

Living Neverland

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Tree of Life

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DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to Jesus Christ, who although no longer has a physical form, spiritually led me to my Father by passing me on his sight. Thank you for dying on your cross for me so that I could also learn how to live on mine.

I ♥ U

To be astute in life is to be Its student.

A few years ago while in the Ballarat psychiatric ward, an older patient was admitted who had recently inflicted a deep cut across her wrist. When she saw me for the first time, her eyes lit up and before I even had a chance to speak, she knew who I was. She only stayed over night and I barely had the chance to speak with her, but before she left in the morning she slipped a note under my door. The note demanded me to teach our children how to live good lives because they will direct our future. I Accept! And now you will do your best to keep me away from them. But you will have to kill me.

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ROMANS 12:3

For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

ACT 1
THE LOST HOUSE
December 18, 2013

What better way can one start a book on youth homelessness than to have just been again evicted from another residence that I was shortly blessed with? There is none but I want to make it clear to you that I am not upset. I think the matter rather funny. I used to not be like this but eventually I stopped caring. Everything I own now fits relatively comfortably on my back and I maintain a happy existence by myself in my tent.

But here in human land, one must obtain and then distribute a phenomena called "money" to a random person in order to unpack your tent and sleep in it. It cost only a little less to do this as it does to live under someone else's roof, garage, caravan, etc... In this world I visit sometimes I see very strange things. And merely to visit it requires bowing down to their ruler: the dollar.

You have just stumbled upon the lost house. Kids like yourself who are lost eventually make their way here, in which the man helps them find their way again. I am the man and you are no longer lost. Now let us just try and understand what lost means because I myself really do not know. Maybe you could help me? It bugs me ever so much.

I live it very rough, oftentimes at the tops of mountains. The longer I stay there the more structures I build with natural materials

and eventually achieve a pretty comfortable lifestyle. But then a pirate infiltrates my base and am thus forced on to somewhere else. I walk a lot. One time I walked for three weeks straight, only able to sleep under trees by the sides of busy freeways.

But their imaginary world only exists for humans. When they are around me, they force me to act like their world is somehow real, and I generally play along. If you do not, the human will become unstable and will usually eject you from their presence or throw you in prison or psychiatric hospital.

They really hate it when you outline to them what they consistently do. Almost any one of them you can watch for a week and note down a textbook of character traits that are inconsistent with who they claim themselves to be. Ultimately, the peculiar species surround themselves with those who are like them. And when one enters their lives who is very different, they will in time be treated with hostility until they flee.

The lost house eventually finds all kids who have lost their way. And they are then no longer lost. Because upon closer examination of your psychology, you will realise that you fled. And how can you be lost if you were trying to find where you stand now? Come on! That makes no sense.

I am what my bird friends call betwixed and between. No human nor bird but somewhere in its middle. A halfbreed of human and the divine. A physical body to be identified within human biology but a mind that more closely relates to my flying relatives. And a spirit that intertwines the two into a new species.

But independent of the truth behind these words, here in the human world, topics such as these are frowned upon. The human has a very peculiar way of creating a collective fictional world. They reckon if enough of them "believe" something to be true, then it is true regardless of its truth value. Logic and empirical deductions are out of their capabilities, even though they supposedly dedicate an entire field of practice to its investigation.

But when new discoveries are made, they experience cognitive dissonance for quite some time before accepting them as facts. Truths that become obvious once revealed are rejected until together the species is able to come to grips with their new reality.

And even if the truths become accepted, if they are not financially beneficial to them, they will exclude that information from their thoughts throughout their day to day lives, for example their planet merely being one of countless others swarming around their phoenix.

One must be very careful in this land because if you are misunderstood, eventually that will result with being thrown into a psychiatric ward where they spend great amounts of money not helping you, but instead stretching the limits of your patience. Their strange doctors will ignore your words and drug you, and then isolate you in order to review your response to the forced medications.

I have been thrown in those places two [now three] times now, but eventually I learned how to combat their evil deeds by building a wall of work between me and them. Every time they ignored my work despite me frantically pointing to it. If my work is my entire life, but is then ignored while being, "treated", then what does this say about our psychiatric model? Especially when that work is about them.

Let's not yet get bogged down in these details, for later I will pass you my eyes. But until then, it is now time to question the model of mental health that your society enforces on its people. Because this will clearly outline the evolutionary stage of the culture employing it.

ACT 2
KENSINGTON GARDENS
December 23, 2013

Before the pearly gates but beneath us Its heat. Purifying the outcome as a medium between the realms. Sandwiched between two opposites of the same equation. To be played out within all of its possibilities. From the formation of balanced binary data eventually forms clarity. And those who know the opposite creating a divine war. And from its peace will come violence and some passionate souls will become martyrs. But they will be the ones to stand as an example for the truth of what we collectively are. And the best open source teachers will eventually reveal all of the most terrible secrets of the world that time is no longer able to cover up. I promise you this one thing: all things will become one aspect.

A week ago sent on my way from the van. Many unhealthy character traits were apparent in its landlord and when one puts those pieces together in front of them, cognitive dissonance sets. The mind flees from what it understands because it knows what it is: having to live with their actions each and every day. Thus I immediately became someone she could no longer live around. I am pushed along back into the mother in which created me: now having facilities again to live in the wilderness. Always from beauty to despair and each over time realises what I am. But then envy takes their hearts and I become unwanted. The truth hurts because this is what we call true love. And when one points out the truth without any hostility, they will be exiled for it. And if our own

governments are unable to provide for our basic necessities, then war should break out until it does. This means every person. But encouraging a person would actually require caring about the core of that person. Just stamping numbers on people and whipping chains upon their back to make the money it printed for it to make through toils is to stamp your end times. Give us a slice of what you make so we can control this planet for you. Nothing sus! Honestly. What, you do not need to see what is over there! The third eye opened by individuals until those individuals learn how to pass it unto their people.

Tomorrow I was flying to Cairns to spend my Christmas with an interesting family who invited me. Ironically playing "I Still Call Australia Home" on harmonica today upon entering, I was told in a round about manner that it would not be a good idea for me to come. And for two weeks I suffered to obtain that non-refundable ticket, but I know that every adventure will turn out like it started in one way or another. So instead I am within nature looking over a caravan park alone. How to look at the sequential conversations into a thought that purifies its hostility into virtue: attempting to reach sage mode from an uncontrollable state.

Learning more efficiently by experience than of studying that experience: one acting before and another after the fact. Allegories become metaphors and eventually will fruit their literal manifestations. Each existing in all aspects independent of any perceiving presence. The stage of life is performed before us and we are blessed with the soil's stories whether it is through human interpretation or not; the human interpretation more often than not extremely lacking in quality compared to the real thing. Thus to put us to sleep our mind's must be encapsulated within its matrix. The few who wake up unable to accept the reality and oftentimes will go for another dip into the psychiatric ward for reprogramming: its tech bench ran by the Bull at the centre of its hypnotic equation.

Being exposed to so many types of people, I monitor great amounts of repeating behaviour and trends. I examine the collective health of every culture I come across. And that data then leads me to reliable information about that person merely by deconstructing what line of thought it took to get to their decisions, usually only glancing before making absolute comments. The one critiquing becomes the subject because it fell into my Satan trap. The words clearly written but the reader having no understanding of them. A

speechless world who both stones and idolises the gifted but completely lacking the ability to become it.

I am telling you that there is a big problem with the collective psychology of Australia. Experiencing so many cultures over my lifetime enabled me to see. And the collective health in Australia scares me to the bone. And one day you will see as they lead us to extinction. Hide anything you desire but time will catch up to it's servants. Those who only have their own two feet will not be offered a reservation into the Kingdom. It will take a journey from your spirit to your mind to your body to your mind to and from your spirit and back again until the seal of the stitch in our stomachs unite through direct connection with its opposite.

Before you stands 777 offering you freedom by facing 666, purifying with 888 while flipping it to its opposite. As the tails of our shinobi land rises, we will one day unite in one harmonising voice.

Australia has the most beautiful and unique wildlife and habitats. If it were legal, I would just stick a flag in a bit of land within it. But I found their main weapon of oppression, factual in most societies but proven within Australia's. Australia requires for every individual to reside in a government regulated housing system. If you buy property, the law is that you can not live on it by developing your own shelters and renewable energies. You must live how I tell you to live or the result is that for the next four years of your life you will be forced to move every two weeks. Living on a bag under twelve kilograms with nightmares of carrying 35: a bluff only achieved because it forced me to become strong and as a result, learn to live with less. But having everything when I look what beauty is around me. But its soil being out of my price range.

Media recommendations no longer phasing me, for I study under Wendell Charles NeSmith. I study all of his work both before and after he releases it. I learn from his line of thought and then use it to make my own. One day this cycle will repeat in my opposite and I was created to be there for her when her tails transfigures our picture. The errors of my past are passed on to her to correct by learning from its train of thought. And Artemis will shine brightly upon us covered in blood. And she will flip my psychology in order for both of ours to become one aspect. And whether you believe me or not, I am an immortal. And when the unjoined daimon jumps from my lifeless body into another, it will also take me. And from it the

reaper is then given another body to both associate and disassociate with only waiting to stretch its arms in order to compassionately embrace its opposite.

You will do this because it is good for you. If you are currently within a relationship, then you need to carefully consider whether your goods are truly of any value. And if they are not then you need to escape that relationship. If it was meant to happen, time will catch up with itself. But now begins your journey to make yourself any type of person that is worth being. The first step is to spend time consistently within it. Its results will teach you what is cool and what is not. Because when the lights go off and all adults shut their eyes, you can be that image. And even though they make you be a way that you do not like, then when their eyes look away you and your camera then return to yourself. From the Kensington training grounds we must learn how to fly. And when you are in your own fantasy that you built for yourself to exist within, then all of fiction will reverse itself, only awaiting the appropriate bard to sing you the right note. And when you get good enough to convince yourself that your stories are real, you will open your eyes and see your newly created fantasy that has now been psychologically augmented within your psychology that over time can not fail.

The more computers augment our mind's, the more that we stop using them. But when electricity is vibrated through all three aspects, the truth will become known. Today I called Homelessness Information and the U.S. Consulate for help. Neither gave me any nor advised me who might be able to. The former, hung up on me after I asked why this abandon soil was owned. The latter empathised with me but could offer no supports that would be beneficial to merely exist in a tent on a little bit of land anywhere in this world.

Australia and New Zealand censors me all around the board. When I try and get help to promote my work, I am treated like I am crazy and people in my life will rarely look at anything I have done. From the first words I learn the intentions of the subject. Sometimes I second guessed my judgements but in perspective, they were exactly what they needed to be in order to produce a creature who can take inspirations from divine manifestations as messages to your children, the womb that carried you having provided you with its scythe.

The first time a baby laughed, a fairy was born. This amused others and babies everywhere started laughing to claim their own Pokémon. The trainers who stick to the Will of their Heart will evolve into a new species, becoming masters of both them and its opposite: destiny. The ripples of thought never being ignored but both examined and considered. Lines of thought fading in and out over countless productions. Time dilation jutsu! Well documented past works build naturally: a philosophy built upon solid foundations. No longer requiring human content because if one sees, they no longer admire its counterfeit. For every philosophy will demonstrate its character through practice. This means that if divine results are not clearly seen, then that school of thought is fallacious.

The web you form will be one of deceit, but through its practice you will create the truth that you see. But take time to carefully consider the properties of your new self. Because you will fail many times before you succeed. And if victory or its opposite are not your only potential outcomes, then I will tell you right now that you are studying the wrong field of practice. A reference of your own experience (production publicly available) will always shred a reason for a bibliography. Welcome to your new school. You never have to reference true love.

Because if your Heart can merely reference to your past work (Ivory Heart) in which you elaborated upon the details pertaining to the line of thought, then you retain academic integrity, promote your past work, and most importantly enable yourself to create very short pieces of artwork that in actual fact are extremely long. When one controls their own time with care and particularity, then past work becomes pieces of our Newspeak. I am the Doctor.

ACT 3
LICENSED THOUGHT
December 23, 2013

Upon releasing this book/movie combination, the foundations of Open Source University is complete: Its core repeated at its encore. My conditioning from your ignorant perspectives has lost me the care to keep feeding you true beauty only in return for your judgmental glares. So now I will sell the mirror of my toils: each work of holding countless time independent truths that can be expounded. And after the mind understands but does not take actions to resolve the injustices, that soul is reaped. When evolved thoughts revolve very powerfully throughout our chakra networks, its focal point will eventually explode. I can write an entire book that would move you deeply but only be the same sentence written in different ways and I doubt you would notice. The piper luring you into its mirror. The paragraph length, scattered thoughts, and unusual grammatical structures being awesome and not unprofessional; independent of your thoughts about me or my writing and/or speaking style. Because if you are smart then you will see how I always demonstrate my philosophy practically literally, metaphorically, and allegorically. Because the pieces of the puzzle are right in front of you. We can now print new copies anytime and both you and I can sell the entire picture Love freely created.

ACT 4

THE LIE BEHIND

December 24, 2013

What is real? If you know my work then you know the types of assertions I have proven valid. But why on God's gorgeous Earth would I have claimed such far out allegations? What could have my psychology been doing in order to follow the same path from childhood into typing this within its epic journey?

An obsession with beauty in all aspects but rarely seeing it in our human species. A fiction that I was destined to turn into reality. From all the stories that touched my soul from childhood, I re-enacted them in front of a camera. But I was required to play many roles and it made me both the hero and villain. And I had to really think carefully about how to turn something as ugly as my past into true beauty while also retelling their forgotten stories.

But beauty was pain and when I taught myself how to not only cry but cry tears of joy, then I became the master of my own destiny because I was the one controlling my own heart strings. And if the bait was good enough, my daemon could string me to reach heights that more closely resembled its nature.

I played a cruel game on my own psychology. Because I loved innocent beauty, I tricked myself into thinking that I wanted that in a romantic relationship. I knew how much my heart wanted these beautiful mythology stories to evolve within our new Internet culture.

The difficulty was how I was best to administer this antidote to Gaia's population...

Of course I think little girls are cute! What? You say I should try and find one to eventually marry? What are you telling me Daimon? U R crazy broda! Ain't no way.

Just look my vessel... Open your eyes. You see her? She is pretty, right? Of course she is Daimon. What is your point? You should build yourself to be marriage material for someone like her.

I rarely speak to you my vessel but listen to these words, for I know you better than you know yourself. Because every second of your painful existence I watched. You are stuck in yourself but I am an impartial observer. This means that sociologically speaking, you are inferior to me and will entirely trust in my next words or you will never find happiness.

What have you achieved? You have no life so sacrifice it for my Will and you will be rewarded for it in both this life and the next. You have never been happy but you can be if you do this mythology project targeted at winning the hearts for girls like her. You can be entirely who you are but only position its material to romance young girls who have the potential to become real women into the types of women you have failed to find over your life.

And from the past recollection of me, I will come to you now as you currently type this and tell you to that the job has been done. Do not worry because you will never again be alone. But your future company will be of a divine nature and you are to take none of them for granted. I turned you into a pedophile and now I will shed all of their inferior human categories.

I woke you up to your own immortality, not because you asked for it but because your spirit was already it. You are of an interesting nature and I have never possessed such a character. And when you face one thousand soldiers and run into battle alone, I will always lend you my power to walk away victorious.

How brilliant for you to come out to play! A summoning ceremony captured on paper! You heartless creature! You push me to spend my life making productions that hit on young girls and then just decide to pop up in my work and take credit for it? You can be a

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