling in love. To fear division, is to not love, since there was no love in the intimacy in the first place. Willingly, when we divide from one another, we need not fear the movement of others, to govern us as much as they please, left and right, light a limitless scale, they can apprehend any time they want.

Justice is not a frigate. It is not a bird that flies near the end of the earth, somewhere around Kiribati, where the sun suns the fastest, and conclusively. It is where time comes to a boil. Much like exodus, we have complicated time and justice for the sake of our financial gain. To the democrat, I want to sell furniture, and to the Republican, I want to tell them I want freedom. These two have worked together to control, in the hands of other people conceptually. Since, they are two features however, they keep collapsing on one another. They do not have a strong structure like a triangle, so we must put one more unit in the game, to make the structures rigid. For the dem and repub, we can input federalism, in which it will sufficiently hold them in place. As for Justice and time, you put a person there, to work and upheap the land. You foster the habitat and let it prosper itself, for the common good. I want to be a gardener in the future. I want to host an empty palace, where even the princes have forsaken the land, and there is no person managing the affairs of the household. I want to wake up early in the morning, with garments on to dig in the palace gardens myself, with deep edging tools, then fisk away the dirt to allow the soil to breath. I would tenderly plant seeds that will be used for consumption. I want owls in my hallways inhabiting the dark corridors, with no one there but mice tumbling around, ready to be a feast for the bird of the library.

I want a simple life, where there is an untended swamp right outside next to the garden, will of moss, and aurora. I want to brighten the garden grounds with rocks like topaz and glint the stained glass with sulfur, where the horses will smell and rejoice at the incoming sight of battle, the call of warriors from afar. I will make shallow fountains, and willow with the wind while there is not much to do, but care for the fruits and vegetables I will feast on. I intend to make a sparrow, a hallways for the sheep and goats, to rome the free lands and graze, and there I shall be the wolf for the day, the protagonist to make sure they die in a timely manner, for when they grow in number, they will age and need burial, so I will remove the agony and bear them false witness in distaste, in my soup and stews. I will host in my household the wild ass, and the bull, that will graze on the land far from civilization in its natural state. I will release the cockroaches to the soil, their natural habitat and cease to make war with them in my home. I shall set free the mouse on the grass land, and let it prosper in its proper home, where it was meant to be.

Chapter 2 - Time must go on

Rest assured, all humans will have a day they will leave the life they live, to once more return to what they were, dust and soil. There is a date where even in the greatest country on earth, the living capacity ventures somewhere around 78. The objective of the common workers there, in America is to buy a house. They want to be lords, and until that moment, they can’t see the end of the light, and the labor is constant. They start to believe themselves slaves, where they crunch and save small digits, to buy property they want to increase their contact number while

keeping an eye on the bib for view, on sundays. The bib/bible is a republican book. There is no instance where the workers who print it, have not read Plato or Aristotle. They are philosophers, much like me in my youth. They put their perspective in it since they have the right to edit the work. It's not a small matter to alter belief, let alone change the course of someone, because they want to accommodate their queer family members. Fine workmanship, and the ability to detail the truth exists in their capacity, yet, the best of the best upon inspecting at least 10 versions, end in America, as a republican. I am an "abba". I have my citation source at the bottom of this page. I am an unlimited "abba", without the need for kids, or a wife.

The term "abba", is a translation of the Hebrew word for source. To all University students, I am in my capacity, an unlimited source they can put in their college paper. I have grown to be a University lecturer, where there in by, you can invite me to a guest session upon being charged a check of $10,000 per appearance. That is my value here today. As it stands, not only do I have a lot to contribute to society, I have the ability to raise my own offspring at home, without school. My existence is a definite matter, in existence, where I will be forward, ahead of two to three, generations until college, until they return to the soil again. We are all the product of the soil. Fruits and vegetables grow on farmlands, and we consume the best of the land, where the stem has isolated the nutrients and made spectacular stuff. That is why biblically, we must not consume the fat of animals, or leave them to the lord. Because the fat of the animals contains the best of the nutritions. The fat is made from the most delicate items you input in the soil, or the soil has, and unless you return it to its place, you will bring drought into your land, and curse your own fate. Fat smells really nice, there in by, you burn it to realise it in the air, where matter is broken down in the smoke, and returned to the land, where it will cease to grieve but rejoice in the aroma that has been presented to the person who owns it, or is responsible for it.

Chapter 3 - Performance enhancement

You have heard of performance enhancing drugs in sports, such as steroids, which I am against, then you will understand, when used in demand, they increase the metabolism, and healing speed of the muscles, to rapidly divide cells, and shyly make them grow larger. In peak periods, the results are there. Shortly, in the same function, men who use make-up in politics are doing exactly the same. Makeup is made to cheat the camera, and fool the lenses rapidly so the image in the eyes of the witness is made better. There is military camouflage surely to work in integrating with the environment to deceive the eyes. In this care, if men were to make the point, they use these items to blend in, they better be wearing green. There better be a forest nearby, or a natural park, available in which an invading species resides and needs extermination. Why do news members, who are men, use these care items? What are they trying to hide? Consecutively, what is their aim, to make the population believe, men can be “as pretty as women”. No they cannot. Men can never be as pretty as women.

Males do not have natural glands in their breast to feed offspring. Men do not have a

uterus to host the cells of a male, and in constant cellular division, grow it in a womb and relieve the biological ecosystem of genetically engineered life. Finally, males have large amounts of testosterone. This hormone enables the large growth of the teeth, and the increased capacity of the canines to tear flesh from meat. The lips of males are not tender. They are made from the increased desire to to feed on cellular tissue. The human male is a dominant omnivore, capable of consuming anything that is not venomous or poisonous, and lastly, human flesh. I advocate for my nation, in service to it, for the prosperity of the nation relies on this creature. To dominate and be submissive are not the only answers, we must also leave. You can't make your home a home of cannibals without partaking in their habit. You must leave. While another male wants to mount another, and they talk about who is superior, or who is submissive, you make your chop there, and you leave the conversation, along with the room. These are not normal conversations. The only war paint you should wear, then must be after the decision you made to leave, then either return to to attack them or be one of them.

Chapter 4 - Zoom in on zero

I hate commands. It’s not that I do not like to obey, I think there is a significant misunderstanding between the action of commanding, and instructing. There is a difference between Commander in Chief, and Commander in the army/navy. One is high, the other is not even low, it’s a mid-grade title which when conjunctively used alongside command, it is arbitrary. It puts me in the red, because the person is powerful in half, while in beam. For a male, as myself, I despise the confusion. I go as far as to eliminate the prompt in my life. I rely on understanding and reason for deciphering commands. If a person was to tell you “fetch the water”, there is no reason there. There is only trust, if you were to obey the command. If you do not obey the command, then it is seen as disobedience, where the prompt has not been fulfilled. I like to paint it in pictures instead, where I ask, 'Can you fetch the water?’, then there is no command, but there is a reason, where there is supreme opening, and a close if you were to want to ask a question back. You could respond, “Why do you need the water?”, where the question would end in reason, in the form of a sentence such as “ I feel the need to quench my thirst, and I am incapable for the moment.”.

Commands leave no room for asking questions. They are inherently unacceptable.

Commands are actually made to be dodged. You must not respond to them and look behind the person speaking the word, and face them head on since that is what they are asking, primarily because the words are more important than the person who spoke them since the person who spoke them is a word himself. If the word was God, and God himself appeared in flesh, justly, the word is him, a human. Therefore, all human words must be subject to understanding, thereby making a division from animals who are incapable of speaking a spoken language with words. We must facilitate.

Secondly, commands can be obeyed with a story. " I have a premonition of you fetching me my water lad." In sense, the person capable of understanding, can feel, know, and in flex make the decision to make the desire of the person who spoke a reality, or not make it a reality, firstly by misunderstanding the sentence, wholy by not desiring to do the wanted task because he doesn't see the teller as fit person for the task, including himself. The title of this chapter is a command. So with the story I told, if I was to change my mind desiring to make an impact, in my own world, I would convert my answer, and say "I do not hate command". Now it leaves reasonable and unreasonable people who are republicans. Here there is division, but the division that is made is not justifiable.

Chapter 5 - I like to arrive on time

It is better most times, to not go to class, or be at an event. Being late is not ok. It is better to simply arrive on time when asked to. There is chastity in making solid decisions, where the only freedom lies in a marriage contract between a woman and man. Firstly, there is no other marriage other than a male and female human. It's not possible for males to marry males and females to marry females. There is zoro because the original word exists. In substance, the action itself is "un-original". When single, males must stick with their fathers, and females with their mothers. In due diligence, when there are clocks set on a time, one must arrive on time, or cancel the marked time on paper. I learned it from dragons. Komodo dragons live in Indonesia. They are creatures that use ambush prediction to capture prey with their venomous bite. They wait till elephants rest, they bite their ankles, and rush fast away from their prey, until the victim bleeds out and is incapable of moving.

There, while pleasure of the venom makes it impossible for the creature to stop bleeding,

they won’t even know they are being eaten alive, until they give into the divine cum like state, and pass out with job, thereby being a meal to the hunter. Opportunity is slim however, since they eat their bodies worth. If a handful of dragons were to feast on an elephant, the feast of dragons would come to a quick end in a matter of days, no matter how pleasing. Between the time the brutality takes place, and the creature collapses a few clique’s down the waters, there is not a lot of time to waste, so the great hunter keeps at a distance till the meal is available. Much like the heller, which the land bestows ancestors, with long life to, adaptation is critical for managing time. It’s simpler to live a life set by laws, where we only eat animals that have split hooves. The same way the laws are set, it is also simpler to obey the time set by the self, than trying to find ways to amend lack. It is simple to forgive cancelling an agreed time. It is not simple to forgive a time that was wasted due to impracticality. Everyone must arrive promptly since time is a global vision.The sun rises in the east, and sets in the west. We have 24 hours in a day to manage using our available resources.

Chapter 6 - Firing away from the hip

Fire in a way it reaches the body to burn it, doesn't do it much good that ignoring new years eve or not showing up for christmas. I am not about to celebrate these events with anyone ever again, that would not share the meal I provide on the same table. Leak persons want to believe in an event like tomorrow, with their carpe diem view. The christian religion advocates for worshiping the darkness, where Santa Claus is wearing red and white, to advocate for the prize that would be won the night of the event. I boast firmly about others but not me. I like to keep my chest down and see what is before me. What I timely see is King David, and the star set in Israel. It's the woman and the trinity, then it's the food on the, the drinks and the fruits. These 6 wrapped together, make for a good time forever. I would gladly live as a prince in the palace of King David, rather than reign as King before his time, in his time, or after. His model, and symbol are perfect.

Shine per say, watery depth beneath sil by exposing it to the light, and you find worms there. Conditionally you would return them to the soil, but gladly, you would want to kill them since you want to shoot from the hip, without a thought in the world. That is what it is like to have new years eve without a set time. The hiding place for it all, is the table or the bed, where

you keep yourself occupied with work, in bitterness of the noise around you, or heartily set by the side of the woman at home. Flatarry works by the candle light for me. I am not the happy ending to my start. When chef's make meals, they put effort in the cooking, mostly in paying attention. The rest is reading what is requested of them. Carpentry requires the same, die try with the ended life of the tree, much likely, whose life was cut short, if not a garden plant, shape and texture come from concentration. I want to do that on new years eve, or christmas. Feveritively, danish cakes with froth on top of milkshakes/eggnoges, I wish to serve myself, and others. When no one shows up, I give my substance, much care with a nip of grape on top, like the Chef with his precision in service. In surprise, I think the best company you can have is yourself. Even fully when the time lap falls over the other side of the year, the tastiest offering would be the reward hammered together, and on its own, the carpenter falls asleep happy that night, ready for work tomorrow, the work with the same stem on the broccoli, like the 2-4, he would inscribe.

Chapter 7 - The inferiority of the militarized Anaconda

There lies a King beyond the physical realm that rests in the republic. Anaconda's are not Kings. They are supreme republicans. They feast on their prey after constricting them, and removing the air from their lungs. They then proceed to go into the republic, by themselves, then host the space for a long time. There, while they digest, their apex nature is said to have mastered the republic. Anaconda's are masters, not kings. There between the breath, and the constriction lies the King, willfully in liaison, forming into water. He changes form, basics. He is vapor, made to water, that you can't see during the constriction, because you need heat to turn the breath into water.There is plenty of oxygen and hydrogen in water, and there is a binding agent in their formation, that lies in heat, where the molecules vibrate and take over the air. On a mirror, on a cellphone, you see the breath turn to water when you release heat in the form of pushing out the wind from your lungs. Matter is instantly converted, from the air into water. This lies in the venom of the Komodo, where the mouth itself is wet during the call for war. The King is there, secure from revolt, because the life that was lost, is accounted for before the constriction of the anaconda, and the creature swallowed whole. Solely, the existence follows with the numeration of molecules in the body, down to the smallest digits, where lift ceases to exist.

I have actually witnessed God in my life. You can witness God too. I saw myself and still do as God, when I look upon the carcass of an animal in the desert eaten clean. Not only have I witnessed it, even you can witness it permanently, alongside me, without claiming to be God, because I myself do not claim to be God. When the story tells itself, God made Adam from the dirt, after making the world and looked upon him, as he lay there without life. Before he breathed

life into him, he saw the still standing body, on the ground of Eden, and probably had many ideas for improvement or innovation. The same way, when you see a dead creature in the desert, and have its flesh completely removed from bone, as it lies there, you witness a piece of the Garden of Eden. The skeleton is the first Adam, where eons ago, there was evidence that this animal walked on the earth, and roamed the land full of life, interacting with the environment. There, you would be God, figuratively speaking, imparting Eden, to the being, or your sight, wishfully knowing it can eventually run around, or walk, and function like you. When you remove your sight from it, you witness what Eden was before the creature died out. At that moment, you see what God is, the breath that gave life to the being that was shaped from below.

I keep an image in my house. I need not witness where the King is. The King is not just in the breath, the residence is in the form as well, lest one remains a master of arms. Daring as one may be to learn how to reside in a republic by mastering it, good service in the King's household is better.