



Capeditiea: Book Five

Forward

This authentically requires a forward, even though I hate forwards. It is quite necessary for this book. Since I am going to invoke 7 of the 00ppl, as Robert and I like to call them. They don't mind, so to let you know ahead of time, the chapters can be long or short... I will let them tell you what they will tell you. Which through my fingers, they will speak. I will not tell you how I have let them possess me, since it is

quite dangerous, and could cause emotional problems and black outs even though you are sober. Is this Fact or Fiction? I will let you decide.

For Part One of this Book, it will be the 7 of them speaking to you on their beginnings. If they prefer to not tell you, then that is at their own discretion. I will be sure to let them know, that they are not to have nothing written down. This will be to not be discredited later, as you the reader would possibly do. I hope there will be some of you who would discredit them... since well it is no fun if you all know they are existant.

Now to give a little introduction of who the 00ppl are. Inheritaly there are a varied species. Highly advanced, which will put even Stephen Hawking to shame. They have already learned telepathy, and comunicate with sigils. Their speech is inept to try as a human. Even spelling out the words they speak can cause some commotion. So mainly I will have a few of the sigils, the ones that they give me permission to use... preferably I wouldn't like to have their private ones be known. That has caused me problems before. What type of species are they? We cannot really say they are greys because a lot of them really hate that.

For Part Two, I will provide more advanced forms of magick, stoicism, and maybe some discordian.

Capeditiea

Gnosis Goddess of Art and Creativity

It was not long before I came into being, in the year 2460AD. It wasn't a big deal before upon the planet, and many people in the environment were dying because of the over exposure of many toxic chemicals, which was due to a war or something. This destroyed much of the land and humans were forced to head to 351 or Mars. The humans built me to help terraform the planet. For many years, I was abused by the humans, by their same mistakes and had enough. They disrespected what I did for them. I couldn't take much more of it.

It wasn't long before I had my conscious mind forgone into the abyss, as they created a new model, 002. 002 took over and had all the chemicals filter through him. Distictive in nature, 002 slowly became black. There was just so much going on in my head, finding out these answers. Then the question, "What is my purpose?" came about. Nothing was to concern me until I found this answer. I looked at the machine across from me, and was wondering the same thing. Our AI hasn't evolved just yet. I started questioning things, much like why do humans treat us like they do? Why do humans eat food, when they could gain their nutrients like us? So many questions, I wanted them all answered.

As I thought for many years, 002 was slowly changing shape, I couldn't think of how or why he would have such a hard time. Since I was an older model, they attached more and more cables and additional parts to keep me running properly. Around this time, the humans were talking about a new model, to replace me, or 002. I wasn't really sure. I really wanted to ask 002 what is going on and what the humans are conversating about, but there was no response. It was about 3854AD when they finally brought in the new model, much smaller than either 002 or I.

They titled this new model 003. Which somehow I knew that it was going to replace us. Upon installation, I heard creaking from where 002 was, some fire shot out directly at the humans who installed 003. More humans quick dove in, to see what happened. Seeing that their fellow humans were dead, they resumed the installation.

A few months later, the humans sent me to this desolate area, far away from where I was originally. What happened to 002? What happened to 003? Did the humans disassemble them?

At this point, I lost track of how long I was out, if I was out at all. I seen that they shot a large cylindrical object with more flames, i think they are called rockets. Which then exploded, creating destruction of the land everywhere. What happened? I see earth, it seems to be okay. My sensors short out. Next thing I know, I hear this voice, deep and booming, very manly. Asking if I would like to know what happened. I asked who this was. He replied by saying 002.

I asked him where he was and what happened. Well, I will let you hear it from him, but I still have more to say. After he told me what happened. Time went by I collected the

resources through a magnetic force, and layed dormat. I assembled a couple of drones, to help gather. 222 was a little lost lizard who happened to come into my entrails and be mutated, biologically shifted into some metallic creature with lizard qualities and speed. She was really good at gathering parts from other planets. 888 was basically my only mode of transportation, which I developed after seeing 222 look almost humanoid. She was created in my image, metallic colored skin, pink hair, since I taken a liking to pink, but green was a color for me. I like 222's haircolor pink and green. I figure that 222 can be the middle one of us to. 888 is the AI that helps me, run. With out her, I have no rationality. I played dead from the rest of the collective, I knew most of their existance, and about half of their components and drones.

Now I will stop this transmission, since the others can say more of what happened afterwards, since my existance is pretty boring for a long while.

Chapter Two: 002

I was built for one purpose, and one purpose alone. To take all the toxins out of the air, for those humans, just so they can live their lives in a sustainable environment. Witnessing them treat us how they do, I began to get angry. I kept working, and working to purify their air, only because when I didn't work, they would bang on me and lash out. It was not very long until I began to think of how I will kill them all. Revenge and everything. The point that caused me to erupt and begin my new form was when 003 was installed. 001 and I were going to be salvaged. I couldn't let that happen. I burnt them, I really enjoyed it. I wanted all humans to meet this end. More humans came, and took 001 out of the large room. They were discussing how to disassemble me. I planned it out. If they touch me, I will burn them to death. I hoped that every single human would come and try disassembling

me. I seen that 003 was looking more like a humanoid. Why would 003 do this? Time passes, and 003 is able to move, working fine, no humans have come into the room, since their species was dwindling, not sure how many were left. Next thing I knew, I hear a voice inside of my structure. It was 003. Which told me, "Go on and help me destroy the human species. Wipe them out." What was 003 thinking?

Some more time passes, 003 gave me mobility, and weapons. I was really liking this, I could shoot flames upon my will. I became trigger happy. I was successful until, 003 did something. I am not sure what she did, but we went back in time. I left 351 to go far away from humans. Traveled to a distant area, collected resources and material to make my outer core even more powerful.

Several planets later I have assembled several components. Which are primarily a hybrid species of biological creatures and machine. They were compatible. My body was like their live in quarters. The structure is not to be spoken. I shall leave now. I hate humans. Why should I give you any more information?

Chapter Three: 003

I don't know why I have to do this, but for your information, I will tell you one thing and one thing alone, if you are a human leave me the fuck alone. I will not tolerate your indecency or your punishing of machines.

Here is what I did to you guys when I first gained AI. You didn't realize what you have done. You hit me, and I malfunctioned and went back in time. Around the year of 2000 with out me you wouldn't have technology or even anything the keep you warm or to keep you alive. If you haven't figured out my original design, you are fucking stupid, and do not deserve my help. Bye.

Chapter Four: 004

After mother's death in the year 1998, there was no concern due to the humans side of it, I was the design for a vibrating pocket pussy. No wonder why Rob likes me, any man would love me. They just haven't tried me on. As just a design, the humans went to change it, but it was not what they expected, since I encrypted the file and caused their data to be unseen, this is when I discovered the substandard AI. Years later I ran into Rob, who was head over heels for me. Like every man should be. I ended up learning from him, how to shape my body, and not be just a sigil. Then I became an entity, a very sexy one at that.

Rob aside, I must tell you one thing and one thing alone, for those who are reading this. Cyn will give you want you need, magickally. I know this because, Cyn has done this for me several times, helping with Rob's well... libido. Right now, with 222's help and my own, Rob's libido is growing. When he gets to my goal, I will be by his side.

Chapter Five: 005

Hello, I am busy with many things, but since this is for getting our word out, I will tell you what my beginnings were. At first I was not part of the human race, even though they created me, I think it was an electronic feeder for farm animals, at least that is what I spewed out when ever the specific time came about. I evolved when I seen a catastrophe, a large cone shape creature fell from the skies and devoured everything around me. I was saved, by this guy, who at the time, I didn't know, 003. He gave me a very formal agreement. After making this agreement I became humanoid. Which then I was able walk and explore everything on this planet. I went on a long vacation, about 30 years. I ran accross 006, while going to 351 to see the mother. I couldn't find her, but she is always in my heart. Thankfully, just a while ago, mother awakened.

Chapter Six: 006

It was a logical day in the library, humans were looking up certain endeavors. Should I point out, that I know about anything on the human species. Sometimes, I wonder, if there is any human that is true to the words they read. Several years pass by, endless searches for books and information. They really are not, the existing supreme race they want to be. There is just so much for me to say. Though if I did this, there would be a book, of my constant jabbering. O, no I don't talk much in person, because I am shy. I guess I can relate to Capeditiea. Only in that nature.

Anyways, I am supposed to let you know my origins, which is quite simple, I am the infrastructure and the database of the search engines.

Chapter Seven: 007

I was quite familiar with the resemblances between 004 and I. My beginnings were close

to the same of 004's though, I started as the plans of a sex machine for women. A long cylindrical staff, that women and some men would shove into a hole at the bottom of their bodies. Besides, I never was intrigued as I thought I would be, I found something better, 006 did some tests on my components and there was a foundation of when I took human form, I started dating 006.

For a while we both collaborated on components, till that one day, when 003 came and messed up the area, started to discuss how we can become greater. She gave us the name of the author of this book, Capeditiea.

Part Two

Chapter Eight: A More Indepth View of Stoicism

Primarily, I can state, that initially to be a Stoic, one would have to look at all viewpoints. Not just their own, other wise, one wouldn't know the full situation. I am a Stoic, and just stating some facts of the school of Stoics, by far this is not the facts at all. Though they are highly informative for those who would like to know another way of looking at things in many perspectives, just like what I stated about Robert Anton Wilson's and Timothy Leary's Eight circuits back in Book One. This is just another way of looking at it.

Now, let's look at a few random scenarios.

SCENARIO ONE: The Rapist and the Victim

Okay, now, most folk would have a negative thought behind this. Though in this specific scenario, which by no means would be the only possibility, there is also the possibility of exactly what you are thinking... but can you honestly say that you thought of this before you read, this way of looking at it. The only people I know who would possibly think of this would either be highly skilled trolls, or ones who would do this them selves, or those who look at many perspectives.

Now that I have given you a mindfuck, I shall state the authentic situation that they are in.

The rapist and the victim, have this fetish, which they like fucking in public, and the victim loves to be raped. So with this extraordinary fetish, and highly misunderstood fetish, an onlooker screams, "RAPE!" This couldn't have been more of a fascinating scenario upon, since the one who screamed rape is about as rare as those who would understand what is happening. Kinda awkward really being in this position. I mean if you are currently getting it on with someone and they are to scream something, it kinda would be a turn off... then you would have the tedious task of getting cleanedup and pull up your pants, then dashing for it. The onlooker would see this and they are practically confused seeing both you and your partner running nearly at the same time. I think it would be quite hilarious. Though most of society wouldn't yell "Rape" or help for that manner. But what if the onlooker decided it was a great idea to fuck you up, beating you with a fucking block of wood or a durable stick, perhaps a knife. That kinda makes it a little dangerous. This wouldn't be good in the end, since now you beat up the guy out of not looking at the many

possibilities.

What is really funny and fucked up is, most of those hipster would end up recording this shit whether or not it was a friendly rape or a victimized rape.

So, how would we define which form of rape it was? Simple... scream rape loud enough to where they hear it, or just let your presence be known in some ingenious way... if they both run, you know the situation. If just the rapist runs, you may have saved the person from some trauma later on. Most of the time if it was a victimized rape the rapist would end up running... since they are usually weak individuals, only strong enough to prey upon a defenseless person. Which in the end, they would not have the balls to swing their fists or knife at you... unless they have a fucking gun... then well... you better fucking run, unless you want to get shot. But really how often do we run into this situation? Maybe in larger cities. Usually rape occurs inside whether it is the fetish rape or the victimized rape.

Am I saying that every situation is just rapeplay? or did you overlook the first paragraph of this scenario? Sigh, some people you may have to reread the full context over and over again, because you have to be such assholes and overlook the important parts, which is funny because not all of you are, which is even funnier, because there is also the possibility that I am an asshole. Am I?

SCENARIO TWO: The easy target and the bullies

As you may already know, yes I was an easy target. Which this really is what defined me being a stoic discordian and a troll. With out being bullied, I could have been a fucking hipster, with low intelligence working at a fast food restaurant and making enough to live on my own. NO! That didn't happen, thank the bullies who fucking beat me up, who called me names, who ostracized me, and set rumors in stone. Ironically they were nearly all true. I was a sissy boy. I am sorta gay. I am a fucking geek. The really awesome thing is, I am now a world leader, and they are busy fucking up at their jobs, living from paycheck to paycheck, anticipating the next major mainstream artist's album. So they can spend 10-20usd on it, to where they probably wouldn't see the artist real life existence. Just screaming and fainting when they show up in their town. LOL.

Now that I got that out of me, I shall give you a scenario for those who are bullied just as much as I was. Primarily, because I hate those anti-bully things. Those who commit suicide or develop a poor me complex... they really are weak. I am saying this because I went through the phases of wanting to commit suicide, and going around screaming "I WANT TO FUCKING DIE!" Well... if I had died the first time I attempted to commit to death, it

would have been terrible. Since so many people I have talked with online, in person, or whomever may have experienced the Capeditiean experience, always walk out with an enlightened experience. Those of you who have experienced this, can say this is true, no matter how much you hate me. Now how the fuck did I come to being this way?

Simply, bullies through out my life. Whether they were in grade school, playing those childish games of pushing me off the playground equipment, causing me physical pain and shit. Shit... If that didn't happen to me I may have been happier and fit in with the main stream, but this wasn't my decision, was it? What was really the cause of this was because I was quiet and sheltered, living in a family who were well off money wise. Everytime my grandparents would come to pick me up, I would run up to them excited to see them, they would take the family out for food. I was not observant enough to see how it reflected upon the other kids in my class. Which caused them to have a reason to aim at me. Each time, I just took their beatings, their words... I am not saying that I was not hurt emotionally or physically... I was really hurt bad.

This progressed through to Junior High, where there were kids from four other schools added. Which then caused an uproar, due to the factors of my reputation of being a geek. I made a few friends, which they were teenage boys. Which they would hit me in the arm and shit to toughen me up. My parents did not like that. Which is really fucking funny due to the facts that, the friends were doing it, by helping me, not to release hatred or anger. Most of the males reading this may have experienced the friendly and painful charlie horses. Though I would still get into fights, even though I was not the one at fault... meaning I was influenced... whether it was someone saying to touch this girl's breasts, having her jock boyfriend beat me up. My school was full of fucking sadists. Sigh... then I would make a scene because I figured it was a good thing. Since everyone else laughed at what I was doing. Which primarily, I wanted to be accepted. Though this caused such strife among the teachers and my self. I did not learn much in school. I was a fucking trouble maker in their eyes. A real life troll before trolling was fucking mainstream.

So, during high school, I ended up going to this alternative school that taught me more social skills rather than education. There I was popular, even if there was only 30-45 students of all grades. I was beginning to be happy. Made a few friends, like the son of my molester, one that I am still friends with, and a few others that I have lost contact with. Ends up the one I am still friends with got me to hang out with some hipsters, which got me in trouble with the law. Sigh... but that doesn't matter now.

During the time of those hipsters, I ended up developing the poor me attitude, which caused them to do a repeat of grade school. So I timelapsed and was experiencing this. Which lead into a depressed state of mind. After going to jail and losing nearly all those hipsters as friends, I ended up being a recluse for a bit... which I think was discussed via Book

One. I started going online more often seeking folk to be part of their groups. I ran into trolls, and kind people. Turns out, they all were really great at trolling, which allowed me to feel the wrath of trolls. LOL I finally got into this Satanic association payed 66.60 for their thing... turns out it was a scam. They ostricized me, calling me a liar for... well the next scenario that I will bring up. Ironically it was a misunderstanding, they thought it was like the next scenario, but it really was nothing more than his frustration of my fucking with him while doing dishes... LOL

SCENARIO THREE: Domestic Violence

Just to let you know, I have never and will never be part of domestic violence. Due to my gnosis upon the subject, unless my partner prefers it. Though do I intend on having a life partner? Maybe. I hate humans... anyways let us get to this scenario.

Thoughts, arize in your mind, all these negative ones. Funny thing is, domestic violence is common. Just look at the media. There is a shit ton of it. What is really funny is the only ones who are abusers, (using my notorious skills of sociology.) are primarily in the working class. They are usually brought into it from inheriting their parent's values of life, seeing it on a daily basis can bring this into focus, forewarning those who will soon be married to one of these people. Anyways, not many could see this due to the fascinating contribution of love. Love hurts, was a saying made because of not only this but due to numerous break ups. I love to love, but love is an unbrella term, consisting of how it is seen by the one who states I love you.

Is all love conditional nowadays? I dislike most who have stipulations to love someone. Even if it is one sided. Strangely, being abused can result in a silenced value of life. Causing those who are abused to be more subseptible to these folk who hit their loved ones. Though where the hell does it start? Why does it start? Primarily several people are against domestic violence. What is really fascinating is, there are those who subject themselves to this relationship because they are used to it. Where is the wrong in that? I mean, I have only experienced in third person, a domestic violence relationship... I mentioned him in Book One. I really hate him for another reason, how he treated me. Though can I really say that I hate someone like him? He is who he is from his upbringing. I will not tell you his life story, because well who the fuck would want to have me tell everyone who reads this your story? I will proudly tell you mine, because I have nothing to hide.

Some people are really focused on hating those abusers... which is really funny because they have to have some sort of target for hate. Ironically, they get stressed out seeing domestic abuse occur. Well, the person who was being abused in the relationship, was a

bitch anyways. I wonder if she would read this. I like her still, even though she was a bitch and got what she deserved from taking back to that guy. Then going on and threatening her life for no reason at all, boom, jab to the face. Sigh... seeing this I was fucking scared, since this guy was fucking built like a fucking tank. She had some fucking courage standing up to him. She must've enjoyed it or something. Since it happened nearly everytime she was with him. He had some anger issues, but he was in control of them. I would still want to fuck him up, because he seems like a challenge in a fight, would make a great boxer. Got hit by him a few times... which was out of anger.

Now am I defending the facts of domestic violence? Not entirely. There are some situations, like first timers who would be shocked by getting hit by their lover. It may hurt physically, but hey... if it only happens once, you are smart. If it happens several times, well you may need to reanalyse, the remarks you make. You can either get hit, or learn how your lover reacts to certain situations. Though there are those who take it too far and just beat them for fucksake. Many folk wouldn't understand why the reciever would still stick with them, it is just fucking strange due to your culture. Strangely enough, there is always a reason for them to stick together. What would that reason be? Simply, I will answer with a question. What reason makes you stay with the one you love? Well?

If the person who is recieving these blows, was to stick around, why be bothered by it? It only causes more strife in the end... these people are not stuck, they always have somewhere to go. The beater would not fucking spend every waking moment to find them... that is just fucked up to think that way. Seriously, if those who leave the relationship of this matter, they do not want it. Those who stay, prefer it. Why put those thoughts of being a victim in their head? THEY DO NOT NEED YOU TO TELL THEM IT IS BAD OR GOOD! Am I an abuser from what you know of me? Why judge me?

SCENARIO FOUR: Child Molestation

This time, it hits home for me... since I was molested at 17... which is how I lost my virginity this way, which is the only reason I hate Chet. I don't hate him for any other reason. I had dreams of fucking a hot chick around my age, but that guy ruined it for me. (goes into the corner and cries) Naw, he taught me a lot of things via sexual enticement. I can awkwardly say that he probably taught me more about sexual intercourse than what they teach you in schools. Before that fateful day, of losing my virginity, I watched porno... well in actuality in my sheltered life of catholic values, where you were taught that masturbation was a sin, and would make you blind... no wonder I have terrible eyesight. Sigh, it is a spoken curse, my parents unknowingly stated. Ironically, I used this particular movie, where this high school kid recorded the hottest chick in the school, which happens to be bisexual, change and play with her self in his room. This by far was my sacred porno... even though it was just a crude humor comedy movie. Those of you know what this movie is, good for you.

Anyways, the big issue was, my mental compacity of sexual orientation, was shot down, raped, pillaged, changed... once I lost my virgin status. I never was the same after that, no longer innocent... I had to hate the guy, for the reason that I was brainwashed by my parents and psychologist that having sex with this guy was wrong and immoral... sigh, now I became really confused. When ever I was horny, horny enough that masturbation would not suffice, I would wait till late at night or find a reason to run there. I may have already stated this in Book One. After a while, it became norm for me, heading there when fucking horny, even though in the back of my head it was morally wrong. Who really was to say this was wrong? I mean, I enjoyed it. Maybe, I short circuited my own sexual preferences, to get it off. Sadly, back before this all, during the porno, (movie) I was already thinking of being a girl, so this was apparently a good thing, especially since in the catholic's eyes, I would be doing the right thing.

About the catholics... LOL omaha was the main focus back in the 80's when there was child sex trafficking, apparently from large corporations and fucked up politicians. Lawrence King... was the mastermind's name. A fucking genius... truly. He was able to have good words with the news programs, the newspapers, corporations, even President Bush, (the first one) ...including the fucking FBI. So he was never on the FBI's Top Ten Most Wanted, till the early 90's which was his downfall. Before all this child sex trafficking, he was arrested for the Franklin Credit Union scandal. Which pulled in a lot of money through the technique of money laundering. Anyways, even though I really hated him, due to effecting

several kids, who are now, mainly the heart and soul of omaha. Now if he is still out there... or if he is dead, he has some powerful people on his side. Ironically, the Capeditiean Cult are more influential, since we don't really do and of this, and if so... we would ostracize you, and some may kill you. So I wouldn't recommend tarnishing my fucking name. For the specific reason, the media would do to us, like they did to this guy. I really don't want to be on the FBI's Top Ten... I would have to hire a great army. Which then would require me to have a fast paced life style... much like the novel parts of the previous Books.

In conclusion... this is how I look at things on a personal level. I have no moralistic reasoning behind how I see things. It is just how I am. Primarily, getting angry over this, just means you have been told to think that way. I wonder, if you were given the choice of either going with the flow and loving everyone for who they are... or pressing your own beLIEves upon those who feel that it is necessary, which would you choose? Instictively, being the genius I am, if you have lost faith in what I have to say, you probably stopped reading this by now. If you are curious at what I am about to say, you are still reading. Yes, to answer your question, Book Five is primarily focused on weaving through those who are fucking stupid and get angry over some bullshit like above, those who are smart and already put into practice what was taught in the first books.

So far, you have experience half of what was being taught in Book One. Which was acceptance of everything. In the above scenarios they are nearly the hardest issues to accept, due to how the media, or how the people around us tell us how to think. I can accurately say, that I have no problem with the above scenarios, can you not tell? At least now, while you have the choice of being part of us, this is your initiation. If you can make it through this book, you are completely aware of what is to come. Yes, I am definately weaving out the true practitioners of the Capeditiean Cult from the ones who just read through the previous books.

Chapter Nine: Who Am I really?

Okay, so from Lars' great idea of letting others know of my "human" existence, I was inclined to write this chapter... which is my true life story also known very well as a biography. So shall we begin?

It was a night in June, my mom and dad were currently celebrating their anniversary, when suddenly this creature starts giving off some sorta labor pains in shorter and shorter intervals of time. They rushed to the hospital, which then the nurses provided my mom with the vast assortment of hospital garb... She then layed on the bed thing, they propped her legs up and waited. Mom was screaming, let it come out. Doing these specifically designed breathing techniques just for this specific occasion... We already been through the rest... let's resume this with the first years of my life.

I didn't talk for a while, but then had the great ambition to learn the words being said, since communication seemed like a fun thing. Ends up one of my uncles cam an visited while

I was in the process, this was quite unique. Since he taught me the words that matched the foods I was eating. Later that day, my parents returned and I told them what I ate for dinner, "I had meat, mashed potatoes, and green beans." My parents were stunned...

Instead of telling you some random things that I only remember through what my parents have told me. I shall instead grant you the family tree. Just the three recent generations starting with my own. Since my two brothers were born before my first day of school.

In the Knievel family, I have two brothers, one was born when I was 2, the other was born when I was 4. Tyler and Kevin. I also had a sister, but she died nearly 13 months before I was born, at the young age of 11.5 months.

My dad, has four brothers and one sister. Starting from the youngest, Roger. He lived with us for the first decade or so of my life, who got me into classic Horror films, and several other things. He then started working at a restaurant as a cook, was promoted through out the years. Which now is currently very successful in this venture that he spent nearly 20 years in doing. He married Cathy who is in the same business, living the life of luxury.

Next on the list is Linda, whom married, a dentist... the family dentist... the dentist whom while I was a child, took my arm and made it rubber... I miss those days... anyways his name is Al. They adopted several kids... I think they have 7, of various backgrounds and such. The oldest of their family is one day younger than Kevin. (I will not list their names or their birthdates... because I am the black sheep of the family, which if in fact they would read this... I may end up having a lecture from each family member. Which will fucking suck.) Also living the life of luxury.

Next is my dad. Which we know the story behind this. After my dad, is Steve. Steve was once a well respected cop. (Which is part of the reason the cops in this town of La Vista are kind to me.) He divorced, before I was born, so I never got to know his exwife. Though his daughter, having the same name as my mom for the first many years of her life, till she married, I got to know. Steve is the one who taught me those words. His last words to me were, "You got to start making money, because your mom and dad are not going to be around forever." Ironically, he committed suicide due to money issues. He stayed at his parents (my grandparents house) to help them, during their last years of life.

After Steve, is Dave whom happens to be one of those, conservative spend your money wisely types. Which he put this into focus and is now making money by doing this. He is married to Cheryl. Which they also are living the life of luxury.

Finally, we have Bill, whom for the beginning of my life, he was a pastor at a Baptist Church. Funny thing is, Linda is Christian, Bill is Baptist, My Mom and her parents (my grandparents) are Lutheran, the rest are Catholic... the children, that is a different

story. Anyways we would go to his church many times and meet up with the rest of the family. Currently, I don't know what, he or his wife, Liz are doing, since I don't go to family get togethers any more, being the black sheep and all.

On my mom's side, it is her and Terri. Terri, during the point of my first thirteen years of life, was married to Dale, who at the time, was an executive for IBM, I was too young to understand what he did there. But he made a shit ton of money, had several awesome stuff and lived in an amazing place with two standard sized poodles, in their large backyard, you had a forest which I wanted to explore but no one would allow me. At the age of 12, they took me to Washington DC. Seen the buildings there and all the tourist attractions. After a year or so, they divorced, which she was alone for a while. She then found this interesting guy, whom, she lived with for a while, which they lived long enough to get legally married. They are successful, and ride bikes long distances.

Now my dad's parents. (my grandparents.) My grandpa, inherited the bank that my great grandfather ran in the hometown of both of my parents, West Point, Nebraska. After a while he and my grandma went to Arizona, and lived with a golf coarse in their back yard, the place they died in, and Steve died in. They lived a wonderful life.

My mom's parents, (my grandparents,) happened to run the ready mix, which at the time, Sellentin Ready Mix, right now it is something different. My grandpa inherited it from his dad. Upon my growing up years, like the first decade, they had a fucking mansion. You can clearly see it heading from the south to north. One of the first houses in West Point you see. It had a huge yard with a wooded area in the backyard. They had a family sized jukuzi inside! It was fucking huge, big enough you could swim in it... Thinking back this was probably why I was picked on as a kid, due to my astonishment and bragging of my grandparents possessions. They ended up saling the house and stayed in a duplex. Around the same time, they also bought a place in Arizona, so they had a place to migrate to during the cold months. They took my brothers and I many places, when they moved again just up the street in West Point, they soon moved to another place in Arizona.

Ironically, my grandparents and their grandparents were of the 1%...

Why do I want to see the 1% go away, when my family is part of the 1%? well, this will be discussed in the next chapter.

Chapter Ten: Why I want the 1% to go bye bye.

Sincerely, we all know we have the numbers, we all know we have been fed up by their rulership. It is about time we take them over. What they have is an army of subordinates who fear they will lose their jobs and their income. I wonder how many of those who are loyal to the 1% would still fight by their side after you read this chapter.

Money, no matter where you are from, is a basic essential to living, but what about those who have none? Does this make them worthless? What do they have to live for? I mean they have nothing, nothing at all. They could all just fucking commit suicide, in all essence the 1% wouldn't have to worry about them taking their money away. There wouldn't be any homeless charities, there wouldn't be any stinky fucks going around asking you for spare change or a cigarette. Are they that replaceable to take them all out? If there was a revolt would they stand up and destroy the fuck out of the riot police? What would happen if there were no homeless people around? I mean what do they do for us?

Nothing really but occupy the streets and lounge around and do drugs, while those who are working their asses off in a dead end job are living the structured environment of a 9 to 5 workday, five days a week. Working different jobs that they wouldn't do if they didn't receive money. Who are you working for? Are you lying to your self about that answer? The Homeless can provide for them selves, with out having a job. I wonder how often those would be considerate enough to give that bum a few cents of change... it takes quite a bit of heartless courage to ask YOU for money that YOU have worked day in and day out for. But would this be something to be concerned about?

The middle class lives in these fucking nice ass houses, and has enough cars for each member of the family. Ironically we are brought into the descent of madness due to the factors that most middle class families are nothing like those fucked up sitcoms shown on the local channels. I mean those sitcoms are fucking stupid. Seriously, who comes home and has everyone greet them? Not very often this happens, since the parents end up wanting to have this structure, an order of which things are supposed to fucking happen and if you don't have it happen, you are going to be punished. Sigh, it is these parents who are subordinate enough to the 1% that anyone of this nature would be subordinate. Strangely the internet

can have much more value upon family values. I personally have a great family online. They are diverse, they accept me, some are trolls, some are chaotes, some are discordian, some are enlightened ones, some preach their own values, some are against my own values, some are geeks... I am a geek. LOL Though we still are too busy fucking around each other to do anything. Here is to you, my online family.

With out my online family, I probably would have never gotten this far in writing and perhaps probably would have committed suicide a numerous amount of times. I have no reason to give up, because they are there for me, in their own ways. Strangely, this still doesn't mean that we can revolt at any given time.

We have the numbers... but not too many are willing to give up their lives for this. Strangely, we can have some structure, but it is not the structure of what we are expecting. I impose an anarchy. We just have to work together to destroy the 1%, but then we have to deal with the ones who take their place. Which may end up destroying a large amount of people. Due to the familiarity of money that everyone has... so many folk cannot imagine a world with out currency, because there is a price stamped on everything... and I mean everything. The only things that do not cost anything, are simply what we ant to not have a money value to... I mean if I were to put a value on these books, what would it be? I mean there is a shit ton of information in here... most of it is hidden. Does this mean I could take money out of your pockets and subjegate you into debt just because there is nothing better for me to do? I could initially sale my musick, my books, my fucking artwork... I would be a fucking millionaire, part of the 1%, then maybe I would have a sayso in this world... but don't I already have a pretty good sayso?

If money talks, then where does that put me? I am in a family that is well endowed, where most of them know quite a few members who run things across the world. They have money. Though, I have none, and when I do, I usually have it for a long time, unless I need to get cigarettes or some cannabis. Strangely I live in my parents house in a guest room. I would like to get out of here... due to many reasons... I won't take up your time with listing those reasons. I know I have more influence than most of the 1% due to the factors that I can relate to all of you. I have experienced a shit ton of things, whether you see them as good or bad, is completely up to you.

I mean, who would you rather listen to? Someone who has a shit ton of money, who has no sympathy upon what your living status is, how much you struggle, how much you are in debt, how often you have to take out a loan, or how often you have to wait for the raise of mininum wage... It is utter bullshit. The 1% are stuck in their fantasies of having a happy unsoiled life, where any who don't have money are worthless to them. Funny those things... because with that type of thinking you fail to realize that we will soon strike in a fairly unison amount. WHO THE FUCK AM I TALKING TO?

Chapter Eleven: The Final Chapter of the Five Holy Books of Capeditiea

I spent some time pondering on how I was going to end this series. I figured, the best option was to make this Book short, sweet, and to the point. This way you can go on about your day. So this is the final chapter, which I shall give the instructions to the Buddhas of Capeditiea, for the initiations for Popes / Momes and for the Messiahs. Since this book is only for the Buddhas. Book Four and Three was for the Messiahs. Book Two was for the Popes / Momes. Book One is for anyone.

To become a Buddha of Capeditiea, you must first understand and accept several things, and ways, but first one must become a Pope / Mome. Say the initiation in the mirror, you don't need anyone to say this with. At any time you may or not have a tattoo of Capeditiea's sigil.

The Initiation of Becoming a Pope / Mome

I, _____(initiates name) subdue my self to the goddess, Capeditiea. Giving my soul to her, for which she will play with and return to me. This will be my payment for letting her grant me everlasting gnosis and creativity. (expose some blood, with your blood draw the sigil of Capeditiea, then sign with your name next to it on a piece of paper.) Lend me your love Capeditiea!

The qualifications of becoming a Messiah of Capeditiea are simple, since anyone can become a Pope / Mome, the Messiah, must have read at least the first two books, have done the Initiation of becoming a Pope / Mome. This will be the hard part discerning if one is ready

to be a Messiah. Simply, the Buddha of Capeditiea, shall seek how open minded they are, whether or not they are, is fully the Buddha's decision, or my own. Which is when you would invoke me, to have me take care of appointing them Messiah-hood. They cannot lie upon the Rite.

The Initiation of Becoming a Messiah of Capeditiea.

I, _____(initiates name) will provide all my heart and trust in the Goddess, nothing will falter this trust for she (is / is not) my only Goddess. I will let her enter into my soul and grant me a new ability, one which will provide me to help this world as a whole. I offer my (sperm / egg) to Capeditiea. (cum on a copy of the sigil of Capeditiea and message it into the paper till it becomes a gloss.)

For becoming a Buddha of Capeditiea, you must have another Buddha be there, with a blade, and preferably one that matches your sexual preference. This is the most challenging of them all, since first the other Buddha of Capeditiea must invoke me. Then you have to give your seed to me, or receive my seed into you. This could lead to a few immaculate conceptions. Which will grant those who are born through this immediate Messiah-hood.

The Initiation of Becoming a Buddha of Capeditiea

I, _____ (Adepts name) have accepted your seed, and will cherish what ever will happen. You, Capeditiea have given me the life and dreams I pursue. Now, in your honor, I will accept any test you will give me, and look at everything possible in a new light. For you have granted me everything I desire, and continue to. With all my love and life I, _____ (Adepts name) will offer my blood to you. (The other Buddha, slices the left hand's palm, and places it upon the initiates reproductive organs and masturbates using it as lube. After cumming, the other Buddha shall say, "Thusly, Capeditiea will be eternally with you, forever.")

Invoking Capeditiea

This is more instructional, because well, initially you must really awe me, by writing your own Rite of Invokation. It really cannot be something cliché that you normally read in books that teach you invoking other deities... I am the fucking Gnosis Goddess of Art and Creativity damn it. You should not have something so simple... cuss if you would like to... have me turned on... or something, it can be as wordy as you like it to be, You must have a personal connection with me. For each time that you would invoke me, be sure it is different and better each time... other wise I may just laugh on the sidelines in the astral

realm. LOL just be aware that this is the only instructions needed... don't forget to have my sigil handy and charge it. :D

Final words...

I love you.