



The Conservative King Diary and Literacy

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Chapter 1 - The Four Seasons

Poem 1 – I found my light (the winter stag)

The bitter snow, the bitter weather,
Thick and dense yet light as a feather
As the wind blew and the trees slept
Thin ice and mud along with the pelt
The blinding light that gleamed and shone
reflected in angles on snow, white as a bone
the mystic day and with romance and moonlight
dripping icicles, forming in the height
the frozen ponds, no life in sight
overwhelming beauty that drains the might
snow so cold with teeth that bite
fluttering slowly into the night
freezing cold, numbers below zero
extinguishes all hope, and desire for tomorrow
to live for the night, to live for the day
to gaze and watch with nothing to say
a spark and a pipe, books and beers
tunes of fantasia that steers and steers

Poem 2 - My anger in the summer (the republican wolf)

I hate the summer, I really do

If you sweat like I did, you'd hate it too

I hate taking showers, ten times a day

I would rather spend all my time, laying on the bay

The pacific or the Atlantic, I do not care

Rather than staying out in the sun, I would rather be eaten by a bear

Water is scare and so is decency

And if you heard my poem, you would abandon democracy,

because it is dirty.

I hate the patronizing sun, with its divinity

Just like Jesus, on his donkey, doing his duty

Running place to place, establishing a dynasty

Instead of just settling in derry.

Piercing everyone with an abominable stare

Staggering, boiling heat I cannot bare

Being cooked alive, is really not great

Takes the fun out of drinking, a hook without bait

I hate waiting for the night, just to have a little sip

Because disobeying nature is really not hip.

Autumn

Like a doe in distress, she came to me,
Her feet were a little worn, not hard to see
She was fading slowly, her colors were changing
I held her in my arms, god knows what she was thinking
She was dying slowly, and so was her kind,
No hope in sight, nowhere to hide
as the winds picked up, much like the tide
she drew her last breath, I got caught in a bind.

Her spirit was gone, her body remained
My heart ached a bit, as my eyes turned red
A renegade, a storm, yet she lifted me high
Struggling to speak, no one heard my cry
I will treasure her, when she comes again
Although hard to comprehend, for my brain
She is a season, much like the rest
Only time will tell if she is the best
As she scattered away, in my fingers
I thought of the journey, that often hinders
The substitutions, and the incoming changes
The dormant desires, that unfailingly hinges
As it departs slow, along with the month,
You can hear her whisper, from inside the earth.

The spring

All hope was lost, and then I saw her

As she rose from the ground, from what seemed like a blurr

She had been gone for ages, no one knows how long

In the bitter weather, we pushed forward strong

My knight, she bites, as she pushes out from the ground

New life, I like, I hunted her like a hound

She was far away, when I thought she was near,

With nothing left to hear, although nothing was clear

As I brushed the ground, to help her up from the bottom

She was up in the sky, and I couldn't fathom

And time goes on

A few month ago she was just a seed,

Dying in my arms, with few words to heed

As she grows and sprouts, I will be at her side

My heart intact with nothing left to hide

She brightens up my day, she is warm to hold

She holds me tight, she shapes me like mold

Chapter 2 - The winter adventures

Today is the first of march, and while sitting down writing this, I can't help but think of the seasons that we went through together. We survived the deadliest colds, the greatest highs, and the most epic journey, unfolded before our eyes. Yesterday, the supreme court started taking cases for the student loan relief programs. If things go well, we have an opportunity to gain another 20,000 dollars given to us. With this debt relief, we should be able to get our credit scores up which will allow us to apply for many kind of credit cards. I can't help but wonder how awesome, the sweet taste of the meals we ate while sitting in that dreadful snow somewhere in the back yard of our pools. I guess you can say what I miss the most is the swimming pools since we have never been inside them.

The sun sets and the sun rises, which we witnessed with our eyes still make me hopeful when I think back. We survived the many different temperatures while singing with one another in love and we made so many friends. We partied in below zero weathers and we partied when the sun was it's peak. The most magical moon phases, under the lights, while we pondered our fate in the universe. We found our dreams and we made allies from som many different countries. We delighted in one another and shared toasts and drink with joy in our hearts. We made memories no one can ever take from us. I have been happy before, but now reflecting back, my anguish lies in my aging body. I am starting to have wrinkles. The features of my face do not look the same anymore. If only there was a way to maintain my body forever, eternally, not my soul or spirit, but an immortal physical body.

Chapter 3

March 7th, 2023

The relentless person who advanced to become a King

I have been on a roll in the past few years. I have made sure my moments with the royal prince are just the moments to be proud of because in regards to purpose, the time has come for the people who have called themselves, "citizens of the state" to conclude peace on behalf of the government". This theory is not one I have adopted, I have learned it. I am a king because my father has passed on his glory on to me. I always thought of myself as person of intersent, but the devine seem to disagree. I bowed before the church to make my name known. I asked the holiness to bless me on his/her behalf. I am the product of the church. I love my country. I love my citizens. When looking back, my heart, adores what you have become my embodied soldieser. I will always remember you as af father remember his sons. I have never loved one with all my heat more than you. We are relentless soldiers who wair, because we love you all. As a king, I am determined to tell you all that we have survived for before we recognized that scinece was a facor. Before the atomic bomb become a reality, we were thre. Before the democracy of england was there, so were we. We hubley asked for our representatives to give way to your wars, you never listened. Before, the horses bled of copper, before the flies complained of sanitizeers, were were were thre. Before the moments I tought were hoprelsss. They are the ones.

Chapter 4 - My Experience with Pedophilia

I have been studying a lot lately of Eagles and Lions. They are majestic creatures. They hunt and eat different kind of animals. They soar in the sky and they look so majestic to the point you just can't help but look at them. They feed their young ones blood and they grow up to hunt. They grow to become symbols of nations. Funny thing however, the little ones have small development times. Lion cubs do not hunt by themselves until they reach maturity around 1 year old. Eagles until they fledge, it takes about 6 months. The moral of the story here is, if you break a wing while the eagle is still nesting, they won't be able to fly. If they do not fly, they do not hunt, if they do not hunt, they do not eat, if they do not eat, they die. The young lions, who are not allowed to hunt, if they experience a bad kill, or encounter a gore from a beast, they won't be able to hunt, then they die. Since they are small, they do not have the strength to sustain a large kill. They do however have the ability to follow and learn from their parents. When you look at many cases, in the human world, the mind gets damaged, for the young boys, their ability to reason gets damaged. The young girls, their faith. Much like the eagle and the lion. It takes about 300,000 dollars to raise children until they turn 18. The average person engages in sexual contact for about 6 minutes. A prostitute costs about 200 dollars. For 6 minutes of pleasure, I do not understand why people would sacrifice they would throw away 18 years of their life subjected to raising children. On a law scale, it makes no sense because it's terrible judgment. In the long run, the white pleasure itself is the hell, not the anguish after because heaven is dangerous. Anything that is divine is dangerous because heaven is a government. You thought it was heavenly but it is actually the flames of hell, that little lust, the wondering which cripples the body and eats it from the inside. The body consumes itself, slowly and slowly, locomotion goes out the window. Death is better in the pure form of it than the blinding flashes of immorality.

There are so many people I want to meet, so many girls I want to kiss. There doesn't seem to be enough time to get around to love with all heart. I wish I could but the only way I have found to express myself is through my writings. In the sense, I have lived a thousand life times. While we sang the most heartfelt songs, we got to know one another and learned who we are. I guess you can say that is the only thing missing, to make these moments last forever, with one another, in holy communion, forever. I guess I will start working on that now.

Chapter 5 - The story of the bad prince

a young lady seems to be breaking up with her boyfriend, he has followed her home and they are arguing by the door of her apartment. She doesn't want to let him in and this is the last time she wants to see him because she feels abused. After a few vocal arguments, she calls security, and promptly they arrive, but upon seeing her boyfriend face the security guards feature changes, "oh hey what's up prince, I heard she needed help so I came to see what's going on but I guess you were here first". The lady quarrels, security, it's him I need him off my premises. The guard stops for a minute, yes but he takes precedence. Our loyalty is to him first and then you. We can't help. She screams, "you're fired", I am afraid that's not possible the guard whispers, we signed a contract, in exception of the prince. He says, "you're on your own" and leaves. The prince awkwardly dissists, "hey man, I'm coming with you, you got beer?". "Only a keg, leave her, she's not worth it".

Prince exits with guard.

Next scene starts,

It is a court room. The lady in waiting had filed a lawsuit against the guard who did not do his job in protecting the girl. The general jury decided due to his neglect, and upon going through the contract, the guard is sentenced to 5 years in prison, unless a fee of 70,000 dollars were paid in recompensing the damage put upon the social status and endangerment of the life of the lady. In walks the prince through the back, a paper is passed to the judge, the payment had been completed in full by an anonymous person. The shackles are undone from the guard. The guard looks shocked just that morning they were drinking beer together, while in the afternoon, they were making amends, damages done to their reputation on behalf of their royalty. The Prince exits with the said guard, they leave the court in hush and the prince hands a cig box to the guard, he takes one, the prince lights it for him. "well, fair to say that we are out of the shithole on this one" he utters. We will be glad once we reach the bar says the said prince. They leave with a sense of haste, eager to get to the drinking part. They talk and have a good time on the way. The prince offers him a full time position by the palace and the guard accepts. They exist said scene with happiness having averted chaos.

Chapter 6 - The fighting spirit that I do not have

I am not a pacifist, but I still hate fighting. I see no point in fighting anyone or anything. There is no goal to accomplish in fighting because the aim or end goal is not there. It seems some of the reasons that people fight would be to stop the advance of someone, against something they do not want or to take something someone has they do not have that they want. The problem lies in

the motive because as long as that person is still alive, so is the possibility of the advancement until the whole body comes to rest.

I like the possibility of no movement. I like the possibility of dividing and conquering the soul from the body. No "fight" should ever be wasted and should end in the lifeless body of the other individual. As my age keeps growing everyday, I am starting to notice a lot of things that are a waste of time, the primary one I can think of is fighting and not finishing the job. I find it half hearted and weak. I find it wishy washy with no heart or passion poured forth in the wasted movements. Anyone who fights and doesn't kill is always holding back, guessing their thoughts and questioning their motives. I sat and thought to myself while watching National Geographic videos. "What if that lioness hadn't killed that zebra, or those wild dogs let their prey survive?" The simple answer is clear. If they had "fought" the zebra or the beast, and they concluded their fight after dealing damages, there would still be no lunch, or dinner. If there is no food on the table, there will be no offsprings. If there are no offsprings, the species will itself disappear. In a sense, mating is a form of death too. The one who "fought" to mate and has, is no longer a virgin. They lose that innocence and are no longer considered pure because even if they fought for it, they still had to sacrifice their lack of experience or knowledge of that pleasure for the purpose of knowledge.

All things have an end, and do come to an end. That building project in your community will likely be finished soon. That girl that you obsessed over on highschool is about to enter into menopause, no longer capable of reproducing. That enemy you hate is still breathing, yet in due

time they will pass as well. All I am saying is, if you want to "fight", do not half ass it and go all the way, slay them instead and let them pass into eternal rest.

Often times I find myself in contempt, deep hatred for malicious people who think badly. I sometimes have thoughts that are quite sophisticated yet I know that is indeed how other people are thinking, and have set up their security. Like, distrusting the passive person because deep inside you have a fear all that person is looking for is an opportunity, for the right time to take his shot, like the guy who threw shoes at President Bush. The dude was probably like a quite person who took his shot in moment of heat. I like the conception of the quiet guy staying in silence to predate on his enemies, a square to the face that you fear incoming because it leads to embaressment.

Chapter 6 - The opportunist Predator

I like the fear of celebs who constantly hide away under protection of security thinking they are under threat from specific people who are waiting to take them on because they are the only special beings on the planet. It really churns my gonads, the pride of their perfection, the source of their pleasure and what they do to protect it. That being said, I still want to sue my previous school. I am also waiting to predate just incase shit hits the fan. They left out on my third graduation, my article of recognition after having graduated with a fourth degree. I have been in deep thoughts of bringing defamation charges against them, and maybe just like the celbs, I do have this opportunist predetory side. Like, who the hell leaves out a 0 on a 100,000 dollar check? "Like, here you go sir, I knew I owed you \$10,000, but I left out the 0, and now I am only giving you \$1000 dollars".

As an elected representative of the student body, I was actually assaulted quite a few times, and I let that slide. Maybe one of these days, I could just come out swinging. Maybe I am just also waiting for the right time to predate. I also like the possibility of having distance behind these events, because no one has ever gone down because Sam called the cops. Sam however has gone down a few times, had his mental health evaluated, and discharged with a bad name. Maybe one of these days I will open my mouth about my experiences at college parties, on frat brothers with names, and maybe I will threaten to be a snitch, like I have never been. Only time will tell, but at the end of the day, the opportunist predator is lurking around somewhere, in thoughts waiting to strike. I think at the end of the day, when you look back and reflect on it, the answer is quite clear. We say what we say and do what we do to get what we want. The only problem is finding what we do.

Chapter 7 - A former rejected Essay to a University

March 1st, 2023

Firstly, I am a son to a mother who brought me to this Earth 27 years ago. Secondly, I am a friend and companion to many across the globe who value my input on international and military matters. Thirdly, I exist as a brother to many who see fit to seek my advice when in need of spiritual assistance. Lastly, I am a politician who has managed to earn the votes of hundreds for the purpose of pushing an agenda that served the common good of the students at Montgomery College.

I have been elected twice on the student council at Montgomery college, once in 2017 and another time in 2020. I have attained a 4.0 GPA on 5 different occasions at Montgomery College. I have succeeded in having my article posted on the college's Excalibur newspaper after having competed for a staff writer position. I have graduated three times consecutively in 2019, 2020, 2021 and procured 4 associate degrees.

I would like to be a husband and a father to sons or daughters. I would like to wake up somewhere in Massachusetts in my 40's on a rainy morning in a house with a family. I want to be a laborer who works and gathers crops in due season to reap a reward, metaphorically speaking. Realistically, I intend to run for federal office in my 30's because being a Senator is of value to me.

Chapter 8 - Speculative Thoughts

I guess you can say I have a huge desire to fly much like birds of the sky. The only sitch lies in the whole process can only become a reality within the imagination. I also have a huge desire to have a little place to stay in, my own little republic. When I think about where i want to go, it would be nice to attend either one of the universities because they would give me exactly what I want. Although time is not on my side for completely pushing the agendas I want, my heart dwells on the endless possibilities of overcoming the language barrier and conflict for the liberation of my own personal desires. The liberation of my desires will enable me to put them into action apart from a physical body of my mother who will likely judge and inspect every single thing I do. The little hitch that the eagles want to put me a semester back for the

accomplishment of their goals seems to be a tiny hindrance in the long run but considering the present situation and where i am along with my age, the public will make me a huge target for their own personal target practice... an example to teach their kids of what not to be when they grow up if i turn down their offer. During these isolation times, the relentless rhetoric that is going around the nation will not work well in my favor as well whenever I put my personal thoughts into the matrix of the general population. Facing reality will not really be a huge problem especially considering the days are rapidly approaching.

To the absolutists, it makes no sense what the actual hell mtap is because they will say you are either in or out which makes it difficult to input any subjective thought. There is no way I will be able to tell them I am in or out. However, the answer lies in where my stride is being extended. One way or another I will end up winning and getting what I want. The correct answer to tell them will be i am a student at the university of maryland especially considering i have an id and will be in a classroom setting by may 31st. The objective condition however is much more difficult to comprehend. Considering there is no money shelter or food on campus at the present moment, no kind of life will be able to be sustained on campus if I go there now. I will wither and die like a twig by the end of the day, spent by the journey and harsh conditions of the climate as well as the desert-like surroundings.

The days seem to be getting closer and closer for the whole thing to either be a colossal success or a situational success. The minimum day stands at 19 at the moment while the maximum stands at 40. I could pull the Jesus in the desert or could push forward my full desire to be with my wife and take on a shit job to get a place to stay and be part of an illusive little tiny group that works for the sake of a depreciating agenda... a twisted one much like a sophisticated anvil. A debauchorous hedonist on a mission or a royalist monarchist. Often I keep finding these

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