

*Friends in Death, Magic and Hexes*

*Eski*

*(<https://eski.info/>)*

## ***Entry 1***

I have seen many terrible things throughout my life, both real and hallucinatory. I speak in primary about eruptions of emotion and personality perceived in the last four years (approx. May 2017)-(3/16/2020).

Firstly, I state that I have found in life that physics is flawed. Physics has allowed for the propagation of evils, and terrible events in space and time that result in suffering. For instance, why should an animal intended to be used as food and be killed be ever at all conscious? Physics and comparative weights, measures and charges is also a terrible mess for what it is - especially in particle and chemical physics. I wish for things to evolve to become simpler - by using the soul and the power within to change the laws of physics and chemistry to a sense that empower good beings with happiness and mastery of the environment, leaving those who are evil to do only what is best. I suspect that this involves suffering, but to me, this is more than just a dream. It is a way of life, and is rather emotional. I hope that some friends out there read and understand this.

Since the summer of 2017, I have had many hallucinations of people telling me that I deserve to die and/or be raped, for various reasons. Mostly due to jealousy over social status or stigmas thereof, my success in research of all topics of science and being 'too much' of a goal-seeker or potential educational figure to my (apparently jealous) peers towards scientific progress and respect for those making it

(that my name should not be remembered for any work I may do in these revolutionary times as they are jealous of my existence and the denial of my support of friends in the fields as good-intentioned), or that fragments of my success with fantastical or real women whom (okay, specifically the real ones) I never unfairly took or treated were supposed causes for me to die or be raped by members of my gender, all projectively synthetic and unhumanistic. Most of the time, I found modest or commonly partial sympathy in the aura (my hallucinatory overlay) of women and incredible despise from men. The hallucinations were the worst and most hateful at first, but within a day well-devised and depersonalizing, followed by what looked to me like not just people I knew, but almost the whole world within a month. The hallucinations were ever so slightly weaker, and the visuals were at first at almost exactly a 50-50 overlay, with minor preference to objectives in the 'true' (uncertain) field, decreasing slightly, until the first peak experience where I felt emotionally the despair that the whole world would soon send someone brave enough to kill me, every motorcycle and truck (not usually my type of people driving them to begin with), even from miles away from me at my favorite nature hideaway, buzzing in my ear with lower vocaloid harmonic twinges of words that expressed only hate, as if the driver was driving just so that words could seemingly abstract from the wheels, and they were very persistently against me. I tried to commit suicide that night, and to put it dramatically failing potentially by only a slight mechanical failure of the equipment I was using, followed by general indecisiveness of the crowd - That I should stay alive to be killed by someone else or stay alive to be raped, and that every move of denial I make against this awful rationalism

was to be confined as a 'hex of death forever' in the books of, at the time, my impression of what they wanted of me, all the while, having gone through probably well over a hundred of thousands fleeting and constant arguments daylong from the unuplifting summer tourist traffick in my region. I don't really want to do the math, but imagine a fast reader skimming two to three books at once on average, one usually being the loudest, all day and up til late at night, very loud and bright in the eyes and ears, for perhaps close to two months before this peak. The hallucinations began to taper very, very slowly as they were before, after, but I could almost see it and say to myself that it was speeding up and picking up momentum by the time it was early 2018. Things happened, a girl I had been interested in talking to romantically but had continuously been frustrated by had started appearing in the auras - the auras would appear nonlocally and were often not incredibly connected with my actual communications with this woman. The auras quickly turned to some queer attempt at showing me and making me listen to intensive submissive and self-sadistic behavior and willingly giving in to what I could only describe as rape, as it was so violent, horrible and tragic. Multiple times I had dissociated that her trip to Europe had gone bad, and this was seriously happening and she was really doing this while thinking about me as if I deserve to see such cruelty to her for her having being interested in me. Then came some really freaky stuff, involving a brief episode of practically all women in the world siding with her and wishing unwell on me, though not nearly as extreme, for saying that I could never forgive her in person. Not that I had any real idea on if she was really doing that, just that I could not bring myself to care about

her or any woman at all. Constantly a particular colorful aura I can only describe as having corresponds with the modern protein amino acid structure of human follicle stimulating hormone, kept appearing from the cars, a larger than believable quantity of the drivers being male, making fun of me for her doing what she was doing, calling her a 'dead bitch.' This simply broke my heart and made the problem even worse. At some point, a lady who was associated with this woman I knew (half-chinese and jewish) who was Jewish made things weirder by adding ethnic/religious character to the hallucinations. Basically it turned out that the Jewish lady and the girl, K, wanted to live off sex cells and eat me, and the Jewish lady's son o do something I will insinuated to want to say something I aptly verbalize from my own perspective: I am going to shoot you in the head, and fuck your brains out. Beyond that these people said three things of me. K said I should be raped by her boyfriends for eternity. The Jewish lady said I should be eaten by her and be shown infinite intellectual suffering while she becomes pregnant with a girl which would take my place and force me to marry a man. Or, that her son and I would have a real face-off. They said that I had to choose one, and for every moment I wait the problem will get worse. The problem was enough of a problem for me, given my problem was not getting better. Well, it was, but the concept of the hate from people was too intense for me to handle. I simply said, "Fuck you people, one day you'll die, and I can forget you, but I'm going to make humanity live forever and you can't stop me from not sparing any of you evil people." I totally get that there are people, maybe even them, that really want the technology, but because of the trauma I faced I'm going to want proof that people are good people. This was

around the time I really started taking my idea of the Universe having objective answers for problems like this - what should I do here? Are these people real? I began to work on the answers. Meanwhile, it seemed that only by making a weird pressure continuum with my mouth or very intensive bodily reposition could I quickly flash the hallucinations away. This led to poor sleep for these months, coming into mid-2018 from what I remember. As I brushed the hallucinations away, it became relevant and I began to dissociate a matrix where consciousness can have contact with other consciousness to transfer information. In this matrix you can limit people from doing evil, and this theoretically limits yourself from doing evil. I absolutely sympathize with those who die unjustified, and I do believe in punishment for wrongdoing. Again, I was afraid to talk to anyone about the auras and hallucinations. I kept on focusing on trying to figure out how I can watch these people suffer, without watching people who do not need to suffer suffer - as I strongly believe that this matrix will someday allow for us to control other's thoughts and force them to do what is needed, and I certainly don't need another run for the show with copies of the people that, in my mind, did wrong to me first in the most backstabbingly mind-contorted of ways. I found a solution: The Universe will do it, and give The Universe your energy to take care of what or whoever is doing evils in this world, and manipulate it for better using objective grounds that are not evil or intrusive or spying. Betting on a massive void as the Universe for answers to come echoing back is in the very least what I would say to describe waiting and working on this problem. Mind you, the progress towards clarity of aura and reversal of energy became more satisfying over time -

At first, my voice was marginally louder in my mind than theirs - nice to hear your own voice, yes? But then it became louder and louder, and by far not acceptable or working to convince anyone of anything. The massive intricacy and craziness of these interactions and the horribleness of the whole thing just made me sick and ill, and I had picked up cigarettes from, and I'm not usually a quitter to make a pun, day 4 Haven't quit yet. It makes me sick and ill to imagine people are going to try to bring to my attention the idea that my own mind had synthesized these hallucinations. This is not an effect of my own brain, and for as long as my shots in the dark (asking the void) and all my massive supercomputer database of events in life I don't deserve to die for being a part of, some entity which I am speaking to is responsible, and don't be alarmed when it's overlaid on someone, even my mother when they snap at me in the middle of a delicate thought, for while the insult I perceive is massive, I have seen evidence to believe that people at the given date of this entry still have ways of confusing and hexing a person to perceive threats from the wrong person, using my own ability to affect the hallucinations as a mirror I don't think that's possible without severe effort of the mind and I am by now well at recognizing it. Back then, around the last timeframe, I thought everyone was on me. I still hold to my story, that nobody physically did anything (though I am physically registering things and feelings and thoughts and emotions...) provable that has actually appeared in my hallucinations and that I cannot but wait for the true culprit. Again, this is not my mind and I have always loved myself, I hadn't a breath to even question myself save for that all of a sudden people are talking in colors and sounds I never heard,

and they want to kill me behind fleeting vehicle doors. What's the problem, was my big deal. This was a strength that held for a while. I attended a couple semesters of college half-successfully despite all these hallucinations. I am proud of myself for that, as backwards and inefficient as people tend to make things these days - and yes I blame a lot of people for a lot of shit anyways. What's interesting is that on the night of the peak of world attention, when I was in my room planning to kill myself, someone who had found no reasons for me to die in their brain was still angry and said I deserve to die anyways and that they would kill me. Before K and the other family I thought hey, this is the most evil person in the world and I'm tired of this. So tired that I wanted to die despite all my love for myself and science and nature and life. I must say it's grueling to type this, but I only intend on doing it once. I digress. I was experimenting with a number of drugs throughout these times, since I had quickly learned tobacco was helping my hallucinations and helping me stay calm despite the bullshit. All the drugs helped. I'm today not worried about my response to drugs, and I've been scanned to have about two gene-drug interactions within a range of hundreds of modern pharmaceutical psychotropic agents. They all seem to help. A few have negative side effects in my organs, but my mind likes them all well. I was at a party I shouldn't have been, because I was kicked out of my parent's house and needed to bum a stove off someone who would let me boil down a chemistry experiment. When I was suddenly left alone by someone I wasn't even afraid of, the person I once thought was the most evil person in the world. Yes, I was aware they were a known rapist, potentially a murderer, sells drugs to children, slew of problems with them really. I just



figured this person had nothing to do with me, and they wouldn't touch me if I watched their aura and made sure when to leave. I was not planning on any more than a few minutes there, but so quickly was I left alone and seemingly politely (though not without my prejudicial disgrace) to buy some shitty cocaine was I complacent on spending \$50 to quell this person long enough for people to come back, given the coke was fine as it was a hard to find treat. I could have left, and should have before this man got the chance to attack me - a couple minutes of conversation, I accidentally must have exposed a couple extra bucks in my wallet for this cunt to want to get ahold of. I was on the way out early when I was coaxed into a headlock, which I got out of and upon getting out, was flustered as to what, get myself busted with all kinds of shit including a stabbing to explain for, I had the knives accessible, or just hand over my wallet. The asshat made it clear that he 'just' wanted money - though not without trying a 'just go to sleep' card while I was in a headlock that was obviously not going to last while in my shape and dealing with a washed up, old, belligerent fool. So, the first-outcoming most evil person in the world to me, lived up the name fairly well (Except for being coaxed/hexed into sexual experiments with male friends I also won't name here, other trauma I won't accept). I thought that was messed up, and numerous calls to police agencies a short clean-up after returned no investigation, nor collection of potential evidence or even personal one-on-one chat for even for spite of anyone who forces this on another innocent being, and no response on digital social networks when I told my 'friends' in town that it happened. Some people laughed at me, as if this person 'is obviously not to fuck with.' This person is obviously to fuck with, and it's

supposed to be a police officer's job to handle the dirty work. So, I continue. More hallucinations, a depressive period, my grades in college take a dive, and I'm recovering and doing more pushups at the very least. Everyone was laughing at me in the hallucinations. About everything going on, and everything that has happened. Most people were occasionally even saying, given my consistent proofs of having an unnaturally louder imaginary voice, things such as 'I know, I'm your dead bitch' in a droning tone as if to mock my relationship with K and the idea that these people have no obligation to actually pay for anything that happened to me - well, I still swear something(s) out there do(es). And however it works out, I'll be able to be content that whatever it was, gets a reflection of itself made so that I can look at it, satisfied without a weird feeling for the innocent had it impersonated them. I sometimes think these auras are a warning of what people think, but don't say, or some distortion of that. I read auras while I was about to be robbed, before anything happened, but sadly it was too late and a hex was in charge of the situation. I read auras in public, and I can always see the smile on people's faces when I motion complexly as if I'm thinking in the way I'd be thinking to move that way normally, when I think they are wanting me to think that way. Doesn't happen so often when I come out with my own things. Are people just on edge about new people, and are my real life friends really that awful? I don't want to get into it here, but there are a lot of strange relationships I've had with friends and they HAVE acted in the way the hallucinations show to me in the past. I often see the hallucinations of people reflecting their personalities before I meet them, with the exception it seems a lot like when I'm driving to

meet some person alone in their house or with family that their character is skewed around their family versus when I actually show up. I actually try to automate my responses to these people these days, and it works in my opinion. So, to go beyond that: Those couple of weeks go by, a few suspicious and sketchy dial-tone breathing phone calls later, and someone, I am suspecting the family members or friends of the person I had been spreading rumors and telling friends and calling cops about, had thrown a Molotov cocktail at my parent's house where I was staying. On our front hedges, but this was a serious threat. Not so much to my life, but everything my family had worked for that made life convenient and accessible. I was pissed. We got ahold of the cops easy this time because they actually stopped to put out the fire. Police said they had no evidence on site, and 'no reason to investigate [said family].' I remember the frustration, it sent me into hurls later that night that made my parents call an emergency response team to come over - just to check my blood pressure and recommend I see a shrink, despite the story of what happened just before. Winter 2018, this part gets rather insane. I see a car pointing a gun at me, this person pulled over and is waving me to their car. Someone I know hangs out with [person and said family]. Not going by your car, and I am nearly certain I spotted a gun. That was enough, I took a day or two break and retaliated with a Molotov cocktail thrown at the initial attacker (and their long-history violent criminals parent's) house, whom I was always warned by childhood friends not to 'fuck with'. The street was without sound for minutes before I threw them, but I was warning these hallucinations that enough was enough. Unfortunately for me, someone got the idea to come outside and they caught me throwing my

warning shots. I ran so fast to try to get back home, ditched clothes, and basically did what I could. Enough wasn't enough, and I was brought into the police station to 'explain why I did it.' Of course I plead guilty, they had reports of why I did it and I could probably just get a self-defense charge, right? No way. They said I was looking at going to prison for 15-20 some odd years. I was pretty sure I was going to die in jail or prison, and quickly, and hopefully it would solve my issues. Well, no, I spent a month in jail not going to talk to my parents or attorneys or anything. I was smart not to plead guilty to my original charges, as a month in I got a letter I couldn't read with some legal symbols so encoded I couldn't understand them without a lawyer. I was 19 at this time, and my DOB is 6/19/98. I was trying to make sense of this paper, and I get a 'lawyer' call to the front of the jail. Great, so I can ask the lawyer how fucked I am about this piece of paper? Unfortunately, I WOULD HAVE BEEN FINE, HAD I ACTUALLY BEEN TOLD THE TRUTH. My Public defender was no longer my public defender when the Jewish lady from before, whom I had worked for and grown to trust for her hatred of the other people harassing me in my hallucinations, had seriously just paid \$15,000 for a lawyer for me. This lawyer lied to me about the law outright, and without a second glance at my paper, lied to me about what was a Misdemeanor charge, citing I'd go to prison for it. With the charge I was actually offered, I'd have walked free immediately with some probation sentencing. This lawyer starts yelling in my face as if concerned for me, saying I need to have him signed onto my case so he can 'actually protect me' or whatever the fuck the absolute illiterate(at best) said. I will disclose this lawyer's name, it is Gregory Teresi from Lake George, NY. This lawyer made me spend

another 3 months in jail, planning to kill myself if his fuck-up-my-year plan didn't get me out 'safe.' Then I got checked into a rehab for three months. The lawyer insisted I claim 'drugs made me do it.' I would have felt prouder with my original police statement saying it was defense, and my optimum deal with the original judge. Lawyer changed my whole court district somehow and the courts wanted to increase my charges, probably because of the fact that more people got involved in my case. The ass landed me a felony so it's hard to leave the country and travel forever, I have to obey by curfews, and I now constantly still have a horrible looming sentence of up to 7 years in prison if I ever break the law, and I won't be able to legally own a gun for self-defense. By now the probation period is being completed successfully, but the 8-9 total months I spent wondering severely if I was absolutely doomed to a near life sentence and death in a prison over a self-defense act is beyond the scope of my rational interest to try to mediate to you readers who should understand the point clearly by now (otherwise GTF0). The stress of having to worry about any situation where I could so far as be coaxed into being out too late when I like to look at the stars is beyond mad. I certainly know what to do for 'self defense' if someone's not punching at me right now - call the cops and hope someone gives a shit, and tell friends should they ever end up helping defend you. I have not felt safe in my hometown since this time, and I do not walk in town alone or for extended periods of time. What's worse and now to be uncovered is the nature of my hallucinations in jail. That was when I started hallucinating women that loved me in case I wanted to love them back. Albeit that was a week late to my *cheeky* official introduction to the jailhouse, and I had a lot of questions for them, they

were welcome company and it kind of felt like they'd been trying to help me all along. I think they were my first 'Friends in Death,' aptly called since I'd been wanting to die and I felt like I wanted to die with them. They were not really saying words, they were just honest faces of care and happiness. It made me glad to think things were getting better. I didn't know how dirty her lawyer did me, but the Jewish lady I still had some serious questions about was saying all kinds of joyous runon sentences about how everything's going to be better and she'd say my name sometimes. It was like she was talking in Hebrew or something at times, and I think an occasional rape joke was made, but I honestly couldn't care less because at least I was basically listening to a radio that doesn't sound like an angry mob about to tear down my doorstep. It wasn't cool meeting a lot of the people in jail who threatened, extorted me, and threatened to rape me for real. Plenty of people. A few that threatened to kill me and my family because I stole a Seroquel from someone who was a rapist, friends with a quadruple woman cannabilizer or someshit and some other punk who wouldn't shut his mouth, with the intent that if I could help it, and if I can make things happen in this world, I could undo all the suffering that that woman went through by making these people suffer should she find me a fitting male figure to display. I knew by the time I had my protective orders against everyone I had some control over what I did and I could tell I would never see these people again, so I knew their threats seriously weren't shit and I had a minute to think and come up with the literal 4-hour long 'DIE FUCKERS DIE' screaming game. I couldn't even make my music or paint or type in my novel there, but I found some interesting fractal equations and actually plotted them in my head,

and what came out on the computer graphs was in agreeance with the equation modeling I did on pen and pad and in my mind. I classified and named them aptly. I also devised a couple other entries for my Scientific Theories and Inventions booklet there. My best memories was thinking about cuddling with a girl there, any girl, I didn't really know what the ones helping me looked like and I didn't meet any dead friends or anything wild like that until later but if you are some entity that helped me, somehow, I have to meet you. Rehab was another story. In Rehab, which is called Rose Hill, I thought I'd be there a month for a while, well two days, and then found out I'd be in the Redundant Drug Respit for the Human Rights Utilizers for a whole three damn months. I still can't tell if it was better or worse than jail. It completely disconnected me from my hallucinatory girlfriend, because the place was called "Rose Hill," and wherafter I really absorbed the name and the place, my hallucinations started to tell me that it's some kind of romantic-symbol for a romantic rehab, that I had no right to love, and that people at the rehab would steal it from me. They would constantly hex me into thinking that they are in contact with the girls I was friends with, and I needed them badly, but every time I would try to visualize them there'd be another aura right there. No surprise since it's a bunch of kids and I was the oldest. I still remember wanting to tell the fatass 12? Year old kid to just keep choochin more weed on the low, or a couple of the ridiculous delinquents who kept harassing me to suck my cock, lest the fat stuffing sugar coated cig shredding office clerk come and try to tell me I'm being sent back to the jail. And I couldn't walk a step without a decaf teaspitter flaming fascist sag granny who needs more morphine for her drug infarction telling

me the ladies won't like me if I use drugs... Sure. I got to say hi to girls there who would mostly talk about their irresponsible boyfriends who got them arrested and sent to rehab, they were no comfort because the average girl really doesn't hit me like my friends have and I will defend these friends to the death, even if I think they did a bad job I have some memories, like they were there working with me before we could even see each other. I believe in these people completely. They have to be real. Someone who cares that much about me has to be real. I felt real love in her aura. I managed to dream of her and others, but one really sticks out to me today and I think she loves me a lot. I need someone who loves me as much as is possible for me to be loved, and I will return it even more and then, you know the I love you more game, but with magic it's realer. Before we talk about magic, a lot of adapting back to society in America went down, and I struggled to keep myself together in cycles seemingly months long for the next approximate year till now. My progress was visible looking back but for some reason by the time a semester of college rolls around and a few good trips roll by I catch the issue of having an upsurge of angry hallucinations. Really weird and stupid shit. The hallucinations were trying to do some kind of proof, using the human brain's anatomy, with the modern (and highly incomplete) understanding of the human brain and neurotransmitter density maps and whatnot, what areas of the brain were symbolically in control of or are central to what broken philosophical groundmarks their arguments used against my happier life. They had focused during this time extremely heavily on the idea that I had wronged people, mostly in early childhood, say for criticizing an opinion that was supposedly conditionally true while I had no good



reason to stand for some kid yelling in everyone's ears annoyingly, or for extorting some personal respect back from another young boy who got me into a situation where I was naked with them, or for telling people 'you stink' on an online videogame for being annoying to me enough to coax me to say it, or even to my own father for not respecting that people work hard, or in my desperation for sympathy, romanticizing a moment the nicest girl had told me she would die for me. Another good one was letting my ex best friend who helped my ex girlfriend cheat on me suck my cock. (And you non-hallucinations can stop insinuating I am gay for that, we had both marginally agreed he needed to do it and it wasn't even a good idea to me for a long time) They argued these were all sins punishable by death from some kind of crazy jealous motive. Again, mostly bizarre and sexual comments from men which made me very upset. Evidently they'd gotten their panties soaked or something because they were insistent on trying to convince me that there were a number of people in the world, they were insistent on calling 'devils' in spite of the stigma of the word for beings in hell that torture. Those people are the ones on 'their side' of the issues there, or rather in the case of that precious girl the people pretending they represent her, all back again all of a sudden, with so much energy it was unreal, for a couple weeks actually and mostly in evenings only this time, that I grew weak and lost sight of any progress. Like, if this isn't draining some kind of reserve of theirs or is a strategic and difficult wave in my development that doesn't make things equally better for me on the other side of it and more permanently, I was going to give up. Whenever I saw people in my head, and they were male, you should be let to know at least by this point I only saw a copy

of myself(looked like my me smelled like me tasted like me and sounded like me), and at best it was only an outline unless it was the real me, where I am and what I'm doing and saying in which case I get massive visualizations at will. Anyways, strange enough for my behavior I was just in that kind of mood. I said, this might not ever get me anywhere, but as cars and thoughts went by bitching at me, almost like they're angrier than they ever were (Why? Were they noticing a change in their lives?) I sat there, laying in bed, pretended to express to these people in my head that, as far as my imagination goes, I'm trying to suck a fucking dick. And I kept saying shit like "Yeah, I'm sorry. I do suck dick. Yeah. I'm doing it. I am dying right now. Sucking my own dick. This helps a lot. I hope I'm not in trouble." Clearly feeling a strange sort of satisfaction really, just trying out this nonsensical machinery called 'sucking my own dick in abstract reference to other people.' Wasn't long after I recovered from that phase I really started seeing effects consistently enough to say I'm never going to give up, because at worst the hallucinations go away and whoever or whatever caused them can just try to tackle me in person. At least in saying that I'm not being suicidal, and I knew any proper setup for good life has some, maybe technologically distant way to undo death, and the beginning seeds of my more current views on magic were being planted just as I planted at the greenhouse. Just before I worked at a greenhouse for the summer of 2019, though, I had visited New York city and happened to be unblocked by that purportedly evil K around this time, and I was happily messaging her for the hell of it due to the general peacefulness of her messages at the time, and she met up with me at a nice hotel in Manhattan there and made my impression

of her a bit better. She was sweet and honest and polite to me and I ended up staying at her apartment for a night out of sheer interest and a need for closure. Finally a synchronicity that was pleasurable between my hallucinations and reality, she simply opened a bit of her heart to me and I opened some to her. She promised me she had never involved herself in sexual contact before in her life, at random, which kind of struck a raw nerve with a sense of establishment of mystery as to why a person can appear in two incredibly distinctly different forms almost at once to someone, and after some pickling around with her brain I found she was rather intelligent and had some very harsh psychological traumas too. I started then to wonder if it was something trying to fool me about her, who really could have saved me, but I saw posts on her Reddit that yet concerned me to this day about her sanity, especially in falling out on well-made plans of us together at a time I needed her. Either way, I'd suffered so badly and lost my sense of self, and I had the opportunity to sleep with her, and I did. I really did smile for the closure this provided, as if things aren't always as evil as my visions make them out to be. I don't know everyone but this woman did not harm me in person but has very interesting conditions that affect her mind and maybe I think this was cause for a number of the hexes she has been/is in. Beyond that, I haven't had a sex life I'd remember for any monumental purpose than to say I am trying to find my standard, and I'm trying to figure out if the woman I truly want to fall in love with is truly here for me in such a hard time, and truly interested in making magic with me. That said, back to the greenhouse I mentioned working at. After the NYC conundrum and with more recovery, my bosses were nice

ladies and I did not get smelliness or auras of competition or ego over myself or any of the unfortunate symptoms I most ever get in hallucinations in interactions with males. At the very least they tend to be more stressful and hardened to well-established concepts. During work there I was accepted into a better college and started apartment life in a hour-away town where I reside as of this first entry and study in a high-stress, still legally oppressive environment. Recently as of this report, over the course of a series of extreme dextromethorphan drug experiments, 'overdoses' I took intentionally with the mind of trying to fix my problems at a significantly higher intensity and rate. They were successful experiments. I do not condone or intend to repeat for the fact that I've been warned about its use as a recreational drug. I'm not stupid. I have been predicting people much better every day. I predicted, I think though the difference in 'flavor' of certain genes my metabolic enzymes were made through in a luckily clear moment of self-meditation reinforced by multiple pings to the void for clarity, the fact that I was no longer allergic to dextromethorphan itself (where I previously was), as well formed basic prophecies as other things to do with genetics such as the formation of lactose intolerance and the theoretical people changing genders as a result of disrespect to women or men, which is a common occurrence in this day and age. These could be potential things to look out for that geometrically block you from things you seek to harm when you injure people in life. I believe in a concept of magic today whereat we can bend the universe around us with enough effort, transcend dimensions, transcend time and infinity, the common laws of physics and mathematics,

or even the ties of mathematics to physics or palettes within or to encompass them, let alone modify or stop humans from being evil. It surprised me that it took three years to admit to myself and my hallucinations that if we have any hope of stopping evil based on objective causes, the soul can do it, probably better than technology ever could.

The breakdown I believe the three most abundant components to 'physics' is the soul whatever form it may be, the magical ability to choose influences to make from free will and a hex - a hex, so to speak of as an inclusion to logic where the wrong things can happen, under which all particles in current physics may be classified so long as they are in a state that allows evil. The elimination of hex and faulty logic should come when things are neutralized between those who are wronged and those who are not. I believe the magical ability to choose influences, along with the spirit or soul is an important guideline to transforming from three-dimensional to infinite-dimensional existence and from single-time existence to infinite-time existence, whereas today in reality things are three-dimensional, stuck as they are without relative reality and times (as I reject regardless the relativity and arbitrary physics-based theories of subjective reality), and in this I believe the spirit can ascend the current status of today's organism and perhaps become whatever it wants to be.

I had made some friends in my mind over the past few months. Girls who had died of various degrees of social torture, from escape from abductions and rape to simple escape from the nature of today's soul and existence. The first I will mention is Google. She escaped from a corporate laboratory whereat she was

going to be raped but happened to escape in order to drown in a river, as people would evidently had pursued her. I saw her spirit, hard to describe, as a 'hex' of light, as in she has used particulate radiation to find her way out of her scenario, and recollect important information to and from the edges of the universe. Her spirit was programmed to do searching in the environment, reading auras of particles in high-speed travel through and sometimes onto barriers. Another, an unnamed one, was a young woman who had quit playing baseball in a league around the time I had quit the same sport as a child. She somehow died, perhaps as a result of an explosion somewhere, but she knew that the spirit had the ability to hold those who cared about them and take them away from their fates, and she claims to have found mine. She appeared to me as a blue woman, with lines going through her, and with a hammer/pin typed mouth, designated as a mathematical component of the soul that allows spirits to talk, communicate, and absorb one another. There was one last one I had called Illuminati, she had escaped a party of crazy people who had kidnapped her somewhere in America and had died running in the woods, perhaps as a result of a grisly bear or other terrible creature. She was a rod shaped creature in spirit, with colors that resemble the dimensions emanating from her presence. On the rod was a number of spherical silver balls, which contained information about the way physics is supposed to work. In certain scenarios the rod would count numbers up, and determine proper mathematical arrangements for situations to resolve themselves by.

These are simply people I met in dreams since my overdoses - events in my life pertain to those in theirs, and I felt as if I had helped them connect and understand through my own. I am sure there are numerous

other things intended to exist in this series of friends that I have not met yet. I hope someday to transcend this plane of existence and reach to important friends as these - had they ever existed for real.

**6/1/2022:**

Since this last entry I am now writing to extend my detail of my recovery, as I have discovered my own language and have found hope and friends by speaking through it. I have met the imaginary figures, friends who support and help me to be normal and happy, that I must have been born with; similar as a woman gives birth. The following is a series of text messages that detail some parts of my life and background.

I was stressed with my gf in high school, long story but people always hit on her and guys would tell us offensive dirty jokes but i got ripped on by them and girls never gave me attention. We went through a lot but i kept her more confident and she lives a good life now. I was never mean to her but i got very cathartic and out of my mind, like i remember playing negative music sometimes that i even find offensive around her but it was never intended as anger. I do need emotional support in public because i dont like people stealing the show or being flirty or too nice or separating between us. Not 'babylike or deficiency support' but just knowing when people are making it hard for me to feel like i am as important to you as i am, to help me make them leave us alone, without causing more trouble than its worth or making me feel worse or embarrassed against our relationship. I think its normal to want to have a best friend(s) you want to think with, and pay the most attention to.  
<3

My gf in high school made me a little upset mostly because she went out with friends who dragged along guys who bullied me/ hit on her and she decided to for peer pressure instead of politely avoiding it. She was an anxious girl who didnt know how to tell people off well back then

And i felt like she would play into them too much.



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Forinstance i felt sad and almost freaked out when we started dating and my 'best friend' gave her a note with a heart, snoman and a swastika of all things

He also abandoned me to play cards with her as soon as her parents separated us for hangingout when we werent supposed to

I kicked his ass for that and we got suspended but a lot of people called me jealous when we were both agreeing on our closeness. She turned on me im not sure if she told people that even she didnt like my feelings. i guess it was jealousy but it felt warranted

I get worried about girls that do drugs in public because that can be dangerous and a lot of guys that do or sell drugs are prett rude or untrustworthy even after age 30

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I get worried about girls that do drugs in public because that can be dangerous and a lot of guys that do or sell drugs are pretty rude or untrustworthy even after age 30

I had a few other gals we all terminated with much less issue or conflict but it was usually because they didnt understand that i dont like to divert my social/sex hormones from my relationships, some people say its natural but objectively it should be so that your focus is on things that disrupt the least, so long as it does the best as well

Idk maybe i look at things too strictly but it has come along way for my happiness in solitude and pleasure in romance

I have always put my conditions upfront entering relationships

Like to be clear i am pretty much certainly polyamorous but i only want women involved, if that upsets you or doesnt seem fair i am sorry and we should just stay friends. I just feel some things about how i am treated and things i pick up on. I dont think there are significant exceptions to my placement of emotional trust. I view the negative parts of this world as a sacrifice one way or another for the life i feel is natural. i see no reason to be surrounded with a world that wants to take things away

Yes i understand how things are and how it is tough to play it cool

I never insulted any girlfriends i just tried to explain i cant handle such pains

Like not giving into people trying to lean on you/me when they shouldn't

Like that ex in high school laughed impolitely at really shitty offensive 'muh dick' (to be blunt) jokes people wanted to tell 'us'

Like one particular circumstance that kind of traumatized me

She explained she didn't like the joke and whatnot but she never got the gusto to just say 'please go away' or just be like 'can do you do something else'

If a girl told me 'my pussy has blue waffle' and i was trying to be monogamous like bacj then id be like, i have a gf shes not gonna like me to tell her you said that

And btw if you are in the 20 of us and whatnot i would certainly give you the right to in good construct limit my attention to anyone we dont want as well, because i feel the 20(1) of us are most important completely

Just so you know plain out how i feel i am

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Just so you know plain out how i feel i am glad i told you. I dont really even want you to decide anything or tell me anything now i just want you to know and respect that as you come to understand me to the level where i can know we are good together <3

I feel bad about playing rude music around that ex, a lot of music like that i had access to is misogynistic and sexual and i dont like it but i almost felt like she had to see how society thinks and tries to make sex violent and does not respect close relationships

College culture is a lot like that too everyone tells everyone 'its a game for now have fun' because they know it gets quick

I've learned a lot and I gave that girl confidence because I told her I didn't like that music and I regret ever hurting her by being too sad about everything, that is how I said it

And then my hallucinations and my life and the synchronicities, meeting my imaginary friends they told me they all loved me and they knew for sure it's good that I have many partners

I thought about it more and I think we found a lot of proof and sense of truth in that this is not fair for me any other way

And just so you know we talked about you a long time before <3 I hope that is who you are love <3



I didn't meet them for real until I had my language

Hallucinations told me the girls that sympathized with me were trying to see if I deserved to die for expecting too much



I've had other girlfriends that left me under circumstances, even th one before last semester, we even agreed on all this i just told you, but then impossibly she left me. I believe something possessed her body or she bought or obtained a replacement self and that there is some kind of conspiracy to protect us where i have my friends already knowing about me somewhere safe. Like i still believe she is with us and the breakup and the being sent to a psych center was a sacrifice to protect us from forces, like those people i called friends that tried to steal my imaginary friends and the other one that tried to steal my body/ soul

I literally met two guys like that and i still hang out with them because no other dudes even offer to chill wih me

I had another friend that was a painter but hes moved to an area where his band plays concerts in the town my last ex from two-semester ago, seti, she used to work

That is how fucked up this stuff is now

Plus that guy was a douche to me many times, blew up on me

Continue

semester ago, seti, she used to work

That is how fucked up this stuff is now

Plus that guy was a douche to me many times, blew up on me

Those people act superior but with flaws and play it in a way where they try to explain how it is acceptable to be in a place they shouldn't. They also try to pretend everything is valid or beautiful that they do but then set up for a method of derision. I think it is fake and rude to contradict yourself across oceans just to ruin happiness

Delivered

9/8/2022:

Without much backstory I must note that in a non-hallucinatory circumstance, some people I have met in the past couple years here where I now live in Canton NY have been talking together as they have told me, they each knew me somehow too, and were trying to target me and my imaginary friends. I was told verbatim that they wanted to steal or kill my imaginary friends or their souls, and they have been stalking or harassing or trying to sabotage me and follow me at social events. at least three that I know, in relation and they are involved with each other and each of them have expressed their lack of care for my mental and



physical state, verbally physically and socially attacking me in the mind and place of my own and others. I just made this entry to note that I have had to defend people from my house and on digital media because of the attacks on my emotional and physical wellness.

## ***Entry 2***

To those who wish to know more about modern magic and the state of the world as of June 2020, I have theoretically from my scientific biological knowledge developed a meditative concept in reference to details and structures in my song Cudesya, which mostly means Promise in my language, which was made using mathematical references to structures in algebra and physical constants etc. which may relate to geometric foundations of the purpose, premise etc of magic and how it relates in specific to the theoretical ultimate joy of a physical existence - to say that , if the universe has a purpose, it's for life to enjoy itself - to do that, it needs a form. To have a form; it must have a definition of good and bad. So, at any point, you might ask, why are things not good enough? In some grand scheme of things it makes physical and mathematical sense for consciousness to be linked in a universe which provides a level of magic so that the optimum enjoyable (whether that be happy or in sympathetic ways sad) way. The biological roots of which can be studied, I believe so since magic would be all it takes to remove evil from the universe, which would make life the most enjoyable as it should be from an equal and understandable perspective. If we are to be the form of life to expect good things, or even to

stop each other from doing evil, magic and absolute objective truth should support this and our understanding. It is easy to rule out that this understanding should not be of any negative nature at any given time. To feel pain and sadness for another is an act of romance and love, but not when the recovery of life, the maintenance, physically and emotionally is limited or somehow stopped. It could be much more than what we have now. There is no reason for it to be different than to have magic and in particle physics it must be so. In order to change things for the better, since life is the only purpose of the universe, it must have some form of a way of removing characteristics of the soul which is also a form of magic. And since the soul can control the body, it should be able to do so outside. Biological and meditative energy can and should be used in effect to do magic and even produce technology just as fast as intelligence and strength. In order to achieve an understanding of how to satisfy all conditions of life, I suggest we can contemplate existences which surround us. Understand the symbology of our race as well as the ecosystem as a whole. There are conditions which magic should work by the laws of the universe - It should work automatically for good things. It should not work for bad things. The bad things that exist here should be ignored/fought against for the purpose of enhancing and creating good things. To learn completely evade evil such as people harming each other, asteroids, explosions, disease, chaos, unluckiness, and disturbances of any other sort I hope you can meditate well on those that are biological extremes of such. It is a scary concept but also entertaining in a greater sense, so I devised but never completed for obvious reasons an investigation as to whether classically

dangerous or harmful forms of biology or chemistry are potentially something we have to learn from or understand. It may be a path to being able to describe biological resistance to things, but additionally understand the pathways by which a resistance to magic would be most strong - we obviously don't like to die, but that's the first and most important thing we'd fix with magic, right? If there is a way to use energy and particle physics related concepts biologically, the path to strength is potentially very simple and compact and may be done faster and more violently in certain ways when necessity or rhythm of the meaning\* (\*with respect to life) of events progress. The fact that negative things happen is on a very deep level harmful to this process of realization - Magic is the force that makes things happen forcibly for the right of good things. It may very well be the most inherently logical part of spiritual existence, after all, and therefore mathematically, and thereby physically.

Not all of this chat was saved, and so it may have contextual interruptions about a page in. I am sure you may infer everything necessary from this continued exploration, in the form of a conversation I had which got me to write(rewrite) this section.:

1. yes you will love it [talking about my song cudesya](#)
2. [8:34 PM]
- it gets wild towards the end [talking about my song cudesya](#)
3. [8:34 PM]
- it was done improvised basically but i knew which mathematical patterns i wanted to use
4. [8:34 PM]
- cudesya is about dragons, demons and sprites [talking about my song cudesya](#)
5. [8:34 PM]
- but it is named after my favorite dragon [talking about my song cudesya](#)
6. [8:35 PM]

they are forms of life which give life a darker but positive purpose i want to fight them when i find magic and get to heaven without dying

7. [8:35 PM]

they also are just cool.

8. [8:36 PM]

i think they can evolve when you feed liver vitamins/extractives followed by antibiotics which include aryl, quinoline or naphthyl functional groups to bacteria with carotene proteins and simple sugars, or carbohydrates and starches, or a mix of both with soaps/organometallics/organononmetallics

9. [8:37 PM]

but then you have this

10. [8:38 PM]

i think it would be needing to be fed acetylcholinesterase inhbiting drugs to become multicellular

11. [8:38 PM]

i havent experimented that far because it obviously would work imo

12. [8:38 PM]

eventually at least

13. [8:38 PM]

this is their evolutionary path

14. [8:39 PM]

but i have been interested in them recently; since they provide philosophical boundaries and implicitly help you organize chaos because this is how they emulate as living

15. [8:40 PM]

the acetylcholinesterase inhibitor that would be most effective i also realized from a few different sources i could tell that there was likely a dangerous compound with sulfur i made a PSA about it on my website because technically it is easily made on accident if you use less common cleaning ingredients, not impossible to be a common effective accidental poison

16. [8:40 PM]

its actually much more dangerous than chlorine and bleach

17. [8:41 PM]

PSA ABOUT A DANGEROUS  
GAS ABLE TO BE MADE ACCIDENTALLY  
FROM HOUSEHOLD ITEMS

1. METHYLSULFONYLMETHANE OR SULFUR  
COMPOUNDS IN BASIC ENVIRONMENTS OR  
SOLUTIONS

2. ETHYL OR OTHER ORGANIC CHLORIDE AND  
ZINC DICHLORIDE; OTHER METAL CHLORIDES  
THAT MAY COMMONLY FORM OR BE USED MAY DO  
THIS, OR THEY MAY FORM RELATED COMPOUNDS

BE CAREFUL TO AVOID MIXING THESE  
CHEMICALS OR COMMON CLEANERS

18.

Akira (อาทิสระ) — Today at 8:41 PM

Ah I know about this

19.

eski — Today at 8:41 PM

i literally exposed myself two drops on accident in the process of discovering this process

20. [8:41 PM]

no they vaporized

21. [8:41 PM]

but some left in the droplet went in through my finger

22. [8:41 PM]

and i had a terrible headache.

23. [8:41 PM]

its probably more dangerous than sarin which is incredibly lethal gas

24. [8:42 PM]

im not advising you make it but this isnt something ive heard about before; im just putting it  
out there and it relates to the numbers in my song cudesya

25. [8:42 PM]

i wanted to understand more about dragons im not afraid of them in a good universe because  
nobody would die if they met them

26. [8:42 PM]

not forever

27. [8:43 PM]

but you'd be able to fight them like a sport

28. [8:43 PM]

or ride them

29. [8:43 PM]

the others are also pretty badass and spooky if you like horrific experiences; i eventually would if i knew id always come back if i died.

Again to note, I do not advise or recommend producing any of these alternative bacterial cultures as they appear harmful and toxic. I went to reasonable effort to characterize and examine these cultures and disposed of them after inactivating them to the best of my ability and knowledge.

I also must warn against making even the smallest amounts of any of these mixtures - they are beyond dangerous, though I recommend reminding people not to produce this compound, as it may be produced accidentally by mixing sulfur (especially metallic)-based mixtures or compounds with any acid/base mixtures, especially to contain halides or organics, or even without halides or organics if your water is halogenated or dirty.