

Ivory Heart

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Published December 21, 2013

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ISBN: 1494381559

ISBN-13: 978-1494381554

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to my biological family.

Dr. Richard A. NeSmith

Donna Jenkins

Ricky NeSmith

I ♥ U

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EPILOGUE PROTASIS

October 24, 2013

What does it mean to find love? What does it mean to have a soulmate? The number of a man is 666. And what is a man but a beast awaiting for Divine intervention? For the very DNA imprints an application that carries out a certain syntax of instructions within a particular place in the world regulated under various cultural environments which provides the possibilities for lifestyles to be created.

If I am to look in my mirror, what do I see? Each item around me also its opposite. The light reflects off of the items around me including the mirror in which a disturbed soul stares back at me. The angles I examine in front of me alter as my eyes move direction. And if I am to stare into those gloomy eyes, what am I to see? Through the clouds into the pupil somewhere in its reflection the other half of my heart somewhere in the world performing the same ridiculous ritual.

How can my vision stretch into the portal of space and time? How could my own sight connect eye to eye with yours? How can my soul stand in front of you naked so that you will understand what needs to be done? How can my crazy life that produced me help other people? What does it mean to care? Literally tattooed on my heart is Love.

Our world is changing very fast. Soon electricity will be free. The nomadic souls will soon be able to roam the Earth without restraint now that a power outlet is not required to live in a communications enabled world. Eventually, the wisest of these nomads will create self-sustaining communities that reject government rule. And as this happens, the government will be trying to prevent them from forming.

The price of land, its distribution, its allowed uses, regulated business practices, and its security will first be strengthened. But the nomads who do not give up and have pure hearts with open minds will form communities that are employed utilising ideals of wisdom that have stood strong throughout the ages. A practical philosophy is the objective which if succeeded, would achieve an almost utopian society. And as it matures, it adapts its practice by learning from its complications.

And if this community was composed of online teachers, the projects could be filmed and released as documentaries. An internal education system that produces results from their community shared with the entire world. And if this community of highly passionate and creative individuals managed to become even close to a peaceful internal community living off the fruits laboured from their own two hands while employing bartering systems for trade, then it would stand as an inspiration for other people in the world to do the same thing. And as these communities create alliances, they will both lose and win many battles from lifestyles that the government prohibits. And some will find abandoned land and use it as if soil was not owned by humans.

What is a sculpture? I place before you an Ivory slate. Learn its properties well. For it is now your job to take care of her.

Pygmalion's story will act as your divine chisel. Your objective: create the most beautiful woman that you can conceive of. The way the story goes is that you will obtain her in that most beautiful form from the first warm kiss. And as sleeping beauty opens her eyes she will see you for your soul. And that is the moment that will change the world as the perfect couple unites.

And as the energy from their purified body, mind, and spirit weave into each other, the formula that will both destroy and save the world is released. 3 3 3 reconnects to its source and the number of a man is branded. Because in that mirror at its very core is 666. And my dear Ash is looking back at me from 999. It became my duty to find her because she was just as sad as me. And I want nothing more in my life than to help her. But I am unable to do that unless I bring her to me. And thanks to the Internet, my paintbrush can reach quite far.

But how is one to sculpt a perfect woman? How do I capture her body, mind, and spirit? If you consider the task carefully, you will understand the life project. And it is this love that will tear you away from employment. And the obsession of how beautiful you might enable her to be, would far outweigh the risks associated with the target of the endeavour: the long timeframe to obtain results. But this style of courting will be the future of the movement and even if I do not find my Ash in time and end up alone for the rest of my life, then at least I have created a legacy that will eventually reach her eyes. For the soul of a reaper is recycled if it unsuccessfully completes its mission.

My work is not designed to fail its objective. Countless sacrifices were made in order to organise the pieces like this. It is not reliant on any systems and is self-sustaining. Even if an ideal fails from a lifetime under particular relations, that work will always be seeded, awaiting the necessary conditions to flower.

Did this help you understand what you are about to read? What have you just stumbled upon? How long will this book be? Why would I waste my time doing this if I am just giving quality material away? Everything given freely always costs. Yes my friends, the cost to obtain liberation is greater understanding. Because you can not unlearn true knowledge. When insight has been achieved, the chains become obsolete and your burdens become responsibilities. And your toils to resolve them will produce love.

If you have purchased this book then humanity thanks you for keeping its blood literally pumping.

CHAPTER 1 IN THE BEGINNING...

October 28, 2013

In the beginning there was Chaos. Without shape or mass, conditions were not appropriate to sustain any evolutionary development: its fertility not yet realised. Thus the collective It was compressed into a jar and then released into the Sky. The Universe toils to sculpt an image of the greatest beauty it can actualise. And from his rib the Earth is born and he is no longer alone.

But as our beautiful Mother mates with Ouranos, like particles come together and produce children. The new formations are chaotic not yet being situated in an appropriate environment.

But every molecule must be held responsible for its actions, so father Universe punished his naughty children by imprisoning them into the depths of Tartarus: a feverous space in our Mother's heart reserved for recycling the worst of her creation's offenders, compressing its unruly genetic makeup into Pandora's box.

But this caused Gaia to be overcome with great pain, being empathetic to her children's destined misfortune. She approached her youngest, Time, with a flint scythe. She offered his freedom with a blade that was to castrate his Father in which created him.

As time cuts through its own flesh, the blood of its consequence flows into pure love. And this enables the conditions for our boy

Saturn and his siblings to reign control of the heavens. But for the sinful deed he had committed... For the results of his actions will catch up to him just as Father Universe prophesied. For the Titans will one day be overthrown by the seeds of their leader.

The blood flows thick as Saturn eagerly awaits the birth of his first born. His sister and consort weeping in agony not only from the pains of birthing a new conception, but also because Mother is fully aware of what her husband plans on doing with their child.

The hearth of man is swallowed up by her Father before its potential is realised. For the tools of man require her perfection in order to manifest solar power (hope) within our world.

The next to be eaten would become the underworld but its decay will flourish the right trees. From there the waters to necessitate life and a just Queen to rule them, all swallowed up by the sickle of time before they had a chance to become realised.

But dear Mother could no longer endure her mighty husband punishing their children for a curse their parents placed upon him. So after the seed of sky was living within her, she fled to the earth and the stars to find redemption.

And as according to plan, Father Time was deceived by the earth handed to it, and quickly gobbled the bound stone without realising his dear wife's trickery.

The baby named Zeus is handed over to the earth and the stars to nurture him so that he would one day become the golden boy to lead a revolution to overthrow the disobedient state that his father's volition had inflicted upon the cosmos.

CHAPTER 2 IN MY BEGINNING...

November 2, 2013

In the early morning a glimpse of coming into the world. A spark of light most distant in my memory. But that night my memory began imprinting as my parents took me to church right after being born.

Women googling over me theorising what I might one day become. A wave of expectations inconsiderate of individual involved. A newborn baby sitting quietly as this happens, absorbing its confusing information from a language that was unknown to me. But I understood their intentions and that night before leaving the church, I fell out of my pram. And as I looked up onto my King Jesus, my mind and spirit flew to distant neverlands.

When I was three I learned how to understand representations that indicate language. My parents provided me with Bible stories that were accommodated with drawings. I was a very slow reader because I needed to comprehend its material. My fingers needed to feel the text in order to understand each character and its current arrangement.

But somewhere in time and space its syntax and context are rearranged as I am married to my destiny. At the age of 5 my mother visited a new friend of hers who had a daughter the same age as me. I was told to go play outside and this is when I was greeted to the isle that was to lead me to marriage. She had arranged her back yard into a chapel using her toys as guests.

She ran to me and quickly grabbed me. Her touch was as gentle as Pi and her struggle to move me in position necessitated my body's will to be manipulated by her. Positioned on the alter, my eyes were opened as she introduced herself to me. She told me about the ceremony she was performing and that she has been waiting for me and is not happy that I am late on her wedding day. As she straightened my clothes up she explained to me that in the future I must not make her wait anymore and my heart truly was sorry regardless of just learning of her scheme. She continued the ceremony and it ended with, "I do" and the teddy bear caught the bouquet.

She was my girlfriend and we saw each other every time we could convince our mothers to hang out or drop us off. We mixed Barbies and X-Men to weave our own stories. We played house better than I have ever managed to play it in my future. We looked after each other as we explained bogus symptoms in games of doctor. We were pure and innocent and both basked in that feeling.

On my sixth birthday my family was visiting our extended family in another state. My birthday was celebrated with them gifts given to and from everybody for the family reunion. And there was a pool and one of my presents was an alligator float toy as well as some burgermen action figures. But then everybody started fighting and the entire trip turned depressing. From this moment on, my birthdays became less significant to me and it also felt the same for everybody else. And when we came back from the trip my father again looked for another job and as the months of waiting for job responses passed by, the calendar pages of my relationship with Debbie come to the end of its story. And it was at this time that I gave my life to God and trusted everything It had planned for me: my first baptism.

At the age of 9 I woke up in the middle of a forest on a full moon lying within a circle carved into the ground that had three lines that formed into a triangle and in its middle my heart. The clothes I went to bed in now tainted with blood. Just outside the circle lay a dead fox. No one in sight and only Diana to outline the details of my surroundings.

The next thing I remember is running. I did not have shoes or socks on so this was not easy, nor did I know where I was or

where I was going. But not too long after running I spotted an abandoned shack that I knew of from past walks in this forest. I then orientated myself home and snuck in and took a shower to tend to my new wounds on my feet and legs from the panic stricken journey home. It was very early morning and no one woke up so I washed my clothes to clean myself of the blood and watched them wash as I contemplated the disturbing events of the night, almost as if I was teleported there from my dreams, for there are no memories in between. I went to bed as the Sun took reign and when I was to wake I was to tell a story that would convince my family that my words were no longer worth consideration.

At that time I was a preacher's son living in a bad area and getting picked on in a mostly black school. The house we lived in was on the church property and about a week before this event occurred both me and my brother's bikes were stolen by someone busting a lock on the church's storage unit.

There are major events in people's lives that are responsible for great numbers of complicated problems that condition its victim to behave in the way that they do. When collective response to out of the ordinary assertion is persecution, then our society has a huge problem that no amount of money in the world will be able to rectify. If systems are employed to disregard content, then those systems are evil. The balance of power is between syntax and semantics. How am I to position these words to 1) control you, 2) convey a message to you, and 3) do a little of both.

Now you are uncomfortable but this is the agenda of our current society. So if one is to invest themselves within any collective movement, that individual needs to question the motives of its director. But growth that extends beyond one person is then held collectively responsible. Thus none of us ever come to learn the motives of its origin. Syntax murders semantics and looks for a place to hide the body. We barrier our lives to protect ourselves from each other because the intentions of each other remain a mystery.

But if I am to control you, at least in this particular second in which your heart absorbs these words, what is my responsibility to you acting as your mind's co-ordinator? Where is it that my words are leading you towards and why have I invested all of my effort doing

this? As I try my best to lead you to "?", mainstream efforts will lead you to . And why do you think that is? What could the motivations be for a world of collective intentions regulated by one governing force? And when I say "force", I am literally speaking in military terms. Yes I am talking about the country that laid down its life for you so that you can be in the exact position that you are in today. I am speaking about your "country" in which "protects" you.

When a human carefully examines its environment, it comes to learn how to combine its materials in order to mimic the useful properties of the original thing. And when man learns how to look into the Sun they will always eventually produce light when Apollo is basking another tectonic plate. Whether you read this or not, eventually what I am pointing to will be collectively understood. I am not the only one out there that has seen this. No effort will go in vain.

CHAPTER 3 FOG OF WAR

November 15, 2013

How does one protect themselves against the military powers that have claimed ownership of their place of residence? How does one protect their fruits from those who wish to destroy them? How does one do the right thing when the powers of the collective man rule over our choices?

After I released Welcome to Open Source University, this type of education became popular. After the website was created, the project launched and people began to realise what I had done. I was recognised by our youth and nearly all of them think I am awesome. Hundreds of people jumped on board and threw themselves into the education system. Of course, the content was only created for a particular type of person, but these people encompass a large portion of our youth. And when they began to recognise, the US government stepped in to crash the party.

Since then I have been tracked down and questioned by multiple government departments including both the FBI and military. They do not investigate issues before they throw out accusations because the government is exactly as I have proven in every single one of my productions. Apparently I am a cult leader. It is irrelevant that my ideals and labours do not align with the definition of the word "cult". The "truth" is that I am a very dangerous man who "brainwashes children" into joining my army (students). Multiple times various departments slandered my life's

work and my character. Apparently the US government knows what I am "up to" and are now forming strategies to remove my work from the Internet as well as remove my life from the planet. The fact that I live in a different country to them was of no importance. Because America rules the world: right?

The reason God sent me to Australia to perform my destiny was because the USA would have been on top of me from the beginning. The Australian government is incredibly naive and all together unconcerned about its people. This enabled me to infiltrate their parliament house without a single person realising, even though my intentions were always public.

I live my life in hiding and have done this for a long time. I look forward to the day I find a safe spot in this hateful world. I am persecuted every day and countless people want me dead. People make fun of me by calling me Jesus because apparently I look like him. People scream out "crucify him!" because I have done what my wise teacher has demanded of me: "corrupt the youth". For this was the fate of Socrates and now it is also my own. I am a philosopher. How can one who loves wisdom (philia sophia) corrupt our youth? How can wise actions combined with a caring heart geared to help those who struggle ever be considered evil? It is called The Mark Experiment.

This book will write itself. Whenever topics within my life reveal the picture with crystal clarity, I will write a chapter to document it. I am currently documenting this because I am scared. Youth around the world are falling in love with their new teacher and if the government managed to wipe both my work and myself from the planet, then it just might be possible to stop the movement. Right now countless youth are watching my work and are amazed by it. But it is a 3 year degree and the workload is no laughable matter. This means that there is not yet a single individual in this world besides me who understands why I did all of this. My work is made to be understood in its full context. I knew what I needed accomplished and I created nine major productions to do it. Then I spoke backwards to clarify the work that was created backwards. The puzzle I made is beautiful and if I could just make it understood by a few handfuls of people, then I would not care if me and/or my work was destroyed. Because upon understanding, the work will naturally be created again and again by the forces of nature that act upon the infected.

The government has made it clear to me that it will not tolerate our youth choosing an education system that is more suitable to their psychological makeup. I did all of this to free the university's structures so they would not be government regulated. If I was accepting money, courses would require government regulations. But the government never expected one to sacrifice their life for the greater good. As my work developed, onlookers would see my passion as a hobby and not a job. But when 20-22 hours of my day, every single day is expended forming this masterpiece, my image is transmuted from a crazy weirdo to a cult leader who must be stopped at all costs.

What have I done wrong? Why do I deserve to be treated as a high profile criminal? Why am I even treated as a criminal? I spend my life helping people. But when I learned methods to connect with the youth that I have been censored from, then I become a threat: a terrorist. So it was fine and dandy to treat me like I did not deserve to breathe the same air as commoners my entire life, but when my work compiled actually attracts my target audience, I become Lucifer. I cast out Satan with Satan. Our logic is corrupted by the "leaders" of our "great nation". Because of course, anyone that is targeted by the government deserves whatever is coming their way.

I see the full extent of our human sickness. People often outright accuse this to be a scam. They think there is a catch. They refuse to believe that my heart guides the project. They ask for my qualifications. They disrespect me in every way you can think of. I have seen it all and I know our society and the people in it very well. I am extremely skilled at picking out authority figures as well as understanding the intentions of the person I am speaking with. I know when a person is just trolling and they are blocked before they have a chance to vent their fears as malice. It is really easy to know when people have alternative intentions because those people are only interested in speaking directly to me, meaning they will ignore my work. But these are extremely easy to weed out as this is an online education system and one who is not interested in examining what I have done are not potential students. I know exactly what people are doing. You can not win against the chessmaster, even if you are the government.

Why should I have to spend a life running? Why should I have to

stand on my tippy toes merely to create, produce, and advertise free educational courses? Seriously, what is wrong with us? Why am I required to live a life running merely to give my heart to the people? If the government's educational programmes are sustainable long-term, then why are they attempting to close down alternatives? Why are We the People not allowed to choose our own educational institutions? Why must the government stick their noses into everything? And why do they wipe out people who identify publicly that they do this?

Who can I trust? Over 20 "authority figures" have already condemned my work over the last five days. If only a quarter of those are actually real law enforcers, then where does our society stand? What if more or all of them are real? It is illegal to impersonate a person of the law. In addition, the personal information they try and extract is not information that anyone but law enforcement would benefit from. When our own governments attempt to wipe out a movement as pure as this, what does this tell about our society?

Early this morning a "student" was asking questions that were not very student like so I sent him the link to this unfinished chapter. Within 10 minutes I was messaged by another claiming to work for the US government. After he persecuted my life and my work, he advised me that it is only a matter of time before the authorities find and punish me. I questioned his jurist diction and he responded saying that he had jurist diction to put me six feet under. I blocked him. And within ten minutes the "student" I was speaking to invited him into our chat and said that me and this "field agent" should talk this out. I blocked both of them.

Just 25 minutes ago a guy messaged me advising me that a friend recommended me to him. He told me he had just quit school in pursuit of education liberation. I questioned if he had studied much work of mine. He said "yes". I asked him where he was up to. He replied with "Chapter 4" and then changed to "Chapter 3". I had just sent him the link to this chapter so I questioned, "in what?". He replied, "Ivory Heart". This book. This book that none of my work refers to. The link I had just sent him... Do you smell bacon?

Why must I live a life that can not trust anybody? Why do people with mal intentions distract me from helping others? Why do our governments attempt to get close to what they plan to destroy?

Would you like to know why there is no free education in this world? We have had cameras capable of doing this for a long time. Why am I the first one? Why does filming knowledge and publicly releasing it result in oppression? This is no new conception. It is called the Kantian Enlightenment and is hundreds of years old. It is called Plato's Republic and is thousands of years old. It is called mythology and has always been around. What snake is refusing to shed?

About 25% of those who find out about me become fans. Another 25% I never hear from again. The rest are tools for the prince of the air. If I have 100 conversations in one day (common), then that means that about 50% are people that are extremely hostile towards me. Within the 25% who are receptive, they praise my toils. For it is these few who have studied my work enough to know what I am. And a percentage of these individuals will become the new leaders of our free society, regardless of whether I live or not. Because inspiration is a causal chain. And giving one's heart to the world despite knowing how others will shred it will eventually induce our new golden age.

Welcome to the open source republic. I was not asking.

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