



Can you imagine ... After 20 yrs in exile ... Purged from the whales belly? No family relationships ... No friends ... No home, vehicle, cloths, job, etc. Totally FREE to BE/DO/ & HAVE, as I will

High control parole, no doubt ... Ankle monitor ... Mandatory Psych appointments to monitor my reintegration ... And motel rent vouchers in lieu of homeless shelters, since I've earned my solitary confinement accommodations years ago, being a religiously devout nudist and all.

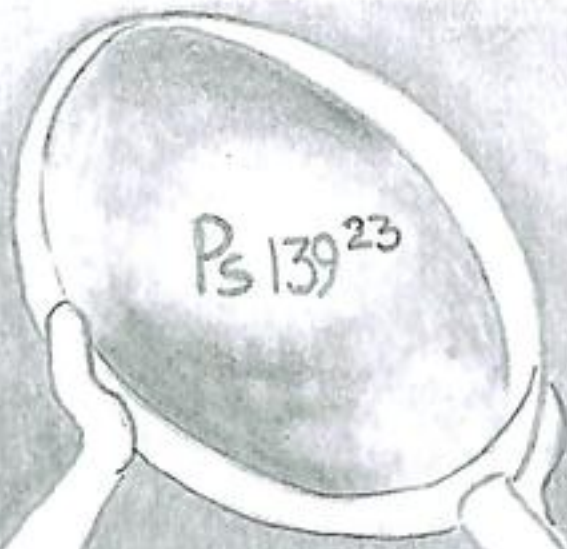
An 'address' qualifies me for public welfare benefits I'd need to feed myself, and others who I meet at the soup-line mission, who also need an address to qualify for food stamps. Mind you, I wouldn't permit my degenerate den to become a flop-house where just anyone would feel comfortable to take advantage of the opportunity. Few would warrant putting my cloths on for them to enter my sanctuary, that's for certain.

Next, I'll need pocket money of course. My sanctuary will include an art-studio where I'll produce pieces to display at flea markets - as a front for peddling my Universal Life Church credentials, as a shingle for my sadomasochistic "tattoo therapy" sermons ... which of course accepts donations and/or barter to help advance the ministry.

Gnothi Seauton S.O.U.L. CLINIC (Science Of Understanding Life), will be disseminated on flyers far and wide in both high and low societies. "We deliver" is the ambiguous motto of this Wyrdo Weisenheimer World enterprise to charm Sleeping Beauty out there - where exactly what we deliver is the intriguing mystery. And whereas this commerce needs no other license other than the ULC Ministry credentials, some additional pre-emptive prudence will help secure success.

Extraordinary! I dare say it's even enchanting in a way. Can you imagine ^{the} sky? The sky's the limit ... How exciting!!

Donning azure toupee and cloak over blue denim overalls as my clerical garb whenever I have one of those "mandatory" Psych appointments to attend ... I'll need take along a couple blue wigged Valkyrie-type gaminers to attend my white steed awaiting my return (and the day I can afford a motor vehicle), as these sermons tend to be time consuming battles of wit - confronting the obvious, tit-for-tat! PhD egos with their Zeus Complex games make it worth the wile though, so: Game On.



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