

THE CONSERVATIVE PRINCE DIARY AND LITERACY



SAMUEL KEBEDE

**THE CONSERVATIVE PRINCE
DIARY AND LITERACY**

SAMUEL KEBEDE

Copyright © 2023 by Samuel Kebede.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the publisher, except by reviewers, who may quote brief passages in a review.

This publication contains the opinions and ideas of its author. It is intended to provide helpful and informative material on the subjects addressed in the publication. The author and publisher specifically disclaim all responsibility for any liability, loss, or risk, personal or otherwise, which is incurred as a consequence, directly or indirectly, of the use and application of any of the contents of this book.

WRITERS REPUBLIC L.L.C.

515 Summit Ave. Unit R1
Union City, NJ 07087, USA

Website: *www.writersrepublic.com*

Hotline: *1-877-656-6838*

Email: *info@writersrepublic.com*

Ordering Information:

Quantity sales. Special discounts are available on quantity purchases by corporations, associations, and others. For details, contact the publisher at the address above.

Library of Congress Control Number:
ISBN-13: 979-8-88810-694-5
979-8-88810-695-2

IN-PROCESS
[Paperback Edition]
[Digital Edition]

Rev. date: 03/03/2023

FOR - THE FAITHFUL AND THRILL-SEEKERS

Contents

PART I

The high life joke	3
Majesty splendor and formidable opponents.....	5
Money, money, and some more money.....	7
Law school and the dreaded golden pass	11
Friends on the other side	13
The semi-decent rich life	15
Pregnancy and hybrid children.....	17
The 1 percent of the 1 percent	19
The thirst for money	21
The good old days	23
Party days	25
Thing's money can't buy.....	27
The terror of debauchery.....	29
The thrill of the kill.....	31
The thing that makes me happy the most.....	33
My first kiss.....	37
The anti-Christ, Satan, and the devil	41
Cocaine, drama, or the girl.....	45
How I hate being respected and it almost practically ruined my life	49
The American and the Ethiopian	53
The Greco-Roman adventures.....	55
How I managed to start my sorority and fraternity in community college	59
How I campaigned and was elected to the student council ...	61
What do I want?.....	65
Despair	67
Why I started lifting weights	69

The reason I hate summer.....	71
My experience of peace.....	73
A man filled with secrets.....	75
The art of my politics.....	77
How I have always wanted to be in the Navy.....	79
Sweep me off my feet.....	81
My obsession with country music.....	83
The reasons I want to be a senator	85
How I came across love	89
Why I hate the spotlight	91
A faithful argument to why I should become a student at Harvard University	95

PART II

Is college worth it	103
When is the use of military force justified?	105
Wonder Woman Critical Review	109
Is Dating a Thing of the Past?	113
American dependence	127
América es Liberado!.....	131
The written word on friendship	135
Politics economy and culture of Tokugawas Japan and Ming China.....	137
Cases for monarchy	147
The Class Room	153
My views of communism.....	157
Business and Politics.....	161
Bipolar Disorder and Marijuana use in adolescents	173
The red knightw	179
Complete citations	183

PART



|

6/18/2021

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.

6/19/2021

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 untangling binds 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.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

