

The Complete Conservative Kingdom Series

History of The Spartans and The Trojans



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Chapter 1 – The high life joke

As instructed by person 1, I am supposed to give this writing thing another shot with an extra twist. I have been given the privilege of being an editor of my work this time, in a sense, making a mistake would be hazardous and she will be constantly judging me however much output I make if I do not wow the audience. In hindsight, making everyone who likes to read accept that I care about the stuff I write is honestly quite exhausting. The exhilarating form of writing comes about as one person puts the mind in a state of free fall and manages to exert a camel of an effort by threading the needle. I am not a great offensive player, but my unusual use of sly banter and shallow witticism has won me favor in court with the most astoundingly handsome ladies whose character is very questionable. I like women like I like my pineapples, sour when you eat them out too much. People say I have a sharp tongue, but they have not seen my teeth.

According to her majesty person 2, if I am to write a book, her name should also be included in it since she must be credited for her astonishing perspective and muse-like mantra. I do believe her royal highness (clever juxtaposition and lack of care here

Sam – pats self on back), thinks too much of herself for no apparent reason than she must be respected. The quarrel of the age has been the conflicting opinions of whether respect should be given or earned. I like the idea of formulating opinions on the spot and not making the pool of conformity murky and contaminated, by polluting it with grandeurs of civility and magnanimity.

When people conform, they hide in the shadows of deception. There is nothing more beautiful than conformity, yet the soul is constantly assaulted by the radical agenda of the flesh, and by deploying wishing counteractive thoughts against the shadows, one forgets to appreciate conformity's beauty. In simpler terms, while she is on her high horse demanding or expecting respect, her majesty (nice flippancy here too – second pat) forgets there are litigated terms towards the opinions of the common people that must be held in high regards just like her frivolous wishes of being worshiped for her unrelenting elegance.

My perverted mind always seeks solace in accepting the deep views of myself and my fellow counterparts in the expression of the hate we bear for one other. When I think about it, deep down, we hate each other to the point of wanting to tear each other limb from limb. What people get wrong is not how we manage but how we do not. The second mistake others make is to believe we are wrong. When you think about it, at least we picked a side and bear the cross of hatred than the sweet taste of love much like the teacher from Galilee points out.

Chapter 2 - Majesty, splendor and, formidable opponents

As often as I kept saying the sentence to people, it seems my sentence regarding the crown falls on deaf ears so I will write about it instead. The crown is heavy for the one who wears it, yet for the people that see it, it glows and shines with awe and splendor. My mind was pretty much screwed the whole day today with the nagging of duty. I managed to visit a palace that stood for the better part of the century, and it hit spots much like a very formidable masseuse untying knots in tissue muscles. To say I was in shock and awe would be an understatement. Whilst writing this, I have a huge headache from having to correct the political languages of my fellow companions. I had never really been fascinated by ruling until now.

I guess when you mix in sex, boisterous women, and alcohol the result is unrelenting babies that want to screw the whole world blind. I saw nothing I wanted in the people who ruled, who they were, what they achieved, nor what they desired. I wanted nothing they had regarding the physical property. The only thing that burned my heart to the core and made me auspiciously jealous, is time. Time is the only factor I do not have that they had plenty of. It seems the day goes by faster and faster and the people I love getting older and older getting close to checking out. The thoughts of losing the ones I love to despair, and unrelenting anguish due to separation, the thoughts that I will not get to spend enough time with them burns me to the core, hotter than Hades.

On another note, the perishing words of enigmatic propaganda, displayed for the world to see, did much to keep me focused on the prize. I am not anti-government; I am anti old people who do not want young people to have fun. To say I am tired of being told what to do by old ass

men is an understatement not because I am a prick and lack honor but because they take the precious time I have I could spend with ladies of all color size and age with jugs the size of Manhattan skyscrapers. Men are sturdy and always want jobs done for the advancement of civilization and forget to live much like the critics of the palace that live in it and forget to bask in its glory.

Rigid discipline always creates a strong generation until there are no more battles to fight and glory to earn. Sometimes the bliss of pure majesty lies in boobies, beer, a good garden, and unlimited time. In my conclusion, there is no absolute joy without women not only because they have holes, I can stick my dick into for pleasure but because they screw me over occasionally to teach me, I am not all that.

Chapter 3 – Money, money and some more money

Just when I thought my days of debauchery and worshiping the hedonism gods has come to an end, the world spread her legs like an unscrupulous peasant. As is custom by every individual who paid a prostitute for sex, I will take hold of this opportunity. On another slate, I understand my current monetary state is in deficit which brings me to the topic of pleasure once more. Much like a utilitarian, I have been in thoughts of whether this next chapter will bring happiness to most of the people that have to deal with my day-to-day relentlessness. I must admit I can be quite a handful to deal with. My philosophy can sometimes tend to be incongruent with the sedated population. Always in conflict with my possessively passive thoughts, the words that come out can sometimes feel daunting (disheartening). Although I constantly question others' motives for dealing with me, I do believe that is the source of my joy, so I tend not to be inquisitive and not deny people the pleasure of assessing my motives in return.

When I was a young lass, I used to be so shallow and unrelenting. As the days have gone by it seems I have not gotten any better maybe perhaps even gotten worse than before. Much like the use of my adjectives, I can also be demented. In this side of the eastern world, males are described by feminine terms which can often be a sign of respect. Staying on track with the topic of currency, I do believe respecting myself is a start to earning others hard earn funds. In this line of reasoning, referring to myself as a lad is quite difficult or unhelpful because I function much like a doughnut, soft on the inside but can take a decent pounding.

To my readers, I hope you do not get offended because this lass would rather not be inclined to an opinion that will not push autonomous individuals from making a utilitarian out of me. I have never really wanted to be a father so it comes as no surprise that impregnating the lady will not be in my favor. Much like George Bush, the best option will be pulling out and keep her wanting more. Much like money, children tend to ruin relationships and put a permanent touch on life that cannot be erased so easily. As their numbers increase so do the decent opinions of mankind towards you. Much like the federalist bank, the procuring of money and infants should be regulated heavily by centralized governments. The world needs many sanctions and proactive embargos. I do not often understand why there is no tax on children much like money. The expensive little people tend to ruin a debaucherous hedonist's life much like vermin on crops. That is why there are only alcoholic fathers and not alcoholic individuals. A proper term used by an exhausted wife to describe her husband's situation which in my opinion should be thrown out the window, not the term alcoholic but marriage.

Chapter 4 – Law school and the dreaded golden pass

It seems I am in no position to advocate for my love bearing. I spent the better part of yesterday looking for ways to go to law school without a bachelor's degree. As a 4th year student, standing in my way seems to be the lack of ability to integrate myself into a stable society structure/model. I have been fighting this concept for so long, yet it seems I cannot even go through the law school doors without accepting it. I cannot imagine the douchebag who invented normal marriage. Person 1 is constantly trying to drill the topic in my mind, and I think she gets scared I do not have any interest in it. Person 2 is worried let alone the husbandry; I will not even know how to be a father. Back when I was a tiny freshman, I saw people getting ready to graduate their final year with boyfriends and proud parents on the other side awaiting/expecting a bright future with grandchildren and stable jobs from their sons and daughters. I saw what I could potentially become if I stayed the course and decided against it.

I was happy leaving high school with decent scores to see what the university had in store for me. When I realized it was a marriage, a wife, kids, and a house with a possible dog, safe to say I went the other way. It took 1 week for me to realize I would do everything in my power to not get there. I did not even realize I was far gone until I woke up to the fact that I had to file for bankruptcy to get my transcript. I needed a lawyer, so I decided to become one. Standing where I am, I do not regret the path I took one bit but now that the law school doors are in sight, I would rather get paid the money I would pay another lawyer to do the job I want to be done for myself.

My dreams of drinking and fornicating my way to an early grave that I thought was dead seemed to have been resurrected.

As is required of every person to advocate for civility and order, I must do so as well. I will make it clear that I have surrendered to person 1's plans. The only way to get what I need seems to be through the vagina. On that line, I will do my duty and screw my way back to the places I need to go. I have never really used the term gold digger before, but my job seems to be one now; to send my dick on an expedition into unconquered caves of all nations. When all is well and done, they might call me the liberator. My rhetoric is constantly getting polished every day and I will use it to slay the opposition till I sit back on my throne again. May the gods ever so watch my steps as I endeavor down the golden pass.

Chapter 5 – Friends on the other side

I have not been in contact with my “Irish” family for quite a while. I used to spend so much time contemplating life in Derry with decent characters I had grown accustomed to over the years. I remember spending long hours researching life in Ireland and the grand catholic life. I was instantly hooked watching Derry girls to the lifestyle of a private school student mostly because the actors in the show are almost exactly my age and I have no friends who want to get turn up on the regular. In addition to my pre quota rebellion, I did the exact opposite of what the character James did at the end of season 2 where he stayed in Derry instead of leaving with his English mother. I suppose I cannot blame them, to be honest for not wanting to “hang out” with me anymore.

The opposite end of the spectrum falls in the line of my subconscious brain taking it as literal school and realizing school is out for the summer... either way, I have been feeling ostracized lately. Perhaps my role and subatomic relation have been squashed when I decided to screw up my chances in Salisbury, a town built by Irish hands. Christ, I miss the Irish people of the eastern shore. The only way I know I had an awesome time that is because I drank so much, I can barely remember it. Although most of my money went to alcohol, there was the prettiest lady who I used to go see to cut my hair right next to an Irish pub as a freshman. I used to scrape money even though I had none left just to shut up and look at her as she worked on me for what seemed like forever...good... good... times...Bob Seger would have been proud. The most ironic part is although many women in the dorms and parties probably looked like her, she is the one I remember most because I was sober going to the shop and the memories are still fresh in my mind.

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