



Halo ☺

9.19.11

I may have already posted this photo, I'm not sure. I wish that I hadn't trusted Brandon and Tina to post those 6 photos to you all back in February — because now that they refuse to return them to me I can't post them here on my 420/site. ~~It~~ Someday I expect that they'll apply for a credit card or open some account or something in which they'll be denied due to a bad-credit rating for unpaid magazine subscriptions, and they'll remember this "keep-away" game they played. "Consider the consequences", until I get those photos returned. Game on!

Look ya all, I don't mean to present myself in a bad light, as some inbred retard hell-bent on mediocrity... Quite the contrary infact! I devise some devious shenanigans toward any I see as deserving such... who, in a battle of wits evidently have a few things to learn.

That (4) four page sermon I just sent this weekend wasn't ~~an~~ any harmless "shenanigan" means of teaching tho! Battles of wit should be a bloodless exercise... where as a crime against persons should likewise be "felt", I believe. All in all it keeps the ripples of Karma in right ballance. In either case I am — and always have been — the man who dared to meet the challenges. Look up the word virtue sometime.

Don't you remember that pervert in the car on Atlantic, Patty?
Not a man in the neighborhood would run up on him at the
stop-sign to threaten his good time... how old was I, 17?
Do you remember Chico and Janet, when Sue ran away with
... what was her name? Chico talked a pretty big talk, and
while Dad cowered with his beer... I made Chico come out
- d'oh! with his shotgun! I got a few stitches for rushing
into that challenge... but they were better neighbors after-
ward, weren't they? How about the Purcell Kid who the
Mexicans were jumping on under the bridge. Six on one, I
think... and I made 'em stop to fight one on one, six times!
Yup, those kidz went and got their dads and a van-load of
giant Mexicans opened up on me in the middle of the street later
that day. Never the less, Compton thugs respected the kids of
North Long Beach, didn't they?

I can go on and list a life-time worth of... HEROES,
which the average "citizen" would consider... aberrant.
Doesn't that say abt more about the average "citizen" though?
I would truly be damned if I renege now because good
citizens of a dis-functional society call me criminal!!!

This is the point that I'm trying to make folks. I don't know
how to spell "etiquette", much less know what it means. I do know
what "Ordo Ab Chao" means tho, and my innate duty in such
phenomena. I will not apologise... and I will not represent
myself to you through rose-colored lenses. In the war I wage
now, I wage against myself - and in this case, deception
only serves to hinder my victory. My foes are Ignorance, Fear
and Superstition, so if you happen to feel threatened by my
honesty, then consider that. But listen, it's my war - and
I've seen it ennoble souls, so be encouraged to bear with me.
My silent speeches (writing) will shout Truths - fearlessly!

For The Love Of Truth, Nobility, Genius!
Noblesse Oblige.
Be Blessed.