

A DIVINE COMEDY

Martha Rose Crow

Chapter Three: Plebe

So I was Created.

After being wrapped up in warm, caressing, loving White Light and hearing the God of the Souled saying, "I AM YOUR FATHER," I remember opening my eyes and finding myself with other New Creations in a special building. It was a place the Spirits housed us until our Sparks of Life became more mature, thus stable and able to Grow.

The building was a dormitory of sorts. A beautiful "academy" of brick buildings, gardens and even a stream. I made a friend there, I'll call him "J" because I'm not allowed to reveal Holy Names. J is a central figure in my life and very much influenced who I was to Become.

.....

Although I can't reveal Holy Names, I have been told by God to tell you What my Holy Name means. God laughed when He told me to do it, too! He sees a lighter side to the irony. That's because it's been a burden to me since I was Created and as an Anarchist, I've always been suspicious, critical, cynical and satirical about my name.

My thinking and values are so completely different than most peoples' although I've always truly believed if others had not been so kept dumbed-down by all the demonic systems in this world that their thinking and values would be more progressive, plus this world would be more progressive and evolved, too. I don't embrace or like many of the things people find valuable in this world, including names that have titles.

Mine has been a terrible Titled Name for me to carry because as an Anarchist, I basically don't believe in it. More, there have been others who were jealous of the meaning of my name.

Why anyone would be jealous of my name is beyond my understanding. They have no idea how much I've suffered and how much unbearable pain it has brought me! They have no idea how much I still suffer, too! Just knowing what I know about this Reality still horrifies me and I'm always under attack from evil because IT is AFRAID I will finish this Book and distribute it to the Four Ends of the Earth. More, because I'm a Pure Anarchist, I'm not interested in the demonic shit of this world like money. I'm interested in Justice and Protection of the Souled. I'm going to have this Book

posted everywhere I can on the internet and I'm also going to get my own URL and post it on that, too!

I thought my Holy Name was a dirty joke of God for a long time. I always wondered why the God of the Souled would make such a Supreme Anarchist like me and give me such a strange and heavy name. Especially when quadrillions of females were created before me and because I felt I didn't fit the name (and didn't like it, either!)

And I did use My Holy Name to make me more famous later after I was murdered.

The Holy Language is Sacred, Vibrational Sounds and thus, the "words" are combinations of sounds but they have Original Meaning. Every Souled Person gets their Holy Name when they are Created by Our God.

The meaning of my Holy Name means "First Daughter of God." You can not even imagine how much I used to hate that! Now that God has explained why He gave me that Name, I don't hate it so much. He gave me this Name eons upon eons before He Created me. He gave me this Name when He Created Someone Else-An Angel. When He Created this Angel, God thought of me and thus Named me long before He gave me Life.

.....

J and I were very close friends. Ironically, we had been Created together. We also went to "school" together, kind of a Orientation Place the Spirits house New Creations in.

Basically, we're taught the "Primary Directives": Resist corruption and evil, Protect Our Souls and that All Souled Are Related so we are to help each other, thus are responsible for each other.

It still amazes me how easily our Souled Brothers and Sisters will sell us out when they absolutely know better!

The "teachers" at school never really taught us much more than that. They never taught us about gods, although we knew who our God was. They never taught us much about evil, either, and to this day I still think about this and think it was a Crime that they didn't teach us these things.

Of course if they had taught us about evil, then many of us would have refused to live mortal lives, including me! The Spirits who run the place don't like it when Souls don't do as they're told. They're just a special group of Public Servants Created by God to handle us: Get us ready for Lives, to care for the very wounded when they come back and to keep everybody cool that's living there. They get burned out real fast doing their jobs (because they are Souled, they have a Conscience so they struggle constantly with the hiding of Truth). Thus they are replaced regularly with

new replacements. The burn-out is that bad!

Then the retired Spirit Public Servants get to “go over the fence” to the “Spirit World.”

The Spirits have their own worlds they live in. Many don't like it that they're sending us into an evil universe or as I call it “into the meat grinder.” More, they've seen some Souled come back so wounded that their consciences become heavy with guilt and remorse because they know they were a part of it. Because they don't have “free will,” the Spirit Controllers of us have to obey orders until they burn out.

The Spirit World is gigantic! There are many worlds, too! Some belong to the “placebo” or neutral group. These Spirits get to live dynamic, independent personal lives where they evolve without impediment. They don't die so their lives are never constantly interrupted like our lives are.

I once had a very good friend, Sy, who came from one of these Special Spirit Worlds. He was highly intelligent, gifted, evolved and dynamic! He's mentioned later in this Book. It's Amazing what a Souled Person can become if they don't have to be shanghaied into an evil fixed game of mortality!

The days at the “Academy” were happy and easy. Now when I look back, it was the innocent lull before the Slaughter. No one warned us that we would be play toys and food for evil. No one warned us what would probably happen to us. More, the Souled destined to live on earth or a similar world was not warned that most of us would end up murdered after we had reached the end of our “usefulness” to the Demonic System of Systems. We would either be murdered directly by someone's hand/s or indirectly murdered.

.....

We're murdered indirectly because we are constantly being weakened by the little knives/tasers the Lords of the Air constantly throw at us and by the constant Energy theft. Then there are all the toxins that are thrown at our Spirits and bodies to make sure we die prematurely when the System is done using us or filters us out as being unprogrammable and/or Anarchists. On the surface, the poisoning of the populace is blamed on the “side-effects” of greed capitalism, but below the surface, the Surface of the Psyche, the poisoning is done on purpose!

This is Why peoples' Souls get poisoned by many religions (False Truths are Lies and without the Real Truth, Souls can't evolve) and why so many people are poisoned by the carcinogens that are in food, water and air, plus many medicines. The rulers of this world have rigged the game so we will conveniently die for them before we get too old and/or become a “problem” for them, whether “financially” (“Useless Eaters” are either working poor or nonworking thus they can't pay their way in this world), Spiritually or confrontationally! All early deaths that have been manipulated by the Demonic System are unnatural deaths!

.....

During the few “classes” that we had in “Plebe School.” I was always the One who had all kinds of questions-hard, comprehensive questions. The “teachers” would never fully answer them or even try to answer them at all! More, I was promised by these teachers in front of the class that they would answer my questions later, but they never did. They were like consummate politicians that were well-skilled in deflecting questioning Souls like me. I knew they were telling me lies at the time (hiding the Truth is lying!) and I could tell instantly in some of these “teachers” that their Consciences were bothering them.

Whether in the Spirit World, here or anywhere else, Our Souls are affected by energy, including negative energy. Lying is evil and thus creates negative energy which makes the liar (even the Public Servants of God) sick plus it activates the Conscience at some level. When the Conscience kicks in, the Spirit begins to suffer.

These two things, plus a my Intuition told me that the Spirits had secrets they couldn't share with the rest of us. My Intuition told me that I needed to learn as much as I could as fast as I could, so I did a little prowling and listened carefully to conversations the Spirits had together when they thought they were alone .

I'd hide behind the corner of a building or find a way to hide in the “teacher's lounge.” I'd listen to their conversations and try to understand what they were saying. They always spoke in low, sad, regretful tones and in a special code when they talked about us and about sending us to the mortal worlds, including “The Blood Planet.” That's what the Spirits call earth!

But I was still inexperienced and very young. I tried to decipher exactly what the Spirit Keepers were talking about but some of it was still beyond my ability to interpret and understand. I learned enough to know that real bad things happen to the Souled on some planets, including the Blood Planet! That kind of “spying” came to an end when I finally got caught.

I got busted twice for eavesdropping. That was the start of my “record.” Every time you violate rules in the Spirit World, whether posted or unposted, they write you up in special record book about you. I must have thousands of violations by now!

The Academy Days were the easiest days I've ever lived. Every day since has been one torturous challenge after another. My Soul is full of scars and wounds that are resistant to healing, thus they fester. That's what happens when evil attacks and that's what happens when you FIGHT BACK!!!

When our “Sparks” (Young Power Centers of Our Souls) were mature enough to work constantly, we were sent to another “dormitory.” This was the leap-off place to mortality.

Time for mortality “experiences” came real fast. I didn’t want to go and I told the Spirits, but they just wrote it down in my book. I looked over the book in their hand and by my name was a Symbol. I later learned that it meant I was “special.”

The Spirits told me that I couldn’t refuse to go. I asked to go to another planet, but that was refused. They told me I had “special work” on earth to do. They promised all kinds of nice and pretty things like an Army recruiter does on this earth to recruit soldiers. The Spirit Keepers promised that my life on earth would lead me to “Enlightenment

My First Mortal Life was a taste of other Lives to Come! Ones of suffering, poverty, premature death and rape in two of my four Lives.

In the first life, I had a mean, drunken father. I don’t remember a mother. We lived in wooden shack in the forrest and he kept me in a crudely made cage by the fireplace. I was always barefoot, cold, miserable and beat up because my father was always beating me. Then he started to touch me and I would scream. He didn’t like that!

I was five and he sent me out to chop wood for the fire. It was evening and I could hear wolves howling in the distance. I quickly gathered some wood and went home. As I turned right from the door, to stack the wood by the fireplace, I accidentally knocked over his cup with some kind of beer or ale in it. He got angry and pushed me, knocking all the wood out of my little arms. He picked up a big piece of wood and crushed my skull with it.

I remember lying there on the dirt floor. My eyes were open and I was in great pain. The warm blood flowed from my head into my face and I felt so cold. Then I blacked out and found myself in the Spirit World. I was angry! I confronted the Spirits and asked them, “My ‘Special Work’ was to be murdered for something as small as knocking a cup over? Where is Enlightenment in That?” They stood silent.

By this time, I made up my mind to find out all the information I could. I decided that living in mortal places was bad. But before I could learn anything much, I was shanghaied back to earth when I was sleeping. One night I’m in a bed in a dormitory and the next I’m waking up in a baby’s body! I was pissed off! I felt like I had no power in deciding the course of my life. It was like I was created only to suffer in a terrible place called earth!

My second life was shorter than my first life. I died from typhoid fever when I was six months old. I remember my parents well. They were about 35 years old and had plain, sad faces. I think I was their only child because I didn’t see any other ones around. I also remember that few people ever came to see my parents, so I have always speculated that we lived in some rural place. I also remember getting sick and getting a very high fever. I remember my mother was freaking out and holding

me close to her and begging me not to die. Then it got all dark and I woke up in the Spirit World an adult spirit like before.

Again, when I got back to the Spirit World, I was pissed off! Again, I asked the Spirit Controllers, "How do you attain Enlightenment living like that?" They never had any answers!

J was getting ready to go back to earth. I had a terrible feeling about it! He did, too. I begged him and begged him not to go, but he didn't feel he had any choice. I wanted to runaway with him, but we knew we wouldn't be able to get past the invisible barriers surrounding where we were kept. I kept thinking of a way that we could runaway but it got too late and he disappeared to his new mortal life.

The Spirits knew I had been trying to talk J out of mortality and knew I had been dreaming of running away. They put me in a new place, a dormitory for "problem" spirits like me. That's when I began my love for music. An older, defiant "detainee" played an instrument and he showed me how to play. The instrument is kind of like a lute and has 8 strings (3 up and 5 down). It makes a sweet sound. It was boring in that place but I was glad for the boredom because I didn't like mortality. Besides, I had my instrument to play. I asked one of the Spirits who watched us for one and when I went back to my little room, it was waiting for me on the bed.

I lived at this dormitory for a long time and then one day-cycle, I felt J's presence. I knew he was back and I had this dreadful feeling...

The Spirits wouldn't let me go see him, that it was "impossible." When I heard that, my Intuition told me that something was very, very wrong.

The guy who got me interested in music also knew a few things. He knew I wanted to see J so he looked down at his feet and said, "Did you know that we can turn into Light? No one ever looks at the ground around here. No one ever looks at the darker side of Light."

Right away, I started practicing to turn my form into Light. After I learned how to do that well, I began to will myself to move in any direction I wanted. I always stayed on the dark side of Light; the Silver Side. I always kept to the ground. As soon as I learned how to travel, I was out of the place they were keeping me. The invisible barriers did not stop me because traveling right above the ground. They didn't detect me.

I looked all over for J. He wasn't at any of the dormitories. I found a Spirit that had been friendly with me in the past and after desperate questioning, he told me that J was in the "hospital" recovering from his "wounds."

My Intuition told me J was in terrible trouble! The Spirit told me where the hospital was but told me that I would never be able to get in. I didn't tell him that I had

learned to “quicksilver.” No one needed to know because I had finally learned to have a bit of freedom in the place and that, too, would go in my record book if I got caught.

Getting in the hospital was easier than I anticipated. I traveled as Light, right above the ground got in. My Vibes led me directly to J and I didn’t recognize him! His face was frozen in fear and his eyes were open and catatonic! He didn’t recognize my voice or see me. I wondered what horrible thing happened to him to put him in that condition but I never found out. I tried to find his record book but I never could find it in that big place.

I went to see him many times until I got busted. The Spirit Keepers asked me how I got in but I wouldn’t tell them. Out of the air pops my record book and I see they’ve written a few pages on me. They told me that I was becoming a problem for them.

They sent me back to my dormitory and before I could figure out what to do about J, I was shanghaied again into a mortal life! I went to sleep in my bed (again) and when I woke up, I found myself as a baby (again).

The third life was the worst. That was the one that forged who I Was to Become. My parents were poor with many children to feed. They were also ultra religious and my father ruled the family with an iron fist. When I was almost 15, I made a mistake that cost me my life. I had sex with a neighborhood boy and because he had to brag about it, it caused all kinds of scandal. Of course I was to blame! Females are always blamed for things like this because males (in the minds of patriarchal cultures) are just doing what comes “naturally,” thus they are victims and the whole blame is put on the female.

Because I wasn’t a virgin anymore, I had no value to my family plus my community. More, I had brought “shame” upon my family because of my actions.

They threw me in a dark, earthen cellar. I was alone in there three days before the door opened. I thought they were going to give me food, but instead, three large men came in and pulled me to my feet. They practically dragged me up the steps and out into the sunshine where I saw my angry father with his arms folded. He told me, “This will teach you a lesson!”

I was taken to a rough dirt road where there were some wagons. I was to learn right away that these people were white slavers and that my father had sold me to them. The first night, I was raped by many men. I wept and begged but no one listened to me. I prayed to God to help me, but no one helped me.

I tried to fight back, but all it did was get me beat up and it excited the men who kept gang-raping me.

I couldn’t live as a prostitute and I knew it. As sore as I was from being beaten and

raped, I tried to runaway. I waited until evening of the next day when they let us out out of the wagon they held us in to use the bathroom in the weeds. When I thought no one was looking, I ran. Ironically, it was a wild forest that I ran into. The thickets full of thorns but I was so numb from fear and so much in pain from being raped and beaten that they didn't seem to bother me. I ran and ran, and as I ran, I looked for a place to hide so I could find a way to heal.

They caught up with me. They had dogs that sniffed me out. I guess I wasn't the only female that tried to run away. But I was uncontrollable or unprogrammable plus I had a Strong Sense of Divinity, thus Dignity and the men who had "bought" me knew that I was trouble.

They brought one of the girls from the wagon with them. I died a thousand painful deaths that night in that one, long, torturous death. They beat me to a pulp and raped me all kinds of violent ways. They slashed me with their knives before they cut me to pieces. All this time, they laughed at me and cursed me. I wondered what kind of human beings could do this to another person? I wept and wept so finally they cut out my tongue. I knew I was going to die but it took a long time. I wished I could pass out, but I couldn't, even when they kept kicking my head. After about three hours, I died of blood loss.

And during those long, hard hours of violation, I kept looking up at the treetops and the clear night sky above them. The moon was so round and full and big and yellow. I was in so much pain and all I could think of a warm, safe home I'd never have. I lost my hearing from being beaten so badly. I had pain throughout me and I was a lone with monsters and that one girl. Then it all got silent. The ringing in my ears quit and it seemed that time stopped. My eyes were still open when the blackness came and faded out the trees, the bright stars and the flooding yellow moonlight.

I am sure the girl went back and told the other girls what those men had done to me. I am sure that no one else thought of disobeying those men or thought of running away!

When I found my way back to the Spirit World from this life, I was horrified, I was in deep shock and I was pissed off although I couldn't express it at the time because the shock was much greater!

They put me in a hospital. It wasn't the same hospital J was in. He was in the hospital that kept the Severes. I went to a hospital for persons who would recover from their shock and wounds.

The Spirits working at the hospital tried to dope me up with Bliss and tried to counsel me in their positive, idealistic advice, but I wasn't going to fall for that ploy again. I knew better. I fought the Bliss and I fought them. I called them all liars and I described detail-by-detail what happened to me. Of course they didn't want to hear it and most seemed very unsympathetic.

I felt betrayed by the Spirits and I never trusted them again. More, I began to hate them and for all the hypocrisies they stood for.

The “ward” they kept me in held ten beds. At least seven were always filled. I talked with every person there that would talk to me and I started getting a picture of hell. It wasn’t just me that was murdered by evil people. I was starting to get the picture...

Since J was in a nearby hospital, I decided to go visit him. That was the last time I ever saw him. He was still catatonic. I froze-I knew that I could end up like him. I decided I would do something to save myself. I began to dream of running away, going somewhere and hiding somewhere in the Spirit World. Somehow, I was going to find my way over the fence.

Angry and defiant, I resisted all control from God’s Public Servants. I hated them with the full fury and power of my small Soul and they knew it. They were always so willing to send people like me off to a surreal nightmare of mortality, but they never went themselves. They didn’t have to suffer (except for their Consciences), they didn’t have to live powerless and be subjugated under the boot of evil males and their systems. The Do-Gooder spirits didn’t have to die some kind of shitty death after living a shitty life. They could pass out pain and death, but didn’t have to experience it themselves. And all the time, they would constantly try to make you believe that “somehow” you would become a “better” person from all the drama and suffering of a fixed game. I hated being a Puppet for God.

Always armed with information about you in some esoteric record book under their arm, the Civil Servant Spirits knew my heart and they knew that I would refuse to live as a mortal again. They knew I had my formed opinions of the Spirit World and earth, and these opinions were cynical, critical, sarcastic, radical and full of outrage. They knew exactly how I felt about everything. God’s Public Servants also knew that I, the most rightless of all, wanted Rights, including the Right to Choose My Own Life. I believed then as I do now, that ALL SOULLED should have RIGHTS.

I insisted on having a Choice. I had done this before they sent me to that horrible third life. Created with a Great Sense of Dignity, My Dignity always fought against the compliancy expected of me. Persons with a Divine Sense of Dignity and Justice are Always a Problem, especially when they find out the Truth of Their Reality.

To my great surprise and disgust, I wasn’t back very long before the The Controllers appeared to offer me a “new” life on earth. They were real happy and positive about this new life they had planned for me. I filled with horror, dread, outrage and then anger. I told them off and told them I would never go back, not for anything. I told them to tell God that He could destroy me and my mold because I would not obey. I also told them to tell God that being destroyed was better than having to live one more life in that awful place.

Even when I won arguments with the Spirits, I still lost. I had no rights and I had no

power. More, I had no choices. Every time I became Aware of This, my feelings of powerless and frustration grew. I hated my powerlessness and lack of choices. I hated my situation. It made me more angry and defiant. I always refused to do what the Spirits told me to do.

While I was at the hospital, we learned how to “heal” ourselves. The Spirit Teacher showed us how to cycle energy through our Spark. I caught on to that right away and built ideas of how to use this remedy for other things.

About this time, I began to Build My True Will. At first, I didn’t know exactly what I was doing, but I followed my Intuition and I learned fast. I always worried that “they” might catch me, but they never did.

Now I have come to the conclusion that IT is not a cosmic crime to Build Your Spirit. In fact, That’s One of the BIG Secrets of Life: We’re supposed to Build Our Spirit. And like building any Holy House, you build it Clean.

I was getting well enough to leave the hospital plus I knew that the Spirits were trying to shanghai again into another life. I decided to quicksilver, escape from the hospital and try to find a hole in the fence and try to disappear in the Spirit’s part of Spirit World. I could never get in and I tried to many times.

During the time of my “disappearance,” I was always running. I was always trying to find a place to hide in the “annexation” or part of the Spirit World that we were kept in. I’d hide in trees, shadows in the corners of buildings, all kinds of places. I couldn’t stay there too long because all Souls have an electric signature and that is what the Spirits would look for.

Because I had been kept in isolated dormitories or the hospital, I didn’t know how big the annexation was. When I was on the run, I found that the annexation was huge.

I almost got caught twice, but my Intuition warned me so I got out where I was by turning into the form of Light and running along the dark side of Light. The Spirit Guards either didn’t know what I was doing (very advanced for such a newling!) or didn’t want to become Light themselves and waste a lot of time and energy looking for something (me) that was going at Lightspeed and could go anywhere in the annex.

In the negative, extreme, impoverished thinking of Dualism that permeates throughout this “modern” world, “the dark side of Light” would be Darkness. These kind of analogies alone prove to me that Dualism and Its resulting illogical thinking is evil!

The dark side of Light is Silver! Light is Light just like Darkness is Darkness and just like Good is Good (in all Its Many Forms) and Evil always Remains Evil.

I was running out of places to go and I still couldn't get across the fence to the Spirit World to try to find a place to really hide.

The innocent, unsuspecting Souls that went to the evil Planets were kept separate from each other and from the Souled that went to more progressive, evolved, egalitarian planets. I didn't learn this until I went to Crazy Town.

"Crazy Town" was the cynical name I called the sector of the annex (of the Spirit World) for where the Souled from earth were kept. It's a place where the Spirit Keepers keep everyone cool with heavy doses of Bliss so they can't think critically or logically, so they don't ask real questions about their reality and so no one will Question Authority. Kind of sounds like this world, huh? The Managers and Controllers of this world keep us doped up by many types of hypnosis, spread of false information (to me, in the Spirit World, non-information is the spread of false information) and chemicals by they put in our food, water, pharmaceuticals, air, so forth. But there weren't any chem trails in the sky in the Spirit World and if there were, I'm sure there was no human blood in them like there is in the chem trails on this Blood Planet!

Bliss is electric like we are and IT's very potent. You have to be very determined not to let it wrap it's warn, opiate arms around you and seduce you because it's very hard to pull out of Bliss once it touches you. It takes a lot of strength and determination to fight Bliss, but I did. That's because I was too pissed off and outraged about being murdered so ugly and brutally in my last life.

By this time, I was beginning to connect the dots and realize that I was murdered in my first life! My father in that life didn't accidentally kill me like I had believed. I was a problem for him. Signs of my Conscience were beginning to bud. I would scream loud and incessantly when he started touching me in intimate places. He didn't like that and knew as I grew that I would resist in greater strength. It would have been easier for him to just get rid of me and all he needed was an excuse for him to really lose his temper...

Most of the Souled destined for earth mortality are under deep hypnosis from the bliss, thus are euphoric and unaware of much. They drift from one dreamlike state to another. But there were some Souled there that were awake and refused to be seduced by bliss. I later ran into a few of them and talked with them.

Right from the very Beginning, right from the first moment I was Created, my Intuition told me to fight Bliss. I have been fighting IT ever Since! I hate anything that dulls My Soul, that keeps me from thinking clearly and interferes with my Anarchist Personality.

There was a Big Advantage to hiding with Souled who are buzzed up. They're so high, so complacent, so "happy" that they don't really notice the other Souled that live around them. These "Kissed by Bliss" individuals are basically concerned with

basic things like just being happy and with their loved ones.

Crazy Town is a place where the Souled hook up with others they were connected with in previous lives: fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, lovers, siblings, children, so forth. Anyone they feel happy being with.

I had never connected with anyone in my worthless lives and I had never connected with anyone in the Spirit World but J and he was gone to me. How Crazy Town's residents lived was very foreign to my experiences, thinking, understanding and Anarchist personality.

Crazy Town was very big and populous. I wouldn't call it a "city" because all the mish-mash style of houses were not very tall, with the tallest ones being about three stories in height. The place is alive with energy, but the energy comes naturally from the Souls who live there because most people aren't doing much. Some go in circles.

When a Souled person goes there, they can choose if they want to live with someone else or they can "build" a house to their choosing with their Will. I saw every kind of house there, from classical to modern, to tree houses to houses without doors and windows.

Crazy Town turned out to be a good place to hide for a while. I'd float up and down the countless streets and look at the strange houses. Every block was a crazy-quilt of every kind of architecture from unique imaginations.

During the time of the Light on the Moment Cycle, they'd come out and float up and down the streets before they went home to dream again. I'd stick to the streets that were very crowded and busy with Souled and pretend that I was one of them. I tried to blend in.

During the "dark" time of the Moment Cycle when the Souled are to be home and quiet, I'd find some low, dark place to hide so I could sleep and regenerate.

This went on for a time and then one day, I heard a female's voice call out to me when I was gliding down a street. I turned around and saw it was that girl who watched me die that horrible death in the forest! Ironically, she had been murdered, too. One of her customers did her in. She told me that two of the men that raped, beat, tortured and murdered me had died before her in some kind of disagreement with some other criminals.

I remembered one of them very well. I remember seeing the moonshine illuminate the gold crucifix around his neck. I kept wondering why he wore that necklace because I thought it was a symbol of goodness. Images came back to me of him raping me and beating me and I could see that gold cross and realized the symbols and hypocrisies of it.

Memories of my murder flared me up and I decided to find those fuckers and give them a hard time! I didn't know how to do it at the time, but I'm sure I would have figured something out when I found them, if only just to denounce them for the evil they did to me!

I searched endlessly for them! I remembered their energy and that both of them had the same, distinct energy. It was a dark, negative energy that I never could find in the Annexation part of the Spirit World. And I always wondered about that, too, because I assumed that everyone on earth had Souls and thus went back to the Spirit World when they died. I had heard about hell in church during my third life, but I never thought much about it. My life with that family and father (patriarchal disciplinarian and authoritative) was as kind of hell to me when I was at church learning about hell.

Because I couldn't find my murderers, I figured that they had already been reborn into other lives, even when my Intuition sensed something different but could not understand back then.

Crazy Town began to become boring. I wanted information and getting it there (plus quality information) was difficult. I needed to find Souls who thought and because I had been in a hospital that treated Souled from various planets and not just earth, I heard from non-earth patients about the parts of the Spirit World they came from.

It was time to check those places out! Because those Souled were usually taller and gave off their own distinct energy signature, I had to figure out how to disguise myself. I remember what I learned about quicksilvering; how most persons don't look down or look at the underside of Light. I decided to dress like they did (they wore much different styles of clothes than earthlings), float eye-level to them and hope they didn't see how short I was and because I couldn't generate an energy signal close to theirs, I'd dull my own signature so no one could read or feel it. I knew how to do this: I Willed It with my Power Center. Ironically, this is a key to invisibility: If no one can identify your energy signature, they generally don't see you!

I slipped in these other "neighborhoods" and instead of finding the Souled all hopped up on bliss, these Souled were lucid and thinking! At the time, I thought it was because they were "evolved." It never occurred to me that they might be evolved because they had stayed "neutral" by consciously not helping the Souled from the Blood Planets! By not helping us, evil stayed off their backs!

Some of the occupants of these other "neighborhoods" had six or seven fingers and toes, depending on their race. Although they tried to exhibit "signs" of "holiness," right underneath this appearance brewed arrogance and self-righteousness. They were corrupt and I could SEE IT!

Unlike the earthlings and others from the Blood Planets, these "evolved" Souled

were looking forward to their next term of mortality! They constantly talked with great anticipation of their forth-coming lives! Because they had lived long lives (thousands of earth-equivalent years), they had to wait long periods of time before they could reincarnate back to their old mortal worlds. This was completely different for the Souled of the Blood Planets! It was like a revolving door for us! We were constantly being sent back to our worlds quickly and we were quickly coming back to the Spirit World.

Even if you came back wounded, the Spirit Keepers tried to get you as “well” as fast as possible so they could send you back to the Blood Worlds as soon as possible! I SAW Them Do IT at the hospital I was at! There were ten beds in the long, rectangle room I was in. Twice, I saw the Spirit Keepers come in and take just-recovered earthings away! I KNEW (all of us left in the room KNEW) that the persons taken away were going back into the mortal arena!

Most of the patients at the hospital had come from Blood Worlds, but like I mentioned before, there were some patients from other, non-Blood worlds. They got sick, too, and when I look back, I realize they were sick from a Crisis of Conscience. Although the patients from non-violent worlds knew that how they supported their lifestyle was wrong because they had disobeyed one of the Prime Directives: That the Souled are each other’s Brother/Sister and Keeper. Because the body politic was so strong where they came from, they were helpless in too many ways to even speak up; more helpless to begin the struggle for change. So some of these Souled broke from their guilty consciences and fell apart. Subsequently, they sporadically ended up in the hospital with us.

There weren’t any group discussions in our “group therapy.” Group therapy was basically lessons we were taught how to heal ourselves while we slept in the White Light that flooded our room. I’d still get off my bed and try to talk to the other patients. Try to learn something new about Reality.

I wish that the patients had been able to talk or “share” in group therapy. It would have save me a lot of time, energy and grief. Instead, I would have to learn the Truth the hardest of ways. Ironically, when you learn the Truth the Hard Way, you Learn IT for Life!

So I hung out in “Neutral Town,” and no one seemed to notice me. I listened to all the conversations I could and tried to decode them for deeper meaning. I watched how they lived and how they thought. I analyzed their culture there. If I saw or felt a change in patterns, I made a mental note of it so I could think about it later.

Again, I slept in or by odd things. I slept in jars, under beds, the nether space where the building’s walls hit the roof, in treetops, so forth.

I knew that I had been gone for a quite a bit of time and that IT was only a matter of time before I was caught. I figured the Spirit Keepers must have had teams looking

for me! They did! But they kept it out of the public light. They didn't want anyone to know that someone (me) had defied their authority and command by running away and hiding so well that they were having great difficulty in finding me. If other Souled from the Blood Planets knew this, they might start trying it themselves.

This really gave me an advantage! If no one but the Spirit Guards aren't looking for me, it's easier to get around!

We played "cat and mouse" like this for a long time and this "mouse" was no regular mouse but an extraordinary one! More, I was a female and thus, my thinking was more complicated and thus more Creative. I was always thinking of and enacting Creative strategies to avoid the Spirit Squads that were looking for me. I didn't want to go back to earth plus I wanted to learn the Truth or as much of IT as I could. I needed to buy time for my investigations. I needed to buy time so I could find a private place and think out what I learned. If the Spirit Keepers got me, they'd just rush me into another life and I wouldn't know the Truth. More, they'd black me out of all the memories of the Spirit World.

It is my Pure Anarchist Nature to want to know the Truth. Like I am showing you, I started pursuing the Truth right at the very beginning. I've always been like this and I will always be like this: I want to know the Truth of My Existence so I can properly Defend my Soul! Defending your Soul to Keep IT Healthy so IT can Evolve is the First Prime Directive we're taught!

The Spirit Squad was finally starting to figure me out better and I could feel them coming close. My Vibes (Intuition) told me that they would eventually catch up to me. I didn't want to go out "quietly in the night" and I knew I was literally running out of time!

An Anarchist, I began to dream in dreams of Change. I also began to dream in dreams of Messages. I knew that to change something, you have to have power, individual and collective, to get change. To secure the power of the collective, you have to reach them with messages that will make them begin the dreams and action for the change/s. I decided that I would warn the Souled about what I knew was going on. I would target those waiting in the dormitories the Spirit Keepers hold you in right before the send you back to a mortal world.

These Souled were no longer on bliss, but something else to make them very mellow and complacent. Still, they could think better than the citizens of Crazy Town. As weak as they were, they were the only persons reachable.

I quicksilvered to the area where the dormitories were. I decided to randomly chose where I would give my speeches so the Spirit Squad couldn't trace a pattern. That

way, it would take them longer to finally find me.

I waited until it was time for the hellbound to eat in the Commons. When everyone was there, I suddenly appeared in mid-air (not allowed, too) and told them, "I am First Daughter of God and I am like you, conscripted against my Will to live a mortal life. They promise us that we'll get Enlightenment from our mortal service, but most of us are used and harmed by evil people until they no longer have use for us and then they murder us! There are others on other planets that don't have to live like this! I've seen them, been in their neighborhoods! For some reason, we're cursed because we have to constantly go into a world full of evil and this alone is Evil!"

Then I told them what was to get me in big trouble, "REFUSE TO GO. RESIST! MORE IMPORTANT: ASK QUESTIONS AND INSIST ON ANSWERS! BECAUSE WE LIVE, WE HAVE RIGHTS! THE FIRST RIGHT IS TO LIVE IN SAFETY! DEMAND YOUR RIGHTS!!! AND DON'T GO BACK!"

Then I'd "flash" into my Light Form and bounce against the walls real fast (my little light show to seem like I eventually disappeared and I did my little light show to show the Others what kind of power you could learn).

I did this in twenty dormitories, in their commons area. My Vibes told me that the Spirit Keepers were close so I thought I'd pop back into one of the dormitory's commons and reinforce my earlier speech because I thought they would be expecting me at a dormitory's commons I hadn't been to. I was wrong. The Spirit Cops had just showed up where I had been earlier and I was busted! Once you're in their presence, they have some kind of power you can't fight (I've tried, too!) and they take you where they want to take you.

This was a good lesson for me. It showed me how slow and disorganized the Spirits were with the likes of someone like me. I was always watching how their system worked because I was always looking for holes in it so I could jump the fence.

They took me to this real isolated place and it was the first time I got to live in a house by myself. It was a little house, one-room, but it was mine. Ironically, although it was fairly bare, my instrument was waiting there for me!

I used my early time there to think, devise strategies to protect my Soul. I also rested from my big adventure. Sometimes the Spirits would come to confront me about what I did, but I blew them off and then I'd start screaming questions at them and because they didn't want to answer them, they left!

Not allowed to leave the "compound" of a street (that went no where) of twenty houses, I wasn't allowed to leave my house, either. I'd look out my front window-the only window in the place-and see male Spirits meet in the "street" and sometimes, in the evening, I'd see them go back and forth between each other's houses. Not all houses, but three in particular.

It was boring there. There was no writing there so there was nothing to read and no paper to write on. When we are Created, we can read, write and speak in the Holy Language, but we're not provided with books and writing materials. Spirit Keepers have them, but not us.

So I'd play my instrument, dream about Learning the Truth of Reality, wish for Justice and Rights, eat the meals that regularly presented themselves out of thin air and SPIN.

This "special" neighborhood was very quiet. It was where some of the real independent, problematic prodigies and Anarchists were sent: Persons deemed too "dangerous" and a "threat" for their progressive thinking.

Prodigies and/or Anarchists were always a problem for the Spirit Keepers. We didn't fit into any of their programs because we were unprogrammable.

Tired of being in my little house for a long time, I decided to leave it. I walked outside and nothing happened. No Spirit Handlers showed up. I wondered how long I had been off house arrest and I wondered how long it was going to take someone from "management" to show up and tell me. I had really been a thorn in "administration's side" and I knew that they would try to find little ways to "punish" me for making them work so hard to find me!

So I went out in the street to meet my "neighbors."

I was the only female in that "maximum security" neighborhood and I was the youngest. For me, it was a think-tank of some of the greatest Anarchist and "non-traditional" minds I've ever encountered. And that's what all of us did: Think. Each prodigy and/or Anarchist had their own philosophies, theories, epiphanies, information, prophetic dreams, so forth. More, all these males were mega intelligent, philosophers of "forbidden" philosophy, including high philosophy and high anarchical thinking. This is the first place I learned about anarchy and ways to fight back against the Spirit System that oppressed us so much and kept feeding us to the "Monster's Ball."

All of us were "loners", too. None of us had any had never forged any lasting relationship or connection with other persons. We should have been living in dormitories but we were too hard to handle.

In this neighborhood, there were no common places to meet so there were no places for any real socializing except in the "street" that went nowhere. There wasn't a park there, either, and I found that strange because there are so many parks throughout the Spirit World. There wasn't any trees there, either, except for two smaller ones.

If more than six persons met in any house or on the street, the Spirit Patrol would instantly show up to break up the visit, party or meeting. They were afraid that “wrong” information would be passed around, they were fearful of anyone speaking up or leading, they were afraid of high philosophy (higher thinking in the cannon fodder groups caused all kinds of problems) and they were afraid that someone might learn, or worse, practice Group Magick.

Everyone who lived in our little holding-cell neighborhood hated our spiritual handlers, so we met to find ways to keep them from controlling us (self-empowerment) and to keep them out of our neighborhood. Meetings had to be cleverly disguised so they didn’t give off an energy signature that might alert our keepers.

Philosophical meetings were particularly taboo, so we had to disguise them cleverly. We designed a language with Symbols in a seemingly “random” placement so everyone got their instructions from the environment. We also incorporated this “new silent language” into a popular card game. Since we were forced to live in some kind of “friendly” jail, we played a lot of cards and perfected our secret language.

Later, we began to talk without cards. Sometimes we got tired of worrying about being caught, so we’d just talk openly, one at a time like angels do. The Spirit Cops never came. I saw the irony in that and in the other things, including the company I was keeping. Irony is God’s specialty and I knew God was letting us meet. I revealed my epiphany to the group and they had been thinking the same thing. Realizing that we had some freedom and wanting to see how far and as much as we could get away with, we met more regularly, longer and more freer.

Against the rules of our captors, we kept secret calendars where we counted the “days” (one rotation of light and dark in our reality). We attempted to make an organizational chart of the Authorities all the way to God. We also tried to make a map of the Spirit World and find our place in it. We dreamed of escaping the place and finding an “island” where we could wait The Time of Mortality Out. We believed that only knowledge and building the Power of Our Will were the only Things that could save us, whether in the Spirit World or elsewhere.

One of the persons I met in this “neighborhood” would become famous on earth. His earth name was Aleister Crowley. Now that guy was a radical! And he was arrogant, even then. He liked to talk, too. Of all the persons in the place, he talked the most. Eager to learn as much as I could, I used to listen, especially when he spoke about his favorite subject: Magicka, the Power of the Will. In a previous life, he had learned about Egyptians and how this giant civilization had practiced magick. He was going to learn as much as he could about all of this and apply it in his next life. He did, too.

Recently, I read a book about Crowley called A Magick Life by Martin Booth. I

always put off learning about his life because I always felt uncomfortable about my prior connection to him. After I read the book, I saw why: He and I are very alike in many, many ways but we are also Opposites, just like we were in the Spirit World.

Like Crowley, I was a holy child, super intelligent, mystical and magickal. Like Crowley, I am a natural magician. Like Crowley, the first four letters of our last name spell "Crow." In ancient days, crows were believed to be messengers of the gods, thus holy and mystical birds.

But Crowley and I are different in many ways. I don't like destruction or self-destruction (only Construction). Crowley liked to lean towards destruction and self-destruction. Crowley liked ritual magick. I prefer my magick open-handed. It forces you to be a better mage if you have to rely only on your True Will.

I never really liked Crowley, but I liked Nietzsche. I guess I always knew that Crowley would abuse others. He became a sexual predator on earth and even back in those old Spirit Days, I had a feeling he would do something like that. I always had good Intuition, even then.

Crowley knew about my three lives and knew how I felt about males on earth who used their male privilege to subjugate and harm women. Although I didn't usually speak much, I did tell everyone my short "history", so Crowley knew. I also asked a lot of questions because I wanted to understand everything I could. These guys were pretty patient with me, too. They broke down the stuff I didn't understand until I finally understood what they were talking about!

Nietzsche was a strange guy. We never talked much, but I liked him. He was real quiet and always sat close to whoever was speaking, and at the same time, tried to remain in the shadows. I remember watching his face as he listened to all the speakers and how his eyes looked: each dark eye was illuminated with an upright rectangle of light that always reminded me of a door pulling information through it to be processed and analyzed inside. I always knew he was a great thinker, someone who thought in the Higher Language.

Cynical, cautious and critical, all of us never made any friendships with each other because we knew how fruitless it was. We were loners and preferred to be like that if only so we could save ourselves. So we just traded information, speculated, prophesied and built all kinds of philosophical (and Anarchical) models. And we waited. We knew that the Authorities would eventually move us after God was sure we learned the Axioms He wanted us to learn.

We figured that it was a set-up: The Supreme Being put us together for a reason. Why? We debated about this endlessly. Why put 14 prodigies and/or Anarchists together, especially the Ones with the Best Minds? I didn't care about this myself. It was like school for me and I learned as much as I could while I continued to quietly Spin my Energy to make more.

Then the day came. A Mist of Bliss filled the neighborhood and put us to sleep. I was taken out of the neighborhood. I imagine that Nietzsche and Crowley went away with me, but that's only speculation. I do know that Nietzsche was born on earth in 1844 and Crowley in 1875, and that I was born into my next life in 1956.

Time goes by real fast in the Spirit Plane! I've read that time is six times faster there. I believe that it is probably more faster than that because I was always collecting and comparing Spirits' stories about how fast they thought the process was. How they'd spend a few earth-equivalent years in the Spirit World and when they woke up mortal, eighty to a hundred earth years had passed since they'd been on earth last! Time in the Spirit World and its relationship to time on earth is really strange.

The Spirit Keepers put me in a in a clean, comfortable room in some dormitory. I have no idea what the dormitory looked like because I never left that room the whole time I was there. I looked around for my musical instrument but it wasn't there. I knew the Spirit Keepers were real pissed off for making work real hard and long to find me, but now they were going to "punish" me? Take away the one little thing that calmed me down and made me happy?

They put me under a deep sleep. I fought the sleep but it was too powerful. Even in sleep, I Willed myself memorized my helplessness and powerlessness. I remembered what I learned in "The Anarchyville" and I used my Will to Memorize it ALL. Because I was I wasn't awake much to "boost" my Power Center with my Will, I made sure I put it on "auto-pilot" so my Power Center would Spin extra energy and hide it. Logical Anarchist Thinking!

A Natural or "Pure" Anarchist always questions Authority, particularly Authority whose Power they find offensive, oppressive, regressive, so forth. It's just our natural for our Anarchical Nature to Question Authority, particularly if our Intuition and discoveries of the Truth tell us that there's something hypocritical and very wrong with Authority. I've been a problem for Authority since the Moment I was Created. Questioning Authority can Save Your Soul! Remember, that's the First Prime Directive of the Souled!

After I was there awhile, Two Spirits (they usually come to see you in twos) visited me and told me that I had to go back to earth. I told them, "No! I Refuse!" If there had been a word or set of words to say "Fuck You" in the language available, I would have said that to them. Then I reminded them of my last "life" on the Blood Planet.

I asked them, "Why would you send me back to that? I won't go back to the Blood Planet. I will not live another powerless life to die like I did before. They cut me in pieces and there was nothing I could do. Try to imagine IT." With All my Will, I sent my pain and memories into one of them, the woman. She crumbled in pain and surprise. The male spirit she was with disappeared with her.

This was the first time I did this! I didn't know that this kind of energy transference existed! I was young, a plebe, a first year "cadet" at some cosmic military school! A military school I hated with all My Power! And I hated the Spirits who ran it. I had no pity for them because they were feeding us to monsters!

My first real taste of Power! My first real experience of Fighting Back! against those bureaucratic Souled (we belonged to the Same Primary Race!) who set us up to be murdered! Most people on earth die by murder, whether direct or indirect. Few people outside of the elite camp live to an old age and die by "natural" causes!

I wanted my Rights just because I LIVE and no one listened to me or even tried to help me. They set me up for a Life of Pain. I thought I would share a little of that precious pain with them! They could dish out all the rhetoric they wanted to, but to actually feel what I really felt? The Spirit Keepers couldn't handle it. More, no one had ever done such a radical thing before and they didn't know what to do. Now maybe if they had let me have my instrument and left me alone I wouldn't have reacted back so radically! I got bitchy without my "nerve calmer" (instrument) plus I always had that black cloud behind me; that black cloud of coming mortality and my Intuition told me this next life would be "The One" that would test me so severely that I would be forever changed; that I would walk out of a holocaustic fire and my Spirit would be Forever Burned.

Now that I look back, Fighting Back! was the right thing to do! I was defending my Soul and that is the First Primary Directive they teach you when you are first Created! Only I had discovered this faster than most Souled. It doesn't matter WHERE you are: You are to defend your Soul! Even in the Spirit World.

Because I refused to obey, because I was always questioning their authority and because I gave the Spirits grief and suffering (plus a good bitching out) when they came to see me, they always sent a new "team" each time. I refused to do anything they wanted me to do and if they foolishly pushed, I always found a way to make them feel my pain and outrage. Protected from suffering, they usually got very sick because they had never felt pain before. This gave me a worse "reputation" with the Keepers. My "record book" got very thick!

Before they could catch their anger, they'd say something negative or caustic about my name. They'd say things like, "She really thinks she is the First Daughter of God," "She doesn't match her name," so forth. That name has caused me so many problems, especially since I'm an Anarchist.

The Spirit Keepers stayed away for a long time and I was hoping against hope that they would leave me alone. I stayed in the little room and continued to exercise My Will. I fine-tuned my Intuition. Being ignorant and helpless on earth is a death sentence in itself and I knew it. Factor in the fact I was female and I was looking at even a bigger death sentence. So I kept preparing the few pitiful weapons and armor I could take with me: my intellect, my memories, my Intuition, my Will and all

the power I could spin in my little Spiritual body.

The Spirits came again. This new team was more friendlier and nicer than the other ones. They weren't so rigid and bureaucratic. They promised me that this new life on earth would be different. They swore it would be. Yeah, right, I told them. I told them that all I ever did in that place was suffer and die an early death.

It was like David fighting Goliath, but every time, there was no victory for the little guy. There never is with Spiritual Handlers who have to follow orders.

After I was there awhile, my Intuition told me that I was being moved. The Spirit Keepers moved me to a small neighborhood I was unaware of. The Spirit Keepers weren't happy me being released to this place, either. They kept looking at a page in my record book about this and although they were very much bureaucratic (not friendly guys this time), they shook their head in disbelief and didn't like what they were reading. I was a little surprised about this new turn of events myself.

Although it was tacitly forbidden, I moved towards them and looked down into the book. This was the second time I ever did this because it was not normal behavior for me. I hated God's Public Servants so much that I always tried to stay as far away from them as I could. When I looked down at the page they were looking at, I instantly saw that the orders to move me came from The Top of all spiritual command. This surprised me, but I was glad someone At The Top had noticed me because I wanted my Spirit Rights and somehow, I would find my way to The Top and tell them this to them personally.

The new neighborhood they moved me to was very different from other places I had lived in or had seen. The houses seemed newer and they had nice lawns and trees. It was a neighborhood for mature loners. It sure was nicer than the dormitories they put the less-mature loners in! I was still a very young Spirit so it was a big surprise to the other "neighbors" that I had moved on their block.

The unhappy Spirit Keepers told me that I had to be "good" if I wanted to stay there. I just laughed – happy to have such a nice home to myself and I thought it was funny that they expected me to be "good" when my definition of "good" was so vastly different from theirs!

Me, I was relieved that I didn't have to live in a dormitory! I had gotten used to living in my own house in "Anarchyville," so I appreciated my cute new house! Again, I was the only female in another group of "neighbors." Ironically, my musical instrument was waiting for me on my bed! All those things made me happier but always cautious, I was always on guard to Protect My Soul. I've been like this all this mortal life and I'm glad I learned to be cautious because this learned behavior I learned in the Spirit World has protected me so much down here!

We loners drifted in and out of each other's homes, visiting and waiting. I hated all

that waiting, but I was maximizing my time and energy there by thinking and planning. The Spirits tried to hop me up (get me high) on bliss, but my Will was too strong. They couldn't dope me up. There was no way that I was going to be lured into wasting my time being Blissed-Up when I needed to find ways to protect myself in the forth-coming life the Spirits were going to force me into. I was still dreaming of escape over the fence, but I knew in my heart it was fruitless. Some kind of cosmic gravity was keeping me tethered to that area of the Spirit World.

I knew that I needed to learn as much as I could and I wasn't going to learn anything more where I was. I knew I needed to find new "friends."

Not being restricted to the neighborhood, but just to that sector of the Spirit World, I could "flash" around (travel by spirit). I looked for other Souled in adjacent neighborhoods that could tell me what I wanted to know.

We always wore symbols, abstruse (hidden or occult) ones, so we could identify ourselves to each other: the thinkers, anarchists, social changers, the rebellious and most importantly, the artists. Artists, the good ones, were always good sources of information because they attracted the more unique types of persons around them and those people talked. Every person I found told me what they knew. I gathered the pieces in my basket (mind) and assembled them privately in the little house I was given to live in.

In a nutshell, I found out a lot about the Spirit World on the where we were kept. I heard about this place where the disillusioned, burned-out, Civil Servant spirits went to meet others like them. I went there. I never was afraid to cross a line that separated races. I've done it many times on this planet in this Life!

At first, they wouldn't talk to me and warned me to go back to my "place." I told them that I, too, was disillusioned and that even if I didn't have any "Rights," I was going to have them and the only way I was ever going to have them is if I had knowledge about what was going on.

Secretly, they pitied us. Officially, they wouldn't say it. Secretly, they were terrified of whom they had become because many had seen the wounded spirits that came back after death and they knew that they had been part of those outcomes. They were feeling/suffering from guilt and remorse. Many were suffering from what would be called "Delayed Spiritual Stress Syndrome."

I wanted to know why I was so powerless and why I had to be born in mortality when I didn't want to be born there. I wanted to know why I had to suffer and why the game was already fixed. I also told them that the game was so big, evil and violent, that it was almost impossible to be released from it (die) without deep scars that didn't seem to heal afterwards. I also told them about my anger and outrage, plus I told them of the three lives I had lived.

I also told them a secret that I had been carrying in my heart for a long time: My Intuition TOLD ME that this LIFE I was FACING was going to be very dark, full of pain, that I would be betrayed by many that I loved and that I would be forced to make all kinds of Choices most persons would not have to make. More, My Intuition told me that I would travel to many far places and that the sojourn would be fraught with hardships.

With great fear and worry, I told the burned-out, cynical spirits this and that only knowledge could save me. Then I told them about my friend, the babbling, catatonic lunatic who had once shown with Light as a beautiful male. I told the spirits that I didn't want to end up like that. They had an epiphany when I said this. I felt the cold energy blow through them and the room. They felt IT, too.

At that Moment, I felt like a condemned female about to be hung at the gallows. I knew that I was going back to earth and I was desperate not to. They felt my doom, too.

I begged the spirits to tell me what I needed to know, although all of us knew it was "forbidden." They knew I was right and they pitied me so much plus I had this "reputation" because I had run away for such a long time before I was caught. They shared a few things with me.

The Spirits explained J's condition.

They told me that he was one of the few that came back too broken to mend because evil had devoured him too savagely. "Sometimes evil does this."

The administrative spirits kept the wounded like him in a special place and in a deep stasis until the end of the material universes. Then these wounded would be taken to another hospital in heaven where they would somehow mend by "The Hand of God." I asked them why God didn't heal him now, but they told me that it "didn't work that way."

That was the first and only time I got to really speak to the Spirit Handlers. The next time I went back, the little building was gone!

The confrontations between the Spirit Keepers and I became more explosive. I continued to use my Will to strike them with my pain and outrage. They sent friendly Spirits my way again and I rejected them. I was beginning to dream new plans to run away again. Jump that fence and see what lie behind it. See if I could find a place to hide out there.

The Public Servants kept insisting that I be born again, that there was something really important I had to do, but they tell everyone that to recruit them into the insanity of mortality.

My Spirit began to feel the ominous, dark clouds gathering in my Soul. I knew that I was going to be reincarnated, whether I agreed or not. I wept for a long time before I started Building My Will and Memorizing Everything one last time.

It was “night” when God’s Presence found me. I was laying on my little bed and Building My Will. I didn’t see Him, but I Felt Him. His Voice was Kind and Compassionate, plus IT was Full of Love. Surprised at This Beautiful Energy, I forgot to ask Him for My Rights. Instead, He talked me into being reincarnated. He told me that He had a Special Job for me to do and that He would Always Be With Me. God PROMISED me that This Fourth Life wouldn’t be a Waste or Wasted and He PROMISED that I would do a lot of good in the world. When I look back, He never promised me that it wouldn’t be full of suffering, betrayal, hardship, rape, racism, torture, misogyny, poverty, prejudice and the rest.

I realized that I was going to be taken right there, right from my little house instead of going to a dormitory first.

Somehow, I felt a little peace but it didn’t stop my weeping. I reached for my stringed instrument but I realized that I wouldn’t be playing for a long time and I couldn’t bear the thought. Music was the only thing that gave me any joy and I couldn’t bear the thought of not being able to play because (and I was right about this) I would need all my energy to run the gauntlet; the Minotaur’s Maze.

I gained some kind of Faith at that last minute and decided to be “good.” After the Residue of God’s Spirit Left the House, I laid back on my bed and I wanted to think. But before I could think, I became very sleepy and the darkness overcame me. The next thing I remember is waking up in the flesh of a baby. The first thing I felt for was to see if I was a female. I’m very feminine and I would never want to be born a male. When I found out I was female, I was relieved and at the same time, terrified. I began to cry in my little crib.

I am weeping as I write this because this is such a painful memory. That’s why I didn’t want to write this Book. Too many painful memories I wish to deal with privately.

An Anarchist, I know I have to write this Book because it is about the Demonic System that oppresses and feeds off the Soullled. It trashes our lives! Anarchists are the Guardians of the Truth and the Conscience.

My personal Testimony illustrates what evil is and how it operates. It took great personal tragedy and the ensuing great personal quest to learn about these things.

When I look back, it was all a set-up. Invisible Hands manipulated me to become Who I Am now. I was selected - dreamed of by the God of the Soullled - long before I was Created to be a Messenger for these Last Days. It is a Burden that is almost unbearable. **I Am the Last Prophetess** and the God of the Soullled has

instructed me to tell the world this.