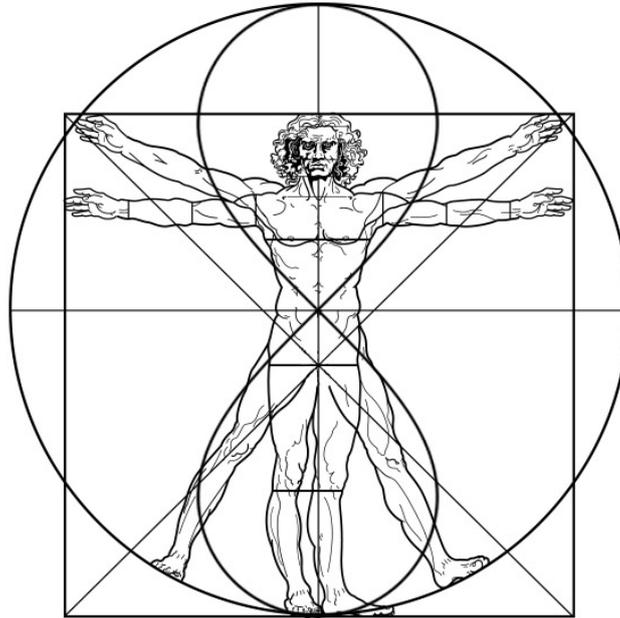


THE OMNISCIENCE PRINCIPLE

**YOU ARE AWESOME,
INVINCIBLE,
A RELENTLESS
MONEY MACHINE**



No Road Is Long With Good Company

The Omniscience Principle - The Wealthness Bible

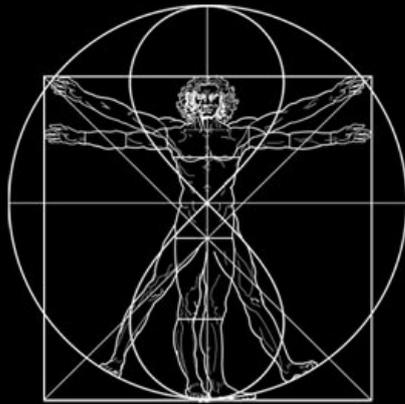
For health, wealth, freedom, my amazing family and all the good people on this fragile planet

LATEST EDITION AT: TheOmnisciencePrinciple.com

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Prof. P. J. Tranter MBE, OBE, HD, JOA, Turbo



**YOU ARE
AWESOME,
INVINCIBLE,
A RELENTLESS
MONEY MACHINE**

Life is too short to think small

You Are Awesome, Invincible, a Relentless Money Machine | The Omniscience Principle Part 1

You ... Yes YOU!

You are wonderful, magnificent, incredible beyond your wildest dreams ... *could I go as far as to say, YOU ARE A MIRACLE.*

I'll let you decide!

Imagine a great fire ... bigger than the one you have in your mind ... bigger, hotter, wilder, more ferocious than that ... yep, bigger, a fire on the scale of the Gods ...

This fire burns in a place of infinite nothingness, no light, no time, no space, nothing ... absolutely nothing.

Now into that fire blows a great wind, a howling, biblically powerful wind that stokes and feeds the inferno.

From this fire frantically rises a billion, trillion tiny, infinitesimal sparks. When I say small, I mean this. Think of a small thing, now halve it and halve it and halve it until your brain can't comprehend anything smaller. This spark is smaller than a cell, an atom, a string (the building blocks of life).

And it's hot, immensely hot. Each spark a thousand times hotter than the beating heart of the sun and the sparks more numerous than the galaxies in the cosmos, more infinite than the stars in the heavens, the blackness between filled with the crazed fury.

Got it?

Each brightly burning spark is an embryonic universe. Each spark like the sperm swimming to the egg, vying for a chance at creation.

Any number of sparks could become a place of time, and space and light and dark and stars and planets and antimatter and flora and fauna.

One, just one solitary, special spark blazes brighter; brighter and more fiercely. It grows brilliant and dazzling and flashing and bigger, rising faster and faster. Its phosphorescent glow beams with incandescent splendour consuming the nothingness and from that, from that inimitable moment, our universe was born.

And from the flames, all the dreams and hopes and aspirations were born.

You are so, so special ... *how special?*

If you believe the clever people in white coats and this creation story, you are more special than you could ever imagine!

13.8 billion years ago our everything was created in a single instant.

From that point, serendipity and spirit and chaos have conspired with the universe and time and space and everything in between. From cosmic dust to dirt, to mud and fields of green. From fire and water, to cells electrified with life and light. From algaic, yellow soup to the deep, deep blue. From the air we breath to the trees that cleanse, to the billion insects that inhabit. From that point and right up to the very moment your father's sperm, one of a billion, entered your mother's egg, one of two million.

All those fleeting moments since the very beginning, every cell divided, every life spawned. Every sperm that has ever entered an egg, every star that has lived and died, every comet that collided.

All the bangs, bumps, laughter and tears, marriages and divorces. From the moment man learned to harness fire to the time he discovered oil and the Internet. From the time of war to the time of peace. Through plague and disease, famine and pestilence. From primordial slime to concrete and glass.

Every decision, every hesitation every fleeting thought you have ever considered has penciled a course on the great chart of your life.

The infinite number of minuscule events that were drawn together and if one, just one sperm in 13.8 Billion years had entered a different egg, **YOU wouldn't be YOU.**

Your universe, everything you know and have ever known, **was bringing you to this point.**

This moment; this moment when you finally realised *just how special you are.*

...

You Are Awesome

Soon, this is what those closest to you will be thinking.

This is the beginning; a new beginning for you ... Several years ago, a less expanded copy of what you are about to read was sold alongside a business development plan, a hard copy, self-published course that was selling at an exceptional rate.

It came to the attention of what, from this point forward, will be known as *The Machine ... and the rest is history!*

Our company, reputation and cash flow was obliterated with such speed and clinical precision by the dirtiest, most rotten, low-down tricks it was staggering. Honestly, it was the stuff of movies!

We were ridiculed in the media, pilloried by the paparazzi, torn apart by investigation and stifled at every business juncture ... But one thing the agencies, men in black and quangos hadn't banked upon was that ***SOMETHING THIS DEBATABLE JUST HAS TO BE READ!***

Whatever your personal opinions on theories, paradigms, facts and dogma explored in these modules, you absolutely, unequivocally will not escape the inescapable fact that ... ***you'll never think the same way again!***

I am here ... I will not be bullied, threatened, antagonized or bastardized and thanks to the nature of the Internet, here to stay. This time we will continue our growth ... ***and so will you on so many levels.***

You have discovered *The Omniscience Principle*. It will change the way you think, the way you see the world, the way you interact with people, the way you work, your attitude towards business, the way you live. It **WILL** change your life ... ***it WILL set you free and allow you to lead a good and fulfilled life.***

The Omniscience Principle is going to drag you kicking and screaming along your very own journey ... You're about to see in all its Technicolor glory, right here, right now, how you too can have a great, fat, juicy chunk of your dreams and desires.

Yes that's right ... I don't care if you're black, white, yellow, pink or blue, I don't care if you're a young whippersnapper or an ageing silver fox, I don't care if you live in London, New York or Uzbekistan ... **YOU CAN HAVE A BETTER LIFE, BE IN A BETTER PLACE.**

If you **ARE** currently happy, wealthy, free and content then there's nothing here for you ... ***if not, read on...***

All I ask is that you take from *The Omniscience Principle* what you can; use it, grow bigger, better, stronger, do good and become fulfilled and above all, achieve everything you desire.

The Omniscience Principle is a way of looking at the world. As Einstein maintains: "*Change your point of view and your world changes*". It's about **YOU** and breaking free of the constraints forced upon you through indoctrination and manipulation since birth; moral codes and policing you can do without and which hold you back in a world of obedience and mediocrity.

It's about building faith in YOUR OWN abilities; it's about fulfilment, it's about wealth in all its forms, it's about cold, hard cash and that *evil* money and the accompanying rewards are wholly laudable so long as it is used for laudable projects. It's all about instant gratification, indulgence and the pleasure it brings in this life, *right now*.

It's about being truly free, happy, wealthy and content; it's about forming a fundamental understanding of how you can be used and your life's energies abused, relentlessly and inexorably.

It's seeing the psychological weapons used against you minute by minute, hour by unrelenting hour; knowing the damage others can inflict and avoiding their blows.

It's about discovering absolute clarity and vision to see right through the smoke and mirrors. It's about doing exactly what you want and whatever makes you feel good, without compromise, when and wherever you like.

It's about rising to see the dawn break because you've decided to, not because it's an obligation.

It's about picking your children up from school everyday ... because you can. And if you don't want children, that's fine too, if that makes you happy.

It's about your time now and it's about being rewarded with all the good things; all the good times for all the honest and fine things you do.

Give and you shall receive ... *The laws of reciprocity.*

Through *The Omniscience Principle* I give, and give and give. It reveals everything I've learned in the trenches used in defence and attack through life's tests and it shares the secrets to ultimate success (well near enough!) on a number of levels, physically and mentally.

I know you are probably feeling quite isolated and wish you could break free of the constraints placed upon your life ... *it's bloody hard isn't it, trying to achieve even the most basic of ambitions?*

My favourite analogy is: *You feel like you're the only person with a fork in a world full of soup.*

You're not alone!

I know how you are feeling; I know because I've been there, I have been where you are now and what's more, I'm still battling through.

I grew through writing this, it helped me achieve great things. I thought I'd fulfilled my personal quest some years ago, I'd arrived. I'd build a passive income, had time and the all the rewards...

And then I took my eye off the ball. The last few years have not been so good.

We moved to a new country, set up a new life and was so busy living a wonderful life that I was blind as my business inexorably unraveled.

So I've lived through the highs and crawled out of the lows and am still growing and building and learning that *I'm not as smart as I thought.*

The original *Omniscience Principle* website had long been taken down as I got busy and these pages sat ten years on the hard drive. I've been struggling and grinding, feeling unloved and sorry

for myself. Beating myself up in the dark, dark hours of the graveyard shift, the place where demons dwell. Those voices, those negative, miserable, hateful voices. The debilitating feeling of absolute failure, the rejection and the horizon-less, monochromatic landscapes. The perpetual, overwhelming confusion, the anxiety, the utter bewilderment of it all.

...

The Black Crow

In my life there's a Crow, a big, black as pitch, special crow. Sometimes he's in an oak tree, others he's on a fence post. Sometimes he's off doing what black crows do and other times, he's sat on my shoulder screaming and squawking in my ear!

If you don't know what a crow is, it's a big black bird they get in the UK, like a raven. As you'll read, I'm quite a grounded person and don't subscribe to much in the way of *conventional* wisdom. I'm skeptical of luck and destiny and don't really get off on the supernatural ... **BUT ... *there are things in life that we simply can't explain.***

How did this crow come into my life?

We were looking to move house and came across a property that was in the hands of the receiver. The owner had gone bankrupt and this looked like a fantastic opportunity. I tracked down the agent dealing with it and opened negotiations, looking forward to the moment we signed the deal of the decade.

I was ahead of the game, had got in before anyone else, the price was good ... ***and things just started to fall apart!***

One thing after another, inexplicable things that I'm not even going to attempt to explain!

The more we pushed, the more the deal pushed back.

My wife would often turn to me and say that "*things aren't right, this just isn't normal*"

In my heart I agreed but my head disagreed with both.

Then on the last visit, as we got out of the car, an old lady appeared at the fence from the field opposite. Cheery enough but just strange. "*Hi, just wanted to say hello and see if I like you or not. If not I'll be putting in a toilet block here in front of you*" she chirped.

At that very moment my Crow appeared on an ancient oak branch right next to her head and began screaming at us. "*Rarrrk, rarrk, rarrk*"

That's it! We agreed and decided it was all too much. We pulled out of the deal and forgot all about it.

A year later we passed the property again and were horrified to see what would have happened if we'd secured the house.

A retired lawyer lived some distance away and liked to ride out on the forest on his horse. He'd been studying old maps of the area and found an ancient bridleway that allowed him to access past the house to the woods beyond. He did his lawyer's thing and got the path reopened.

I passed through the garden, under the kitchen window, through the garage and out of the garden on the other side!

I have listened to my Black Crow from that point forward.

When the **Black Crow** screams he's telling me to walk away or is pushing me in a direction. My wife and I have a saying now when things go wrong for no reason we can fathom, "*it's a Black Crow*".

We learned to accept that when the 'Crow's a screamin' ... beware!

We've learned to walk away, no matter how counter intuitive it may seem.

I grew through writing and practicing the things I put down on paper here and as my other businesses took off and life took over I put Omniscience on the back burner.

Things started to go bad with my business, my **Black Crow** has been squawking and I've not been listening. Everything failed, culminating in probably the darkest day of my life ...

Later I write about locking horns, seeing the signs and learning to walk away at the right time. Making an enemy is the most time-consuming, energy-sapping, draining thing you can do.

We'd bought an amazing property here in New Zealand which used to be an old apple orchard. It came with three workers' cottages. After we moved, the council changed the development zoning, which for us was a lottery ticket. It meant we could divide off the cottages, give them titles and sell them on.

All went well until close to the end. We'd sold a couple and just needed some driveways putting in. This is the most simple of jobs. We took on a small local landscaping firm and that must have been one of those days when the **Black Crow** was off in some Black Crow strip joint, smoking Black Crow ganja and getting thoroughly smashed on Black Crow cerveza, *or something*. Where ever he was, he wasn't where he should have been ... screaming at the top of his croupy voice: "*Stay away from these motherfuckers, they are baaaaaaad news...*"

I'm not going to bore you with the details but the subsequent two years have been what can only be described as utter insanity. These people made such a mess of the job that they caused us to miss the deadlines on the agreements and lose a sale. They then produced an invoice that appeared to have been penned by The Brothers Grim.

It's ended up in court and caused so much upset and distress I can't begin to describe ... well I can but can't be fucked!

This was only a small facet of things that were going wrong. Alone, I sank lower and lower and lower into a dank and dark place where all was black and all was cold and all was silent.

I was living life constantly *below* the happiness line. My moods rarely peaked above it. I went on tablets in the hope they'd at least even emotions out. Just to be able to have a life on the happiness line would be a start.

I couldn't concentrate on my projects. I slept for too many hours and awoke tired and drained. I dreaded the morning and lived in abject fear of what Groundhog day would bring. If it was the same as yesterday, a day filled with rejection, I didn't want to face today.

And it was during this time of crushing self-pity that I rediscovered *The Omniscience Principle*.

I began reading. I would read more and as it made more and more sense I read more and then I started to rewrite. I am older and wiser now and began to feel a spark as I rediscovered writing stuff in better ways. Something I found most amazing of all was just how good this shit was! Stuff I'd written those years ago was still so relevant and poignant.

As I wrote, the power returned and began coursing through my every cell ... I'd forgotten how powerful it all is.

Nothing's changed at this point except my perspective. I am still fixing a broken business, still battling demons and still fighting those unhinged landscaping people ... But I am feeling good, really, really good.

And now the fog has cleared I see the colour returning. I can see the sun rising and the moon, like an obedient dog following. I can hear the bees working and the birds singing and loudest of all ... ***Black Crow is squawking!***

He was there all along ... The things that failed were ***Black Crow***. If any of a million things had gone differently, ***I'd not be writing this now!***

I would have gone on without the benefit of these words, I would have gone on to be arrogant and unpleasant and narcissistic. I would have created wealth granted but I would not be wealthy, I would not be fulfilled.

When times are bad you feel like you're stood in a hailstorm without an umbrella.

Worry no more, you're not alone and now you too have discovered ***The Omniscience Principle***, soon we'll be powering your way towards something better.

A plane won't fly without the wings. Bolt all the elements together and it'll soar.

I want man to be like a never-falling Icarus — spreading the wings forever reaching new heights no matter the obstacles that may be in our way ...

You only have a limited time here on this Earth ... There's a year, a month, a day and a second on your forehead and life is counting down. You can't see it but as sure as night follows day, it's counting down and once you're gone, wherever you go, you're gone from this world. **The Sword of Damocles is real!**

You're going to attain freedom to think clearly in the shortest possible time and spend the remainder of your extraordinarily short life enjoying it!

I started with nothing and I still have most of it left
Seasick Steve

Just a few years ago, at the age of 32, I couldn't even turn on a computer, **FACT!**

I went to college and learned. After being virtually bankrupted once by ***The Machine*** I chose to explore the Internet as a vehicle to attaining wealth and freedom because I believed it offered the most opportunities for someone like me ... **actually it offers great opportunities for just about anybody!**

Having said that I want to point out that *The Omniscience Principle* has nothing to do with how you choose to make your money and although the Internet has been good to me, I am well aware that it isn't for everyone.

The Omniscience Principle is about attaining personal freedom and being ultimately successful at your chosen business or in your ambitions...

I say 'business' because unless you're highly specialised, highly trained or highly sought-after, a job is time hungry, not leveragable and will simply never pay enough to do all the things you want to do!

Money is a necessary evil, even if your ultimate goal is to just do good. You can't save the Polar Bears without money!

How much is enough? ... Well that depends on the individual but take it from me, it's bloody great fat number that very few jobs in the world will pay?

Stellios from Easy Jet (a highly successful European budget airline) suggests that anything over £10million net worth (@ \$20M) is vanity.

I put a slightly more conservative figure to aim at, somewhere around ... *mmmmmm!*

£4,000,000 (@\$8M) free and clear ... and if you think that's going to be hard to attain ... ***you're damn, fucking right it is!***

But whether that figure is a mind-blowing amount to you or something that simply seems 'a lot' ... ***it is attainable*** ...

The Omniscience Principle is about opening the door to *Self*, by doing so you open doors to a better world. Some of what I write is not particularly sensational or ground-breaking however, I'd like to think that I present in new and engaging ways ... ***Some of what I write is sensational and ground-breaking.***

I've never had a job and at my age am thoroughly unemployable. To survive, I built my business one step at a time. For years the money refused to roll, **but I stuck at it**. I did whatever it would take to succeed ... and through these modules I'd like to share things I learned about myself along the way, with you.

I truly wish ***The Omniscience Principle*** was around when I started, as life would have been far easier for me!

I started right at the bottom, so don't think for a second that **YOU** can't achieve ***Personal and Financial Freedom ... YOU CAN*** ... and will, if you consider and implement what I share and **most importantly, refuse to give up.**

You will make it, maybe not overnight, but I promise, it will happen.

Well, I think you've worked out for yourself by know that I don't beat around the bush and I say it like it is! I don't suffer fools and get right to the point, **so let's get right down to it ...**

...

A Note From The Author

Omniscience (the state of knowing everything), is the capacity to know everything infinitely, or at least everything that can be known including thoughts, feelings, life and the universe, ... and the realisation that you actually know bugger all about very little at all!

Everything we *think* we know, the teaching, doctrine, theories and facts are not all they seem, they are ephemeral. They are mostly *other* peoples' ideas taken on board and re-presented as *fact* ... until a new, better suited, better fitting proposal prevails.

For instance, Aristotle, the ancient Greek philosopher was so respected that his works formed the basis of most knowledge for nearly two thousand years.

No one thought to question his *fact* that flies had only four legs and that snot was brain matter! (Snot is the green slime that dribbles from your nostrils on a cold day if you're not familiar with the word!).

Even Christmas and 25th December being the date of Jesus' birth is not what we think!

His birth, which is the basis for the Anno Domini system of dating, has been determined by modern historians as having occurred between 7 and 2 BC. The date of celebration is not thought to be Jesus' actual date of birth, and may have been chosen to coincide with ancient Roman solar festivals that were held on December 25 worshiping their sun God Mithras.

Now on the subject of Mithras, it appears that many stories attributed to Christianity are nothing of the sort and are actually adopted from older, pagan beliefs. It has been said that if the growth of Christianity had been arrested by some mortal malady, the world would have been Mithraic!

After the triumph of the church over paganism, artists continued to make use of stock images originally devised for Mithras in order to depict the new and unfamiliar stories of the bible. The way in which Mithras was depicted shooting arrows at rocks causing fountains to spring up was adapted to represent the biblical story of Moses striking Mount Horeb with his staff to release drinking water, according to Cumont. Likewise the Heavens, the Earth, the Ocean, the Sun, the Moon, the Planets, signs of the Zodiac, the Winds, the Seasons, and the Elements appear on sarcophagi, mosaics, and miniatures in the fourth to fifth centuries using the same sort of iconography used for Mithras earlier.

The scene of Mithras ascending into the heavens was apparently incorporated into Christian art: after Mithras had accomplished a series of miraculous deeds, he ascended into the heavens in a chariot, which in various depictions is drawn by horses being controlled by Helios-Sol, the pagan sun god.

In other depictions a chariot of fire belonging to Helios is led into the water, surrounded by the God Oceanus and sea nymphs. Vermaseren argues that Christian portrayals on sarcophagi of the soul's ascension into heaven, though ostensibly referencing the biblical scene of Elijah being led into heaven by fiery chariots and horses, were in fact inspired by representations of Mithras' ascent into the heavens in Helios' chariot. The sun god, provided inspiration for the flames on Elijah's chariot and the Jordan River is personified by a figure resembling the God Oceanus.

And this is often the way!

Columbus didn't *discover* America, it has been there since the beginning of time and merchants had been plying the oceans for hundreds of years before he trundled up their established trade routes and began torturing and slaughtering natives.

Apparently, the Indian Squanto who met the first Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Massachusetts asked them if they "*wanted a beer!*"

He spoke perfect English having been to England several times!

The fact that he spoke to them at all is remarkable because he was actually thrice kidnapped and enslaved in Europe before returning to America to find that his entire tribe had been wiped out by a plague brought by the European explorers.

We're taught that Captain Cook was a gentleman hero who *discovered* the New World. Pacific tribes had made this their home two thousand years ago. Then I see on the History Channel that he was nothing but a murdering pirate, ultimately responsible for the death of tens of thousands of Maori!

Apparently, the romantic Hollywood version of the West being won by cowboys shooting Indians is nonsense, it was won with blankets infested with smallpox ... and the original cowboys were in fact Scottish farmers thrown off their lands by the aristocracy.

The Santa we know and love is a character from a Coke advertising campaign.

The Crusades were state-sponsored terrorism. King Arthur and Merlin didn't actually exist and man didn't land on the moon, which is actually made of cheese!

The point is, that our knowledge base seems increasingly fragile doesn't it? All that we think we know is not always the way it is.

Every day we argue with someone on some level and a settlement is generally brokered by the mighty Google. "*I'm right, you're wrong*"... the opponent hooks into the entire knowledge of man and will pull out information to support **their point of view**. Immediately, the argument is settled. Yet how do we know that information is correct? If we took the time, we would find information to support both sides of the argument in equal measure.

The information that settles often fractious arguments is written by others, it is of the moment, it is often wrong or biased. Yet we treat it as fact and it forms the basis for all we hold dear.

For years there were authoritative papers written by clever men in white coats presenting conclusive argument that smoking was not harmful ... reports that were commissioned by tobacco companies!

And this is repeated time and time again.

I recently refurbished a cast iron pan because the Teflon was flaking. I looked up to see if it was harmful and found a very convincing video to say that it was not ... the video was made by Dupont, the company that make Teflon!

I did a bit more digging and found a wealth of information reporting that Teflon in my food is bad! The only way to know for sure would be to commission my own scientific study.

I am often surprised at how my knowledge and the facts I hold dear are contradicted ...

The date December 25th is apparently not even in the Bible! (I maybe proven wrong as I've never read it!)

Isaac Newton argued that the date was chosen to correspond with the winter solstice. Although the modern solstice date is December 21 or 22, the Romans marked it on December 25.

Who knows!

What I do know is that some will have read the last few paragraphs as fact and be jumping up and down, confident in *their* opinion that I've got it all wrong.

I'm beginning to think I should have called my book Anti-Omniscience!

Much of the work is written from the way I see the world because that's the only thing I know to be true, and even then there are cracks. There's a ton of research gone into *The Omniscience Principle* and that's an issue because I'm relying on what I've read and watched and I have no clue if it's all good and correct. I cover many things and present them as fact or knowledge of the moment ... ***but I don't know!***

Just because it's on the net, in a book or relayed verbally does not mean it happened that way or is even correct ... ***as you'll learn!***

I was born in the UK and went to school, college and then Polytechnic, finally graduating with a HND in Art Direction and Advertising. After being forced to move to London in search of a work placement because this was where the agencies were based, I soon decided that 'The Smog' was not where I was going to spend the rest of my life!

So ... after years getting educated at the tender age of 20 I left the UK. After various non-advertising related jobs in the Canary Islands I ended up in Greece where I set up as a sign writer and was introduced to sailing. This was to become a lifelong passion as I accumulated many thousands of sea miles cruising, racing and delivering yachts as a freelance skipper ... and that would have been that, spending my years sailing the seven seas but something was stirring within, I felt I needed something more fulfilling.

I chose direct marketing and publishing as this catered to my skill set and fitted into my transient lifestyle. I came up with the ideas and outsourced the work, which was all managed from a laptop whilst sipping Sangria in Spain or Rum Punch in the Caribbean.

The first venture into publishing was in 1999 with a series of wholesale related directories known as Sourcebook. These detailed trade sources worldwide. During this time I built other websites that would hone my Internet Marketing skills; skills that contribute to the success of the site today in these increasingly competitive times.

I found I have a natural talent for copywriting and design and over the years I've has helped create extremely busy sites for my own portfolio and on behalf of clients.

Government Auctions UK was described as an experiment. Originally, it could be bought as a printed document or downloaded as an ebook. Due to the limitations of the web in those days it was pretty basic and gave people a starting point, a place from where they could enter the *secretive* world of Government and Police Auctions. There were no sophisticated features, yet it contained everything someone needed to track down 'No Reserve' auctions.

The book sold well and over the following couple of years proved to be a great success. The Government Auctions UK website took on a life of its own, growing organically through search engine exposure and by word of mouth. However, it became apparent that visitors wanted a grander product than a directory of auction houses so as the web grew more technical, GAUK programmers started to develop a system to better deliver the auction information.

It was this demand that drove site development towards something much more comprehensive and targeted. What you see today is a powerful aggregation platform and the culmination of literally years of research and development.

After spending a number of years based mostly in Cyprus, I now live with my family in New Zealand.

Now, I am not a particularly well educated or read man, in fact I'm slightly dyslexic and very numberlexic. I've never had a *proper* job, mixed with corporates or run with the rats ... and I as I said, am probably unemployable. I am a family man with amazing kids and a doting wife who takes too long getting ready and is late for absolutely everything!

I am not as successful as some but certainly more successful than others.

BUT, I do get up when I want, do pretty much what I want, when I want and the older I get the more I realise just how lucky I am ...

Actually, that's total bollocks (english for shite!), because I'm not in the slightest bit lucky (apart from the elements outside of my control such as the kids health and their genes which I stacked in my favour as I chose the best woman for the job! — Oooh, that's gonna hurt!).

...

Luck

“Get up you lazy bastard!”

I have worked damn hard to be able to get up when *I* want. I developed an end game and steered *MY* destiny towards it.

Luck is relative ... most of us feel we are hard done by when things don't go right, regardless of where we are in life.

Are some supernaturally lucky whilst others desperately unlucky?

Well there are exceptions to the rule where 'luck' is concerned ... Paris Hilton seems to have it pretty easy for example!

A friend of mine said that we should be grateful for every day in our life because a street urchin on the streets of Brazil would consider us very lucky.

Conversely, a starving African child in the depths of famine would consider the street kid lucky!

Luck is a state of mind for most people ... there really are desperately unlucky people out there ... *YOU are not one of them.*

...

Gods and Ghosts

Like the laminar flow of smoke rising from a burning candle, life is unpredictable. But ... it's the only one you've got and how it plays out is all down to **you**, the decisions **you** make and the things that **you** do.

I am not religious.

That does not mean that I do not believe in anything, *I do*. I'm just not sure what it is! We all believe in something, even if it's as tangible as life and the energy that flows through everything.

This uniquely human (*I think*) compulsion to believe there is *something* else appears to come down to the fact that the thought of being alone is utterly unbearable. We are comforted and supported by the thought that there is *something*.

Over the two hundred thousand years of human evolution, the need for a Tribal Identity has become braided into our very DNA.

We need to be part of *something* and at its most basic, we need to believe that we are not wholly alone. However, the problems started when *megalomaniacs* took advantage. Over the last few thousand years, basic human instinct has been massaged and manipulated into something dark and maleficent through conditioning, fear, persuasion and indoctrination.

We've come to believe that *belonging* to a group *defines* us whereas, the ultimate irony is, it *confines* us.

When I say I am not religious I mean that **I do not subscribe to a set of confines built and written by man to control us**. Writings that are blindly followed, no matter where that leads.

The moment we subscribe to a group, we are labeled and it forms our attitude towards all other groups. Once that **Sticky Label** is slapped on the forehead, a pedestal is formed beneath our feet from where all further opinion and argument is called. That viewpoint is formed by the confines that define that group.

This Christmas, Wifey bought me a laughing Buddha because it made me happy. I placed it on a shelf only to find that it wasn't the right shelf, it had to be placed on a specific shelf in a specific corner of the room at a specific height where I could rub his fat tummy.

During the placement my wife said to me "*I thought you didn't believe in God anyway*" and I said "*I don't and this isn't God it's Buddha and Buddhists don't believe in God and I am right and you are wrong*". The simple act of placing a happy Buddha on the shelf had an immediate affect on my reasoning and perspective.

And this is how *dangerous* this all becomes when manipulated by man.

I am right and you are wrong and ... *The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the inequities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he, who in the name of charity and good will, shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother's keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon thee with great vengeance and furious anger those who would attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon thee ...* **Pop a cap in his arse!**

That's a Pulp Fiction thing!

So I don't subscribe because I am defined by I, not confined by them.

I find that the questions I've asked with regard to the teachings of man have never satisfactory been answered.

Progression and Reward is something we will explore throughout *The Omniscience Principle*. It's an extremely powerful technique used by man to manipulate man and it employed in all its vibrant glory by the megalomaniacs.

As a boy I perpetually questioned the tales we were taught, the scripts, the stories, the promises, the reprimands and the motivations. And the question I asked most: "*How can a wholly mysterious entity give me the things I want in my life today?*"

Now that doesn't make me a bad person, a heretic or an infidel. For me, the rules and rewards outlined in the various bibles, gospels and texts seem more driven by control, fear and manipulation than altruism ... ***do this or you will live eternally in hell and damnation. Or do that and you'll live blissfully in wine and orgy ... when you're dead!!!***

If man is to be believed then, God, The Ultimate One, Jesus or Jehovah, Allah or Shiva, Brahma, Ganesha, Mahavira, Vishnu, Durga, Krishna, Odin, Athena, Zeus, Coatlicue and the multitude of deities ... ***aren't very fair or even particularly nice!***

And the appalling acts committed by man in their name are pure evil. It's always been a paradox to me that horror is rarely perpetrated in the name of The Devil!

We're taught by man that worship of, or sacrifice to, a particular entity will bring reward in this world or the next. Remember **Progression and Reward**? It's comes up a lot!

Is *it* really sat on high waiting for our call, watching our every move, listening to our every word and begging request? I say save your breath, you might as well spit melon seeds into the face of a hurricane.

So many calls for help coming in, is it any wonder so many don't get answered?

My mother-in-law (who'll slap me for writing about her!) and I often have debates about her Roman Catholic God. She once told me that she often starts her prayers with "*sorry to bother you because I know you're busy...*"

When I asked "*busy doing what*" she answered, "*helping the starving!*"

"*If he was busy doing that they wouldn't be starving would they?*" I replied smugly! (*and for that I get another slap!*)

The various faiths documented by the many and varied men, appear to me to be utterly elitist. If a follower does not fit into the template they are excluded from *everything*. They are de-throned and excommunicated from **The Tribe**.

And for those who say I should research more before making sweeping statements, my answer is that I have other things to do, I have found my religion, **I have found I**.

I am convinced that there is nothing in this life, in this place, in this time ... more accountable, more able and with more vested interest in me ... *than me!*

I feel that to believe in *something*, is good. It brings great comfort to millions. Subscribing to a religion is not necessarily a bad thing. The conflicts only start to arise when one decides to become free.

In that case, worship must be accompanied by awakesness. The realisation that the belief structure forming the identity and understanding, argument and viewpoint comes from *man* not a God. And the fundamental understanding that *God* is absolutely not responsible or accountable for the good and bad things that happen in our lives.

You are a good person, you know what is good and what is bad.

When we pray, the simple fact is, our prayers are not answered by *it*. It is through affirmation and prayer that *self* conditioning is effected.

That's important so I'll write it more importantly!

IT IS THROUGH AFFIRMATION THAT 'SELF' CONDITIONING IS EFFECTED.

The more a person prays, the more that desire (if achievable) becomes reality:

Dear it, Help me become a better person.

Dear it, Help me get a better job.

Dear it, Help me heal.

It's not an entity *fixing* stuff (most of which is petty, selfish and indulgent). It's the process of affirmation, calling the prayer, and **THE ACTIONS WE TAKE** that generates the outcome ...

Ultimately, YOU make the difference YOU desire.

Before the control of governments, control was orchestrated by the Church and we're still living with that mindset hundreds of years later. The issue I have with the various *books by man* and *man's interpretation* of things we don't understand, is that only the *worthy* are allowed reward for good things they do ***in the name of*** ... and if that entails strapping several kilos of Semtex to a back and walking into a crowded cafe to detonate it, then so be it!

Good has many faces depending on man's interpretation. *Good* can be manipulated in so many ways, all the way down the scale. An underlying agenda of control and manipulation of man by other men and women.

There was a time when priests were all powerful. If it didn't rain for a month they would take life and sacrifice it to a deity of their making. The Aztecs would roll the heads of their human lambs down the sacrificial steps of their great pyramids. People would go willingly to the chopping block on the promise of many wonderful things ... in the afterlife!

Over time, this proved to be a little extreme and pissed off the peasants, especially when the rains didn't come. It's also not wise business to kill off your customers. So the priests looked to other methods of control. Nowadays, the church elite take life energy and sacrifice it to their various deities. These organisations of which there are many thousands, are self-serving, they take to further

their own goals. The reward is a pat on the back and a promise of many wonderful things ... in the afterlife! And many people go willingly to the sacrifice because it makes them feel good in this life.

Why aren't animals allowed into the various Heavens? Does 'God' not have time or inclination to look after the animals?

If he did then are cats more deserved with their nine lives than the lowly slug?

And I'm leaving the Hindus out of this particular debate as they do apparently honour the cow, and rats I think ... or is that another religion ... and cats? No, that's the Egyptians ... I think?

Dogs definitely have dreams so it follows they have desires and wishes, if only to go for a walk and play with a ball. They are loyal and obedient and rarely do malicious things like murder and steal, so why are they not allowed in? And what about the hippos, warthog, wasps and mosquitoes?

It has been calculated that the tiny mosquito is responsible for more deaths on this planet than there are people alive today! So surely this devil bug of the apocalypse has a red hot ticket to hellfire eh?

But don't be too hasty in judgment, it's only the females that bite ... nothing new there then! ...
(*ah! I love you all really, I just wish I could work you out :)*)

So if God were to change his mind and let the animals into Heaven, do all the men-mozzis now get a VIP pass through the pearly gates where they can sit in the mozzi pole dancing clubs, drinking mozzi cocktails till the early hours in that place where hangovers don't exist ... or should they actually be condemned to mozzi hell for conspiracy with their evil mozzi womenfolk?

At the end of the day and joking apart, is it really feasible that **only** humans who **believe** and follow the rules laid down by **man** in that particular version of a faith be assured passage to a place where the minibar is always full, the beds always clean and comfy, the room service free and the porn is running 24/7?

Or is it 'all just an illusion' as Buddha and The Matrix would have us believe!

A lovely Chinese story tells about the difference between Heaven and Hell. At dinner both the good and bad would sit at their respective tables in Heaven and in Hell.

Both tables were set with the most breathtaking banquettable imaginable and both the good and the bad had to eat with six foot chopsticks.

The only difference between the two domains is that the good fed each other whilst those in Hell, selfishly tried to feed themselves!

Phew! It's all a bit confusing isn't it? Don't worry, *The Omniscience Principle* is quite uncomplicated by comparison.

I maintain throughout *The Omniscience Principle* that if you help yourself by doing the very best you can do in anything and everything you do ... ***you do not need to wait till the afterlife for the rewards.***

You, your life, and close family are what matters in THIS life.

We can deal with what happens when we leave this mortal world in another chapter ... *when I have a clue what happens myself!*

The afterlife, whether it exists or not, whether we go to a better place is simply not important right now.

Surely, if 'God' is fair and benevolent as man maintains then we will, by default, be readily accepted into Nirvana, Heaven, Paradise, the Above, the Afterworld, Arcadia, Canaan, the Celestial Sphere, Eden, Elysian, Elysium, Empyrean, Eternity, the Ether, the Hereafter, the Kingdom, Olympus, the Promised Land, Shangri-la, the New Jerusalem, Utopia, Valhalla, Walhalla, Welkin, Zion ... or wherever we go *because we are good people and don't need to prove that to any being.*

And what of this heaven?

So it's a beautiful place; a place of utter, overwhelming beauty, mountains and great plains, forests and fields, deep blue oceans and crystal waterfalls ... but the trees are silent, the fields empty, the rivers dead, because of course, animals aren't worthy of heaven. No banquets of opulently laden tables with goat and steak and boar, no turkey at Christmas and Thanksgiving, no lamb on Sunday, and unholy of holys ... no fried chicken!

If we're very, very good then we're rewarded with veganism, we're destined to eat cabbage and prunes. And how do we eat? With knives and forks off plates or with finger's cleaned by servants. Who makes all the heavenly stuff because as the ancient Egyptians proved, no earthy possession pass through? Are there actually heavenly jobs because I don't want one!

Do SmartPhones exist in heaven because if not, there's gonna be a lot of unhappy teenagers!

And fancy houses and cars ... who gets them? Or are the homesteads all the same? What style of architecture? Is this simply heavenly communism? And what happens to ambition in heaven?

Martyrs blow themselves to bits daily with the promise of paradise and in some cases, seventy two virgins as reward. What happens if they get there and other 'worthy' faiths are there too? Do they have to kill, bomb and maim the 'non-believers' to get to a yet higher plateau?

Is sex even allowed in Heaven?

Not looking good this heaven we aspire to does it? Looks more like what we have here in the 'real world' but not as rich and diverse. We are told that orgies are debauched therefore I assume that if we partake we'll go to hell, presumably for more wanton debauchery.

And is we don't go to heaven we're damned to hell. The house of condemned souls and devils, the place of eternal punishment for the wicked after death, presided over by Satan.

The bottomless pit, The place of torment, Habitation of fallen angels, Pandemonium, Abaddon, Domdaniel, Jahannan, Sheol, Everlasting fire and torment. The lake of fire and brimstone; fire that is never quenched, The worm that never dies. Purgatory, Limbo, Gehenna, The Abyss, Tartarus, Hades, Avernus, Styx, Pit of Acheron, Cocytus; Realms of Pluto, Rhadamanthus, Erebus, Tophet.

And what about that black and fiery place of eternal torment for the damned, (unless you're a Viking then Hel is very cold!), the place where we all go if we don't conform to another's will?

Eternal damnation and fire ... actually, that's seems to be most of it! That we burn in hell, so we burn for twenty minutes. We cant burn for eternity because fire needs fuel and once were burned out, we're gone. Personally, if it comes down to it, I'd rather live a guilt free life by my rules doing the very best I can do in anything and everything I do. If I have to burn in hell for a short while for being a non-believer, an infidel or kafir then so be it.

“It is better to conquer yourself than to win a thousand battles. Then the victory is yours. It cannot be taken from you, not by angels or by demons, heaven or hell.” Buddha

Go to Heaven for the climate, Hell for the company.

I choose not to pray to *it* and have developed incredible methods to empower *I*. I have fought the primal compulsion to belong to *tribe*. I embrace many things from many tribes and above all, believe that only *I* can get what *I* want from this life. I have made a conscious decision to miss out the Big Fella, it's simply more efficient.

I don't get drawn into the *God* debate because it usually ends up causing upset and drunken brawls. In my experience, 'The Almighty' is not fair, just, or even a particularly nice thing and if he/she did exist in the various forms I wouldn't want much to do with 'it' anyway ...

'God' works in mysterious ways ... damn fucking right it does!

...

Why, Oh Why, Do Rapists Win The Lottery?

And why do murders get away with the slaughter of the innocent?

Why would one be allowed to stalk the local school playing field on sports days among the good people with their precious children? Why can the good people of the community not be allowed to approach this man to ask him 'politely' to leave the village, or even voice an opinion like "*you murdering, evil bastard*" within his earshot?

Why can't he be lifted from the town and driven blindfolded and gagged to the Outer Hebrides (farthest, deepest Scotland) to be chained to a rock just above low tide. Why can't that happen for fear of the social services, lawyers, and general busy bodies protecting him?

After all, he was never found not guilty, it was **Not Proven**; something entirely different!

He simply managed to place enough doubt in the jurors' minds so as to not secure a 'safe' conviction. His legal team claimed that the blood splattered over his clothing wasn't the result of him smashing his step-daughter's head in. The blood came from air being released from her lungs as 'grief-stricken', he moved her after finding her lying bleeding on the patio. This noxious, squalid waste of flesh and bones was good at getting his way through lies and perversity. He made up his CV to secure a headmaster's job. He claimed to have gone to University ... In reality, he was academically useless.

Why does a man like this get to live on the inherited fortunes of an aberration of a woman who courted him in prison? Why do people do that? What is the sick fascination in rotten people? Her hesitant, embarrassed letter said she felt drawn to him!

Why does a man like this get to live in a beautiful part of the country, in a large house with glorious gardens? Would a fair and just *it* allow a man like this to enjoy the very best life has to offer, albeit with a dark secret and heavy conscience whilst a beautiful young woman just entering the best years of her life, who harmed not a living soul, languishes six feet in the dirt?

Maybe *it* has something planned in the afterlife. Who knows? I certainly don't!

“God works in mysterious ways...”

Pedophiles walk the streets and muggers profit handsomely from their actions. Dictators kill, beat and terrorise, yet live in abject luxury.

Presidents and politicians, lie, cheat, connive and conspire to war ... yet holiday in the most beautiful resorts, drive the best cars money can buy, relax in their choice of opulent homes, guest on the world's most fantastic yachts, dine on exquisite food.

Why do the evil get rewarded in this life now when good and honest people who live their lives by the letter according to the books, good people like my Mother-in-Law, suffer with terrible, undeserved ill health?

Why do the righteous perish slowly and painfully with cancer? Why do they lose all that is dear in tsunamis, tornadoes and hurricanes? Why do the deserving get mugged, the hard-working get looted, the honest get beaten and terrorised, the child-bearing get their hands chopped off by machete, pistol-whipped and car-jacked, the retired have their pensions plundered, doctors nurses and the altruistic live on the bread line ... the really kind, helpful, warranted people get the rawest of deals?

No! Not a very fair or honourable it! And it does not matter ... *it's a distraction!*

This is shit we have no control over therefore it has no place in our life. The questions stir negativity and create conflict. I don't imagine for a second that you read those paragraphs and didn't immediately form some sort of opinion ... and more importantly, question how that opinion was formed.

So I maintain that we deal with *it* when the time comes and devote our energies to what we do have control over.

...

There is an Alternative Way; a Different Way

Although the religious books written by men are not for me, you on the other hand will have your own thoughts.

Ninety percent of the world's population have faith and belong to a tribe ... I do not seek to change that, I intend merely to open your mind to choices that are yours to make. Choices that if taken, will affect your life immediately, for good or bad, for better or for worse ... ***ultimately you have a choice and that choice is yours.***

The Omniscience Principle, it's a way of life, a system to guide your life, a set of tools to get you through the turmoil, hard and lonely times. To help when you feel abandoned, weak and vulnerable and when *it* doesn't seem to be listening.

My new doctrine aims to fill the gaps found in this life and before the next (if indeed there is one) with **practical help.**

If you cannot apply an action and see an immediate, positive reaction then I simply say, move on.

...

Destiny

Someday everything will make perfect sense. In the meantime laugh at the confusion, smile through the tears and keep reminding yourself that everything happens for a reason.

I do believe that inexplicable things happen for a reason ... *but do not believe that a preordained 'destiny' defines us.*

Your future would be totally out of your control if this were the case. Therefore, to attempt walking an alternative path would be pointless. To give credit to destiny I would promote deep meditation for sixty years and see what 'destiny' had gifted when eyes are finally opened.

I'm pretty damn sure that destiny would have created boils and bunions and a thirty foot pile of turds and urea and not a lot else!

We define our own destiny ... it must not confine us. I believe YOUR destiny is defined by the goals you set and is crafted by the actions and decisions YOU make.

We are what we do

Extending from your aura right now are a multitude of destinies, endless opportunities in the form of golden threads suspended in animation, floating by as every second passes. Any one will take a person to a place.

Which ones are grabbed depends on who is doing the catching. The well prepared will be casting a steely eye over the offerings, be skilled in the art of *destiny fishing*, will know what to grab and what to let glide by.

The indecisive will let **most** of the threads drift aimlessly in the celestial breeze. The thoroughly unprepared will grab no thread at all and be thankful or despondent for the dulled and tarnished threads that settle on their path. To elaborate on this candidly. I didn't have a particularly privileged upbringing. Although my parents did their best, we didn't live in a particularly good area and the school was rough as old dogs!

I honestly believe that if I hadn't possessed a sense of self-betterment, I would be in jail or worse right now. A lot of old school friends and the people I mixed with have chosen to grab destiny threads of let's say ... at the darker end of the spectrum!

I always knew where I wanted to be and what I wanted to achieve. Even at school when I got berated for getting in early, collecting all the conkers and selling them on, I knew I wanted a good, fulfilled life. I wanted a life that sure as hell was not going to sail my way ... so I looked out for the golden threads and when one meandered just close enough to touch, I grabbed it with both hands and didn't let go.

And for those of you who have no idea why I would be selling conkers, it is a British game played with horse chestnuts. We string them on a shoelace and try to smash the opponent's conker. You get points for the strongest. In my school we had several majestic Horse Chestnut trees and in the conker season I used to get in early, gather all the nuts and sell em!

No, my religion is the religion of *I* and developing your innate abilities to *shape* or at least take advantage of circumstance.

If there is an other one, take the comfort you need. But to succeed in *this* life, know that you are unimaginably strong, independent and perfectly able to shape it.

What I have learned through life is that the more I learn, the less I know and what I do learn is generally second hand or years old or just plain wrong. Much of the history I was taught now turns out to be wrong thirty years on. In fact, almost everything I was taught at school has been updated.

One plus two, still equals four. T-Rex was a scavenger with feathers incapable of running for fear of their leg bones collapsing. The dinosaurs were killed by man or a rampant venereal disease and not the ice age or a space rock. *Who knows?*

All I know is what I've been told and until I have time to learn palaeontology and do my own research, I will endlessly debate the experts' theories as though they were my own.

Unfortunately, this is all we have. *The Omniscience Principle* won't change this, it's about understanding the shortcomings in our lives and developing acute self-awareness. It's about becoming the person visiting the aquarium and not a being the fish swimming in it.

...

Be a Wolf, Not a Sheep

When studying animals, scientists compare intelligence verses instinct.

To do this they put a mirror in the compound. They note that most animals see their reflection as *another* animal, reacting by either running away or headlong into attack ... **Thwack!** "*Fucking funny Mr Scientist, thank you very much!*"

Elephants however, appear to understand what is known to these clever people as *Self*. They understand that the animal facing them is a reflection. Some have been seen blow-drying their hair and putting on lipstick! They possess that fundamental attribute that sets them apart.

The more I learn, the more I realise that all I can truly believe is half of what I see and very little of what I hear.

So I developed my own thoughts and share them for others to debate. I do not set rules for people to follow because my new religion is the religion of *Self* and as such, you have a choice. I sincerely hope that what you read here will set you on a track, one where the right choices will come more easily.

What you are about to read will change your life beyond all recognition ... *it certainly changed mine!*

When I began writing this I was penniless. When I first started to put it together I was living in a crap-hole, condemned trailer home. It was so rotten that when I came back, a little worse for the copious quantities of alcohol I'd consumed and stood in the wrong place, I'd go right through the floor!

I began writing this before even testing the systems I was researching and most of what you are about to read was put together over the following years whilst practicing, following and the developing formulae.

I am now modestly wealthy, happy and as free as can be under the circumstances ... and I did it by following the systems you are about to read *NOT* by selling them...

In the beginning a simple brief was set:

Learn the secrets, methods and techniques of the world's most successful entrepreneurs, implement them, and profit from them

I've now made an amendment to that brief: '*Share them with those who would wish to emulate that success.*'

I voraciously consumed anything and everything I could. When I wasn't reading, I was listening to cassette recordings in the car (this was pre-YouTube!). I studied their cash-generating secrets and confidential reports. I followed the gurus and listened to the soothsayers. I even paid good money for 'previously undisclosed research of epic proportions'.

I tried, tested and failed at so much ... but my discoveries went a lot deeper ... I wanted to discover what made these special people tick. I needed to get to the very core of everything that makes a person who they are, why some seem to effortlessly rise whilst others wallow.

I opened towering, marble doors, one creaking portal at a time. I needed to find the powerful formulae that differentiates high-performance individuals from the flock, the high earners, the people who succeed and live their dreams ... ***and do you know what?***

I discovered that success is not that difficult for **ANYONE** to attain if they simply make a few alterations to thinking!

It's not embedded in the DNA helix making ultimate success a birth-given gift, hell no! ***It's absolutely a question of attitude.***

We all have what's needed deep down inside, the problem is convincing yourself that **YOU can do it**. Convincing your very *soul* that you have what it takes and learning to set your true potential free to succeed in any task that you set.

The Omniscience Principle is the culmination of what seems like a lifetime of blood, sweat and many, many tears. A deeper fulfilment of that original brief. Freedom is as much a state of mind as it is a physical condition.

I truly believe that ***The Omniscience Principle*** will become the definitive reference manual for all self-respecting entrepreneurs ... A new bible for a new religion; a faith that sits comfortably alongside any other you may follow ... **Faith and belief in yourself ... *The Philosophy of I.***

The rest is just a walk in the park!

So share it with anyone and everyone you know. Email the link to your friends and add this to social networks. Most who share it with will take no notice or action ... some will ... ***And some will thank you for all of eternity.***

What about you?

The Omniscience Principle will sit on your electronic bookshelf ready and able to aid you in your quest for true freedom, your companion for life.

The systems we shall explore together in *The Omniscience Principle* cross all barriers, they are timeless. They have worked magnificently in the past and I believe they will continue to do so even for our children's children.

The subjects we explore are designed to truly empower you.

There is a colossus, a titanic, intangible, Orwellian machine chugging away out there and it's uncompromising purpose **is to keep you in your place**, keep you productive and industrious so it can bleed you dry ... As ants tend aphids on a stem in order to feed on the excess, sweet nectar they secret, *The Machine* skilfully nurtures us for the rewards we provide it.

It has been said that money does not make you happy ... *Yea, bollocks!*

Love, laughter and good food make you happy, granted. What *they* never say is that '*money will make you unhappy*' and I would rather be happy with money than happy without.

Bad relationships, things not going to plan, failing, bad health and bad luck make you unhappy. Money has sweet fuck-all to do with it and this is one of a multitude of myths *The Indoctrinator* would have us believe. "*Money won't make you happy, so don't strive for it!*"

Money brings freedom, life, good times and that's the last thing *The Machine* wants ... as you'll discover through *The Omniscience Principle*.

Money per se will not make you happy, agreed. It is the *vehicle* through which you acquire *whatever* you desire. Create an awesome life for yourself and create a platform from where you go on to reach out and do good things for this besieged planet.

The Machine is a shapeshifter. It is a murmuration of starlings inscribing dark, dynamic shadows on velvet sky; a school of fish flashing and turning to confuse the predator. It is migrating Wildebeest jumping and ducking, diving and kicking in dusty confusion, keeping the lioness perplexed. It is a quark, a doppelgänger, a Selkie of Icelandic myth, a Leshy of Slavic folk law, a Kitsune of Japanese myth. A Berserker entering into uncontrollable, trance-like fury.

The Machine is everything you face in battle and is an awesome adversary with a formidable arsenal of weapons, which we will explore in detail.

We will set out a battle strategy and pick our battle field.

High performance individuals have been excelling since the first ape stood up. Evolution would have been stopped in its tracks if something had not set them apart from the rest ... ***The Omniscience Principle will help you understand what that something special is and how to emulate it.***

The only thing I do ask of you is that once we're there, we refrain from measuring dicks. (Not sure what the ladies measure :) This is about growing free, not about becoming self-centred, arrogant and destructive.

Success in this modern world is measured in endless growth, performance figures concrete and glass. What happens when there's no Earth to concrete over?

We're going to grow sustainably.

You'll get there ... before you begin to build wealth on a physical plain, you'll need to prepare yourself mentally.

We explore and share together what's working, right now and I make no promises. I have not lost sight of the fact that there really is no magic answer and have kept my feet firmly on terra firma, something the elite will share with you also.

Yes, our business and personal lives are getting easier but achieving *Personal and Financial Freedom* WILL NEVER BE EASY.

Our marketing tools have got more sophisticated however, core business models, systems and techniques remain as relevant as ever, they're universal!

If you can make a fortune in property in your home town you'll find that it's not too difficult to pick up your business template and make the same fortune again in Outer Mongolia. And the template will work for others be they black, white, yellow or blue, male or female ...

But, and it's a great, big, fat hulking **BUT**, you won't do it without unfailing, consistent, mental strength.

This module is an overview of what *The Omniscience Principle* will deliver as you read on. It is also a work in progress, organic and constantly evolving because everything is constantly changing. What you read today **WILL** change and that's a guarantee. Maybe not next week, or next month but it will change. I revisit every chapter on a regular basis and so should you.

Over the months you'll develop, plan and begin living your own formula for *Personal and Financial Freedom*.

The first step to making any journey is to prepare. The first couple of modules will ensure you get mentally fit for the long road ahead and if you're already on it, it will prepare you for the coming trials.

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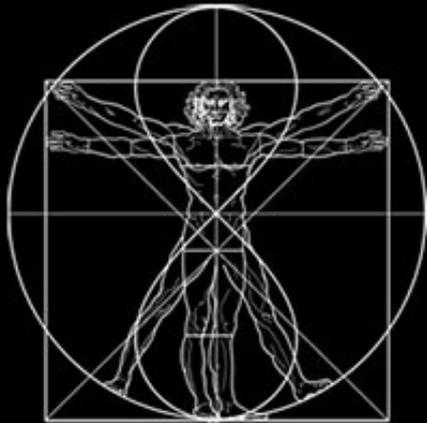
Tomorrow, Only One Thing In Your Life is Guaranteed.

Helios will set out in his golden chariot from Ethiopia in the East. He will drive his dazzling steeds to Hesperides in the West and the all the Sunflowers in the fields of Earth will turn their heads in awe as he draws the Sun across the skies. In the evening he will leisurely canter home to Ethiopia lounging in a golden cup.

That much is guaranteed, it's the only thing that's guaranteed ... whatever else that happens tomorrow will be of YOUR making...

Thank you for stepping out with me.

"The problem of darkness does not exist for the man gazing at the stars. No doubt the darkness is there, fundamental, pervasive, and unconquerable except at the pinpoints where the stars twinkle; but the problem is not why there is such darkness, but what is the light that breaks through it so remarkably; and granting this light, why we have eyes to see it and hearts to be gladdened by it." (George Santayana)



**WELCOME TO
THE
OMNISCIENCE
PRINCIPLE**

The will to win is not nearly as important as the will to prepare to win

The Success Formula | The Omniscience Principle Part 2

*Watch your thoughts, they become words
Watch your words, they become actions
Watch your actions, they become habits
Watch your habits, they become character
Watch your character, it becomes your destiny*

Congratulations on getting to this moment in time and space and may I offer you the warmest of welcomes to our special group.

A group of like minded individuals at the vanguard of Personal and Financial Glory!

Vanguard: *'the leading units moving at the head of an army [syn: van]*
2: *any creative group active in the innovation and application of new concepts and techniques in a given field*
3: *the position of greatest advancement; the leading position in any movement or field [syn: forefront, cutting edge].*

*That is how we see ourselves. We are leaders, we are moving forward, we are high achievers and you have decided to join us. You have taken probably one of the most important decisions you will make ...**EVER!***

When you finally made a commitment to ‘follow’ our group, your life began to change; it will change dramatically. We all have one thing in common. A strong desire to change our *current* life. Virtually every member has been where you are now so we understand what you are feeling, our people know how frustrating it can be to watch others have all the luck.

But here’s the thing Luck has absolutely nothing to do with you having everything you desire. (OK! We all know exceptions to the rule and 99.9% will not win a lottery or come first in a talentless, talent show to be handed a \$1Million recording contract).

Furthermore, this is no mamby-pamby, touchy-feely blog designed to convince you that it’s all ok, that you must accept the Grand Plan and play the bad cards life has dealt you. I categorically will not try to convince you that you can be happy and content with your current lot ... because you aren’t and never will be!

This is about breaking the mould that has shaped the life you exist in, it’s about success and how it will reward you with all that you could desire.

...

Formulae For Success

If you follow the ground rules set by those who have trodden the dusty track, you **WILL** be successful in whatever it is you wish to achieve.

The first thing to intimately grasp though, before stepping out on this long and rocky road, is that there is a beginning, a middle and **no end**.

With the growth of the Web, a plethora of ‘gurus’ have found a voice. These **digital dickheads** (credit Charlemagne) relentlessly preach that there *is* an instant fix, a super-success pill that when swallowed will grant all eternal health, wealth and happiness.

‘Yessireee Bob... send me a hundred dollars and I’ll tell you my secret. A secret that will enable you to sit on your backside all day and earn thousands of dollars for doing it!’ ...

Pleeeeeease!!!!

There are certain defined rules to fulfilling your dreams, they are hard and fast. There is no magic solution or genie in the lamp. If you are to become totally free (or as free as you can be), you are going to have to work damn hard on all levels.

Make no mistake, you are very most probably going to dark places before you rise.

There is only one way to win and that is to fail more than the average person. If you aren’t failing you aren’t trying.

Thomas Edison failed over two thousand times before he found the right mix of gasses for his light bulb. When asked: “*Didn’t you feel like giving up?*” He replied that “*he had to go on because he was running out of ways to fail*”; he had to succeed eventually!

Have you ever tried to kill a cockroach?

It’s incredible, no matter what you do to them they always seem to get back up, dust themselves off and scarper into the darkness. They’ll even survive an atomic war for heaven’s sake!!!

The only way YOU are going to achieve YOUR dreams is to be a cockroach.

Every time you get knocked down, you will jump up, dust yourself off and try again. As a self-respecting cockroach, you will survive at all costs, no matter what the world decides to throw at you ... *Can you do that???*

Have you really got what it takes? ... We'll see!

It's extremely hard to learn the rules of success on your own. Where do you go and who do you talk to?

If you don't know where to go, or have no one to ask to get the information you need, how are you going to get it? *The digital gurus?*

I am dedicated to your success because without it, others will not achieve their goals.

Your life is about to change, you can be sure of that. At the end of these articles you will not be the same person you are today. You can't unread what you are about to explore.

In fact, by the end of this first module you will have changed just a little. But to what extent you change over time is down to you. Over the next few months you are going to learn things others would give a limb for. You are one of the very few who have decided enough's enough!

No one is going to tell you what to do with your life, no one is going to decide what hours you work and how much *THEY* are going to pay you for making *THEM* wealthy.

Why should you spend your precious life helping someone else achieve their dreams?

No chance!!!

This is your life. You don't get long on this beautiful planet, and you are going to make the most of it.

You ARE special.

Very few people have what it takes to go out and get what they want.

Very few people have what it takes to achieve Total Freedom.

The vast majority of people on this planet would rather live their lives as a tiny wheel in a colossal machine, sole purpose of which is to extract as much of their life's energy as possible.

The Machine is mechanical, faceless, indignant. *The Machine* is well-oiled, regularly serviced and maintained to ensure the complex mechanisms and little wheels (the people) keep turning as efficiently as possible. If the cogs stop spinning the great machine would seize. That will not happen ever. *The Machine* is omnipotent, all-knowing, all-powerful and everywhere. *The Machine never* rests and will never slow or stop ... *whatever it takes!*

Are you a cog?

You could starve and die and never be noticed. As an individual you are expendable, replaceable, cheap. You are cannon fodder, disposable and superfluous. You are nothing but a number. If you become misaligned, you will be removed and replaced.

Oh, people will wince and moan about what a bad deal they get, they all know a better way!

They'll point the finger at others and say that "*things should be different*" ... "*if only*" ... "*that shouldn't be allowed*" ... **but very few will actually do something to change their lot.**

The average cog in the western world will spend up to ten months of the year filling government's coffers.

When you add together all the money that is extorted from the populace it comes to about 80–90% of an average salary!

No, that's not an exaggeration!!!

Now don't get me wrong, we all have to pay taxes but as you grow, your expensive accountant will have many more opportunities to help you keep a little more of your rewards. It's all about getting a bigger cake so that your slice is fatter.

You simply can't do that as a cog!

Breaking free is about exposing yourself to opportunity, to better and bigger things.

Do you trust the government to look after you in old age? Do you trust it to reward you for a life of contribution? Do you expect to live your final years happy and content, sipping margarita in the sun?

Not me!

Citizens often find their retirement funds, if they have one at all, raided and plundered or find pitiful pensions leave them living below the poverty line in their twilight years. Many are forced to sell the home they worked so hard to create. Loved ones are sent to abusive institutions.

No! This is no future for you. There's only one person on this planet with your best interests at heart ... **YOU!**

The Machine wants a piece of you, it needs cogs.

We're indoctrinated from birth. Go to school, get qualifications to show others you can do what you know you're capable of. Go to university because the school qualifications will not be enough. Get a student loan, Get into debt. Get into so much debt that you'll need a job. Get a job with all those qualifications. Get a mortgage, be a cog ... die!

Cogs contribute by being taxed in their jobs between 20% and 80%. ***But that's just the beginning.***

Next, there's luxury taxes, value added taxes, community taxes, car taxes, taxes on fuel, taxes on food, taxes on the transport to deliver that food ... in fact, taxes on just about everything. Tax on the money you save in the bank, insurance tax (not noticed that one?). That's just some of the taxes I know about. And then we get onto the stealth taxes.

Have a BBQ and you get taxed on the flipping charcoal!

Stamp duty or property purchase taxes. What's that all about then? A tax for buying a home! Capital gains tax (a tax on the capital appreciation of an asset).

In the UK, for your children's sake, don't go and die because the government take another chunk of tax on the assets they already taxed you on. **Death duty!** If your total estate is over £300,000ish, the government take 40% of the remaining balance!

One of the reasons for the great stately homes disappearing from England's green and pleasant land is that every time a family member died, the government raided the chest. Those assets had already been taxed. It was money that, in most cases, had been plundered and extorted ... (oops, sorry!) worked hard for.

Princes Harry and William were relieved of some £6,000,000 (approx. \$11,000,000). A gracious tax for the tragic loss of their mother, Princess Dianna.

The Machine will devour what it needs, when it wants.

It all means 80–95% of a cog's efforts and contributions are pillaged and mostly squandered.

The Machine is self sustaining, relentless. Don't ever think you can stop it or even make a difference.

Step overtly out of line and you will be dragged from your home, torn from your family and thrown into a deep, apothic hole. Whilst languishing there you will be unable to provide for your wife and children, they lose their home, dignity and any savings you may have been able to scrape together.

Fortunately, you need do nothing about The Machine.

Understand that it is fuelled by blood, sweat and tears, Understand that cogs are turning, have been turning for centuries and will continue to turn. Understand that it needs to control everything, every move and everyone and lock the population into a barely palatable existence.

Change YOUR outlook ... and YOUR world will change!!!

Who gives a flying toss what the rest of the population is up to, so long as you are happy, right?

Selfish I know, but what have they ever done help you achieve your ambitions eh?

There are many good people in this world, some not so ... but they **HAVE NO VESTED INTEREST IN HELPING YOU**. They're too busy coping with their problems.

Build your own fortress, be free and let the little wheels keep turning ... **They have to!**

After all, if **The Machine** grinds to a halt we're all in trouble ... **It's far better for us all, if the civilized world stays just the way it is**, give or take some minor changes, and YOU change YOUR world.

Some people are born with a whinge gland. For some reason they spend every waking hour dreaming and because they never do anything significant about achieving those desires, spend their days moaning ... **and it's always somebody else's fault.**

Their whole life is a lie; they lie to everyone and more importantly to themselves. *"I'm going to do this and I'm going to have that"* ... Oh yea, HOW? They have lost touch with reality, in fact, they never even found it and can see no further than the grime on the end of their noses.

Let them get on with it!!!

We are in the business of doing the business

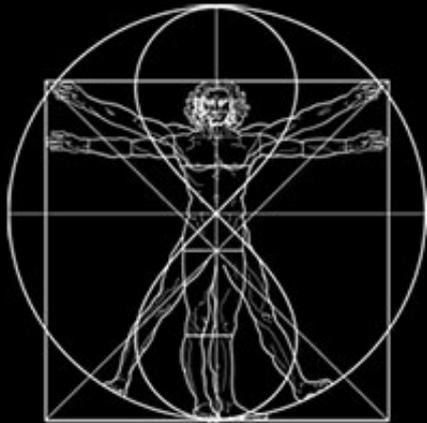
I am going to tell it to you like it is, I am going to share with you the things that work, have worked for others and help you avoid the things that don't. There are no holds barred. Our members were sick and tired of being patronized. They'd had enough of being led up the proverbial garden path.

I'll give you facts and information you can use now, paradigms that will have an immediate affect on your life. You will not get ballast designed to fill out the course, drivel that is about as much use as an ash-tray on a motorbike!!!

If you want stories go and buy J. R. R. Tolkin's, Lord of the Rings, it's an excellent book and will keep you amused while you toil away for someone else's gain.

You'll never have to look elsewhere for the information you require ... **you have arrived.**

I will give you all the tools you need to achieve total freedom, all you have to do is use them!



OMNIPOTENCE: DEVELOPING A MILLIONAIRE MENTALITY

If it's to be, it's up to me

Omnipotence: Developing a Millionaire Mentality | The Omniscience Principle Part 3

At the beginning I told you success is a formula ... *it is!*

To attain those dizzy heights you need to mature the right mindset. If you are to have a millionaire lifestyle, **you need a millionaire's attitude**. You need to develop a laser beam focus, the kind of unswerving mettle needed to become unstoppable.

You are already on the road. To help develop your millionaire mentality you need to become as addicted to achieving your goals as you were to your old way of life.

I'm going to share with you a very powerful method taught by a doctor friend of mine for training your subconscious to **want the same things as your conscious**.

It appears that the subconscious a primeval instinct and logic is an alien concept to it. It is a fail-safe mechanism to help you survive out on the plains whilst hunting mammoth and avoiding sabre tooth tigers and it's done a sterling job these last twenty million years!

It's an odd contradiction that what you *think* you want is not necessarily what your subconscious wants and **it will fight you at every opportunity!**

For years I 'thought' I was focused; I thought I wanted the best from life. I had followed all conventional wisdom and even set myself the goals.

On a conscious level all was in order, on a subconscious level it was not.

On a conscious level, you'll be saying it's OK to jump off a three hundred foot bridge connected to a flimsy piece of bungee. You may be fully convinced that at the last minute the cord will tighten and you'll spring back up to safety.

But what does your subconscious have to say about all this?

“Nooooooo, no, no, no – Not a chance mate!

You're going to leap off this solid old bridge, a great piece of engineering, you're going to leap into the ether where the affects of gravity will take over. Immediately, you will start to accelerate rapidly toward the rocky ground where, just before reaching terminal velocity you will be smashed to smithereens. There's going to be blood and guts spread over a 30 meter radius. We can't have that now can we?”

So you see that it's very common for your subconscious to disagree with your conscious. This is a very healthy relationship in everyday life and stops you getting into all sorts of trouble. **The problem occurs when you have decided to change the status quo.**

My problem was, that on a conscious level I believed we are all blessed with an equal amount of good and bad luck and success was ultimately dependent upon whichever force was in play at the time. On a conscious level I thought I was doing all the right things but kinda went with the ebb and flow of luck whilst thinking I was doing all the right things to succeed.

However, my subconscious had another agenda. When things were going well my subconscious would whisper: *“it won't last. The bubble will burst; this is your share of the good luck and you are using it up. It won't be long before bad luck rears her ugly head”*.

When something went wrong, as it inevitably would, it mealy served to confirm my belief. When disaster struck and my world came crashing down, I was quietly vindicated. I wore this sense of smug satisfaction for a couple of days because I had proven to myself that I was right!

Although I desperately wanted to achieve my goals I was walking around with a self destruct button that was pushed each time things went well. A little voice would say *“this can't last forever”* ... so it didn't!!!

I still believe that we are blessed with good and bad luck, it's the way of the universe but now realise **LUCK HAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH SUCCESS.**

Hopefully, you totally agree with everything I have said thus far and have made a conscious decision to move on. Problem is, no one has told your subconscious and it sure as hell is going to fight you all the way ... unless you can teach it to accept the changes you plan.

Fortunately for you, if you talk to your subconscious often enough it will eventually accept your changes and when it does, you will become totally aligned.

All sounds a bit cranky eh?

When I first heard that, my immediate reaction was: *“what a load of shite!”*

Luckily, I am the sort of person who will always try something before I pass judgment. After all, if you haven't done it or tried it how can you possibly know what you are talking about?

You actually talk to your subconscious constantly, it stalks your every decision! It's that little voice which answers when you ask yourself a question. It is the one that used to tell me my luck was about to run out; the one that caused chaos.

We've all been driving and gone into a daydream. Suddenly, you come to and realise you've driven several miles around twisty roads without thinking about it. Have you ever been playing a sport or computer game and suddenly drifted off? You go into autopilot. Your subconscious takes over and the odd thing is, that whilst you were away with the fairies, it did a better job than if you had been concentrating hard.

Top sports people try to attain this autopilot state when competing, it's called *The Zone*. They let their subconscious take over, they relax and find that their body and mind become more harmonised with the game.

You are back on the bridge again. The safety instructor, a consummate professional, says: "*you're ready then, everything's been checked several times and you are OK to jump. Are you happy?*"

'Yep, fine, not a problem and I haven't a care in the world, let's go,' you reply.

Then that little voice pops into your head. "*Hold on right there. No you're not ready, what happens if the instructor has made a mistake. What if he hasn't secured the straps. What if the bungee has been stretched too many times in the past. What if they have miscalculated?*"

You try to convince yourself it's all going to be alright but listen to what you are doing. Your conscious and subconscious are having a conversation, a healthy conversation granted, they are debating whether you will still be around in thirty seconds!

We were never designed to dive off a cliff and free fall three hundred feet, headlong towards guaranteed death ... that's for the birds!

To achieve this totally foreign action we have to overcome every single impulse hard-coded into our mind to 'stay safe'.

Each time you lean forward to jump an invisible force grabs at your very being and pulls you back, it's a gut-churning feeling. You can't put your finger on it but for some reason you just can't step off ... and if you've never done a jump, try it ... and if you have no intention of trying it it's because your subconscious is telling you it's probably a pretty stupid thing to do!

You eventually overcome your fears and jump, much to the disgust of your poor old subconscious, but it was a long conversation you had with yourself before you consciously disagreed with what your instincts were saying.

And once you've finished the plummet and the dust settles where your forehead just glanced the sand and the bungee bounces you to safety your subconscious immediately is reassured. Panic wanes and the adrenaline kicks in. It bursts through your flesh and explodes, the euphoria is staggering and old subconscious, well he/she wants to do it again!

It's when that little voice says: "*yes, it really is OK to jump and I have complete confidence in the instructor and the equipment*", **that there will be NO HESITATION, no objections and you will jump in an instant.**

This is called '**congruence**' and it is what we are looking to achieve. It means that 'what you want' is the same as what you 'think you want' and all your actions are working in harmony to achieve it. It is then that you are said to be congruent. Every part of you, soul, body and mind will be working towards the same goal.

How do we convince our subconscious to agree with what we consciously want?

If I could take you now through time and space from your world to where your dreams are, I can assure you that you would instantly experience the old 'flight or fight' response to some degree. On the conscious level you may be absolutely delighted with your new life, but the little old voice is screaming: "*what the hell's going on?*"

"Can I really afford the new villa, do I have money for the yacht, can I support all this, what if, what if? ..."

Larry Page and Sergey Brin created Google, heard of it? A couple of self-confessed computer nerds who have hit Internet pay-dirt. When Google floated on the stock exchange it was immediately worth, in the region of \$21Billion!!! Google employees became overnight millionaires.

After around seven years it's valued, at the time of writing, around four times that: \$1BzillionGazillion ... a lot!

How do you think they would react if, when they first set out, a vision of their future was played?

In a documentary recently it was said that their greatest concern is the pressure of not only the \$120 odd Billion fortune they have amassed IN JUST A FEW YEARS! ... but the 'social responsibility of changing the world'.

I think that's enough to scare the shite out of anyone ... but they're coping, bless their little cotton socks!

Your future?

It's a bigger place, with even bigger worries.

WITH DIFFERENT LEVELS COMES DIFFERENT DEVILS (*Charlemagne*)

The fear is something that never fully goes away, you learn to control it. Many top performers experience the same degree of stage fright as they did on their opening night.

...

F.E.A.R

Fear Everything And Run

Face Everything And Rise

In your **comfort zone** right now you are familiar with the problems you encounter and are reasonably confident you can deal with them ... the fear for you is the problems that don't dwell in your world. Your subconscious fear is that you may not be able to deal with whatever your new life is going to throw up.

As you step out into your new world, your brain will be frantically placing everything into a new order. It's the throwback to the times where we had to explore new territories to catch more food. Flight or fight is at its most intense. Is there an enemy in that bush? Is there a bear in that cave? Is there a crock in that lake?

We're not designed to deal with the insignificant problems our modern life presents. Our subconscious is still looking out for the dirty great dinosaur approaching at thirty miles an hour, teeth bared.

We still experience the same anxiety.

If we don't run, we push through and force our subconscious to accept the situation. After that period of abject panic everything settles down and you became congruent in your new place. Your subconscious becomes happy and eventually agrees that this new environment isn't so bad after all.

So you see, it's easy to force the subconscious to adapt through experience. It is a fast learner, BUT ... you are not in a position to do that, you aren't where you want to be ... *yet*.

Your subconscious is calling out a multitude of rational and totally irrational '*what ifs*'.

So you must teach it that things are **going to change**. By doing this the voices will accept the change as if it were happening now.

You take a rational decision, on the conscious level, to leave your job if you have one, and set up on your own. That little voice begins nagging away!

"Who's going to pay the mortgage if this fails, how are we going to pay the bills if it goes wrong, how am I going to afford to put food in the baby's mouth, what if I don't make a success of it, what if, what if, what if?"

Sometimes, the self doubt created by the subconscious can become so unbearable and overpowering that the only respite is to crawl back into the sanctuary of the comfort zone.

The biggest obstacle on this planet to your success is that voice; your inner dialogue.

If *The Machine* hadn't drummed into you that it is better to be poor and happy than rich and miserable, you would have no fears about stepping out. You have been bombarded from a very early age that *success is for others*. Put your head above the trench and it will be shot off. You have been told a billion times in a million different ways that it is better to be a cog in *The Machine* than to break free ... that little voice of yours has begun to believe it too.

They forgot to tell you that to be rich AND happy is best of all!!!

It is important to understand the balance you're trying to achieve at this stage. We're taking small steps. You mustn't jump headlong into the abyss because I've lit the fire and it burns hot and bright. Your determination is now beginning to drive you, to push you in new directions and to guide you out of your zone.

If you've got a job do not phone your boss tomorrow and tell them to ram their rotten job where the sun don't shine ... those bills still need to be serviced.

We are establishing a game plan . Any old fool can throw themselves into the Grand Canyon in countless different ways, just ask Evil Knievel! . **It takes precision planning and preparation to ensure your rocket bike lands safely on the other side.**

Yes, you are going to step out, right out, further out than you could imagine, but it will be a measured responsible action. First we must align our thinking on all levels.

...

Omnipotence

How do we talk to our subconscious?

The method I use is called *Omnipotence* which was originally designed as a mind over matter sort of thing.

I do not believe that it is our mind that actually changes events, I believe it is our **actions** with the blessing of our subconscious that makes the difference.

A prayer will be merely breath on the breeze unless it's backed up with action.

Advocates of *Omnipotence* will say that you have the power to influence events just with your thoughts. They say that if you think about something hard enough it will happen. Personally I think that's a load of old hog-wash. After all, if I thought I could make a difference just by sitting around sending out super-brainwave zappers, I'd get those lottery balls to drop!!!

So I tweaked the system ... because as I explained in my excellent introduction ... that's what I do!

Omnipotence is an awesome tool for training to the subconscious. It is our thoughts, dreams, and desires translated into actions that change reality, not dreaming dreams and sitting around *hoping* they will fall into our laps.

From letters I receive, I guarantee it works for all sorts of people, from all walks of life. By using my reworked *Omnipotence* you will teach your subconscious that it's going to be OK to forge ahead. It's going to be all right to step out of the comfort zone. ***Stop worrying, everything's going to be just fine!***

I use this method every day, I really do. It works!!!

Firstly, set aside fifteen minutes. This will gradually increase to thirty, but fifteen is good for now.

You need total silence. You need to find your own personal space. I practice *Omnipotence* just before I go to bed and when I can, first thing in the morning. I find that my family and pets are all asleep, I'm relaxed and there are no distractions. Doing this very first thing, just after you have woken up seems to set you up for the day. You prepare yourself for things to come and when you leave the house, you have just the right attitude.

This is what suits me and I'm sure you will have your own thoughts. I understand that it may be difficult for you to spend time first thing at the moment. It's probably the alarm and not your body that tells you when to wake and most people tend to set the clock as close to the time they need to get up as possible. **Soon your mornings will be your own.** You will wake when you want to and spend as much time doing what you want to do as you like. You will not have to jump when a heart-stopping alarm tells you to.

It honestly doesn't matter when you do this so long as you set aside the time every day. Ensure it's quiet and you have no distractions. Mid afternoon and early evenings seem to work well. Make sure you are not too tired or stressed. Make sure you have not just had a big meal. Oh! and you need somewhere comfortable to sit or lie down. It is better if you can find a time that can be kept to each day, because as you start to train your subconscious it will learn to be more receptive at that particular hour.

Omnipotence relies on a form of self-hypnosis. You need to relax your mind and body totally, so that what you are trying to say to your subconscious gets through.

There are no other distractions and the voices are listening.

Sit back or lie down and close your eyes.

Concentrate on the blackness. Imagine you are looking at the back of your eyelids, remove other pictures, every time a picture appears block it out and look at the blackness.

I often use a technique used by mediators and even MMA fighters to block everything out. It's also amazing for those times you can't sleep because your brain is in overdrive at 4AM.

Make up a word, Gogwand for instance. This seems to 'stall' the brain. When you think of a word you know, pictures and events follow and you drift. Make up a nonsense word and your brain can make nothing of it.

Now try to concentrate on a point in the blackness. Imagine a candle flickering in the night.

Focus on the flame until it becomes clear and bright. Think about relaxing, say it to yourself, you will feel your whole body sinking, getting heavier. Keep focusing on your chosen point.

Your eyelids will get heavier as you become more relaxed. Think about the silence and the blackness. Keep pushing out unwanted pictures, be aware of them and keep the flame as your centre of attention.

Starting at your feet, think about them becoming relaxed, think about them sinking into velvet, the colour of the velvet is a deep, rich crimson.

Next, work your way up to your lower legs imagine them sinking into the upholstery, relaxing, think about a warmth slowly moving through your body relaxing everything as it goes.

Systematically, work your way up and down every limb, your chest to the top of your head, feel yourself melting.

I imagine myself lying in a small boat and rocking gently in a calm sea under a warm sun, or swinging in a hammock strung between two palms on a virgin white beach. I can hear the sea as it kisses the shore... relax, relax, *reeeeeellaaaax*.

At first you will find it hard to concentrate on relaxing, your mind will wander all over the place. You need to persevere. Every time your mind wanders off on something that has been bothering you, pull it back on track. Eventually, relaxing will become easier until you get to the stage where as soon as you close your eyes you begin to melt, it's all part of the training!

When you feel you have got to the stage where you are totally relaxed, and I mean totally relaxed, your subconscious will be at its most receptive.

I have found there is a place just after you awake and just before you go to sleep. Here is where you want to be, it's hard to control because you either nod off or get distracted by something outside!

If you can get there and stay there for the next ten to fifteen minutes your subconscious doesn't stand a chance.

Now, once you are feeling totally relaxed, begin to visualise that house you want.

Go through every room and as you walk through, touching the wallpaper, feeling the thick carpet caressing your feet, smelling the newly cut grass, listening to the children in the swimming pool.

The image MUST BE AS REAL AND ALIVE AS POSSIBLE.

You need to empty your mind of all other thoughts, nothing should distract you from your main focus of attention.

Say to yourself, "*this is my house*".

Keep saying it over and over as you picture your dream home. Jump into that car you want, see the colour, feel and smell the leather, listen to the engine roar.

Keep saying to yourself, "*this is my car, I am achieving this and I am becoming stronger and more powerful*". Keep the message short, it's more effective.

You can change the message to suit your own personality and desire, but there are certain rules that you must apply.

- 1.** Keep the message short and dynamic. Use power words such as: extremely, awesome, powerful, richer, unstoppable.
- 2.** Make sure the message is constructed as if it were actually happening NOW, today.

"I am becoming richer."

"I am becoming extremely powerful."

"This is my Lamborghini, it is being delivered on ..."

Ensuring the message is constructed in the present will force the subconscious into believing that you are achieving your goals now. It will act as though it is living in the world you have planned for it. What you are doing is preparing the subconscious now, for what is to come.

Eventually, it won't be able to tell reality from what you have taught it and, because you are now congruent, magical things will start to happen.

Yes, I know that sounds like a load of tosh at the moment. But do as I suggest and when things start to occur completely out of the blue, write to me and let me know — **they will**. They will because as you teach the subconscious to accept what you have planned for it, you will find that it starts to work with you, behind the scenes as it were.

The subconscious will seek out the opportunities your conscious is looking for. It will act as if your wish had already been granted. You will have no idea this is happening, but all your actions will gradually become focused towards your goals. Others will also see your new confidence and treat you differently. The primitive senses are fundamental to communication and people will naturally

sense you are a bigger person — destined for bigger things — *friends and family will begin to whisper!!!*

You can use *Omnipotence* for anything you wish to achieve. Just adjust the picture to suit your desires, and say the words.

When I first began to use the method all I used to say was “*money come*”.

I said it over and over, out loud to myself whilst totally relaxed and picturing all the things I wanted. As true as I sit here now, **and you have my most sincere honesty** — money started to come. It came from places I would never have dreamed of, not millions, but it came nevertheless.

I can't say whether the money would have come anyway, but I have noticed that everything I do, all my actions are now biased towards my goals. My little voice not only agrees totally when I say, “*I'm having a good run,*” it says, “*yes and it's going to last forever!!!*”

I now say “*millions come*”, and my only regret is that I didn't say it when I was settling for “*money come*”.

I used to practice the visualisation as often as I could, still do. I had an old MGBGT, a small British sports car. Now when you're sat behind the wheel and look out over the bonnet (hood for you yanks!), there are quite rounded wheel arches, just like a Porsche!

I never drove a single yard in that old MG, as far as I was concerned it was always a Porsche — it is now! I never sat in my tiny yard in my first house, I never saw the fences hemming me in; I always looked out over green pastures, over my estate — I do now!

As time passes you will find *Omnipotence* becomes easier to practice and the state of relaxation will be achieved more and more quickly until you get there almost as soon as you close your eyes.

To recap: Choose a time that you can adhere to each day, be sure you are comfortable and away from distractions and most importantly **DO IT**.

You will no longer wonder if you will have the things you want — the question will be when!

You want to be a millionaire, or have a better standard of living, or save the Polar Bear? Well, first you need to train your very soul that that's exactly what you are going to be or have. You need to generate consummate desire, you need to become obsessed. In this state, everything you do will bring you that little bit closer.

When you say to friends and family: “*I'm going to be a millionaire in five years time*”, your inner dialogue will not say: “*no you won't, what if, what if, what if? ...*”

It will say: “*I think we should be there in four!*”

The gurus teach you to set your goals. Anyone can write down their wishes and desires. And when you struggle and battle to meet the target and fail, on that very nano-second, that old subconscious will rear it's darn ugly head, pat you on the back and say, “*told you so!*”

It is not until you become congruent, until all facets of your mind and body want the same thing, that the magic begins to happen.

With a cantankerous, argumentative, belligerent subconscious hindering your every move, you won't get there. You'll become distracted, you'll never cross your metaphorical ocean and you will drown in self-doubt and self-pity!

Your desire to achieve will make it happen.

You are changing now by the hour.

It's impossible for you not to change because I am showing you how. Now you know about these techniques you will use them, if only out of curiosity, and that action in itself will have an affect on you.

It like Schrödinger's cat experiment. He's attempting to explain Quantum Physics but to a mere mortal like me it demonstrates how a thing can be two things at once. Like your conscious thoughts.

Place a cat and something that could kill the cat (a radioactive atom) in a box and seal it. You would not know if the cat was dead or alive until you opened the box. So that until the box was opened, the cat was (in a sense) both "dead and alive".

Open the box and confusion is restored to order. Open your subconscious to your conscious point of view and confusion is restored to order.

You are changing because you can't unlearn what you have just read, it's there in your head and there's nothing you can do about it. You have the desire to be an achiever and your goals are becoming set in stone. They are there to be conquered.

There will be many times in the coming months when fear will stalk you, many times when you won't feel as confident as maybe you should. This is the rocky road you are about to embark upon.

Step out ... *You are positive you want a big life aren't you?*

You have the will, that steely resolve and determination to succeed against anything life throws at you ...

You now have the tools at hand ... *USE THEM!*



THE BOX

Someday everything will make perfect sense. In the meantime, laugh at the confusion, smile through the tears and keep reminding yourself that everything happens for a reason.

The Box | The Omniscience Principle Part 4

A solitary pearl falls from the mighty blacksmiths cumulus anvil.

That raindrop is followed by another and another and another. The shower becomes heavier as the clouds above grow darker and more menacing. The shower becomes a squall and the drops swell.

The cumulus rises, its heart cut out. The wound glows scarlet and black in the haze of the setting sun. The atmosphere dims and sparkles and crackles with electric.

The sheeting rain is harder and heavier and threatening, the tempest all consuming. The womb has become a continent wide, super cell growing with the passing of moments. A drop became a shower, it became a deluge and is now a planet wide cyclone of incomprehensible ferocity. Extending its embracing arms and swelling and flooding and consuming.

The tumult rising exponentially through the Troposphere, through the Stratosphere, the Mesosphere, the Thermosphere, the Exosphere, the Ionosphere and on into the vast baroness of desert space. Reaching out past satellites, the moon, past Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, past Uranus and Neptune and Pluto in one direction. Past Venus Mercury and the Sun in the other.

Past Orion, Cancer, Leo. Past the North Star and the Southern Cross. Past Cassiopeia, and Ursa Major, Ursa Minor and onto the vast Galaxy of Milky Way, onto Andromeda, The Black Eye and Medusa.

Past black holes and space rainbows and asteroids and meteoroids and the most distant nebulae. Out further and further through the light of a trillion years.

A blizzard as vast and complete as our mind will allow.

Each drop within is a universe and within each drop a storm rages. Each drop within that storm is a universe and within a storm rages. Each drop within that storm is a universe and within a storm rages. Each drop within that storm is a universe and within a storm rages. Each drop within that storm is a universe and within a storm rages. Each drop within that storm is a universe and within a storm rages...

Within one of those drops is our universe, calm and tranquil. Within that universe is a galaxy, within that galaxy is a solar system, within that solar system is a planet, our planet, our Earth.

On Earth there's a home with a garden and in that garden sit I.

I have to attend a meeting in town in a few short minutes and the time has come to leave. I walk to the garage, put on my helmet and gloves, fire up my bike and set off.

I feel the chill of the breeze and think to my self that I should have put on an extra layer, but don't have time to return.

I'm slightly late so squeeze the throttle, the revs rise and I glance to see the needle stroking 90mph. The ride to Motueka skirts along the the edge of an estuary, an estuary that many thousands of birds call home.

On that road is a box. The box is 25cm, by 25 cm, by 25cm. It's not a physical box, it's scribed in time and space.

As I look up from the instruments I catch a flash if iridescent blue and yellow and gold.

It's a kingfisher.

It's a Kingfisher flying toward that box. I see it one fraction of one second as my front wheel enters the box and at that very same moment meets the Kingfisher as it slams into the spokes and its soul is ripped from its flesh in a mist of blood and feathers.

From the moment that bird fledged, its entire life was heading towards that box. Just one breath of air, one altered decision, one deviation from path and that box would have faded away.

A missed turn to the left, a turn to the right. A red not a green light. A touch of the brake, a fly in the eye. An anxious heartbeat missed, an excited one gained. A flutter of a butterfly wing on the other side of the world.

How extraordinary, the decisions we make!

Suspended in the endless everything is **Your Box**.

Is it gold and studded with jewels from the four corners of the globe and brimming with sumptuous riches. Or is it black and lined with satin?

The extraordinary decisions YOU make will determine.

Let me ask you a question based on the principle that you know I am endowed with the power of precognition.

6 10 28 29 33 45

Look at those numbers.

If I were to tell you that these were next week's winning lotto numbers would you jump out of your seat, run down to the news stand and put money on them ... *or* would you watch the next draw on TV, wait for the numbers to drop, remember that a couple of days ago I gave you a set of winning numbers, run back to this publication, read the numbers and see if they actually were that winning line?

What would you do?

I have just described two totally different people, two people who couldn't be further at opposite ends of the spectrum if they tried. These two people could be twins, identical in every detail, have the same wants, desires, ambitions. There is just one very powerful differentiating factor. One of those twins is prepared **to take the required action and actually do something** about their future.

Now, I don't condone for a minute pinning your future on winning the lottery, but I think the example demonstrates that if you **act upon the right information**, instead of *waiting to see if it was the right information*, your life will change.

It's all a matter of attitude.

There's one other type of person: One that would ignore my premonition, buy the same numbers they've been buying for the last ten years, their lucky numbers, and then pray to their almighty to grant them the fall of the balls.

Unfortunately, I'm not blessed with the power of precognition but a I can make a guarantee. Throughout *The Omniscience Principle* I will be supplying you with the best information I can, you just need to act upon it and see what happens.

I am able to make that guarantee because high-performance individuals are using what I share right now and it's working for them.

People all over the world are powering their way towards their dreams. If the formulae works for others, then they will work for you and you don't have to be Einstein or have an IQ of 180 to be wealthy and free ...

Because someone is twice as clever as you it's doesn't follow they will be twice as rich.

No ... It doesn't work like that. Ordinary people just like you and I become successful, and if you have the desire to learn and the motivation to win, good things will come.

...

Your Life is Too Cozy ... GET OUT!

In the last part we explored Omnipotence and how we can train ourselves to not fear the coming upset to equilibrium. Now is the time to dip that old toe in the murky waters.

At the moment you are in a comfort zone. *Once you step out, wonderful things will happen.*

What level of comfort you are currently enjoying or enduring depends upon the individual. Nevertheless, you are in your own comfort zone. You know the world around you, you have an idea of what to expect each day, you know more or less where the next meal's coming from. You are pretty certain that tomorrow the moon will dip and the sun will rise and there will still be a roof over your head (I hope!!) and a meal on the table. You know that there will be some sort of routine tomorrow. To varying degrees you have an idea of where and what you will be doing in the morning.

What you would like to be doing in the morning is a different matter!

The difference between what you will be doing tomorrow and what you would *LIKE* to be doing tomorrow is you.

How do you get from where you are now to where you would like to be?

The answer is simple!

You are an addict, you are addicted to your current life and like any addict, the first step is to recognise that you are, indeed an addict. The first step to sobriety is to muster the desire to change within.

Do you want to change? *Do you really?*

Once you understand your addiction and are certain you are not content with your lot comes with it an awful truth. The fact that now comes a period of cold turkey. **This is going to be one of the hardest things you have ever done in your life.**

At the moment you are like a heroin addict — you are addicted to the world you have built for yourself. You know it's not the one you want, you know it may be bad for you, you know things must change. But there's nothing you can do about it, you are an addict.

To become free?

First, you must understand that things **MUST** change, your problems are of your own making (no one else is to blame), then develop the desire to reform.

“My name is Harry and I am an alcoholic!”

You must assure yourself that what you are doing now is not what you want to be doing in several months time. You must convince yourself that something must happen.

Action must be taken, if you don't want to be stuck where you are now, this time next year saying: **“I WISH THINGS WOULD CHANGE”**.

Get off your backside and start to do something about it today!

Just like a heroin addict, you are going to have to go through a series of physical and psychological changes — you are going to have panic attacks, sleepless nights, cold sweats. Every part of your body is going to be screaming, every sinew will be pulling you back into your comfort zone ... as sure as night follows day it will, I've been there!

It's frightening and exciting in equal measure and I wouldn't have changed a thing, but it can be hard; very hard indeed. That's the choice you're making today. It's the direction you have to take if you are to ever stand a chance of achieving freedom ... **if you don't like the sound of it then stay just the way you are.**

Have no doubts, over the next twelve months at least, you will experience changes, face demons, fears and apprehensions. You will experience stress and worries ... until your conscious and subconscious adjust to your new way of life.

The greatest problem with the comfort zone is that it is biologically programmed into us at a very early age. As you grow you adjust to your own unique experiences, your subconscious is always busy trying to make sense of its surroundings. It has to organise everything into some order of assemblage, an order it can understand and therefore feel comfortable with.

When the mind encounters a sudden change it can't immediately categorise or file away into neatly ordered boxes, it activates the 'fight or flight' response ... stand and fight whatever it is posing a threat, or run away. Either way, the subconscious fights to stay in control of its known world.

It does not want to accept what it can't understand. You couldn't imagine a world without cars, escalators, lifts, airplanes and the telephone. None of these things intimidate you because they are part of your world, your subconscious accepts them as 'normal' and well within the confines of its comfort zone.

Now imagine you are a tribesman who has grown up in a deep and most inaccessible part of the rain forest.

One day an official decides it would be beneficial to *The Machine* to plough a road into your world in order to 'improve communications' with those people who have managed to live successfully since the beginning of evolution, 'outside the system'. It is new policy to educate (control) the natives, and in doing so, the payoff is another source of cogs.

Imagine the primal panic you would experience as the monstrous bulldozer roared over your ancestor's holy burial ground flattening trees and jungle, tearing up the soil and destroying everything sacred.

Imagine the trepidation you would feel as new creatures wearing strange clothes appeared alarmingly from the undergrowth holding fearful weapons, carrying axes and billhooks and chainsaws which appear as gnashing dragons' teeth.

Imagine the desperation you would suffer as you visited the city for the first time, drawn there by the false promises of untold riches made by those government workers.

Everything you experience from the moment you leave the safety of the forest triggers the 'fight or flight' response. Things that seem totally normal to the rest of us strike fear into your very soul.

Why?

Because you have never experienced these things before. Your subconscious can't make sense of its surroundings. Dilated pupils, quickening of the heartbeat, sweaty palms, anxiousness. A series of real, physical changes occur. It's natural and it's there to guarantee the survival of all animals.

There's nothing you can do about it but as long as you recognise the symptoms you are experiencing are the 'result of a cause, of change, then you will find them a lot easier to control.

Like the addict who has realised they are an addict, you will suddenly have a new influence over your cravings.

When people smoke, the nicotine in the cigarette actually replaces a natural chemical produced by the body, so that chemical stops being produced naturally. When the person decides to give up, they take away the new source of the chemical supplied by the cigarette. The intense craving smokers who are giving up experience, is an actual physical feeling. It takes time for the body to begin to replace the chemical.

The shakes, nausea and bad temper. During this time the subconscious is busy trying to make sense of something it doesn't understand and pushes the conscious to return to the old order.

Those that successfully kicked the habit didn't run, they fought the fear and won.

When people understand **why** they get anxious, that it is a real physical affect and that it will go away as the body settles into the new environment, as it returns to its natural balance, many more people become stronger and do succeed.

The feelings of anxiety and excitement are almost physiologically the same. When you feel anxious just tell your subconscious that it's not fear but excitement. Soon it'll begin to believe you!

If you were to be projected through time some two hundred years you probably wouldn't have too great a shock when you arrived. You'd experience a few things that would take some working out but generally you'd probably feel at ease with your surroundings. Your subconscious would have few problems organising the new order as you are essentially used to change and technology. You cope with innovation and progress.

However, bring someone to our time now from four hundred years ago and you'd see the flight or fight response in all it's glory. The world has changed more in the last one hundred years than in all history.

As soon as you take action and step out of your comfort zone, everything starts to change!

What happens if you consciously decide not to listen to your subconscious instincts?

When you step out of the comfort zone and you experience the fight or flight response ... which you will ... what happens if you neither fight nor run?

Nothing!

If you stand your ground your subconscious eventually rearranges its files and puts things into an order it can cope with. Slowly, everything that seemed so alien a moment ago and had you shivering in dread, turns out to be just a new way of seeing things.

The Behemoth that tore up your world in the rain forest was an ordinary bulldozer and not the Devil's spawn sent to devour your first born son!

The symptoms subside and everything settles down becomes 'normal'. The changes to your world are accepted as the 'new order' and this rearranged place is now your '**new**' comfort zone.

Some of your fellow tribesman now drive the evil, child-consuming reaper for a few measly cents a week. Some probably work for *The Machine* flattening more of the rain forest, improving communications!

The changes you make to your world are determined by your ambitions.

Bigger dreams require bigger changes and more discomfort. The more you want, the further you have to stray from your current comfort zone and the more intense will be the symptoms experienced. It's just a question of where you are willing to set the parameters.

So your life is about to change. You are about to begin a journey towards a new life and it's going to scare the crap out of you to begin with. But once you get used to living outside your current comfort zone wonderful things start to happen.

All those dreams you always wanted to come true but only seemed to happen for other people ... *are going to materialise for you!*

Fear is that dark place where bad memories lie.

Do not let the fear of the unknown stop you from going to where you want to go.

We have all experienced that stomach-churning dullness in the pit of the stomach when something hasn't gone the way you planned. It is the fear of failure that stops you stepping out. If you had never failed at anything then you would have no fear of failing would you?

You are now a different person already. A person who understands some of their fears, a person who knows they are more than capable of standing up to them, a person who has already decided to kick the normal, boring, mundane rut of everyday life.

You are Going to Fly!

Your time is now.

Action! Act as if there are no limits to your abilities. You can't make your quantum leap with your head down looking at goals in the dirt.

You've got to see clearly the other side of the chasm and have unbridled confidence to know that the next time your feet touch the ground it'll be on that far-off cliff.

Other people are doing it. You know something has been missing from your formula. What the hell's the answer?

...

ACTION

Action really is the key to making it big in this world full of dreamers.

Anyone can say they want super-success. Anyone can set goals for super-success.

The rewards only come to those who actually **DO SOMETHING**, *not talk about doing something*.

I want you to stop reading now and let this sink in for a moment or two.

I want you to be totally aware that you have decided to improve your life, to attain those desires and ambitions.

Where is YOUR Box?

Stop now, and say to yourself:

“TODAY ... THIS MOMENT ... This will be the first second of the rest of my life.”

Say it to yourself over and over until you feel the hairs on the back of your neck stand up.

Picture all the things you are going to have and see vividly your new life.



The most important things in life aren't things

F.E.A.R ... Face Everything And Rise ... Anxiety vs. Excitement and How I Learnt to Turn My Fear Into Fuel to Grow My Business | The Omniscience Principle Part 5

There I was, riding the those glorious white horses, cresting the wave of good fortune. I had grown my very own money tree, life was great. My success came from Google, my site was top of search everywhere ... *but what Google giveth, Google taketh away!*

Google is at war with spammers and constantly changing their algorithm. It was one of their updates, I remember it as if it were yesterday. They moved us from the busiest shopping mall on Earth and put us out in the middle of the desert.

What was worse is that because it had come so easy, I really didn't know what I'd done to get there. *I also didn't know how to fix it.*

I think having it and losing it is worse than never having it in the first place. Success makes you arrogant, success makes you feel superior to others and like any drug, the highs come with deep, deep lows. When success is taken away, the cold turkey is debilitating, you feel such a failure.

When you first set out or reach out to regrow a failed business, when you send out a hundred thousand emails and no one responds, rejection, the most primal of emotions, overwhelms you.

There are small moments in life that have a profound affect for the remaining years.

I read volumes, I see the memes, the inspirational messages but almost immediately, the common sense voices are drowned by the devils of doubt and negativity.

I slowly came to realise that FEAR was consuming me.

What would you achieve if you knew you couldn't fail?

They say anxiety and excitement are almost indistinguishable, *it's true!*

Now I embrace the anxious moments, I'm training my brain to believe that the rumbling, guttural anxiety is excitement ...

and FEAR?

Well I face fear head on, I'm not running any more. And with that I've rebuilt my business and in doing so, have come up with an awesome way to help other businesses knock down their walls and grow in new and exciting ways.

I'm driving through a pretty low time, I'm climbing out day by day. Small increments working in my personal life are impacting my business life.

To regrow my old business I knew I had to drop my hook in the flowing rivers of social media. The massive email lists that had proven so rich were now old and unresponsive. And with all the spam filters even new contacts are hard to reach.

I set about learning all there was to lean, and there's a lot! Most of it published by kids making shit loads of money teaching people how to make money. *Methods that rarely work!*

But I kept going and after a long and tedious journey I cracked it! Conversation Marketing! A new buzzword for selling stuff by talking to people and giving them something they may be interested in!

Now that's revolutionary eh!

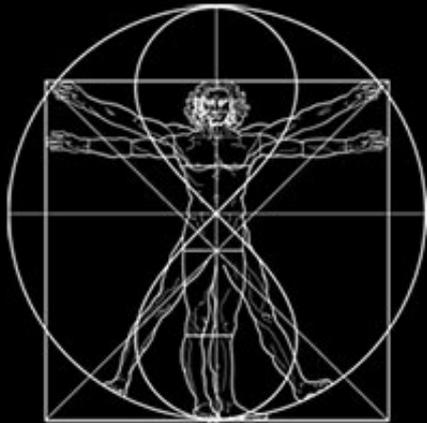
We create business chat bots and run them through Facebook Messenger and the results are ... *well they're good!*

I just launched our new product SmartConnectQR.com that help us all grow our businesses better and will be implementing the same strategy.

And let me know how you've got through your hard times!

What inspired you?

What small moments have had the biggest impact?



SETTING GOALS TO FAIL

If you want to be happy, set a goal that commands your thoughts, liberates your energy and inspires your hopes. Andrew Carnegie

Setting Goals to Fail | The Omniscience Principle Part 6

Yawn! ... *Heard it all before* ... You ain't heard my take on it because if you had, you wouldn't be reading this would you?

I wrote this section many years ago as I was putting into action the things I was discovering whilst researching and writing *The Omniscience Principle*.

Every guru I studied had *THE Answer* and would preach something along the line of:

Goal setting will become your number one skill. Once you have mastered goal setting, everything else will follow.

Today, many, long, hard, arduous years later, I feel that this section needs to come with a big, fat **Entrepreneur Health Warning!**

Yes, I agree that the value of goal setting cannot be underestimated but having set more than I care to mention and failed at most, now realise that goals in and of themselves, *can be the greatest cause of pain, anxiety, failure and depression*.

We are taught that once a goal is committed to paper, something magical happens. That wish is no longer a spark of electricity pinging around your head, it materialises, it will slowly become reality.

A goal written down is a 'to do', an action, something that will stare you in the face and harass you until it can be crossed off your 'to do list'.

Goals are desires, written down they become your map of achievement. Thoughts become words, words become actions, actions produce the life you want.

All of this is true. What is also true is that Ying is balanced by Yang, good is balanced by evil and **achievements are balanced by failures.**

Our bodies are hard-wired for survival. When we were still running about in animal skins, the slaying of a great mammal or mortal enemy would be rewarded with a huge release of endorphins, dopamine and serotonin.

A whoop and a holler and an explosion of unbridled delight ... we all know that wonderful feeling!

The immense joy we feel when we achieve is balanced by an even deeper low when we fail, accompanied with the release of cortisol.

Contrary to Nietzsche's adage, *what doesn't kill you makes you stronger*, the effects of failing are debilitating or worse and limit your likelihood of success forever.

According to people who study this stuff, failing is a form of rejection and the release of cortisol is the closet feeling we have to physical pain. Being kicked out of the tribe was a death sentence and that wiring loom is still intact.

It's like being kicked in the nuts! The pain and release of chemicals is the body's way of ensuring it doesn't have to go through that sickening, gut-wrenching feeling again. It's so powerful that the opponent only has to flinch and your body will immediately react. (Sorry ladies, I don't know what the equivalent to getting a kicked in the gonads is for you :)

And there is a contradiction here. You'd think that after squeezing out the first baby, the body would seize up completely at the mere thought of an erection coming near wouldn't you?

Fear and rejection, your body reacts negatively to the prospect and potential pain.

In one experiment, an American Football football goal was set up on an unmarked field. Kickers took it in turn to punt the ball through the uprights. Those that failed estimated the posts to be further away and higher than they actually were! Failure was distorting the perception of the failing participants.

The goal posts remained where they were planted, *it was perception that changed.*

I would set my goals and in line with the gurus' teachings; I would set them as high and ambitious and as aspirational and as *unachievable* as possible.

I was like Sisyphus, condemned to pushing an immense boulder, tirelessly and for all eternity up a mountain only to find that as I peaked, the rock would roll back to the bottom.

And when I missed my goal, I would receive a huge, great number fifteen, steel-toecap boot, squarely in the nether regions.

The resulting, overwhelming feeling I experienced after failure after failure after failure, affected me more deeply than I could have ever known. Confusion reigned and self-pity was rampant. What

was going on? I was doing all the right things, I was setting the goals, why wasn't I achieving them, what had I done in a former life to deserve such bad luck?

I've learned that with **big** goals comes **big** failures and with bigger goals comes bigger failures and with unachievable goals comes ... **guaranteed failure!**

Of course, there are exceptions as some attain the biggest, boldest of goals ... but not us. We are mere mortals, doing the best we can in a world full of super-heroes, mega-celebrities and high-achievers.

So on one hand we have to set goals, on the other, they need to be *achievable*.

Set a realistic goal, achieve it, bathe in the feel-good chemicals, set the next goal, one small, achievable goal after another. Soon enough, your goals will become bigger, rounded and managed.

Why do we even need to set goals?

The time has come to decorate your front room.

The obvious approach would be to spend hours trawling through books and magazines. Discuss plans with family and friends. Look at other rooms to get ideas for the masterpiece. Develop a mood board, choose colours, matching furniture, covers, drapery and plan what you want the finished space to look like.

Imagine, for this example, I've poked you in the eyes with a sharpened stick. You've spent a few weeks in hospital, had a couple of unsuccessful operations and have been sent home with a white cane. Before I stabbed your eyes out, you'd noticed that your living room needed decorating ... nothing's changed, the room still needs to be decorated!

You're weren't quite sure what you wanted before my assault and as you've got no eyes, you can't look at books or other people's ideas. You can't colour co-ordinate because you can't see. What the hell? You decide to crack on regardless. You manage to get yourself down to the local DIY store, fumble around and eventually stumble upon the paint department. You buy the first tins that come to hand and ask the young assistant to deliver to your house those bits of furniture you bashed into on your way round.

You spend the next couple of months doing up the room (it takes you a while because I gave you a nasty poke in the eyes, remember?). Splash goes the paint, up goes the wallpaper and in goes the furniture and carpet. And you finally give yourself a big pat on the back for a job well done.

Three months later, you get call from the hospital. Thanks to advances in technology a 'miracle operation' has been perfected and your sight can be restored. You have the op and suddenly you can see again. Gingerly, after some recuperation, you leave the ward. You get home, make a cup of tea and proceed to that living room you so carefully refurbished ... ***blind***.

Can you imagine the mess?

Ridiculous story, right? Who in their right mind would decorate a room blind?

Well, why do 99% of people make the biggest decisions of their lives with their eyes wide shut? Why do so many people plan their future, ***blind?***

The room you decorated didn't stand a chance because you couldn't see what you were doing and had no idea what it was going to turn out like.

It was only when your sight returned could you see the mayhem you'd created. If you have no idea how the room is going to turn out, how do you expect to get what you want?

If you take the children on a day out to the zoo in an unknown town you follow a map to ensure you arrive there on time and have a super day. You wouldn't ever consider saying to the missus, "*pack the bags, strap in the kids, we're going for a drive around the country for a day or so until we come across a zoo!*" ... *Would you???*

If you have no idea where you are going then how are you going to get there?

Let's put that right. Starting today, we are going to begin to map your road to *Personal and Financial Freedom. Today, we are going to lay the foundations for the life you want.*

Are you short of time at the moment, tired, hungry or is it too noisy to concentrate?

If you can't give this section 100% commitment, then stop reading — I MEAN IT, STOP READING NOW!!!

Come back when you feel refreshed and relaxed, come back when the kids have stopped screaming or your spouse isn't about to walk through the door, as your lover leaves through the back.

We are about to start on that journey to wealth, freedom and fulfilment.

...

A Goal Not Written Down is Just a Wish!

GOAL SHEET — KEEP IT SOMEWHERE SAFE

Go get a pen and paper and let's go through this exercise

Your house.

- What part of the country would it be in?
- Would it be in the city or in the country?
- Would it be old or would you build a new one to your own specifications?
- How many bedrooms would it have?
- How much land would go with it?
- Would it have a swimming pool, snooker room, sauna, gym, stables, a courtyard?

Spend the next ten minutes describing your new home in detail: The kitchen, the decor, the furniture, every single detail.

Do you *need* more than one house? If so, write down where you want it or them to be.

Describe what you need in detail as if I were in a position to grant your every wish, tell me what you want, here, right now, write it down.

Your car. What do you want to drive? Make, model, colour and accessories?

Need a second car? Make, model, colour and accessories?

Your Boat. Do you want a boat? Make, model and where are you going to keep it?

Fun isn't it? Writing down your dreams.

Mellora, the genie of the lamp can grant you as many wishes as you desire.

What else do you require in your lavish new lifestyle Sir/Madam? ... Just write it here.

Holidays? You got it! Where?

Helicopter? Certainly... Make, model and colour?

Fill your pages with everything what you want from life, relationships, income, everything. Not what you've had, not what you think you can have, but **what you want and need** ... If there's not enough room, you little live-wire you, get some more paper!

Time. The most valuable jewel of all! How much do you want to allocate to yourself and your family?

Now, we get to the most important and rewarding part of your goal setting.

I have faith in you, it is my true belief that you have a good heart and soul and that you will do the very best you can do in anything and everything you do. My hope (weak and insipid word) is that you're not going to do a Floyd Mayweather and post vane and arrogant and cheap YouTube videos of yourself flashing cash.

I'm sure you would be lacking something inside to feel the need to act like that!

Today you're going to write down the **good and honourable** achievements you're going to accomplish the moment you are free of *The Machine*.

Who are you going to help? What are you going to help? How many trees are you going to plant? Do the Polar Bears need your attention or is it the Sumatran Tiger? The children forced into child labour? The trafficked sex-slaves? The Slaves? The climate? Plastic? Big business?

It's not hard to set worthy and honourable goals is it?

Now I've received the odd whine along the lines of: *"I haven't got a printer, it doesn't work, I'm out of ink, I haven't got time, I've done this before"* ... *Bla fucking Bla* ... Get a printer, get some ink, get to a friend's computer or internet cafe and get some time ... Just get it done because if this is a problem now, there really is no hope whatsoever for your future.

Don't Skip This!

You may feel you may want to skip this section; you may think that taking part in a gimmicky little exercise like 'goal setting' is a waste of time.

You may think you don't need this. If that's your attitude then either change it now or click away. Read no further. You have no need for it. You contemplated becoming free because you *assumed* you have the right mind set.

If you are unable to change your indifference towards what I ask of you at this stage, no matter how insignificant or trivial it may seem, we are wasting each other's time. Everything we do together in this publication has a premeditated impact on your life. Each little thing we do now will eventually ensure you build that fortress of yours.

The Roman Empire was built one clay brick at a time.

They built much of it on the foundations left by older civilisations. They studied and reinvented ancient systems and adopted many ... Never, I repeat never, did they dismiss a theory or practice of the conquered until it had been thoroughly considered.

Goal setting may have been written about in the past and you may well have practiced it ... you most certainly haven't thoroughly thought it through in the context of what I'm writing today.

Things that seem totally pointless have a very real and important reason for being included. All I ask is that you 'give it a go', then review the results at the end. **Don't pass judgment until we've finished.**

If you've done an exercise like this before ... DO IT AGAIN!

Now have you got your pen or are you sat at your keyboard?

Do not write down what you would settle for. Do not write down what you think you will be able to afford in twelve months. Write down what you want and need! If money were no object, if I gave you a blank cheque, how would you use it? Carte blanche.

Scroll down to the next section ONLY WHEN YOU'VE COMPLETED YOUR ASSIGNMENT.

...

Twelve Steps to Achievement

Go back and read what you've just written.

I said go back and read what you've just written, I know you didn't! ... **THIS IS YOUR GOAL SHEET — KEEP IT SOMEWHERE SAFE**

Now comes the part that'll keep you sane!

Choose the most important, achievable and manageable goal.

Break it into twelve smaller goals. These represent the twelve stages you need to get through to achieve the grand vision.

For example, You want to leave your job. This is the end game, the grand vision. Do not go and hand your notice in tomorrow. Sure, you'll get that release of endorphins as you punch the over-bearing, bigoted, self-important boss in the nose. And you'll have achieved your goal but the next day, endorphins will be replaced by cortisol as the realisation that you've done a very stupid thing indeed.

Leaving your job will be a staged process, which will require planning. How are you going to pay the bills? How much time can you dedicate to your new venture? What is it going to take to get your new venture off the ground?

Those will be your TWELVE STEPS TO ACHIEVEMENT.

When and only when you have a planned goal, when and only when you've surmounted each of the twelve steps and you're in a strong position, able to support yourself going forward, can you walk into that office and give the boss a good left hook :) ... **No! Don't do that!**

Those are your goals and planned achievements, a tangible, real place ... where you are going and what you will acquire.

Nothing, I mean nothing is going to stop you from having all the things you have fantasied about. Believe me, you are more than capable of having all this and more. Nothing can stop you now — **ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.**

Never again will you settle for second best, mediocrity. Why settle for linen when you can have silk?

Whooooaa! You have changed a little!

Now you know exactly what you want. Now you know exactly where you are going. Every time things aren't going well and you are feeling negativity, turn to your goal sheet. Remind yourself where you're going and see the levels you have to surmount.

If you've stalled at the third stage it matters not. **Do not, and I mean this with every cell of my being ... DO NOT BEAT YOURSELF UP.**

It's a setback, not a failure. In fact it's not even a setback, it's a level in a computer game that's just a little to hard to get through at this point. Those pesky space ships with their darned, infuriating lasers!

Do what a gamer would do (no! not throw the handset at the TV!) ... Simply start again and again and again and again and with practice, eventually you'll survive the firestorm, complete the level and hop it onto the next, harder one.

The irony is, that once you've completed a level in a computer game and gone onto complete the next, each time you restart from the beginning, completing the previous levels are so easy they become a formality.

The computer game analogy is an excellent one, even if I say so myself!

The gaming industry is now far bigger and more lucrative than the movies. People watch a movie once ... *they play games over and over.*

The gaming development companies employ a business strategy known as **Progression and Reward.**

Single level games simply do not exist for the same reason big goals fail. Games are always broken down onto progressively harder levels and with each completion comes a reward.

There will be an entire team whose brief will be to work out more engaging and addictive ways to reward players. They spend millions hooking the player into their particular production. It's subtle and players simply perceive the difficulties on their current level as something to overcome in pursuit of the reward and the next level.

And that's the way **Twelve Steps to Achievement** needs to work. The reward for each subsequent level needs to be such that you're oblivious to the difficulties on the current one.

...

Progression and Reward

How Awesome! *How Fucking Awesome Was That!!!*

I've just returned from the best ride ever ... Nooo! Stoppit!!! OK, I'll rephrase. I've just returned from the best mountain bike ride ever.

Here in Nelson New Zealand, we are blessed with epic geography and draped over the hillsides like slithering eels are the most fantastic biking tracks.

I have my favourite ride, which, whilst no Red Bull Rampage, is probably on the limit of what a bloke my age should be doing. There's some technical parts, steep bits, drop offs, jumps, jumps into berms, water crossings, flowing bits, tight bits. All good stuff.

Today, I absolutely nailed it!

Everything flowed, the planets aligned. The braking, just right, not too hard, not too slack. The jumps hit on target and landed softly on the down side. The perfect adjustments through the rocky forest sections as pine trees whistled past at unnerving speed. The body position into each hairpin

berm, the increased G force as I'm whipped out of the other side. The drop offs, dropped without a shudder. Catching the sudden fall as the front skidded out.

Awesome! Just fucking awesome.

And as I slammed on the brakes at the end of the run, at that moment when life was as good as it could be. There was a split second of shock and awe as it dawned on me how well that just went and then, before another single thought could pass, *there was an explosion...*

An explosion of copious quantities of happy juice delivered by my body in recognition of my achievement. Endorphins, testosterone and an intoxicating cocktail of really, really good shit, screaming through my veins. I sat there for a minute, hollering and whooping and fist pumping in sheer joy.

Then the embarrassed realisation that people could be watching!

I did a quick 360 to check and all was good. Smiled to myself thinking what would they have thought: "quick, clear the mountain, there's a mad man about".

And off I set for the next glorious section.

On the slow climb up, I'd slipped into my usual day dreaming state and had begun ruminating on this section of *The Omniscience Principle*; thinking about setting goals and how smart I was that I'd come up with the **Twelve Steps to Achievement**.

I reminisced about how disastrous my goal setting had been. Big goals came with bigger falls. *The twelve steps, yes, that's the answer!*

Then, as I thought more about goal setting I realised that on the whole, it's not an enjoyable process at all. You don't set goals to see how lazy you can be.

This month my goal is to sit on the massage chair for x number of hours a day and relax as candle wax is dripped onto my nipples and warm baby oil is ... mmmm no!

Goals require effort and need us to step out of the comfort zone, which by very definition, is uncomfortable.

Big goals, little goals, it's all the same. My **Twelve Steps to Achievement** is a move in the right direction but then I asked myself a very uncomfortable question:

"Have I just set up a staircase of false summits?"

There's nothing more demoralising when out in the hills and you're heading for a peak and as you approach, another summit appears on the horizon, and another, and another. Each time you think you're there, you crest the hill only to find another. You steel yourself, summon the go, go juice and set off again and again and again.

"Have I simply broken the big goals into more and more hills to surmount on the climb to the top?"

And to make matters worse, there's rarely a definable moment of achievement. Goals generally require another goal to be set in the immediate aftermath. *And on it goes.*

Then I began to think of the section above regarding the gaming industry.

What are they doing that is so addictive; how are they making their games the drug of choice for millions of people around the world?

The phrase given to me by my addicted son, **Progression and Reward** started to ping around my grey matter.

The game developers hook in their prey with a never-ending conveyor of rewards.

Daa ... da, da, da, daaaaaaa! Congratulations, you've successfully slaughtered the wookies and the werewolves, well done ... here's a little squirt of happy juice :)

The gamer is rewarded and without a second thought moves onto the next and progressively harder level. **Bigger levels, bigger rewards.**

Heck, gamers now spend all their pocket money and the cash made from the previous night's burglary to buy cheats and guns and grenades and many strange things to guarantee their way to the kingdom of happy juice.

Immediately after showering in my huge squirt of happy juice today, it dawned on me.

We need to apply the strategy of **Progression and Reward** to our own goal setting. We need to get a little squirt of happy juice for the levels we complete.

So how do we do that?

Instead of looking at my **Twelve Steps to Achievement** as a series of false summits, treat them as levels in a game ... *you are now well and truly in The Matrix!*

Set out your twelve sub goals and by each design a reward. It has to be instant gratification, something that'll get those juices flowing. Be it a bottle of perfume, a twelve year old whiskey, a new car, a special meal, hey, even a good old fashioned wank!

Whatever it is, do something special.

Becoming addicted to achievement will be as seamless as the spotty teenagers getting hooked on whatever the hell it is that they waste their teenage lives playing!

The brain will begin to crave the reward of achievement, no longer will goals be seen as anything other than levels of success and reward.

...

There's Always Another Goal!

If you aren't achieving things at the pace you require simply ... RELAX!

This is a marathon, not a hundred meter sprint! Remind yourself what it is you are working towards and **enjoy the beauty of today.**

You can't change the past, each day is a new day and you're now on the long and winding road, **lined with remarkable things.**

Take a postcard and write down your current goal ... **AND REWARD!**

Keep it with you at all times and whip it out (the card!) when you need clarity of vision!

Your goals don't have to be material things either. If your goal is to become happy because you're not, set out what you need to do in twelve steps.

Your goal could be very uncomfortable, for instance, you may be in a very unhappy relationship. ***Set out a path.***

Plan each step of the murder ... ***nooooo!*** ... only joking!! Plan each step to happiness and remember to include the levels of pain you will undoubtedly endure. And most importantly of all, ensure that there's a hulking, fat reward at the end ... it could be a steamy night with an hot Italian gigolo for finally kicking the ungrateful pig out of the house. Something, something very nice indeed for the small summit you're now standing on, flag in hand.

YOU ARE CHANGING ... You have changed because you know you will never be content with what you have at present.

You know you will never be truly happy in the life you are living. You aren't content now. If you were, then all the goals you just tried to set would be blank. You would have no goals because you'd have now, whatever you could wish for!

You will never feel truly fulfilled and content until you have what you have just spent the last twenty minutes writing about ... and be warned, even then, you won't be truly content ... it's human nature!

I remember an actress talking about winning the Oscar on some chat show. She said that she'd reached the pinnacle of her ambitions in winning the award. It was everything she'd been working towards. She said that once she won, she thought that would be it and was quite disappointed to find that life simply goes on afterwards.

Book stores are full of biographies and autobiographies of the people we look up to. I've been surprised at how many go through the same trials *normal* people do. How many have to deal with negativity and depression and anxiety and pain and self-doubt.

There's not a high performance individual on Earth that has achieved all their goals; they have constant goals because that is what makes them tick, it's the very being they are.

And this is where my goal setting health warning needs to be heeded. It's often the case that when the big goals are achieved that they don't deliver the happy juice injection the person anticipated. In fact, the sense of disappointment can be utterly crushing, requiring readjustment and new goals to be set.

Goals don't have to be about money. It's simply a fact of life that cash brings many of the things that make up a fulfilled life ... but not always the case!

Old William Gates (Microsoft), heard of him? His goals at the outset of his monumental business career would have been totally materialistic. After having amassed more wealth than many countries, his goals have become more philanthropic. He is now becoming fulfilled by giving away some of his assets.

You now have a clear picture in your mind of what you are going to have and where you are going. You are no longer trying to decorate a room with your eyes poked out. You know exactly what that

room will look like when it's finished and you are not going to stop until it's just the way you want it — the way you had planned it today.

Every single person will have a different answers, yet all are on their way to acquiring what is set out in their goal and reward sheets. Just by writing down and having a clear picture in your head of what you want will give you a better chance than anything I know of getting it.

Now write and complete the next sentence below your biggest goal, the one you plan on working through first.

I will have achieved 'THE GOAL' by 'THE DATE'

Simply by typing that, you've cemented a 'due by' date. **You now have a clear picture of where you are going and *when you are going to get there.***

Now go back and draw a big fat line through that date!

Why?

Because it's another trap, another exercise disseminated by the gurus that will **ENSURE** you fail.

An unachievable goal with an impossibly unachievable deadline!

When we set our deadlines we treat them as the finish tape in a race. We jog off at pace and pick up momentum as we get closer. When the finish line comes into view we push harder, the closer we get, the harder we push, managing our energy so there are just enough reserves to cross the line. Problem is, that the line moves and if we don't cross it, we run out of energy, the line gets harder and harder to cross and we become more disheartened. When we do eventually cross, our energy is fully depleted. **The race will take as long as it takes ... *it's physics.***

Time

There are only three times in our life we need to concern ourselves with. When we're born, when our children are born and when we die.

Time is an abstract concept created by man to control us. Of course we need it and old Father Time would be mortified if we abandoned him but the days, the hours, the minutes, the impossible deadlines exert pressures on us that **are** crushing.

'Time is the indefinite continued progress of existence and events that occur in an apparently irreversible succession from the past, through the present, into the future. Time is a component quantity of various measurements used to sequence events, to compare the duration of events or the intervals between them, and to quantify rates of change of quantities in material reality or in the conscious experience. Time is often referred to as a fourth dimension, along with three spatial dimensions.'

*While in theory, the concept of a single worldwide universal **time**-scale may have been conceived of many centuries ago, in practicality the technical ability to create and maintain such a **time**-scale did not become possible until the mid-19th century. The timescale adopted was Greenwich Mean Time, created in 1847.'*

My wife (Spanna) has absolutely no concept of time, she's late for absolutely everything. If we have an appointment at 9.00am she thinks that is the time she needs to get a shower. In the meantime I am raging! I get super anxiety if I'm a minute late for anything. As the deadline approaches the

pressure builds and builds and builds. No matter what I say and often shout, Spanna has Spanna time and she operates on the Spanna clock. She gets there when she gets there and after twenty odd years of marriage it really hasn't affected anything.

We've missed the odd five minutes at the beginning of the movie, I've had to ask a few pilots to hold planes full of holiday makers on the apron whilst she does her make up and issued a thousand "sorry for being late" apologies but all those grey hairs I now sport from all the stress I've allowed to course through my body count for nothing ... she's still late!

What has happened is that others now operate on Spanna time! They will purposely say the event is at 8.30 when it's actually at 9.00 in the hope it'll get us there on time ... it doesn't!

My point being that there are two attitudes, one outcome. I arrive stressed and agitated, she doesn't, the outcome does not change. Maybe we all need to operate on Spanna time!

What we need to actually do is not let Father Time hold us in his suffocating grip. Of course we don't want to be late or miss a goal deadline but if we do we have to accept it ... *it is what it is!*

We set our 'due by' dates and work tirelessly towards them. If we miss them we move the 'due by date' and re double our efforts and do not let an abstract concept devised by man drive us to an early grave.

Money

Money is an abstract concept created by *The Machine* to control us.

'Money is historically an emergent market phenomenon establishing a commodity money, but nearly all contemporary money systems are based on fiat money. Fiat money, like any check or note of debt, is without use value as a physical commodity. It derives its value by being declared by a government to be legal tender; that is, it must be accepted as a form of payment within the boundaries of the country, for "all debts, public and private". Counterfeit money can cause good money to lose its value.'

'The money supply of a country consists of currency (banknotes and coins) and, depending on the particular definition used, one or more types of bank money (the balances held in checking accounts, savings accounts, and other types of bank accounts). Bank money, which consists only of records (mostly computerized in modern banking), forms by far the largest part of broad money in developed countries.'

A man walks into a pub and drops \$20 on the bar as he intends to stay for a couple of drinks. The bar owner marks it on the tab and promptly takes the \$20 next door to the baker and gives it to him to settle the debt for last week's bagel bill. The baker runs out the door, down the road and shoots into the convenience store where he pays off his tab for his supplies. It's the end of the day and the shopkeeper is pleased to have received the payback, is happy and ready for a drink. He nips down to the bar, orders a drink and hands over the \$20 at which point he's able to say to the bar owner, "keep the change and pay off my bar tab". Finally the man who walked into the pub orders one more drink, grabs his change and leaves on his merry way ... *leaving 4 people debt free!*

In 1971 *The Machine* finally succeeded in something quite extraordinary; it managed to create something completely worthless from something that was actually quite valuable ... **gold**

Before 'money' commerce was conducted under a barter system. John would give Hilda ten cabbages or a little servicing for a goat. Problem with that system is that there was no uniformity and people got a little tired of being paid in cabbages.

The barter system gave way to gold and silver coins. There was inherent value in the coin. Ridges on the edge were designed to stop people shaving them down.

Coins were unwieldily and irresistible to highway men who would regularly rock up wearing a mask and pointing a flintlock. People became tired of being bashed over the head for their coin.

Coin was replaced by paper and promissory notes backed by 'real' gold and silver. If you held a \$100 note, there was \$100 of gold in the bank vault.

In the seventies, a publication was produced by The Central Bank of The United States entitled Modern Money Mechanics. It described the institutionalised creation of money by the Federal Reserve and the web of global banks.

It described in detail how money is created.

The government decides that it wants some money so it calls up the Federal Reserve and requests say, \$10Billion. To facilitate this, the Fed buys \$10Billion in Government Treasury Bonds from the government. The government does not hold these bonds so it simply prints.

The Fed no needs to print 'Federal Reserve Notes' to the value of \$10Billion on bits of paper and hands them to the Government that promptly deposits them into a bank account. At this point it becomes legal tender adding \$10Billion to the economy.

In this modern world no paper is actually printed. The transactions are digital. \$10Billion created in binary ... ones and zeros.

Government Bonds are by design, instruments of debt. When the Fed purchases these bonds with money it created from thin air, the government is actually promising to pay back that money to the Fed.

The money now available in the government's coffers was created out of debt.

That \$10Billion now sitting in the bank has become part of the bank's reserves. According to Modern Money Mechanics **a bank must hold 10% of its loans as reserve.**

Of the \$10Billion, only \$1Billion is required as reserve, leaving \$9Billion as '**excessive reserve**' and can be used as the basis for new loans. The \$9Billion does not come from the original \$10Billion deposited, it is created out of thin air and **added** to the \$10Billion. The bank now has a total of \$19Billion available for loan

'Of course, they do not really pay out loans from the money they receive as deposits. If they did this, no additional money would be created. What they do when they make loans is to accept promissory notes in exchange for credits to the borrowers' transaction accounts.' (Credit: Modern Money Mechanics)

When you or I walk into the bank and get a loan, it is deposited into our bank account and the process repeats itself. That deposit becomes part of the banks reserve. 10% is isolated and the balance is issued as new loans.

This loan cycle can technically go on to infinity. In reality it is said that up to \$90Billion can be created from the original \$10Billion ... **from thin air!**

Inflation controls the value which is inherently debasing. Money is debt, the more debt, the more money is created from thin air. Every cent in your account is owed to somebody by somebody.

“If there were no debts in our money system, there wouldn’t be any money.” (Marriner Eccles Governor of The Federal Reserve)

As dysfunctional and backwards as all this might seem there is one thing to be added to the equation ... **Interest**

Whenever money is borrowed it has to be paid back with accrued interest. If all of the money loans has to be paid back with interest, where does that money come from?

Nowhere! It does not exist.

The money owed to the banks will always exceed the money in circulation. This is why **The Machine** employs inflation as a weapon of control. New money is always needed to finance the perpetual deficit built into the system caused by the need to pay the interest.

Mathematically, defaults and bankruptcies are built into the system.

There will always be people who get shafted. And that’s the point. The system always transfers true wealth (cash) from the individual to the bank. If you are unable to pay your mortgage they will take your property, your first born child, they’ll rape your wife and shoot your dog!

This is particularly insidious as not only is this scenario *inevitable* due to the fractional reserve practice but because the money they loaned to you didn’t even exist in the first place. The money that was loaned had no value as it was created from thin air when the loan was created.

In 1969 Jerome Daly, challenged the system by claiming the money they loaned him was created from thin air. It did not exist, had no value, therefore he did not have to pay it back.

The judge in his summing up said that *“only God can create something from nothing”* ... **Daly won his case!**

It is said that only 3% of US currency exists in paper.

In the aftermath of 911 a wave of laws were introduced under various guises commonly known as the Terrorism and Anti Money Laundering Acts. These were specifically designed to remove cash from society completely. Here in New Zealand we have an advanced banking system. We are a cashless society. Every transaction is logged.

We’ll never know what happened with 911. I certainly do not believe the official story. No matter what your thoughts, it was the perfect excuse to push through the most radical, invasive and controlling laws in modern times.

Money is a system of modern slavery. Money is created out of debt. When faced with debt people look for employment. But if money can only be created out of loans how can society ever be debt free?

It can’t ... and that’s the point. It is the fear of foreclosure and the constant struggle to keep up with inflation and growing debt, coupled with the scarcity of money itself and the compounding interest, that keeps us trapped. Powering an empire built by the elite. Money is created in a bank and ends up in a bank.

“Physical slavery requires people to be housed and fed. Economic slavery requires people to house and feed themselves.” (Credit: Zeitgeist)

Debt is a weapon. I feel that if we understand the abstract concept of money we can lessen its suffocating grip. Of course we don't want to miss a dollar by missing a goal but if we do, we have to accept it ... *it is what it is!*

We set our 'goals' and work tirelessly towards them. If we miss them we move the 'posts' and re-double our efforts and do not let an abstract concept devised by man drive us to an early grave.

You have your goals and **the Twelve Steps to Achievement** for each. At any time along that road you can test to see if you are on target. If you're not, then you simply have to make adjustments don't you?

This isn't a race. The goals are just that. If it were a simple case of setting them down with a due by date then we'd all be living the Life of Riley (whoever he was!)

You are in The Matrix playing the game of life. You have started ascending the levels. Your present standard of living will fade away into insignificance. All those silly little things that niggle and upset you today will be of no importance in a few weeks time.

Stop worrying — 95% of the things you worry about never happen anyway!

Start to feel happy. **You are taking the right steps.**

Next time you look in the mirror, smile at yourself. You can smile because you know things are going to be OK, you'll make sure of that. There is nothing on this planet that could block your path to success. *You are as powerful as any other human on this Earth.*

There is no one better than you. Achievers aren't super-humans put together in a laboratory and filled with success genes — **NO!**

They are ordinary people just like you. They are not special. Their only secret is that they believe in what they are doing and know exactly where they are going. They don't stop failing until they triumph.

From today, so will you!

The only thing that can stop you is **YOU**, and that's not going to happen is it?

There will be many times when you will feel frustrated. Achieving your goals will not be easy. In fact, it will be incredibly hard, and there will be many occasions when you will feel so low you will wonder if it's all worth it. Only you will be able to answer that and with your crystal clear goals embedded, you will pick yourself up, **you will go on to bigger things and better places you old cockroach you!**

When I get frustrated I just take a step back. I go for a quiet walk in the forest near my home or the beach near my Mediterranean villa and try to get a grip. I look at where I started and where I am now. I have achieved so much and come so far. I could be very happy with my current lifestyle, but because I know where I am going and have a clear vision of the good thing I want to do, I won't settle for second best — **although second best for me is a pretty nice place to be.**

“When you reach for the stars you won't end up with a hand full of dust.”

Your life is changing, you are a different person from the one who began reading this module.

YOU ARE GOING TO BE BIGGER THAN YOU EVER DREAMED YOU COULD BE

In this module we are setting the foundations upon which you will build your own empire. This is the spring-board from which you will soar.

Now we need to step out and achieve those goals and turn conventional wisdom on its head.

...

Failing to Win

Conventional wisdom would have us believe that we need to fail many times in order to win. *I agree.*

The conventional model would also have us believe that ahead of us is a two lane highway. One lane (I'll call it the left) is the failure lane, the right is the winner's lane. The model assumes that success and failure are linear, that the lanes run side by side; that we are *either* winning or losing.

The model teaches us that we must travel the failure lane occasionally whilst all the time steering to the right; to cross the meridian and sit in the fast lane, the winner's lane. Once there we must do all we can to avoid drifting back into the failure lane. We're taught to keep the ball in the field of play, that if we run down the wing we must tip-toe along the white line and look to move infield ... *with this, I disagree!*

At my favourite mountain bike park there is a large drop off, some thirty feet. It's a sheer cliff with deep ruts gouged out by rainfall. Somewhere on the net there's a video of my attempt to master it. It opens with me sitting high upon my steed, surveying the ground below like a conquering general.

You can see my hesitation as I summon up the 'stupid juice' which annoyingly is refusing to enter my blood stream. I've managed to garner a small audience and not wanting to let them down I go for it anyway, much to the annoyance of my subconscious. I roll off the edge, continue rolling with forward momentum, I roll over the handle bars and stare, wide eyed directly into the rapidly approaching loam some feet below, the front wheel hits the ground, buckles under my hundred odd kilo frame and I smash head first into the ground. I break a couple of ribs, my helmet is a cracked boiled egg shell and how I didn't break my neck, only Lady Luck will know!

I failed dismally and that was the end of that. I am, at the time of writing, still a failure. This was a couple of years ago and I'm working my way up to it. A number of teenagers have mastered the drop and it's an absolute anticlimax to see. The first time I watched someone nail it, they rolled off, pushed the bike out in front a little positioning their body weight over the rear wheel, gently hit the run off and that was that. Simple! No drama!

I came across a video on the WhatWhat or LubeTube, one of those channels ... In Las Vegas there's a replica of the Arc de Triomphe, a huge monument in France. The video shows a bloody impressive stunt (try saying that after a few beers!). It opens with a guy on a motocross bike. He sets off, hits the jump and lands atop the monument some hundred feet in the air. He takes a few moments to compose himself and then drops off the other side.

The video goes on to show you how he did it.

It took him twelve months to prepare. He had a life-size replica built at his home out in the desert and had platforms built. He started at just a few feet, got confident and began understanding the dynamics. When he mastered a level, then and only then would he move higher. He continued this progression, a couple of meters at a time until the final level became simply muscle memory.

Now this guy didn't set up his practice model to win ... he set it up to fail.

He set it up and adjusted his mind set to fail and fail and fail and fail again.

And this is where the *Philosophy of I* helps us understand the world better. By simply changing *our* perspective, we see things differently.

There's not a sports person in the world that prepares to win, they all prepare to fail. ***Think about it!***

The guy that nailed the Arc de Triomphe stunt knew that he was going to fail many times, he had safety netting and ropes to capture him safely when he failed. The guys and gals who do those amazing stunts at Nitro Circus fail a thousand times in the foam pit before even attempting to do a somersault for real.

A skier will do the same when practising tricks and jumps. A racing driver will be fully protected and prepared for failure with carbon seats, helmet, fire suit and five point harness. The track will have tyre walls and run offs for when a driver fails. They will be constantly feeling for the point of failure with under or oversteer, time and time again.

The high trapeze artist has nets and a fall harness, the rock climber has a safety rope for when they fail and fall to otherwise certain death. The person losing weight will know it's not a smooth scale of diminishing numbers. There will be good days and there will be fat days, generally more fat days than not.

A pilot will not jump in a 747, they'll spend hundreds of hours crashing into the runway before even attempting to do it for real.

A gamer would never expect to start a new level and be able to master it immediately, there would be no point in the game. They're going to get decapitated, dismembered or blown to red mist a thousand times before they move on.

The blackbird knows it will have to tug on a hundred worms before it pulls a whole one out of the ground; it spends most of his day with no worm or a worm tail, or is it head? ***It is a failure most of the time.***

I was never going to do the thirty foot drop off on my mountain bike the first time, I was a complete idiot for thinking I would pull it off. I needed a series of progressively higher drops cut into that hill with mattresses at the base. I needed full body armour and a neck brace. I should have set up to fail and fail and fail until I'd started to feel what was happening in the air. I'd have failed multiple times at the first stage until I got a win. The next fail obstacle then had to be overcome and many more after that. With each win comes a fail until I finally do the big drop like a teenager! (I'm working on it!)

Apply the *conventional* success model to my examples above and the players are spending all their time in the left lane, the failure lane, our high-performing individuals are failures. Winning would be called a fluke in some cases.

There are very few circumstances where we have the confidence to jump right into the fast lane ... yet by following *conventional* wisdom, this is exactly what we expect of ourselves when going for business and life goals.

And this is the change in perspective we must make.

Winning and failing, they are not linear, it's not a matter of lanes ... *Failure is absolute, failure is inevitable!*

The road ahead, the one with markers and goals placed at the side, it's not a black ribbon of well laid road with a perfectly painted dividing line ... **it's a dirty, dusty track full of ruts and mud and high corners and worst of all, jumps, big, gnarly, balls in the throat, jumps.**

There is only one lane; the track *is* the winning lane, jumps are the failures in your way. They *block* your road; they are *in front of you*, not parallel and unless you get over them, you will not finish ... **FACT!**

Winning is a result of failing, there are no choices!

Some of those jumps are what we call table tops. There's a ramp, a flat top and a run off. See them ahead, prepare ourself, hit the ramp. Sometimes we'll make it, others we'll *case* it, hit the top of the table and roll down the run off.

Others are called gap jumps, these are bigger fails. A ramp, a run off and a dirty great gap in the middle. When we see these approaching the old subconscious begins to call out: "*don't be so fucking stupid, you complete and utter idiot!*". These jumps are not to be treated lightly but we have no choice, we have to go for it ... **and more than likely fail.**

The thing to understand with our changed perspective regarding business and life goals is that our track is literally littered with gap jumps. We're going to spend all our time tackling them. Some we'll roll, some will jump but we're constantly failing, stuck in the mire of failing ... **And this needs to make us feel good!**

With the conventional model, it is only when we're racing along in the fast lane, enjoying the V12 song of the engine, that we're told we can feel successful, that we are a winner with special winner's privileges.

When we're plodding along in the failure lane, in that rusty old pick trailing a plume of unburned oil from the exhaust and targets aren't met then we're seen as a useless waste of flesh and bone.

This model is drummed into us over and over ... **win, win, win, win you moron!**

This model causes us to feel bad, to feel unworthy, to feel rejected, to feel completely fucking useless.

Winners aren't winners at all ... they're the biggest failures.

Once we realise that we simply cannot win until we've tackled the jumps, that they are and always will be in our road, the negativity and the overwhelming sense of failure, fades.

For me, once I accepted that being a failure was a thoroughly good thing, I began to feel better in myself. I steel myself each day for the failures ahead. If I win, I'll embrace that moment but I know it won't last, it is a law of nature specially reserved for mere mortals like us.

Look up!

"*Look up*" ... My wife is into horses. Dangerous at both ends and stupid in the middle ... and as for the horses ... No! Another joke!!!

When she's teaching my daughters to jump she's constantly calling "*look up*". As soon as the rider looks at the jump then so does the horse and everything goes wrong. Looking up ensures the horse looks up and they clear the jump in one smooth arc.

"*Look up!*" The most valuable lesson I feel I could pass on to the kids when learning to drive. So many new drivers fixate on the car in front, when it brakes suddenly there's no time to react. So I teach them to look several cars ahead. When one of those brakes it leaves plenty of time to react. Nothing new there I know but they were not taught it in their test..

When I'm riding my bikes I am aware of a phenomena we call 'rut fever'. The number one rule is to '*never, ever look at the rut*', or the tree, or the drop to the side, or the rock, for if you do, as sure as the tides rise and fall ... you **will** hit it.

Always look where you want to go and the obstacles are overcome virtually unnoticed.

It's the same with the gap jumps. There is no way to avoid them. We have choices. We can give in to our inner voice and not attempt to clear such a long, dark chasm. We can roll over the ramp, ride through the muddy gap and roll out of the other side. Or we can resolve to master the gap jump.

To do this we look up to where we want to land, we hit the ramp smoothly taking care not to throttle on or off as this will either flip the bike or send it nose down. We look to the landing and place the bike on it. The more we fail, the better we get and bones break less often. As we continue to fail, the gap will become less intimidating. A really good rider will learn how to 'fly' the bike. When the nose dips, a quick twist of the throttle and it'll lift. If the bike is pointing too high, tap the rear brake and the nose will drop.

I hang a hei matau, a Maori bone carving of a fish hook from my computer screen. It's to remind me during the times when I feel like giving up, **that if my hook is not in the water, I'll never catch a fish.**

No matter how we choose to tackle our obstacles, one thing is for sure. Life is not linear, it is a series of unavoidable fails. We can get good at overcoming them but there is no avoiding them. We can't steer around them by pulling into the winner's lane because you are already in it!

Winners and Losers, these are simply labels manufactured to confine us. According to the *Philosophy of I* there are no winners or losers ... **it is what it is!**

So long as we're failing, we're in the game of winning and that has to make us feel good.

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How to Cross an Ocean

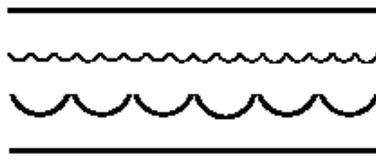
'Having a lovely time but getting a little bored. The view's great!

Sometimes it's like this

Sometimes it's like this

Sometimes it's like this

But mostly it's like this'



I spent many years skippering charter yachts for a living, and I'll never forget the first time I crossed the Atlantic. To cross an ocean you need to plan the voyage **before** you start. You have to chart every step in minute detail and then monitor your progress.

If you don't, you die ... simple as that!

You start a crossing of any body of water with a chart laid out on the boat's chart table. The difference this time was that on the right of the paper was Africa, on the left was America, and in between a distance of around three thousand nautical miles as the crow flies. On previous, shorter sailings I had marked my position, as you do, and at the end of each day I could see the progress. I would see a significant difference from where I was yesterday to where I would be today.

Not with a chart the size of the Atlantic!

Days and days went by when I could barely mark my new position because it was so close to where I was the previous day. At one point, I was totally becalmed for a week. I moved about a hundred nautical miles, mostly backwards! And that's depressing when you know there's another two and a half thousand to go. Eventually, I got moving again and enjoyed a truly exhilarating sail across The Pond as it's affectionately known. Finally, I reached St Lucia just before Christmas day and enjoyed happy times pigging out on chicken, exotic women and rum punch!

I have kept the chart of that first crossing and looking at it now I still remember how depressed I felt when a day's traveling was such a small distance marked on the chart. However, if you look at that map today there is a long, zig-zag line which starts at Grand Canaria on the right and finishes at the Caribbean to the left.

Without getting through those days, when the distances to travel seemed so immense, the whole crossing would never have been made ... **Each day sailed was an intrinsic element of the passage.**

This is the only way you are going to achieve your goals ... One small step at a time.

Barring a huge lotto win and discounting Lady Luck, you will not wake up tomorrow and discover you are rich!

My good friend and sailing buddy John called me one evening: "*Fancy doing the Cape, Bahia race next year?*"

It's a race across the South Atlantic from Capetown in South Africa to Bahia, a city just South of Rio. "*Jeeeeezyip, count me in!*"

John's a deeply interesting guy. His father worked with NASA and the moon landings. He let me in on a secret one that's going to be a secret no longer as I'm sharing it with you! Apparently, man **did** land on the moon but the photos were so bad they staged more in the studio for marketing purposes. If true, I love it because both the pro-landing tribe and the conspiracists are right.

Anyway, I digress. A wealthy friend of John's had a yacht and needed three good guys to crew. They could only find two so John asked me! Now before a race like that you have to prepare. To be competitive, the crew has to get to know the boat, their jobs and each other. To do this we scheduled a number of preparation races out of the South of England. Like our personal journey, winning is all about preparation.

One such race was the Round Ireland which is notoriously challenging. On the day of the race it was blowing six to seven on the Beaufort scale from the West. As we were running down the East coast from Dublin, this was perfect. The wind was on the beam and is the fastest point of sailing. And boy, did this yacht go. During previous training races across the English Channel we'd shaken out the cobwebs and we were starting to gel as a team. Sail changes were now second nature and slick as, we'd tuned into the boat's personality, we'd worked out just how to set the sails to generate maximum drive and she was positively quivering as she bucked on the short, choppy sea.

We'd chosen to stay close to the coast in the hope that the wind from the land would turn with us as we rounded the South end. Others chose to reach much further out to sea, a tactic that worked out well for them. For as we began to alter course, numbers rising on the compass, the wind stayed resolute in its path. It moved forward of the beam as we changed our direction slowly into a head wind, which is't fun in a Beaufort eight.

At the Southernmost tip of Ireland southwest of Cape Clear Island is the infamous Fastnet Lighthouse.

Ireland's rugged South Coast is the resting place of many ships and thousands of lost souls. 1979 Fastnet Race was the twenty eighth Royal Ocean Racing Club's Race, held generally every two years since 1925. The six hundred and five mile course from Cowes goes direct to the Fastnet Rock and then to Plymouth via south of the Isles of Scilly. In 1979, it was the climax of the five-race Admiral's Cup competition.

A wicked storm grew far bigger and stronger than forecast and on the third day of the race wreaked havoc on over three hundred yachts. Nineteen more souls joined the halls of Davey Jones. Emergency services, naval forces, and civilian vessels from around the west side of the English Channel came to their aid in what became the largest ever rescue operation in peace-time. This involved some four thousand people, including the entire Irish Naval Service's fleet, lifeboats, commercial boats, and helicopters.

The Fastnet rock is a place of sobriety and deep reflection for sailors and our yacht was pounding through heavy seas on a direct course.

It's an otherworldly place. As we approached the wind inexplicably dropped. Eight, six, three. To our right the dewey emerald fields draped over defiant, rhino hide granite. The sea became confused, boiling liquorice and all around hung a haunted mist. This truly is a place where myths and legends are born.

Like Jason on his quest for the Golden Fleece, we glided through in expectant silence not sure of what unearthly creature would be born from the oily waters. As we passed by, the wind picked up and before long our vessel was humming again. The sails were taught, the telltales streaming perfectly, the windward rigging was whistling and weed was passing by at an astonishing rate.

When suddenly in deep open water where no rocks were charted we hit. We hit with such violence it nearly threw me out of my bunk. If I was a pirate I'd have hollered "*shiver me timbers*", I'm not so I shouted "*what the mother fucking hell was that?*"

I was up on deck just in time to see a huge Basking Shark sulk away nursing a badly bruised head. He was OK, the boat not so much. The collision had done terminal damage to the rudder. Unable to finish the race we pulled into the most archetypal Irish village I have ever seen. Imagine an Irish village with pastel houses of every hue, Celtic signs and every bar serving Guinness to patrons enjoying the craic and jigging the Irish jig ... *well, more Irish than that!*

It is only this way in the summer for the American tourists, in the winter it sheds its pseudo-irishness and the inhabitants return to their Irish lives. We had the best taxi ride I have ever taken from that place back to Dublin. The driver didn't stop talking to catch a breath. He even shared with us his plan to kidnap the Blarney Stone, but as it sits atop a castle tower and weighs over a ton, he hadn't worked out how to get it down!

Later that year, fully prepared and vitted we left Capetown. As is normal at that time of the year the weather was shit and it was blowing its tits off. We headed out with Table Mountain at our backs, past the infamous Robben Island, the home of Nelson Mandela for all those dismal years and up towards the Skeleton Coast of Namibia.

Several boats retired due to damage but we kept going, Our mast worked loose and we thought we were going to lose it but we jury rigged it and it held firm.

When you race you fly a large sail, it's the bellowing colourful sails you see hanging out of the front of yachts in photos. As you leave the coast of Africa the ocean currents settle and the trade winds steady from East to West, pushing you at the very fastest point of sail when flying that 'kite'.

There was a time just after dusk that quickly became known as the 'witching hour'. This was the time after the sun had gone down and before the moon had risen and I have never been so blinded by blackness, it was coffin dark. We had made the decision to fly the spinnaker at night. Not the safest thing to do but safe doesn't win races!

By now I was at one with the yacht. Her speed was driven by instinct. Turn just a few degrees too far upwind or down and the heightened senses would trigger as the sail edges folded and the boat slowed a fraction. We had our instruments but this is not like flying a plane, you only have seconds to react. By the time the errant wind has registered on the instruments, it's too late.

It's not easy requiring intense concentration for long periods but we kept here rattling on for the first week. Then as the winds blew harder it became ever more difficult to know the where the limits lay, the ones we were already pushing. Push on we did, after all, we had a race to win!

Three hours on, three hours off and if you have a sail change you don't even get that. Three hours on, three hours off. After a week the wind had risen along with the seas. It was the witching hour and I was alone driving our boat as hard as I knew how. In the blackness, through bleary eyes and foggy mind I would see things that I should not see. Strange things, hallucinogenic things. Alice's smiling Cheshire Cat sat on the mast spreader, the Mad Hatter drinking tea on the bow. And in the sky, some thirty foot in the air that night, fluorescent jellyfish atop a cresting rogue wave.

The ocean heaved beneath as I came face to face with not jellyfish but breaking sea. As the boat mounted the apex it picked up speed. It always does and the ride down the back of a wave is the most exhilarating thing. Not tonight in the witching hour, spinnaker bar tight. On this night I crested this wave and adjusted, leaning into the wheel as the weight came on, turning slightly up to catch the sweet spot. Not tonight in the witching hour. Eight knots, ten, fifteen, eighteen ... the yacht broke free of the ocean's grip and sat on her plane. The bow cut a deep slash into the wave's back and the spume rose into a curling flower of Peace Lilly white.

Eighteen knots, twenty, twenty two and at that moment that leaden hand with the strength of five thousand men did lay me down in that mercurial pit of coal where the mermaids were singing and the sirens shrieking and Neptune bellowed as he banqueted on oysters and clam.

The side locker became the deck, the deck became a wall, the wheel was no longer a wheel but a bar from which I hung. The boom slammed through a deadly one hundred and eighty degree arc seeking skulls of glass to smash, sheets and halyards lashed out into the night cracking, splitting the air, vicious Aswang tongues sought blood.

The boat now buried deep into the wave ahead and in that madness, in that moment of mayhem, I must find a moment of clarity, absolute clarity, for if I don't we die! And I did. The sheets were relaxed and the sails spilled their weight. The boat rose from the grave and floated high as a cork. I now sat behind the wheel bring the wind back behind me as I turned through her fulcrum. John pulled hard on the main sheet managing the boom as we passed through the gybe. He let the sheet slip through a gloved palm allowing the sail to again be filled.

The Spinnaker was down and stuffed below decks to be repacked for another time. We were to experience many butt clenching moments and we learned from each one. We learned that it was not a good idea to fly the kite at night unless the moon was up and finally we made it to South America where we were welcomed with ice cold caipirinha. We arrived in third place less battered than many and even beating the South African Navy.

The trials we must overcome on our journey. There is no one out there to help, no emergency number. When a rescuer locks in on your emergency beacon it is to recover your fish eaten body.

Accumulating wealth is precisely that, a slow build up, an accumulation. You will barely notice it happening. You won't, unless you're extremely successful, see huge advances in your standard of living. One day, some time in the future, when you've got to where you want to be, you'll look back and remember where you were today. **It will be easy to recall because today is the day your life changed.**

You're not Doctor Manhattan! You can't cheat time and space to transcend an ocean. You can't set off in a boat that is only capable of ten knots and expect to be on the other side in a couple of days ... there are laws of physics governing it as fundamental as the rules of success that dictate you won't get rich, wealthy and free, without action.

You can't set off on your mission today, skip all the trials and tribulations of achieving and tomorrow have super-success. You need to break the transit down into small fragments. If you want to cycle across a continent you can only do it by turning the peddles at a rate that the body can comfortably cope with.

You have your 'Big Picture', you have your goals and each has it's twelve steps.

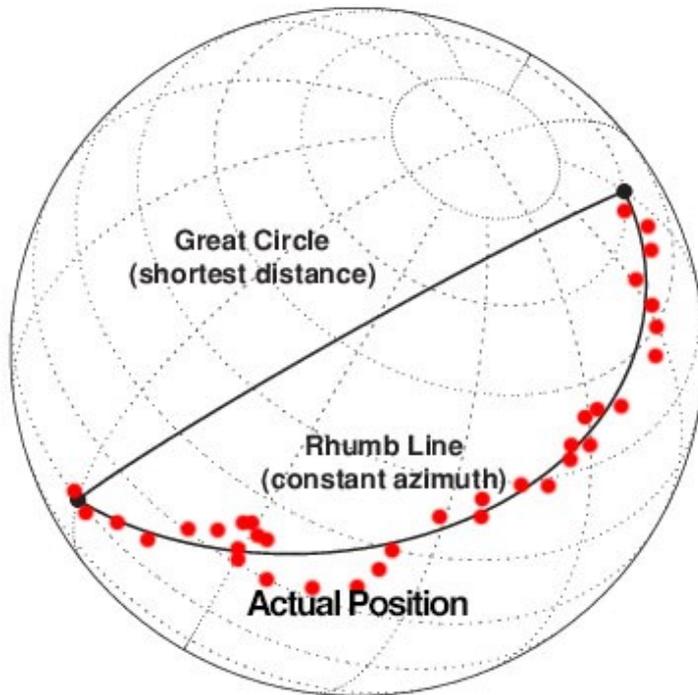
Achieve each goal, one step at a time, achieve each goal, one goal at a time and eventually they will culminate into the voyage.

For each element of your new life you have a plan of action. You want to be driving a Porsche by the end of the year? Take a postcard and write it down. The make, model, colour and the date by when you want to take delivery. Now pin this somewhere prominent, stick it under a fridge magnet so that you can see it every day. This piece of paper is your chart, the map which shows the way. The car is the destination. Each day check your progress. If you are off course then readjust the rudder and alter your direction.

You need to do this with each facet of your vision. Read your goal aloud, every day until it is accomplished. Then, and only then, can you bin that particular chart and write out a new set of goals.

Those individual, little achievements are the pixels which create a digital masterpiece.

Before you set out on a crossing you have to 'swing' the compass to calibrate it. You do this in the harbour or in calm water just outside.



You draw a rhumb line, the most direct sailing route in pencil on the chart (well it's digital these days). This would be the metaphorical equivalent of your goal and the twelve most direct steps.

Never once, in all the voyages ever undertaken by man, has a sailor sailed the rhumb line.

There's always a second mark on the chart which is 'actual position'.

As a skipper, your aim is to stay as close to the rhumb line as possible but thanks to mother nature, it simply can't happen. To travel the rhumb line you need to make constant adjustments taking into account, tide, ocean currents, wind direction, sea state, weather, pirates and sea monsters.

Every few hours you check your actual position, mark it in the ship's log and reset the lubber line on the compass to your destination.

This is how you navigate your goals.

On the ocean, adjustments are a matter of life and death ... black and white as that. They are the difference between making landfall in a safe harbour or being dashed on the rocks and meeting Davy Jones for a few Rum Punches.

ADJUST YOUR COURSE AND DO NOT MOVE ONTO THE NEXT GOAL UNTIL YOU HAVE ACHIEVED THE CURRENT ONE.

See it through like Odysseus. An ocean crossing, a great passage, is made up of many trials and tests of character on many levels. If you fail to complete just one, you'll fail the entire campaign ... ***and probably die!***

Ocean passages are frightening.

The eternal inky blackness of a moonless night in a force nine gale. The needle sharp beads of rain punishing exposed flesh. The teams of rearing, kicking angry white stallions bearing down from the ebony. The howling, beckoning sirens. The screaming bow strings of flexing rigging at the limit of endurance. The uncontrollable decent into ocean deep troughs and the climb back out, wandering as every second passes if it will be the last. The slamming and hammering of Poseidon's trident on

eggshell hull. The unimaginable, unnatural forces in drum tight sail cloth as tell tails steam in horizontal, crazed unison. The call of the deep.

This is something most of us will never experience. The huge seas, fatigue and isolation are formidable on one hand and awe-inspiring on the other. There are times out there when I've never felt so alive. Others when fear has been so heightened that death seemed an easier option!

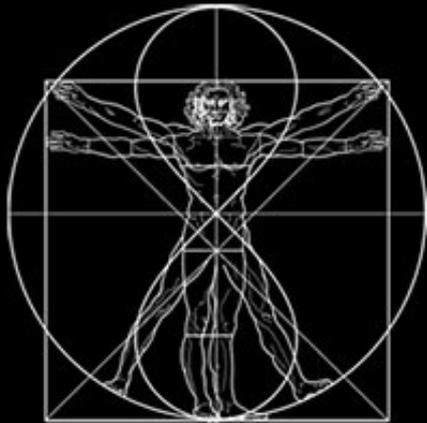
In day's gone by, sailors would say *'there's only eight inches of oak between me and the deep blue sea'*.

Trying to get sleep and realising that there's only a few millimetres of fibreglass these days is sobering. There's no one out there to be dependent upon ... **There's just little old YOU** ...

And your success voyage? *There's only attitude and action between you and the deep blue sea!*

If you don't arrive at your destination on time, change the timescale. You can't step off the boat until she's safely tied up to dry land can you?

When asked on his death bed if there was anything he regretted doing in his life the old man replied: It was not the things he had done, it was the things he hadn't done which disturbed him.



THE MONKEY TRAP

If fear wins, you lose

The Monkey Trap | The Omniscience Principle Part 7

Well Done!

You actually did it ... You set your goals!

I'm hoping this was a good exercise for you and that my **Twelve Steps To Achievement** were at the very least a better way to set them and that ultimate goal is not so daunting.

By getting this far you've taken some momentous steps, you're shuffling to the edge of the cliff like a fledgling eagle getting ready to soar.

Spread those wings, feel the breeze in your feathers, take a deep breath and let go.

Well something like that!!!

Although *The Omniscience Principle* promises take you on a journey to **Personal, Financial Freedom and Fulfilment** (providing you follow the ideas), many new readers are already on their way. They certainly aren't fledglings that's for sure, but something is holding them back, intangible, an invisible hand wrenching on the gut.

No matter how successful you are right now, you feel you can do better, you aren't fulfilled, there is much uncharted territory still to be ventured into ... *Isn't that so?*

How do I know this?

Well if you had achieved every ambition of yours already, you'd definitely have no interest in reading this, you'd have no use for the systems which made the rich and powerful — rich and powerful and free ... *because you'd be one of those people!*

Throughout our time together I will be sharing tools that will be a **great asset for all of your life.**

Accelerated learning techniques, for example, will enable you to process and retain, with ease, the masses of information you are going to receive as you go through these pages. So that you can get the most out of the course I thought it best to give you these tools at the beginning — makes sense really doesn't it?

I will also keep driving home the importance of becoming **calm and relaxed.** This is something that is completely alien to most of us, yet I cannot emphasize enough its fundamental role in becoming successful.

We have been taught from an early age that the only way to succeed is to be busy, busy, busy.

It's not true.

Imagine the shock if the boss walked into the office tomorrow and said: *“everyone take a break. I can see you are all feeling the strain, go and get some fresh air and come back when you feel replenished and revitalised”.*

You'd think he'd had a brain meltdown wouldn't you?

But, little did you know, he'd recently read one of my reports on **The Importance of Relaxation in the Workplace.** He now knows that you are only **fully productive when you are relaxed and stress free.**

Yes, I know it's very hard to be both motivated and stress free, but if you can achieve a balance you will be far happier, healthier and *many times more productive.*

When you learn to work at **optimum performance levels whilst staying relaxed,** and you see the results you have achieved from your new laser-beam focus, you will become even more motivated. It's a sort of positive, up-spiral, a great Catch 22!

An empire building tornado.

The reason we believe it is necessary to work 24-7-365 to get anywhere in life is because that is just what **The Machine** would have us believe. **If everyone is busy running round in square circles they will remain 'happy little cogs' and never see the big picture.**

There is an old saying: *“You're too busy working to make any money.”* That's exactly the problem many cogs face.

You need to let go of everything you currently believe to be the norm. We have stepped out of the rat race in order to become totally free. If you live your life as **The Machine** would have you do, then the norm is to accept a mundane, second best.

...

Winning Through Failure

I've had many business enterprises in the past, *most have failed!*

There's such a stigma in about failing in business especially in the country I happened to fail in, England — the British love losers, but for some strange reason not losers in business ... ***“How dare you fail, what a disgrace, what a rotter!”***

Remember, *The Machine* needs as many little cogs to turn as possible, **if you're not a cog, you're not under control** ... **YOU** are most definitely **not under control!**

It's a mantra repeated over and over again by the successful that failing is all part of winning and it's true, **YOU HAVE TO FAIL TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS.**

'If you fail once, you're a failure for life' is a myth perpetuated by *The Machine* to ensure you to give up at the first hurdle.

In my most humble of opinions I believe that failing is collateral damage, an unavoidable element of the success formula ... You absolutely can not scale the success mountain without dislodging a few loose boulders.

Now, I'm not saying that you should plan to fail a few times in order to learn from your mistakes, hell no. **You always need to do your very best**, but if in doing that, your best isn't good enough, then analyse what went wrong.

Harvard in America teach that it's OK to fail, just so long as you learn from those mistakes and **don't repeat them.**

I don't know what it's like in other countries but if you get it wrong in England be prepared for a battle. Your name is put on a national register for failures, your reputation is muddied, your whole life is tarnished: ***“We'll do our utmost to ensure you are suitably punished as a failure — no bank accounts for you, no mortgage for you, no place for you in this perfect Nirvana of ours — be gone you leper.”***

All this is perpetrated under the guise of 'protecting the innocent'. Reality is that there **are** casualties in business. The odds against any venture lasting more than 3 years are phenomenal.

You try; **you try your very best.** You do your research, make your plans, set out with the best intentions and continue to work more hours than is healthy. You don't set up and put in all that effort with the purpose of hurting others. No! You set up to do your very best and make a success of things ... ***unfortunately your best just wasn't good enough on that occasion and you fail!***

But that DOES NOT mean you are a failure for life.

The fact is that *The Machine* would rather most people were employed by a few policeable companies. You see, if we're all employed then we're easier to **control**. We have a job that pays the bills and are taxed and bled at source. The self employed are harder to control as they have far more opportunities to mitigate the taxes and levies.

Here's the paradox: We live in a democracy that allows individuals the opportunity to break free ... the last thing *The Machine* wants is lots of people running around out of control. So, this is why I believe we are subtly indoctrinated from an early age that a job is good, a good job is a job for life.

Oh yes, you're given the choice to go it alone but so many obstacles are placed in your path you're surely going to fail ... ***and go back to being a good little cog you go.***

You step out of line; you step out of the *perceived* security of employment, you venture out and crash headlong into surf. Wave upon wave upon relentless wave of obstruction, barriers and impediment batter you.

The Machine doesn't care if you've given everything humanly possible to become self sufficient, to make something of your life, to break free ... You were born a cog, educated to be a cog and you're damn well going to be a cog for life if ***The Machine*** has its way!

The Machine is compassionless, cold, emotionless ... the dark nemesis of those whose only crime is to want to carve out a life they can be proud of. Yet bizarrely, ***The Machine*** will support you and give you a house or sheltered accommodation if you wish to deal in drugs and spend your nights helping yourself to other people's hard earned property ... because 'social responsibility' wins votes right?

It seems that the less you are prepared to do for yourself, then the more ***The Machine*** is prepared to give. It seems that those who contribute the least, take the lion's share of the carcass ... and those who contribute the most are left with scraps and bones.

Hardest working, highest earners, most taxed!

Sorry, went off on a tangent there! ... ***The Machine*** doesn't care if your best will be good enough next time; you won't get that chance if it can possibly coordinate it.

But you are going to build a life of your own and ***The Machine's*** not going to stop you?

You don't care what they try to do to you; you won't be stopped will you?

Just because it is better for ***The Machine*** if you are a cog, and it will do everything in its extraordinary power to keep you there, you won't slot in and take it.

NO! YOU ARE A COCKROACH ...

... and more than capable of surviving anything that they can throw at you. Every time you fail, you'll come back bigger, stronger and above all, ***WISER***.

I failed many times ...

I'd like to say my catering business: Butties World Famous Sandwiches, failed because the local authority imposed too many ridiculous rules and regulations, because the council ripped me off with business rates (taxes) and rubbish/trash disposal taxes, and charges to park outside my own premises. The rents were too high, the new out-of-town superstore took 30% of my customers away.

I'd like to say The Upsidedown Flying Crocodile Bar, a pub business of mine failed because of the intimidation by local soccer hooligans and drug dealers that ran a protection racket; scum who were being supported by ***The Machine*** which in turn, was funded by my taxes.

Thanks to the the welfare state it was their 'right' to claim free houses to deal from. It was their privilege to claim cash to fund their activities. Government cash paid their bills, government cash provided them the freedom to drink in my bar and the opportunity to 'try' to milk me of the money I was generating and paying taxes on...

I'd like to blame the police who refused to do anything about the dirty, stinking filth for fear of starting a riot in the main street (which they frequently did!).

I'd like to blame the failure of my little yacht charter business on the dickhead who managed it. The failure of my self publishing site and the alert gadget on shitty programmers.

I'd like to blame my failures on all the above, and more, *but it simply wouldn't be true.*

The businesses failed because I failed them ... the same way a million entrepreneurs have failed a million businesses in the past.

You have to fail in order to succeed ...

Why?

Because how in the reign of Charlie Parker are you going to discover what works and what doesn't?

You could come up with a great idea, do some very basic research, set up your very first business, be lucky and enjoy a superb run for a few years. You could feel quite justified in looking down from your glass tower on all the companies who were failing around you and say: "*Ha, you peasants look at me, I'm so successful, just look at my wonderful company, don't you all wish you had one too?*"

Well, the sad truth is this does happen ... a lot!

It happened to me!

Luck plays her hand and casts her magic on a chosen few but, inevitably **luck always runs out like sand in an hourglass**. When it does, you'll find you really had no clue as to why you were successful. You had no idea what made the company work and when the creditors are standing below, throwing rocks at your glazed penthouse office, you'll see that what you'd actually built was a house of cards. **A slight jolt and the lot comes tumbling down.**

You had never worked out what held the company together, you never inspected the nuts and bolts. You'd never failed in the past so when the fabric of your success wore thin you never saw through it, and didn't manoeuvre into a better position. You didn't even see it coming — *but next time will be different won't it?*

Sometimes, our light goes out but is relit by another human being. Each of us owes deepest thanks to those who have rekindled this light.

You are in rather a unique position now regardless of your past experiences and experience.

The *successful* are willing and able to support you. Failures have taken their toll on intrepid adventurers. Pioneers have blazed a trail and in their wake is carnage. Entrepreneurs have failed, learned from their mistakes, refined their approach, tried again and failed again.

Other people have done *most* of the failing for you.

I'm not saying the systems I am going to introduce you to are perfect, far from it, but many mistakes have already been made and many lessons have been learned ... *the important ones anyway!*

...

The Monkey Trap

There is a kind of monkey trap used in Asia. A coconut is hollowed out and attached by a rope to a tree or stake in the ground. At the bottom of the coconut a small slit is made and some sweet food is placed inside. The hole on the bottom of the coconut is just big enough for the monkey to slide in his open hand, but does not allow for a closed fist to pass out.

The monkey smells the sweets, reaches in with his hand to grasp the food and is then unable to withdraw it. The clenched fist won't pass back through the opening. When the hunters come, the monkey becomes frantic but cannot get away. There is no one keeping that monkey captive, except the force of its own attachment. All that it has to do is to open the hand. But so strong is the force in the mind, that it is a rare monkey which can let go.

The monkey is so intent on keeping the morsel that he holds on for dear life, which is often the cost. It doesn't see that if it let go, there are far greater rewards around the corner.

It is the sweet fruits promised by **The Machine** which keep us trapped: Stability, employment, a comfortable pension ... these are false promises. **The Machine** never delivers. All we need to do is to open our hands. **Let go of false beliefs; our attachments, the indoctrination — and be free.**

You must let go of the pathetic rewards normality tempts you with, in order to have a feast!

...

The Poverty Line Blueprint

I read something once which was a complete revelation to me, so I'd like to share it with you:

The Machine's intention is to orchestrate our lives so that we live *just ABOVE* the poverty line.

When I read that, everything started to fall into place.

The important element required by **The Machine** to continue motoring is to keep us all '**just above the poverty line**', that way we accept our lot. OK, we moan and groan a bit, but on the whole the discomfort we experience is not sufficient to warrant an uprising.

We have a roof over our heads, food in our bellies and a little bit left over for a drink at the weekend. It would be very easy to manipulate the system and put us **below** the poverty line, but that would generate a huge backlash; the masses would rise up and there would be anarchy.

No! Far better to give us a 'taste of what we want', give us something to work towards, then we'll put our heads back in the sand and spend the rest of our lives pissed off and stressed out, **hoping** that one day we might get that pay rise.

Have you ever wondered why it is, that just when you start to get ahead and have a few extra pounds to spend, interest rates go up!

Or, if they do come down, have you ever considered that there may be an ulterior motive, and as soon as the pressure eases in your household (and we've all begun to spend again) oops, up they go again!

This is the nature of the beast, and to be honest, I don't know if there is a better way. If I discover one then rest assured I'll stand for election!

Let's just accept for now that we need to let go. We need to start breaking free of conventional thinking and all those misconceptions we hold close are going to float into the ether. We're going to undo years of conditioning and brainwashing, to start afresh and to rebuild our own little world.

Busy, busy, busy is not the most productive way to work!

Take a hurricane. The strongest winds are at the storm's outer edge, here is chaos. As you move toward the centre, towards the eye — there is calm and order. **Here is your world.**

Throughout *The Omniscience Principle*, I will be showing you how to relax and de-stress. Through self management and control, you will become happier, healthier, wealthier and free.

Slowing down and relaxing is not the magic answer, it is a fundamental part of the success formula.

I hope that you are beginning to see that. You will no longer be consumed in busy-ness. **Everything you do will be calm and calculated.**

There will be no inner turmoil and you will be operating at peak performance levels ... *at all times.*

If you don't feel totally alert before starting a task then don't do it! Go away for a few minutes, take a breath of fresh air, drink some cranberry juice or water and start when you are ready.

Go visit the 'Shaolin monks' (martial art masters) next time they bring their show near you. They all seem to have nurtured an inner serenity which shines through to the outside, yet instantly they can produce devastating, controlled and focused power.

Watch a good martial artist. He will hit a pile of slabs with what seems to be the most relaxed and fluid of blows, yet the concrete crumbles.

Now, how about you go out into the garden and find a brick, support it at both ends and try to break it with a single blow ... **No don't!!!**

Although I'd like to be there to watch as you tense up, grimace, go red in the face, hit the brick with all your might then spend the next five minutes jumping around with your hand under your armpit shouting "***!!⁴\$@!!!."

The problem is, you haven't yet learned the tremendous magnitude of staying composed and focusing your inner natural resources know as *chi* to martial artists (unless you're a top black belt).

You will!

Before you tackle the next section ensure that you are relaxed, sitting comfortably, well fed (not over fed); clear your mind of the problems that are bothering you, then drink a large glass of water to ensure you are hydrated.

Prepare yourself to learn about learning, it's going to be fun. Close your eyes for a few minutes, take several deep breaths and concentrate on them as you inhale and exhale slowly. Say to yourself: *"I feel calm and relaxed and ready for the task ahead."*

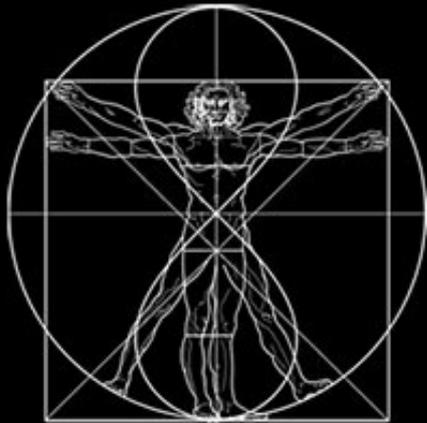
Roll your head around as if limbering up.

The easiest challenges in life are the ones you dream up for yourself (the mountains you decide to climb). The tough ones; the really lousy ones, are the ones you don't get to choose, the mountains that other people put in your way.

Go on then!!!

No athlete would entertain the notion of starting a race without warming up the limbs first. The same applies to the brain, though this is so misunderstood. Your brain is your greatest muscle. It is an integral part of the body, not a separate lump of meat locked away in a box and stitched to your shoulders for lack of space elsewhere.

I want to ensure you retain everything in the next section. It will be so important to you and will be used for the rest of your life. You don't know how to learn and retain with maximum effect yet so you need to be prepared, and ready to give this section that new focus of yours.



CHAOS

To get anywhere, strike out for somewhere or you'll get nowhere

Chaos | The Omniscience Principle Part 8

Huuuuuuueeeeeeeeeeyyyyyy! *"Baby's been sick!"*

Dinner's ready, the kids are screaming.
 Cat's jumped on the sideboard.
 It's making its way to the birdcage ... the door's ajar.
 Dog's jumped towards a chair to bite the cat that's now got the budgie.
 Dog's slipped in the baby sick, misses the cat.
 Cat spits out the budgie, stepped in the soup that's oh so hot!
 Bird lands in the baby's lap, is spotted by the cat which pounces.
 Baby stops screaming, begins to giggle.
 Cat sinks fangs into budgie.

Huuuuuuueeeeeeeeeeyyyyyy! *"Baby's been sick again!"*

Cat retreats licking scalded paw and vomit from back.
 Dog barking.
 Boot removed from hound's rectum ... **CRASH!**
 Wounded budgie limps onto washed and not so neatly stacked dinner plates.
 Ridden them to the floor.
 Chirps its last chirp.
 Knock on the door as the phone rings.

Huuuuuuueeeeeeeeeeyyyyyy! *“Baby’s been sick again!”*

Dog stopped sulking, now chasing baby.
 Baby starts resuscitation on budgie.
 Baby tosses budgie aside, attention turned to dog, now howling
 Baby holds firmly its tail.
 Budgie lands in the dinner ...
 And so does the cat.
 Baby bored with the dog, joins cat and budgie in dinner.
 Washing machine starts to cycle as the tumble dryer seizes.

Huuuuuuueeeeeeeeeeyyyyyy! *“Baby’s been sick again ... and she’s filled her nappy.”*

“WHY DON’T YOU DO SOMETHING?” screams my harassed and thoroughly stressed out wife.

*“Because I’m trying to !@!&*ING work!”*

...

Discipline

There are only five things you need in order to work successfully from home:

Discipline, discipline, discipline and discipline ... and somewhere to work!

When you first leave a job to start your journey, you will probably be working from home. Even when you run your business there will often be many hours spent in the home environment.

Working from home is expanding at an incredible rate.

The main and most logical reason is, that when you rent office space you have to cover two sets of overhead. 1) the rent on the office etc and 2) the rent/mortgage on your home — before you make a penny cent of profit.

Even large multinationals are letting their staff work from home these days because of the massive benefits it brings.

But on the other side of the coin there are just as many drawbacks. The first major problem with doing business from home is that it is not a working environment. It is extremely difficult to drag yourself out of bed and sit down at the desk to begin your day.

You lay longer in the pit because there’s no boss waiting for you in the office, and also there’s nowhere to commute to.

Second, is the problem of space. Most people do not have a spare room to dedicate to an office so they try to work on the kitchen table. It is very, very difficult to do a full day’s work from home. There are simply too many distractions.

Having said that, I am writing this section right now in the comfort of my own home. We do have offices, but I have purpose built offices in my home.

Regardless, when I wrote the first draft for *The Omniscience Principle* I managed to create a favourable work atmosphere in the back of the house. I was lucky enough to have a spare room to dedicate as an office.

I still have the odd distractions, the wife and kids, but they have learned that when daddy's in his office, he's working and to enter head bowed, cap in hand and wary that I might bite their heads off at any given second!

Seriously, they have learned that I am disciplined and if I'm in the office I really do need to be left alone.

I have almost got the balance right and it's great.

There's no getting up at some ungodly hour, kicked out of my cozy, warm bed by an alarming alarm to face a miserable journey in rush hour traffic.

I get up, answer a few emails, get washed and go into the gym. I arrive in my office at around 10.00am, fresh and ready for a day's work. I can watch the birds in the garden, even have a break and sit with them in the summer whenever I want. I can stop when I want and start when I want. The only boss I have is me, although I am a hard task master!

If I do need to drive to the office, I enjoy a leisurely jaunt through the forest at mid-morning when there's only the wildlife about. There's a relaxing cruise along a clear motorway and I arrive a happy man ... *most of the time!*

To work successfully from home takes far more organisation and dedication than working from an office.

There's no accountability for a start.

If you decide not to go in one morning, who's going to know, who's going to kick your arse?... no one that's who!

You are your own boss and there is no one in this world you can blame if things aren't done.

If you haven't a spare room in the house **DEDICATE SOME SPACE.**

Section off a working area and ensure it is precisely that. An area for work. It's no good having all your papers and computer on the kitchen table if it has to be cleared every time you want a meal. There's no way, in a month of Sundays, you're going to stay organised.

Tidy Desk, Tidy Mind!

I have made a good living working out of home. I'll tell you what worked for me whilst I was on the up, I still work hard but have as much time off as I want.

When working, I have very strict hours: 10.00am till generally 4.00pm, Monday to Friday.

I always start the day with a shower. If you haven't got a power shower, and I mean a powerful one, I would highly recommend you get one at the first available opportunity.

I discovered the extraordinary benefit in a hotel in the States a few years ago, and no, I'm not about

to go into some debauched and perverted story.

Everything in America is big, and that includes their showers. This particular one was amazing, the jet was especially powerful.

I stood with my back to it, and it was then that I discovered the **Power of the Shower!**

I've read about this phenomenon since and it's well known to the medical profession, but it was a revelation to me at the time!

If you direct a powerful, hot jet of water around the base of the skull and neck, just where they join, the result is exhilarating. Massage this area by moving slightly from side to side so that the water hits the whole area.

Apparently, this stimulation causes the body to release chemicals called endorphins. I have no idea what actually happens, but I can promise, it really sets you up for the day.

You'll be hard pushed to find a shower that matched the ferocity of the American one, but a reasonable power shower will do the job.

This is my working week. I will work longer if I have to, a lot longer, but I try to get everything done within my set time frame. I fully understand that starting a business takes total commitment, dedication and anyone who believes it doesn't, is quite frankly, deluded.

I have a dedicated home telephone line and a business line. **I will not answer** the business line out of hours unless an appointment is made. I have found that the boundaries between the workplace and home life can blur. If they do, it'll be your work that suffers **AND** your family life.

Some people tend to work 24–7 when starting up.

They roll out of bed, crawl into the dedicated work area, finish late, and drag themselves onto the sofa, bad tempered and grizzly, where they fall asleep.

Next morning the cycle begins again!

This isn't the grim and inevitable reality of working towards freedom.

Work productive hours ... eventually things will get easier, and you always have a clear picture of what you are toiling towards, which is why we went through the goal setting exercises.

You are only truly productive for a few hours a day.

This can sometimes be stretched out to five or six hours, but peak performance cannot be sustained for long periods. I can assure you, if you try to work too hard, you'll end going round in square circles.

Yes, we do have to put in many hard, extra hours in the early days and when a deadline has to be met, but as a rule, aim to stick to a productive, constructive, disciplined working schedule.

When you have got to finish time ... FINISH!

Close your books, shut down the computer and go and spend some quality down time. Establish

your working parameters.

They do not have to be nine to five. One of my friends loves working through the night. I get e-mail from him at 4.00am in the morning just to prove he's working at some strange hour.

It works for him!

You should be dedicating one or two evenings a week to contacting people and introducing them to your new business. This doesn't mean overtime. If you spend two hours on a Monday night phoning, take two hours out in the morning — don't start till 11.00am.

Decide what hours you are going to work and stick to them!

Discipline, discipline, discipline, discipline!

...

The Psychology of Survival

Some of you will be on their way right now.

Some of you will, at this moment have savings in the bank. Some of you will be in the enviable position of having already started to build.

Some of you will be sowing on fertile ground.

Some of you will be laying the first slabs of stone, the inception of your very own Great Pyramid.

Not a temple to a king, a temple in honour of you. **A POWER TEMPLE**, a legacy that will remain long after you are dust in the ground. When you took the decision to make a difference in your life, to take control of your own destiny, you took a monumental leap.

You stepped out of the light into darkness ... **into this foreboding landscape.**

You took a quantum leap. You are learning to fly and only you know where you'll be when your feet next touch the ground.

Imagine having left the warmth and sanctuary of your home. Imagine getting into your dependable, reliable motor car, air bags, crumple zones, side impact protection, ABS, traction control. You glide along well drained roads prudently keeping to the speed limits which are rigorously enforced to ensure your continued existence as a taxpaying motorist.

You arrive at your way-point.

The Airport, a marvel of human achievement and engineering. The most expensive buildings in the world, per square metre are air traffic control towers?

All that technology, all those people. They're there to look after you, they're working 24/7 committed to your survival.

It's a smooth take off. Why shouldn't it be?

The pilot has thousands of hours flying time; he is as highly trained as is humanly possible. He is regularly re-trained. You are in safe hands now.

You're off on an exciting break. You've splashed out and are spending a fun packed weekend skiing in Alaska. What you hadn't planned on was the catastrophic failure of both starboard engines.

The explosion in the first has taken out the second and this in turn has severed the main hydraulics to the aerofoils. The pilot loses control.

Inevitably, inexorably the plane banks steeply, stalls, and plummets like a stone from the sky.

To make matters worse, as if that were possible! You are over Northern Canada, and it's winter. It's minus thirty out there, although you'd never have known cocooned in the climate controlled body of the beast. The only indication of the conditions outside is the LCD display in the bulkhead which reads 'FLIPPIN FREEZING'.

The plane ricochets off the side of an icy mountain. The gradient is just right to absorb most of the momentum whilst not too steep as to create a massive impact. Nevertheless, there is an horrific, gut wrenching sound of metal being torn from the framework as the aircraft is torn apart.

Miraculously, you are thrown clear through a gaping gash as the twisted wreckage plummets over the next precipice into oblivion. Everyone else onboard is killed...

...**Silence**...

You are injured, but not terminally. You are all alone It's cold, desperately cold. The terrain is as inhospitable as is survivably possible. This is a barren, icy wasteland and it's going to kill you if it can.

NOW WHAT DO YOU DO?

Some of will survive.

Some of won't.

Some of will take the necessary steps to continue living, to go on and recount the adventure in front of the open log fire to grandchildren.

Some of won't.

Some of will be following the steps to *Personal and Financial Freedom*.

Some of won't!

Although you have forged ahead into the abyss **this is not uncharted territory**. Others have already been there.

If the great explorers hadn't gone out and mapped the world, others couldn't have followed.

Great explorers have charted your map ... you're reading it right now!

Stepping out of your world is at best intimidating, at worst terrifying. But, to survive doesn't mean

you have to rely solely on wit and intuition. It's like you're not the only survivor in that plane crash...

Luckily another person was also thrown clear. Someone else survived and incredibly, their limp body landed close by. As you cautiously approach, life begins to course through their limbs. His eyes flicker as he regains consciousness. A blush slowly returns to his ashen cheeks.

It turns out that this guy just happens to be a Special Forces Veteran on leave and was flying out to take a well deserved break on the ski fields.

You take him in your arms and talk him round. You manage to get his circulation going and get him to his feet ... **WHAM!**

The gravity of the situation has hit you like a freight train. You break down uncontrollably. The soldier stays calm, he has been trained to think clearly under pressure. Your new friend brings the awesome might of the military to bear. Hundreds of years of accumulated survival and bush craft skills are drawn down. Over the following days he supports you, helps you and teaches you how to survive until you are found. He leads the way.

He saves your life.

The incredible thing is that getting through this ordeal was just a walk in the park for a special forces soldier. He trained rigorously for this very situation, he has fought in these conditions before and survived numerous times. Once he'd survived the initial crash there was **never a doubt of his getting home.**

Now the question is, would you follow the soldier or do you think you know a better way?

Some are following the rules now and will get to your destination.

Some will know better!!!

You'll know by now that I spent some wonderful years as a yacht skipper in various parts of the world. During many voyages I was blessed with a lot of time with not much to do, especially on the longer ones.

During a particular Atlantic crossing I was running around the boat in the early hours, as one often did, when the enormity of where I was suddenly dawned on me. I was right on the bow with no harness, not wise or recommended but I knew better!

It was an eerily still night. The moon had waned to non-existence and there was only the blackest of blackness.

There is a beautiful phenomenon which can be seen at sea on nights like these. As the boat pushes through the water, algae suspended in the water light up. The algae emit a glow whenever they are jostled ... billions of them light up like fire flies .

It's called phosphorescence and it's magical. It is as though the boat is being carried along on a blazing wave of green fire. When dolphins play in front of the bow as it pierces the glassy surface, they leave spectacular trails of light.

It's hypnotic and as I watched a thought hit me like a wet fish: *"if I fell overboard now where would*

I be?"

The boat would sail on because it was on autopilot, and it could be hours before anyone realised I was gone. I would be treading water in the middle of an ocean. To get to safety I would have several choices:

1. Swim 1,500 miles back to the Canaries.
2. Swim 1,500 miles on to Barbados
3. Swim North
4. Swim South — well there's not an awful lot North or South.

Phuuutttt!

I dismissed the thought with a shake of the head. Not healthy thinking when you're out there.

People survive; they survive impossible conditions in mountains, in deserts, in oceans, in jungles...

This fascinated me. What is it that makes people so different from each other?

Why do two fit and healthy people with virtually the same attributes cope so differently when the cards are stacked heavily against them?

Why, when two people abandon a sinking ship in a storm for the relative safety of a life raft, does one stay alive for months while the other dies within days?

I was intrigued by this and studied many real life survival stories, amazing tales of pain, tenacity and suffering. It never ceases to amaze me how much the human body can endure.

So what is it that intangible thing that makes some go all the way yet leaves others by the wayside?

Eventually, the answer dawned on me and as it did it took my breath away. It's almost inconceivable that something so seemingly insignificant can make such a **fundamental life or death difference**.

It defies belief that the gift the true survivor has is nothing more than this:

THE ABILITY TO BREAK AN EXTRAORDINARY SITUATION DOWN INTO SMALLER 'MANAGEABLE' PARTS.

That's it!!!

I believe that this is the only difference between the survivor and the dead.

Stranded person #1 says: *"Oh my god, I'm in a life raft with no food and water, thousands of miles from land, we're all going to die!"*

Stranded person #2 says: *"Bloody hell we're in trouble now! This is day number one of what could be a very long wait. What do I need to do today in order to survive until tomorrow?"*

I'm telling you, that's the only difference. I've read hundreds of accounts and that's it, that and a bit

of luck!

Person#1 dies because the task seems too immense.

Person#2 lives because they don't dwell on the task as a whole, they concentrate on the smaller things needed to get through *TODAY*.

They survive that then proceed to concentrate on the next day, the next task and they survive that.

Their all important 'overall' goal is in place: 'to get back home to family and friends'. They get there by tackling each day and each problem as it happens. They deal with them, move on and **eventually** achieve the ultimate goal ... **SURVIVAL**.

Many people end up in difficult situations and because they sat down on day one and said: "*Blimey, how am I going to survive one hundred days at sea, no food, no water*", they were dead by day 3.

If they'd have simply changed one small thing, '**their attitude**' and said to themselves: "*I'll achieve what needs to be done today, and tackle tomorrow as a fresh set of problems*", they'd have stood a far greater chance of getting through.

People have survived against all odds when many others failed because they broke the task down into small, manageable parts. People have got through one hundred days and more, at sea with no food and water because they didn't let the enormity of the task overwhelm them.

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO BECOME PERSONALLY AND FINANCIALLY FREE???

This is day 1, and that's the massive task you have to overcome.

If you dwell on this one question I'll tell you right here, right now that it ain't going to happen.

You'll not cope with the enormity of the task and you'll give up ... you'll fade away and die.

It's a lot easier to die than survive. There's no effort required in giving up!

To survive and win? Now there's a whole new ball game!

Your question isn't: "How do I become a millionaire?"

The question is: "What do I need to do 'TODAY' to survive, and what do I need to do to achieve TODAY'S goals?"

Get through each day and overcome its obstacles, that's an achievement, and do not lose sight of the 'overall' plan for tomorrow.

Don't get so blinkered by the smaller tasks that you lose sight of what you are aiming for. Conquer the small problems of today, you can then go on and survive tomorrow.

One of the most time consuming things is to have an enemy

You surmount tomorrow's challenges, tomorrow.

Eventually, when you have made your millions, or whatever your main aim was, you will look

back. You will have achieved that ambition by overcoming hundreds of little goals, one by one.

You'll look back and see that all those days you struggled and survived cumulatively broke the back of hopelessness.

What small steps do you need to take TODAY in order to achieve the great goal of tomorrow?

...

Survival of the Richest

In days gone by it used to be a case of survival of the fittest. In the 21st Century this no longer applies ... *Survival of the Richest is now the rule!*

It used to be the case that the 'alpha' animal would rule by intimidation and strength through sheer physical presence.

They would flex their muscles and **beat the living crap** out of any 'lesser' upstart who would dare to think they were worthy of the top spot! And don't forget, the alpha animal can be male or female too!

Nowadays, it's the rich who flex their wallets to beat off any challenge and achieve dominance!

If you have cash you can pretty much do anything ... *and get away with it.*

Just look at the cases of Michael Jackson and, O J Simpson.

These days, the weakest, most insipid little creep can flatten the strongest 'poor person' with a swift flash of the cash!

A house I used to own backed on to open farmland. We had bought a small bungalow on a decent sized plot with the intention of making substantial extensions and the subsequent killing that can go with property development!

We had been drawn to this particular place because in our deeds we had access over a lane running alongside the perimeter to the fields behind. This was great because it meant we could convert garaging at the front of the property to living space and incorporate it into the development, then place new garaging at the rear.

We completed the deal and got to work. Anyway, the time came to have a chat with the farmer who owned the access because it's the right thing to do.

It turned out he had no idea that we had a right of access over the lane, the old lady who had lived in the property previously, had never used it, ***talking to him proved a big mistake though!***

Not only was he the most unreasonable, vile, inbred, miserable, horrible, cantankerous, greasy old git to have ever walked the Earth, he was vindictive too.

He tried everything to stop us using our access from writing to the planners to driving up and down the lane in his tractor whenever anyone wished to use it. He would lay in wait down the road and if a delivery driver or tradesman stopped for more than a nano-second on the driveway, he'd be there in his tractor and his son.

They'd sit there revving the engine being rude and especially ignorant to anyone in their way. I'm sure they had become totally used to getting their own way and bullying anyone and who encroached on their territory over the years. They were the landed and we were the pests to be swatted.

On one occasion they turned up and growled at the steel-man, he moved ... they then barked at the carpenters who eventually moved ensuring they returned a hail of verbal abuse in return. Then they ordered the scaffold team to "*get out of the way*" This insult backfired as one particularly burly looking one nearly dragged them from their tractor cab.

During this time I would try to sit back and was quite diplomatic. I even wrote the old waste of human flesh nice letters and sent him whiskey but apparently his son nicked that!

It caused such problems for me was because **the farmer had the power**, he was the millionaire, land rich property owner, I just happened to own a relatively small plot next to his massive acreage. **And luckily for me, he was thick as shite**. His only form of attack was to grunt and moan a bit and fire off a few letters to the wrong people.

If I had been in his shoes it would have been a different story let me tell you ... I thought of many ways in which he could cause me pain, the worst kind of pain, *a good old-fashioned kick, right in the wallet!*

If I was him I'd have dropped a forty foot shipping container in the field right at the bottom of my garden to block the views over the farmland and would have painted it bright Barbie pink!

Eventually I did sell the house.

This experience only served to motivate me more to become the alpha male, the one with the fat bank account, the land and the power.

I am the one with the land, I am the one who owns the roads around my property.

The alpha animal no longer flexes its muscles, *it can't*.

There are so many crazy, half-baked laws that physical confrontation is outlawed. You can't even tell someone to "fuck off" these days without committing a public order offence of some sort.

The alpha animal now builds a great big house on top of the hill so all the lesser mortals have to look up and know their place. If any of them fall out of line the Top Dog will grease the right palms to have their credit rating affected or to block their applications for planning permissions or the right licenses for their proposed new business. They'll have words with their fellow 'funny handshake brigade' members and ensure the offensive peasants are thoroughly violated during the strip search they now have to endure whenever they go on holiday; the search always instigated on information received.

They'll be stopped and breathalyzed every time they leave their home.

The alpha animal will hire the best lawyers to defeat enemies and to get themselves out of the mire.

The alpha animal will know the right people to get their own plans through for the telephone mast which will be sited right outside the enemies house or they'll simply drop a forty foot container at the bottom of their garden and paint it pink!!!

So, you see, it's all well and good being big and strong but there's no 'real' power in it. The rich man can always hire someone or some people, or some army, bigger and stronger to slap you down.

IN THE TWENTY FIRST CENTURY YOU NEED TO BE *WEALTHY* TO HOLD THE POWER.

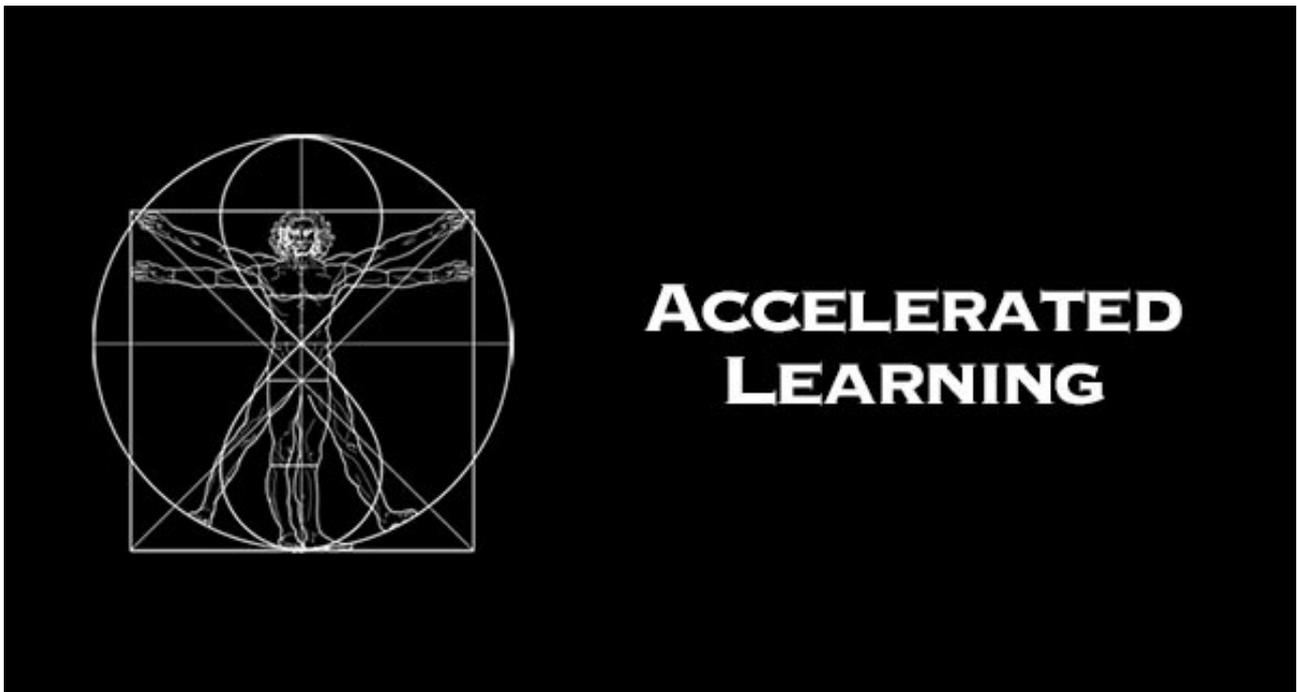
I have always said that I try to the very best I can in anything and everything I do. I try to live firmly by this rule and try to get on with people I meet but however hard I try, there is just no accounting for the vile people in this world. It's a great feeling to know you always have vast reserves of strength through the power of wealth to bring to bear whenever needed.

It is said that the quickest way to bankrupt someone is to start a court action ... *especially if you have more money!*

The rich can survive most things that the world throws at them, they can afford the hurricane-proof houses in hurricane-prone areas. They can afford to charter a plane to escape if some crazed despot decides to invade the land on which they have a holiday home. They can afford the best medical care in the event of illness ... **so to survive in the 21st Century you need to get rich!**

The strongest simply get used, abused, trampled on or sent to war!

SO THE ANSWER TO POWER AND FREEDOM IS TO CHANGE AND GET RICH.



When you give of yourself you receive more than you give

Accelerated Learning Techniques | The Omniscience Principle Part 9

You And Your Brain!

The great thing about learning is that like anything, **it becomes easier with practice**. The more you use your brain, the more receptive and willing it becomes. The brain, although an organ, reacts just like any muscle in the body; exercise it and it will grow stronger. Pump iron and your body grows, pump knowledge and your mind grows.

The one main difference between the brain and muscles is that **brain matter does not deteriorate with age ... Apparently!**

Keep it stimulated and you will be rewarded with higher intelligence right into old age. If you don't end up with one of the diseases associated with ageing then it is quite possible to keep learning and retaining information indefinitely. **The brain positively thrives on stimulation.**

We are now entering a wonderful new time, we have stepped out of the industrial era and are moving into the information age. These days it not 'who you know' but 'what you know' ... ***knowledge is king!***

We are developing into Cyborgs. No! Really...

Our phones give us instant access to the entire library of world knowledge. Elon Musk recently took this concept further in a Joe Rogan podcast. He believes that the only thing stopping complete morphosis of man and machine is bandwidth.

There will come a point where the little tablet that never leaves our sides will become redundant and the body will access knowledge directly.

It's already seeping into everything. It began with our phones, then our watches, glasses, even the fridge.

The greatest problem we face in this new and exciting epoch is that you need to digest and retain such masses of information, it seems overwhelming. The other problem is that **modern man/woman doesn't know how to learn effectively.**

On average, it is said that we only use around 2%-10% of our full brain capacity in everyday life

It seems incredible that there are vast areas up there that are not even used. Imagine what it would be like if only we could harness just a fraction more of what we are capable of. Scientists are only now scratching the surface, the brain is like a super computer without a manual.

We are gifted with this amazing organ and we haven't a clue how it really works!

I recently saw a programme grossly called 'World of Pain'. It featured the story of a young gunshot victim. The poor lad literally lost half his head along with the brain it protected. The footage just didn't look real. I was convinced that the injury he seemed oblivious to, was computer generated.

It featured him a few months after the accident. So much of the healing had taken place but the whole side of his head was missing! His brother would find great amusement in throwing socks into the crater!

Anyway, the point is, that the surviving brain took over, it compensated for the massive trauma in other ways and the lad was able to lead a relatively normal life. Plastic surgery which filled the hole with silicon and covered it with the remaining scalp, helped alleviate the unwanted stares.

It's like someone who loses their sight. The brain will compensate by intensifying the hearing and spatial awareness ... wonderful and totally fascinating!

Yes, the brain is an awesome organ indeed!

I lived in Greece for many years and had a Swedish friend with a Greek husband. They had a daughter. Now, the Swedish girl spoke Greek, and the Greek husband spoke Swedish, and they both spoke English.

Infuriatingly, they would slip from one language to the next and the funny thing was that the daughter would pick it up. At one stage in her development the little girl had a mixed up language all of her own which not even the parents understood! Eventually it sorted itself out and the girl is now fluent in several languages.

The point is, that because in the early stages learning is fun and interactive, children don't make a conscious effort to retain information. The brain is happily and effortlessly working away behind the scenes, building a library of epic proportion.

My young son is into his dinosaurs at the moment. He's only three and comes out with the most

incredible words and names, species even I find hard to pronounce. He learns this stuff because he loves dinosaurs and beasts. The recall of the difficult names are a **bi-product of the playing experience**, they are registered effortlessly because of the total learning adventure.

I also have a young daughter developing into speaking age. Although she isn't old enough to have discovered a passion yet ... except for her mom and dad!

It will be an awful lot harder for her to learn creatures such as Tyrannosaurus, Gastornis and Leptacidium because they're not what she's into. The learning experience won't be totally engrossing, she'll have to force herself to remember daft old reptiles that she has no interest in. She'll struggle in the dangerous world of the Spinosaurus.

And if I was to try to teach her using conventional methods, blackboard, pointer and repetition I'm sure she'll just end up hating the bloody creatures!

You are already a great learner, just look at what you've achieved in your life.

Learning can still be fun!

Look at what a laugh it is when learning to drive a car (if you ever have!!!). A totally alien concept for the body, but because the results at the end are so exhilarating and the learning process is such a scream, you don't notice the information and muscle memory being assimilated, logged and stored.

The problem for you right now is that many of your past experiences with learning have taught you that trolling through information and trying to retain it, is damn hard work, dull, and only to be attempted a last resort.

Who on earth taught you that learning is boring?

Your school teachers, that's who!

You were doing great until you started attending those boring lectures and were forced to sit still for hours while Mr Monotone droned on about algebra and left handed, unilateral, tri-squares ... unless you happen to like algebra and left handed, unilateral, tri-squares.

You were then sent home with piles of homework and weren't allowed to do the fun things until you'd finished. In the vast majority of cases your main learning experiences and methods for retaining information are from school teachers who, as I know now, didn't know better!

They tried to teach you the way *they thought* you wanted to learn. The thing is they forgot to ask you! You would have had favourite teachers and others you hated and would not have done well in their classes.

Only now are those in charge of our children's education understanding **that we all learn in different ways**.

But there *is* something you probably weren't aware of as Mr Boring drivelled on ... Mr Boring would have had a reasonable record of success. **Some students, around 30%, would have actually enjoyed his style of delivery!**

This is because his 'teaching style' actually suited the 'learning style' of those students ... it's the remaining 70% that we're the ones he couldn't communicate with.

If you are one of the rare exceptions to the rule and attended a cutting edge, forward thinking school where the learning experience was enjoyable, do you understand why it was so?

Although things are changing and accelerated learning techniques are not new, the sad fact is that most schools are slow to change. Most are still banging away with methods that should have gone out with the Victorians. (If you don't know who the Victorians were I suggest that once you've got to grips with fun learning you go and read up on your history!!!)

But even if schools do introduce these radical teaching techniques it's no use to you is it?

Postscript When I first wrote this section about 6 years ago it was unheard of for schools to subscribe to the notion that we are all different. I have noticed recently that suddenly schools **are** using many of the learning techniques I outline. Shame they weren't in use when we were kids eh! learning would have been so much more enriching.

Everyone is different and we all have our own unique way of learning.

Discover how your mind likes to receive its information, then supply it in that format, and you're on your way.

The good news is that accelerated learning does not require you to change in any way. All you need to do is what you are doing now, but better and more often. You need to expand your current capabilities.

On average we remember:

- 20% of what we read
- 30% of what we hear
- 40% of what we see
- 50% of what we say
- 60% of what we do
- **and 90% of what we see, hear, say and do.**

Therefore the secret of successful retention is to **combine seeing, hearing, saying and doing ... and make it fun.**

In order to show you what I mean, I would like you to take a little test. We are going to learn to count to ten in Japanese!

English | Japanese

1 ichi

2 ni

3 san

4 shi

5 go

6 roco

7 shisci

8 hachi

9 kyu

10 ju

If I was to leave you with that list and ask you to learn it, how would you go about it?

Each individual would have their own method and I'll bet most are dull and boring. When learning becomes dull, retention becomes much harder, even if you would consciously like to remember what's being read.

We are aiming to stimulate as many senses as possible through an enhanced learning **EXPERIENCE**. **The bigger the event, the better chance you have of recall.**

Now try learning Japanese my way:

English	Japanese	Sound	Action to take
1	ichi	itchy	Scratch your
2	ni	knee	knee
3	san	sun	squint your eyes
4	shi	she	as you imagine a sexy woman
5	go	go	leave the room
6	roco	rock o	duck as the jealous 'spouse' throws a large stone over your head
7	shisci	shi-chi	scratch your knee again, 'It's still itchy!!!' - sitchy
8	hachi	hat-chi	pick up a hatchet to break down the door
9	kyu	coo	ask your jealous partner " <i>could you forgive me?</i> "
10	ju	jew	the last question is broken down as coo - jew forgive me?

"What on earth are you going on about?" You ask.

Simple! We have just built a **very clear, vivid picture** which you will find extremely difficult to forget. I guarantee that in several days from now, you will be able to recall that picture with absolute clarity and, in doing so you will automatically recall how to count to ten in Japanese.

Read this out loud and visualise the scene:

It's a scorching summer's day. The sun is blazing through your window. If you're not of the male sex then you are for this experiment — an odd thing eh and it will make the vision even more memorable!

You get an **itchy** (1.) **knee** (2.) and bend over to scratch it. As you stand up you look out of the window, you have to squint because the **sun** (3.) is so bright. A sexy woman '**she**' (4.) wiggles by.

You are spotted by your wife eyeing up the girl and you can see that she is very angry. You leave the room — **go** (5.). You have to duck because in her rage your wife has hurled a **rock over** (6.) your head. You get outside and the door is slammed behind you. The itch returns, your knee it's **s-itchy** (7.) again so you bend over to scratch it.

As you do you spot a **hatchet** (8.) You pick it up and break down the door. As it gives way you are confronted by your tearful spouse at which point you ask "*coo jew (9.10.) forgive me?*"

I don't mean to sound sexist but this graphically illustrates that by combining all the senses, learning becomes easier and more fun. To the females among you either put yourself in the position of the man (God forbid!!) or build a new picture.

You will be building pictures as a matter of course anyway. It is much easier to recall your own pictures because of the extra effort required to build them in the first place. Research has also shown that the more contrived and bizarre (in a humorous way) the story, the better it seems to stick.

In this example we can feel the **heat** of the sun, the **anger** of the wife, **desire** (the woman!!!) and the **joy** of being forgiven. If we wanted to make this little scene even more unforgettable we would act it out. Bend over to relieve the scratch, squint your eyes etc. This play acting is reserved for the most important things, you don't want to be going through a mini play every time you want to remember something!

We have just established that the dull, boring task of learning Japanese can be made fun and enjoyable, and in doing so the main points are easily passed on to our long term memory.

Over the next few weeks you need to practice this visualisation and picture building. Get into the habit of creating pictures for tasks you wish to remember.

Ironically, the more **bizarre these thoughts the deeper they will become inscribed** and more easily recalled.

This is why in the example I have given the females an even more weird picture as they've had to become a man!

Here's another example:

How many stomachs does a cow have?

The answer, if you didn't know already is four.

Not a particularly relevant fact to remember for any length of time is it?

Now picture that black spotted, cow stumbling around its field, tripping over its own feet because a stomach is tied to each one!

You won't forget that in a hurry will you?

...

Learning How To Learn

It is said that the brain is really three smaller brains inextricably linked.

First there is the primitive brain which controls our instincts and bodily functions. Then there is the middle brain which controls emotions and an important part of your long term memory. Then there is the truly extraordinary outer brain, your thinking brain.

The middle brain (cerebral cortex) is where memories start, it is also where emotions are controlled. It is the middle brain that decides what is committed to long term memory and passes it up to the

thinking brain for confirmation. This is why memories are far stronger when linked to an emotion.

I wrote that we all assimilate information in different ways and the secret of successful retention is to supply the information to your brain in the format which best suits it.

Before we can do this we need to establish what type of learner you are.

We all use a combination of three basic learning methods:

- A. Seeing (Visual learner)
- B. Listening (Auditory learner)
- C. or by doing (Physical learner).

Although we use all three methods we all differ, one sense is dominant for each individual.

This is why when Mr Monotone was dribbling on in the classroom he was only connecting with about 30% of the class. He had his way of learning and assumed that because he found it easy to learn by listening to a lecture, teaching it that way was the way forward.

What he didn't realise was that his dominant sense was 'auditory'. He absorbed information a lot better if he listened to it. The problem was, 70% of the class had a different dominant sense.

Change the teacher and teaching method and a totally different section of the class, around 30%, will do better.

We need to establish which is your dominant sense. We need to find out if you learn best by watching something, by listening or by actually doing a task.

I find it extremely difficult to read a manual then follow the instructions, yet if someone shows me how to do something I can grasp it in an instant. I am a physical learner; I learn best by seeing and doing. The majority of you, around 70%, will have a different view.

Visual learners.

You like drawing diagrams, seeing pictures, charts and films. You like to see the written word and read instruction material.

Auditory learners.

You like to listen to lectures, tapes. You like to read out loud to yourself.

Physical learners.

You need a hands-on approach. You have to get in there and actually act out the subject. When you learn things you like to underline important paragraphs, doodle, imagine yourself actually doing whatever.

We all use a combination of the three different elements, but one sense will stand out.

Try the simple test below. Choose which phrase most suits you, click it then tot up the score and type it in the text box. The column with the highest total will give you some idea of which is your dominant sense.

Don't worry if the scores come out about equal because that just shows that you like to stimulate all three senses equally. All we are trying to establish is how to present information the way your brain likes to receive it.

Print it off [HERE](http://gaukmedia.com/images/learning.png) <http://gaukmedia.com/images/learning.png>

If you:	Do you:		
Are angry	<input type="checkbox"/> Go silent	<input type="checkbox"/> Express it in an outburst	<input type="checkbox"/> Stamp about and throw things
Are inactive	<input type="checkbox"/> Look around	<input type="checkbox"/> Talk to yourself or others	<input type="checkbox"/> Fidget, walk about.
Are learning	<input type="checkbox"/> Like to read, see words illustrations	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen to lectures, talk it over	<input type="checkbox"/> Get involved, try it out
Assemble something	<input type="checkbox"/> Look at the diagram, read instructions	<input type="checkbox"/> Ask someone, talk to yourself	<input type="checkbox"/> Assemble it, trial and error
Spell a word	<input type="checkbox"/> Visualise it does it look right	<input type="checkbox"/> Sound it out	<input type="checkbox"/> Write it down and see if it feels right
Concentrate	<input type="checkbox"/> Get distracted by untidiness	<input type="checkbox"/> Get distracted by noise	<input type="checkbox"/> Get distracted by movement
Enjoy art	<input type="checkbox"/> Prefer paintings	<input type="checkbox"/> Prefer music	<input type="checkbox"/> Prefer dance/ Sculpture
Reward someone	<input type="checkbox"/> Write a card	<input type="checkbox"/> Tell them	<input type="checkbox"/> Pat them on the back
Talk	<input type="checkbox"/> Use lots of images keep idle banter to a minimum	<input type="checkbox"/> Talk fluently and logically, rarely hesitate, Are you a good speaker?	<input type="checkbox"/> Gesticulate use lots of actions
Meet people	<input type="checkbox"/> Remember what they looked like	<input type="checkbox"/> Remember their name what they said	<input type="checkbox"/> Remember what they did
See a film	<input type="checkbox"/> Remember the scenes and surroundings	<input type="checkbox"/> Remember quotes and the music	<input type="checkbox"/> Remember what happened the emotions
Interpret someone's mood	<input type="checkbox"/> Note their facial expressions	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen to the tone of their voice	<input type="checkbox"/> Watch their body language
Remember something	<input type="checkbox"/> Remember how things looked, what you saw. Create pictures	<input type="checkbox"/> Remember what was said how it was said. Names. Spoken facts	<input type="checkbox"/> How things were done and how it felt
Memorise something	<input type="checkbox"/> Write it down	<input type="checkbox"/> Read out loud	<input type="checkbox"/> Try to act it out
Totals:			
Visual:	<input type="text"/>	Auditory:	<input type="text"/>
		Physical:	<input type="text"/>

How did you get on?

You should now have some idea of how you best like to take in information:

If you are an **Auditory** learner then it will help if you read out loud and listen to tapes.

If you are a **Visual** learner take regular breaks and visualise the scene.

If you are a **Physical** learner take breaks and imagine how you would do the task.

I did say that the best way to truly retain information is to use all three senses.

The next question you are going to ask me is: “*How do I involve all my senses?*”

I knew you were going to ask that!

We are starting at the basics here and as we progress we’ll make it more interesting and fun.

1. Read and visualise the material ... You have seen it. (Visual)
2. Read it again out loud ... You have heard it. (Auditory)
3. Ask yourself: “*what are the key points I need to remember?*” Write them down and circle them ... You have done it. (Physical)

It’s time to get down to the nitty-gritty. Because formal learning does not come naturally, a system has been developed so that you can readily digest large blocks of information, and more importantly, retain them for future recall. Once you have a system that works you can apply it, practice it, and practice it again until it becomes second nature.

This system works ... use it, practice it, and you will become much smarter much quicker.

You don’t need a high IQ to be intelligent. In fact a high IQ will be of little use unless it is combined with an acute sense of awareness. I measure intelligence by the amount of *common sense* someone possesses.

There are hundreds of people with a high IQ who wouldn’t know what the real world was if it grabbed them by the scruff of the neck and shook them till their bifocals fell off.

I have taken several IQ tests and they gave different results, the first 179 (only joking!), so that suggests my intelligence changes depending on the test.

The time has come for you to start learning with ease ...

Let’s take a large unwieldy subject for you to take in and digest. Let’s take something important to you. **Let’s use Accelerated Learning Techniques!!!**

This is of sufficient size to become dull and boring as you try to sift through all the info so we’ll break down the task and stimulate all the learning senses.

1. Prepare mentally and physically for the learning process.

Before you begin to tackle any task you need to prepare yourself. You need to get into a learning state of mind.

I am going to keep banging on about mental preparation right throughout this book so get used to it!

What would happen if you tried to run a marathon without being prepared?

You'd race off, cover a couple of miles, and before long all the other PREPARED competitors would be passing a sweaty, quivering mess as you lay exhausted in the gutter.

THERE IS NO POINT IN STARTING ANYTHING UNLESS:

- i. YOU ARE MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY PREPARED
- ii. YOU CAN VISUALISE THE 'PAY OFF' AT THE END OF THE TASK

The only reason a marathon runner starts a race is to get to the end!!!

Before he sets off he can visualise the sense of self satisfaction and achievement he will experience on completion. This is his motivation, his 'pay off'. Whoever heard of someone doing a marathon so they could *enjoy* the pain and endurance of the run.

They do it to win, or they set out to complete the race. **Either way, they crave the achievement.**

This is how you are going to tackle learning. Next, you are going to establish why it is you need to learn the subject. "*What's in it for me?*"

Always look at the positive. Never dwell on anything negative, it's a cancer which will spread.

Ask yourself: "*What benefits will it bring to my life if I learn how to learn?*"

Imagine being able to tackle any subject and rapidly becoming an expert on it!!!

What would that be worth to you???

You need to **visualise the pay off** before the subject is learned. Crack this learning system and you'll be able to go out and learn anything you wish. I can't think of a better pay off!

So, now you are motivated, you have developed a desire to learn 'how to learn', and you have a clear picture in your mind of why you want to learn the 'learning system'.

Remember how important goal setting is? I hope now you are beginning to see how immensely important these little things are to your life.

Every system you are learning now will, in the future **have an impact beyond measure.**

Individually, they may not seem world changing influences, but **together** they will change your world. You can't see it now because you haven't had time for them to take effect. I promise that you have an amazing life around the corner, but only when you have turned it will you be able to look back and say: "*Bloody hell. He was right!!!*"

Your goal for this task is to learn learning systems.

You have prepared mentally, you are ready to begin ... **NO YOU'RE NOT!!!**

You need to prepare physically. You will never learn anything if you are stressed, distracted, tired, bloated, got kids screaming down your ear...

I taught you earlier how to prepare physically for a task, especially a learning task.

Now do it.

If you are not entirely comfortable and able to give this section your absolute undivided attention come back in ten minutes or after a good sleep or when your dinner's gone down. Go for a walk in the fresh air or to really set yourself up, go for a short run. Have a shower.

Come back when you feel fresh and ready for the task ahead.

Now you are ready to learn 'how to learn'. You can only concentrate effectively for around 30 minutes at a time whilst learning, so in about thirty minutes from now take a short break!

2. Get The Big Picture

There are two different ways to approach a learning task. **Linear and global.**

Linear: means that you are fed a subject bit by bit, starting at the beginning and ending at the end.

The picture is built up as you go. This was often the way you were taught at school.

Can you imagine Mr Monotone ever giving you the answers *before* he gave you the questions!

Plodding through your subject, section after section is hard. It is often impossible to see the light at the end of the tunnel and very easy to get disheartened.

Global: means that you are shown the big picture **first**.

You get an **overview** of what you are about to learn, you can see what you are going to get at the end. You can see the pay off before you start. This is the way we need to learn.

Before you go any further, scan over this section, check the subheads, see what the contents are, write down in a few short sentences, what's coming up? Get a clear overall picture of what's in store. If you were to apply this to other areas in your future, such as attending a seminar or watching a video, **get an overview**, look at the index and menu. Have a global view of the subject matter in hand.

Next, take some time out and jot down what you think you already know about the subject. Ask yourself what you understand at this point then write it down. Try and get an idea of what you would like to know. One or two areas will have pricked your interest. You must have seen something and thought: "*I wonder what that's all about?*"

Write down all the key points. This exercise should have taken you no more than five minutes because you are cherry picking the major topics. When you have done that place a tick after this paragraph. This will indicate that you have understood what was required 'in this paragraph only'. Each time you have read and digested a paragraph and fully understood it, place a tick by it.

Although this is a large subject, we are going to tackle it bit at a time. We will not move on until you have fully got to grips with why you are doing things.

My dad used to be a builder and, as a young boy, I remember watching him repoint the brickwork on our house. He was tackling a huge wall and from where I was standing it looked like a Herculean task. I asked him: "*Why didn't it drive him mad tackling such a big wall?*"

“Because,” he replied, “I just look at a small section at a time and when it’s finished I move on.”

If he were to stand back and contemplate the size of the wall, he’d have sat down with a cup of tea and never finished it. By keeping his head down and completing each small section, eventually the whole wall looked like new.

We are breaking these techniques down into small manageable steps. It matters not if the subject is as big as War and Peace because we are only interested in the small section we are tackling now.

We know what the big picture looks like and can see the large blazing light at the end of the tunnel, the pay off when we’ve finished. At this stage you understand that it is important to break the subject down and when each section is fully understood you put a tick by the side of it.

You can now tick this paragraph

It doesn’t matter how you break your subject down and it really doesn’t matter where you start, so long as you just pick a point, and start! Once you begin your assault it must be sustained.

Start somewhere that inspires you, learn it, then move on.

As you go through this course and read something that is important to you, something that you want to recall at any time, print it off and mark it with a highlighter pen. This trick applies to any material.

The effort required to re-read it as you physically highlight it will commit it to memory.

To ensure you are using all your senses read it out loud. You are twice as likely to remember something read aloud. Print off the page and go get a highlighter pen then draw through this paragraph and while you’re at it you can put a tick in the margin.

Now read it out loud to yourself. You need these tricks, they are part of your learning tools.

Summarise what you have just learned and write it down to make sure you have fully understood everything.

**YOU HAVE NOT TRULY UNDERSTOOD SOMETHING UNTIL YOU CAN
TEACH IT TO SOMEONE ELSE SO THAT THEY CAN FULLY UNDERSTAND IT**

Now to make sure you have fully understood the last section turn away and see what you can remember. Sit and visualise what you have just read.

Make sure everything falls into place.

- Why do you scan the whole book before you start?
- Why do you put marks in the margin?
- What is your dominant sense?

If you struggle somewhere then go back and try again. When you can fully recall the methods in this small section put a tick at the bottom of the page in a different colour.

The colours you use will be up to you so long as you always stick to them, eg. blue for a paragraph

you have understood, read for a section.

By doing this you are **forcing** yourself to remember, albeit on a subconscious level. Most people will read a book from beginning to end and that's all they will remember, the beginning, the end and a couple of events in the middle.

They might as well read this:

One day there were three little bears who djeo feuj swfjdf ewo depdfu wdf fpwpefu efdoude fepf ewpofu wpf wdufps fpwu wdpfu wpf eat all the porridge wpwfufjng p eg gi dgupr pt epwho's been sitting in my chair etpug epg eu eri t4 r rwoi rwept wp bkkye aou !!@ kskh aaappq aaapu tr and they all lived happily ever after. THE END.

By using the tools you have acquired, reading out loud, marking important paragraphs, visualising and ensuring that you do not move on until you have finished and understood each section, you are guaranteeing the whole subject is committed to long term memory

I don't consider myself overly bright so how did I learn Accelerated Learning Techniques?

I managed to learn the subject sufficiently well to write this module and teach you.

Originally it took me a lot of time and effort, but now I know the techniques I could do it in a few days ... How?

Well firstly, **I want to write this release**, the techniques fascinate me and I want to pass them on to you. That is my pay off. I would take out several books on the subject and scan over them, looking to see what areas would grab my attention.

Within a few hours I would have a fair idea of what the systems were and how they had been developed. This is only a very rudimentary grasp of the techniques. I would have spent only a relatively short time glancing over each section, picking out key points. But this is enough to give me the big picture.

I choose various sub-heads and read them, the ones that look most interesting, marking them as understood when finished. I do this in no particular order although I do eventually complete every section, even the boring ones!

I get through those because I could see that pay off!

I am like that marathon man who hits the wall (that extremely hard section about three quarters of the way through a race, where most want to stop), he keeps on going because he has **visualised** what is at the end before he set off.

I have found that when I've have read and digested the interesting parts of a subject, I want to read the rest in order to link it all together.

I want to finish the big picture.

I buy some tapes and listen to them, writing down key points as I go.

I then sit down to write this. I have forced myself to remember the subject as I read it out loud and then type it out.

In going through a considerable study to put this module together. I listened to tapes and read out loud — **Auditory**.

I pictured how the systems worked and how I should be applying them to learning about learning — **Visual**.

I wrote this — **Physical**.

Finally, I reviewed what I wrote and questioned each paragraph to make sure it was correct. I have thoroughly committed this subject to my long term memory. You can phone me at anytime and ask me a question on 'Accelerated Learning' and I will be able to help you.

It is important to review what you want to remember at intervals. This absolutely cements your knowledge.

The review cycle should be:

1. Review after an hour and rectify any mistakes or holes
2. Review after a day. This is the '24 hour test.' Any major voids will show up
3. Review after a week
4. Review after a month.

If you follow the review programme you will see a 400% improvement in retention.

You can place a tick in the paragraph now!

SUMMARY:

1. Prepare yourself mentally and physically for the learning process. Establish the pay-off for learning this information before you begin. What is this knowledge worth to me at the end? Will you receive a certificate that in turn will get you a better qualification? Will you be able to do something better which in turn will increase your worth?
2. Get an overview of the subject, get the big picture.
3. Decide what you already know and how it fits into your current knowledgebase.
4. Break the subject down into manageable sections and start on one of them.
5. Explore each section using all your tools. Tape it, listen to the tapes, sketch it, write it on cue cards, write notes, read out loud, act it out, discuss it with friends or family, visualise yourself doing whatever it is, stimulate all your senses and concentrate mainly on how you like to learn.
6. Review what you have just learned. Do not move on until you can recall the last section from memory.
7. Take regular breaks — you can only work at peak performance for around thirty minutes.
8. Re-write the section in your own words. Discuss it with friends or family. Create a learning map (we go into this in a minute), list out the key points of your subject and test yourself, go back and fill in the blanks, write a song or jingle if it helps.

Tape yourself, write out the key words and speak on the subject. You'll soon know if you have a grasp. Some people are amazing at remembering the words to songs. It is totally natural for them to hear a song once and then be singing it the very next minute.

Try fitting the key words of a subject to a tune that is familiar. If you are able to do that you will never forget the trigger words and in turn the 'body text.'

Question the subject continually. Why, where, what, who, how? As you question a subject you are forced to find answers; it is while looking for the answers that you re-enforce the knowledge and commit it to long term memory.

After you have tested yourself ask: "How would I do it better next time; how would I improve on my answers?"

9. Mark the section as thoroughly understood and move on to the next

...

Memory Maps

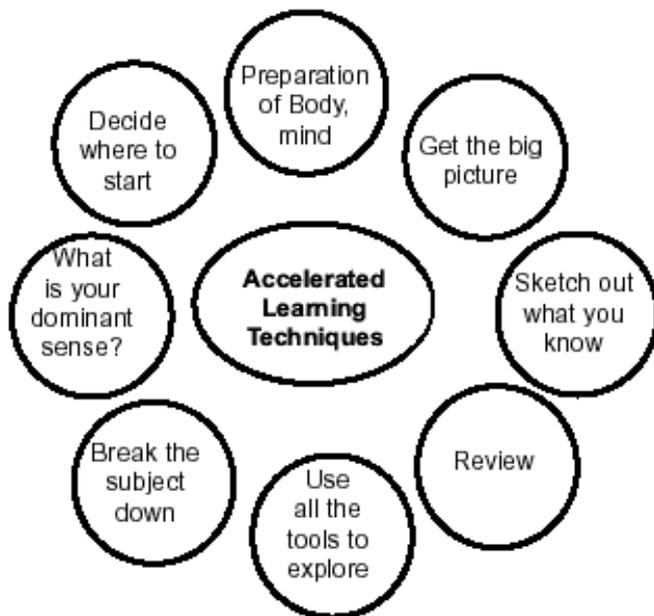
Memory maps are amazing tools. It is possible to create a memory map for just about anything.

They are so easy and quick to do. Once you have drawn one on a subject you will instantly get an overall picture of the main points and in turn trigger your memory on the subject.

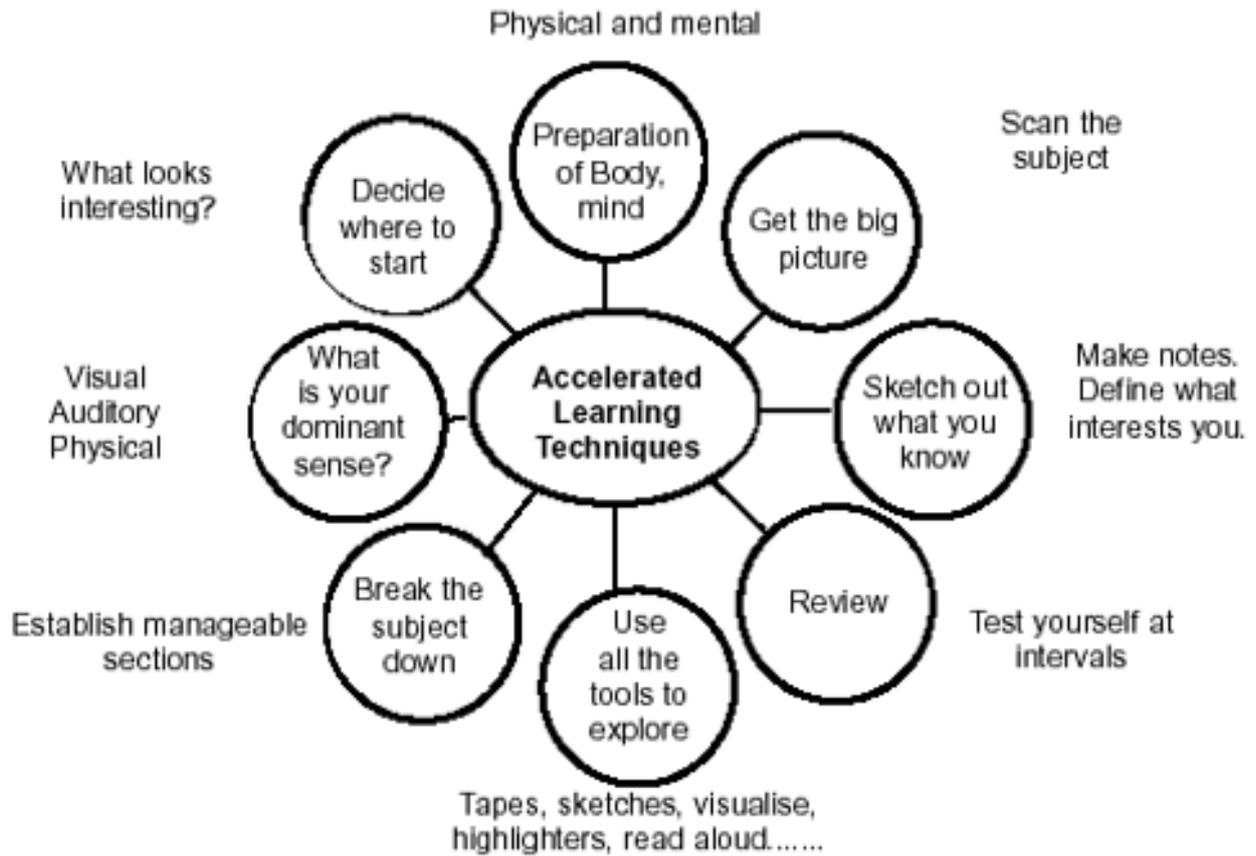


First you begin with the main subject. Write it down and draw a circle around it.

Next list major key points that apply to the main subject in off shoots.



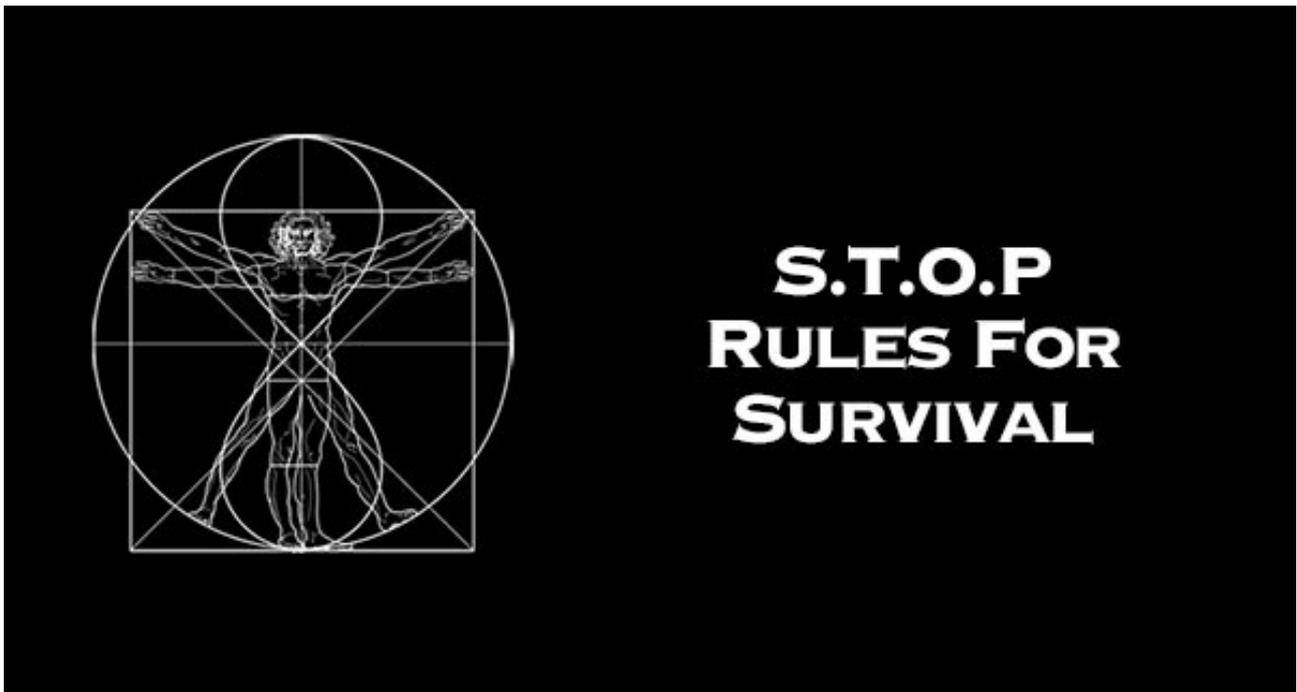
Then list the sub-heads. You can keep breaking each key area down to suit your required depth.



All a memory map needs to be is a scribble on a bit of paper. If you add sketches and colours it becomes even more vivid. You can see at a glance the whole subject and instantly recall those sections.

Easy as that eh!

These techniques now stand you in good stead for the vast amounts of information available to you ... **you are now in the enviable position to be able to work faster and smarter.**



I always do what I'm expected to do, except when I don't

S.T.O.P Rules For Survival | The Omniscience Principle Part 10

S. Stop
T. Think
O. Orientate yourself
P. Plan

Do it everyday. Plan for today and you will conquer your goals of tomorrow.

I don't as a rule like to keep going on about 'me' unless it's relevant ... this course is about you.

However, these rules have helped me to develop into the person I am today. I have an awesome passion for life which I desperately want to instal in you. I've had a wonderful time and done a lot of things, I've packed more into my something odd years than most do into a lifetime.

How many times have I heard: *"You lucky so and so, I wish I could do what you do, I wish I could do the things you do."*

Without fail, I would simply answer: **COME ON THEN!**

Three little words that would change a life.

You know by now that I skippered beautiful yachts to beautiful places.

Why did I give up a life of freedom on the seas, why did I no longer wish to take millionaires to millionaire places, why did I give up partying on golden palm lined beaches as the umpteen million pound yacht swung lazily at anchor in jaded waters?

Why did I give up that life? ... *I didn't!*

Some years ago I decided wasn't happy, I had to **S.T.O.P.**

I took a long hard look at where I was, what I was doing, and where I wanted to be. I realised that although, yes, I probably had a life most would wish for ... *it wasn't mine!*

Something was missing. Everything I did was for someone else. The boats I drove were someone else's. The hotels were paid for by someone else. The apartments were someone else's. The beautiful homes were other people's.

S.T.O.P.

S. I stopped.

T. I thought: *'This is not my life.'*

O. I orientated myself. I'm going to start living my life on my terms. The next time I sail into the Caribbean it will be on **my** yacht. I will have left **my** beautiful home, it will be **my** decision as to what beach we set up the BBQ on, and **my** choice as to whether we eat lobster or lamb ... **IT WILL BE MY LIFE!**

P. I planned. I planned out my future and in doing so have mapped **your** future, **your** success, **your** life. I made plans that will ensure **you** get **your** life.

Your success is my success and the success of all those who join me on their journeys.

Is that what you want?

COME ON THEN...

Those three little words that can change a life!!!

...

Lessons From a Goose!

Scientists have found that geese flying in formation can travel around 78% further in a session than geese flying solo. Working together on the task of flying is beneficial in a number of ways:

Aerodynamic Formation. The V formation of geese is a way that maximises the energy expended by those flying as part of it. The bird at the front of the flock breaks the air for those flying behind it and creates a slipstream for them to be dragged along in. The birds behind also help those in front as the upward motion of their wing also creates an upward draft that propels them forward. This push/pull relationship ensures all birds in the formation benefit from the work of others.

Rotating Leadership. Even with the pushing effect of those behind it the front bird uses the most energy and becomes tired more quickly than others. The geese know that and instinctively rotate

leadership of the flock allowing tired birds who have used a lot of energy for the sake of the flock to take a rest and be dragged a long for a while until it is there next turn up front.

Dropping out of the Flock as a result of sickness or injury a bird will occasionally begin to fall away from the flock, unable to keep up. Instead of allowing this bird to fly on alone at least two others will always drop out of the flock with it. This ensures that the injured bird will be defended and cared for until it is ready to resume flying and that it will fly on with the benefit of flying in formation.

Power of the Honk. From the ground the V formation of the geese is a beautiful thing to watch serenely gliding across the sky these birds look quite majestic and peaceful. However get up into the flock and you find its quite a noisy affair with the geese constantly honking at one another. There are numerous theories about this honking and it could be partly about letting each other know where they are so there is no midair collisions) but many believe that this honking is actually about creating an environment of success and mutual encouragement.

It reminds me of when I used to play rugby at school and before the game would begin all the boys would gather in the locker room to whip themselves into a frenzy shouting meaningless stuff about what they'd do to the opposition, slapping each other on the back and basically creating an environment where we thought we could conquer the world.

Learn the lessons of the past to prepare for the opportunities of the future

As a result of some of these dynamics the geese can fly amazing distances without stopping for rest ... so much further than if they tried to do it alone.

I Am The Head Goose. *You can take the lead whenever you wish!*

Eventually, you will start to believe and become more and more confident that you can achieve all of your goals. In fact, eventually, it won't even occur to you that you can't.

As my friend and I were stood on Park Lane admiring a Ferrari, the owner came out of the building. He was in his mid twenties, jeans and T-shirt and casually strolled over and said "*all right fellas, how's it going*", climbed into it, started up that symphonic engine and drove off.

My friend said "*lucky sod!*"

...

The Predator Trap

Predator Traps are still around today but millions of years ago they were a real hazard, they killed thousands of the most powerful animals ever to roam this planet ... **dinosaurs!**

A Predator Trap was a deep pool of thick tar that would often be disguised by a thin layer of water that floated upon it. The lagoon would attract dinosaurs to drink. They would step into the water and inadvertently sink into the thick bitumen below. The animal became trapped and would cry out in terror.

This in turn would attract the larger, carnivorous predators who would dive headlong into the lethal mixture lured there by an 'easy meal'. They too would become ensnared and the more they struggled, the deeper they sank. Slowly, over time, their life would ebb away, but not before other

predators had joined the carnage also seduced by the illusion of a free meal.

***The Machine* is as lethal as any Predator Trap!!!**

We're are lured in by the promise of an easy, secure life; ordered, stable, comfortable life. **This is the bait.**

People step into the trap, arms outstretched, anxious to take their place and grab a piece of society. **Once in, the tar begins to set and it is almost impossible to get out.**

To become a fully lubricated cog in *The Machine* I had to first get a job which I did in the boatyards!

Quite a good one I thought, a reasonable salary with all the bells and whistles!

"*This is alright!*" I would say to myself, especially when, after a qualifying period I was able to get my precious mortgage.

I settled in nicely ... oblivious to the fact that I was sinking ever deeper into the modern day Predator Trap.

I thought I was the one calling the shots, *I thought* I was the one doing the manoeuvring, *I thought* I was the manipulator. If I'd bothered to look down I would have seen the thick black liquid enveloping my feet ... ***it was already up to my ankles!***

Have you ever had that dream where it's imperative that you get away from some evil nemesis ... and you can't? You run for all you're worth but you get nowhere, it's like trying to run on a marshmallow.

Well that's where I was.

I was happy for a while. Each month the salary would be transferred into my account, each month the bills were covered, each weekend I had enough money to go out for a pint, I was financially secure.

Was I heck!!!

I had been working so hard getting what I wanted from *The Machine* that I had totally missed the fact that in doing so, *The Machine* was getting exactly what it wanted! **It** was trapping **me!**

This little cog was turning smoothly, I was exactly where it needed me.

You see, when you have an average job, on an average salary you are well and truly up to your neck in tar. **You have to keep working to service the bills** and because you are so busy earning a living, you never have the chance to make some 'real money'. ***And that's the plan!***

I was taxed at source, bled dry at every opportunity by every organisation which cared to take a piece of me. I needed a roof over my head so had to get a mortgage. I had to keep slaving away to pay the interest. I thought I was in control ... ***think again Mr Money King!!!***

Incidentally, I wanted to own my property which is why I went for the mortgage but I'd have been in the same position had I rented except that I would have owned nothing for my efforts!

I was easy to pick off; I was an open target. I had a huge neon arrow hanging over my head and the flashing lights read: **'Here I am, come and get me!'** ... *So they did!*

A sniper would have more trouble hitting a black rabbit in a snowfield.

The beasts gathered at the edge of the Predator Trap, but they were no ordinary monsters, they were smart. They were well aware of the deadly liquid in which I was floundering and didn't run in. In fact, it was they which had laid the bait trail through the thicket right to its edge.

They do not enter. They throw you a lifeline!

Unfortunately, the line is just strong enough to hold your weight, pull too hard and it will snap, back into the mire you slip! Yes, the lifeline will ensure you do not sink, but the downside is, that the predators can take pieces of you at will. You hold on to the line with an iron grip because 'your life depends on it!' ... *Doesn't it?*

I once saw some beautiful wildlife footage, probably a David Attenborough clip. Its potency and vividness has always stayed with me.

It illustrated magnificently how, just when we think we are winning, when we are sure we are about to triumph ... *we can be so very wrong!*

The footage opened with the usual big cat chases petrified quarry over the scorched African plains scenario. What set this chase apart from the norm was the fact that the big cat was a young female lioness and the prey was a full size, angry, male wildebeest, horns and all.

The cat set off, the beast ran. A hard and arduous pursuit ensued. The lioness caught the Wildebeest several times but hadn't the body weight to bring it down. Every time the cat pounced the prey would shake it off.

The battle went on for several minutes. It doesn't take long for a lioness to become tired and trying to win such a mismatch took its toll. The wildebeest sensed this and slowly its fear waned.

Soon, the beast realised that it might indeed come out of this encounter on top. You could literally see its confidence grow. Fear turned to arrogance, which turned to anger and retribution.

The wildebeest spun round on its haunches and attacked the cat! The lioness ran. The beast gave chase. The young cat stayed in front just long enough to gather her thoughts.

Suddenly, without warning and in the blink of an eye, she dropped to the ground and lay on her back.

The wildebeest, now boiling with testosterone and adrenaline continued its attack. As it bore down on the limp, exhausted body of the lioness you thought she was doomed ...

... *she knew exactly what she was doing!*

A lightening fast, deft, skilful manoeuvre. From her position on the ground she was perfectly placed to rise up in an instant and clamp onto the exposed windpipe above.

The beast never knew what hit it!!!

Just when it thought it was about to deliver a decisive blow it was taken out, spectacularly.

This is what happened to me. The system dealt a decisive blow and I didn't see it ... ***until a long while later!***

I had been in my job for a while and started to believe there might actually be a future in the company for me. The problem was, that although I had a semi-decent income, an 'average wage', I never seemed to get ahead.

Just when I thought I had enough money to have a holiday it got swallowed up. In fact, when I finally got round to analysing the situation I discovered I was going backwards every month and **hadn't a cat in hell's chance of ever getting ahead.**

So what happened?

Remember the 'Number 1 rule for survival'?

S.T.O.P.

I took a step back, I thought about my situation. I took a deeper look into what was happening to my life.

Notice I write: 'what was happening to my life', because I was out of control, this was happening to me, ***and I was letting it!***

I realised that day why the 'average wage' is what it is.

It's because each cog in ***The Machine*** needs to earn exactly that amount to keep it turning.

Any more and the cog would be able to break free from its spindle, any less and ***The Machine*** would seize.

The average wage is what it is so that ***The Machine*** can run at optimum efficiency. It is always able to reach up from its monstrous, mechanical back and clamp onto the windpipe, it can drain away a life at will ... ***if you let it!!!***

Let's take a look at the state of your nation.

I'm going to use the average outgoings from an average salary that I am familiar with, if they don't match yours, apply your own figures.

People go out to work for around 45 hours a week and will be paid a salary of around £20,000/\$35,000 a year.

After tax they'll take home around £15,000/\$25,000 per year. That's £1,250/\$2,000 per month ... Give or take a few hundred quid!

I'll stress again: The figures are variable. What is important is that most people are **trapped** by the 'average salary'. You'll find that a person with a better income, in a more affluent area will generally be exposed to higher property prices and a heavier mortgage, the net result will be pretty much the same.

Incidentally, mortgage is Latin for ‘pledge unto death’ — a loan you pay until you die!!!

We have already established for this example an average income, after tax of £1,250/\$2,000 a month

Monthly outgoings go something like this:

Cost Percentage of total income Pledge until death! (Mortgage): £500/\$835 40% Mortgage protection product: £100/\$150 8% Shopping: £350/\$535 28% Car and running costs inc small loan: £250/\$400 20% Total: £1,200/\$1,920 96%

Whhooooaaaaa! Hang on a minute.

“We’re up to £1,200/\$1,920, 96% of the income already, we’ve still got hundreds of bills to pay, and that’s before we can even go down the pub for a drink, let alone go on holiday!!!”

This is the Predator Trap in all its Technicolor glory. People **think** they are carving an independent living; they think they are financially secure and are earning about as much as they can.

The plain truth is, people can never earn enough money on an ‘average salary’ to escape ...

I don’t care how you try to juggle the figures, there is no getting away from the fact you need one hell of a job to have a ‘reasonable’ and I use reasonable in the loosest sense, standard of living.

Those with good salaries often believe they have escaped the trap.

They haven’t!

In fact, most have built glass towers, fragile and vulnerable. They are still a part of *The Machine*, albeit bigger cogs! *The most significant difference is that they contribute more.*

They are punished because they have had the where-with-all to climb the career ladder. They have worked smarter, harder and achieved those pay rises. *The Machine*, rubbing iron hands gleefully just takes a bigger bite; it clamps the windpipe of success mercilessly!!!

Those at the top of the salary ladder are no different from those stranded on the lower rungs. They are all trapped on it.

So how do they break free?



When the outlook is poor try up-look

The State of a Nation | The Omniscience Principle Part 11

Cogs in The Machine.

And what a well-oiled machine it is!

As each wheel turns it drives another, and another, and another ... *The Machine* groans on relentlessly, unremittingly, unstoppable.

...

Encounter With a The Tax Lady

When I first came back from my travels ... *"Here we go again!!!"*

All right, all right!

When I first came back from my travels, one of the first things I did was to check out how I stood with the taxman.

No, I'm not crazy!

I needed to know so that I could get on with my business.

I didn't want to be worrying about the Grim Reaper-in-as-much-as-I-can-get-from-you, nobbling me for some unquantifiable, unknown levy extorted from yacht skippers who had enjoyed themselves for the last fifteen years. You know, a sort of 'sitting on the beach in a foreign country

tax', kind of thing.

I walked into the local tax office, explained my history, and asked: "*was I all squared up with them?*"

The grey, prissy lady looked up after a well rehearsed pause, peered over the top of her bifocals and gave me a down-the-nose once over.

I watched from the very edge of my seat, sweat running down my temples, I winced in anticipation as the clerk tapped in my details.

"There you go Mr Money King, just a couple of seconds, my computer's on a go slow today" ...
Why do they always say that?

Well, to my amazement the screen came up blank. She met my gaze and sneered: "*You don't seem to exist on our records, as far as we're concerned, you owe us nothing!*"

Yaaahhhoooooooo!!!!

Well not quite. This was not such a great event as you may think. It is a wildest fantasy (one of them!!!) for some ... not to be logged on any national computer database, but believe me it creates a whole new set of problems.

To not exist within the system totally **excludes** you from any of the benefits available from it, which many take for granted ... such as being able to borrow cash to buy a house. This was serious because one of the reasons I came back to Britain at that time was to establish a base, a home where I could resume my former free life from at a later date.

I had a reasonable deposit, but the only way for me to get into a property was to take out a mortgage. Not so easy to convince a company to lend you tens of thousands of pounds when you have no proof of who you say you are!

"Who are you?"

"I'm Mr Mr Money King, but I haven't got oodles of cash yet!"

"How much do you earn?"

"Enough."

"Can I see proof?"

"Of course. My money is paid into an offshore numbered account."

"Oh really!!! Where do you live?"

I reel off my address.

"Ah, now we're getting somewhere. How long have you lived there?"

"Three months."

"OK! ... mmmmmmmmm ... Where did you live before that?"

“All over, but mainly on boats in the sea” ...

“Oh! ... Well Mr Money King, I've put your details into our computer and frankly, you're a non-person, you don't exist! You're not on any voter's register, or housing tax register, or known to credit reference agencies or” ...

“I know that, but couldn't you just see your way to lending me a couple of hundred thousand for a nice little cottage I've found???”

See what I mean? The answer was, that I had to get **into the system** in order to take advantage of its benefits.

I had to start living a new life outside the twilight zone.

I ... I ... I ... I had to do it, I had no choice ... ***I had to become a cog!!!***

I had to re-invent myself. I had to become a hardworking slave to autocracy.

But, because I had always lived outside the infrastructure my eyes were wide open to the dangers within it ... ***or so I thought!***

As I built a new life within the system, as each piece of the jigsaw slotted into place, I could see how it affected the new order I was trying to create in my life.

However, it soon became clear how well ***The Machine*** had done its job. ***The Machine*** is a chameleon, master of illusion, you don't even know it's there until it's too late.

I, the big, wise adventurer slowly and surely became trapped and no matter how aware of manipulation I thought I was, I wasn't even close!

I had wondered into a modern day 'Predator Trap.'

...

The Average Cog

If we understand how *The Machine* operates then we have a better chance of throwing a spanner in the works!

When referring to ***The Machine*** I like to use this analogy as a generic title. It refers to the system of control as a whole, all the rules, regulations, manipulation, indoctrination, moral guidance and governance including those forced upon us without permission, by a whole host of organisations, companies, conglomerates, departments and quangos ...

It's not necessarily a negative term, many of the laws and conventions by which we live are excellent.

But ask yourself this: “Where is the line drawn between a set of laws designed so that we all live peacefully and harmoniously together on this over-crowded planet ... and oppression?”

The Britain and The USA have enjoyed hundreds of years of unbroken rule, they made most of the

laws a country could possibly need in the first couple of hundred ... *so where are all the new ones coming from and what are they all for?*

I understand that as we advance there will be a need for change, but I'm sure 95% of the new laws are being made up simply to justify a department, a job position or they attract votes. There are so many laws now it's impossible to get through a day without committing some misdemeanour or other ... **there are laws for laws!**

You can now be arrested and thrown in prison for simply talking about a crime!

Soon it'll be illegal to think about a crime and we'll be monitored by the Thought Police.

If I said to a couple of mates in a pub: "*Fancy robbing a bank?*" and my friend replied positively, we'd be committing a very serious offence. That of 'conspiracy to commit a crime'. We could genuinely be put away for a very long time indeed!

Every time I write something that's a little close to the knuckle I'm half expecting the door to come crashing in, to be torn from my office chair by riot gear clad automatons, and to be thrown kicking and screaming into the bay of a waiting helicopter from which they'd just abseiled in from.

OK, it's not that bad ... *yet!*

Post Script: As I'm currently rewriting this section I'm battling a court case for simply writing a negative review on an abomination of a company, so yep, it's now that bad!

There is a writer whom I greatly admire called Stuart Goldsmith. I was heavily influenced by his early work but as he developed he seemed to become more and more paranoid. More convinced that Big Brother really was a reality in the 21st century.

Personally, I thought he'd gone off the rails but now, as I grow ever more aware of influences upon my life, infringements of my freedom, I can see that much of what he predicted was not the ramblings of some mad old fool, *they are a real and present danger*. Keep an eye on the news and begin to look for the real motive behind the next knee-jerk policy implemented in the name of 'preventing terrorism'.

I wrote that prophetic paragraph before 9/11. Now look at the world post that awful event. The knee-jerk (or pre-planned) reactions have affected us all ever since. 9/11 was the perfect opportunity to enforce laws that simply would not have been accepted prior.

Now, there are two opposing camps with regard to that event. Those that believe the media version, that it was a planned attack by Al Qaeda. And those that believe that it was state-sponsored terrorism, endorsed or encouraged, or was 'allowed' to happen.

I can't and have no desire to openly debate my viewpoint or point the finger in any direction other than the great, grey mass which is *The Machine*. I do however feel that this was 'too good an opportunity' for those who have benefited from it these past years.

It appears that 9/11 and other atrocities have been used as an excuse to undermine our (the world) freedoms, to bag and tag those who pose a threat to no one. Yes, there may be a threat from radicals but ask yourself this: "*will any of the myriad of new laws they are introducing in the name of prevention, really stand any chance whatsoever of stopping the next massacre?*"

We've just had an attack here in New Zealand on a Mosque in Christchurch. This was committed by one man who wasn't even Kiwi. Within days the Government had implemented a set of laws designed to effectively disarm the nation of prescribed guns.

There's an uproar on social media. I know some of it was do do with semi-automatics but there appear to be a whole set of laws upsetting the wholly innocent gun community.

Now I don't pretend to know all the ins and outs of the new laws but they do not appear to be implemented to keep us safe. It's not the law abiding gun owners who are a danger, it's the crazies, and they'll always be able to get guns.

Drugs are illegal but are as readily available as candy.

Take the worldwide 'Money Laundering' regulations ratified in response to 9/11 to track down 'illegal earnings' from terrorist organisations. Let's be honest, they have been brought in to expose anyone saving money they should be paying dues on — nothing wrong in that — just saying it for the purposes of fair comment and criticism!

There was recently a mad rush to move money around the world to new tax havens as *The Machine* bullied smaller countries into passing legislation which forced their banks to pass over their customers' details. And how many terrorists did they flush out? ... *Who knows!*

I read that Supermarkets have been forced to pass over customers' records appertaining to their Store Card Loyalty Programmes ... *Why?*

Is it because those working for Al Qaeda shop at Wall Mart or Tesco and as a identity on their card put Billy The Terrorist? *The Machine* is comparing shopping habits against declared income. If you only declare \$15,000 a year income, how is it that you can afford \$1,000 a month in food?

I grew up in England during the the IRA bombings. Surely, if the laws the governments are creating now, laws that invade every facet of our lives were able to stop the maniacs, then they'd have developed them during the hundred years of terrorism?

In my opinion, 9/11 was just too good; too perfect an act of terror, too spectacular. Just big enough to ensure the whole world woke up and took notice ...

If it was so perfectly planned and executed by radicals, then why didn't they hit the towers mid morning or afternoon when most of the 50,000 people who worked there would have been in the building, reaping maximum carnage from their actions ... which, after all was the whole point of the operation wasn't it?

And what was the point?

Most terror attacks have a specific motive. The IRA would attack the UK because they felt violated by the English. There was a clear demand, motive and agenda. They would plan and execute attacks on an almost weekly basis.

Was there ever a clear motive or specified demand made by the terrorists of 9/11?

I don't know and as there is absolutely nothing I can do about it. And this is the direction we're heading in with *The Omniscience Principle* ... *We just don't know!*

There is much discussion over the net about conspiracy and complicity, hologram cloaking and disguised missiles ... for me, without the benefit of being there and seeing it with my own eyes, I

can only but make my own conclusion based on how **my life** has been affected. It certainly feels like the events had consequences that suited *The Machine* beyond anything it could possibly have wished for.

All countries enforce some degree of 'control' they have to, otherwise there would be anarchy. To what extent the control is enforced depends upon whoever happens to be in office at the time and the country you live in.

There are extreme cases where rulers have such a tight grip on the nation that the people literally, live in fear of their lives. The Taliban of Afghanistan and more recently Mugabe of Zimbabwe being cases in point (or so I have been led to believe in the media).

Thankfully, we do not have to endure that sort of insane oppression, but no matter whether we like it or not, we are under the influence of *The Machine*, wherever we live.

Throughout our daily lives we endure a huge amount of 'attempted' manipulation, control and intrusion. It is said, that in an average day out we are captured on camera more than twenty five times!

Every monetary transaction is logged, every attempt to gain credit is logged, every move we make is watched ... *and as technology advances, the grip is getting ever tighter!*

I know for a fact that Facebook and Google track our every move because I can pay to advertise and set the demographics with such precision, it's like a guided missile strike. I can target you by gender, location, likes, dislikes, what you click on, I can specify certain behaviours, are you a person that clicks the Like or do you actually buy, I can even have you followed around the net and present my adverts on sites you visit.

My son is even convinced they're listening to him. He's begun to notice that after he's said a particular keyword, almost immediately he sees an advert for it on his phone!

In this module we are going to study how *The Machine* enforces its will upon us. This is not because I am suffering from extreme paranoia, but because we must be aware of the weapons being used against us. We need this knowledge as we are looking to manoeuvre into a more advantageous position ... *and if we don't know where we are, how can we plan for where we're going?*

And always bear in mind: WE ARE NOT OUT TO CHANGE THE WORLD!!!

Before we go on I'd just like to make something clear about the examples we are about to cover. We are going to take an in-depth look at **exactly** where you are positioned in the grand scheme of things.

Flipping heck!!!

Listen ... this is very much an integral part of our growth.

I know some readers will have a grasp on the importance of planning, but believe me, if you don't get this part of your development right, you'll never be free.

We all know the saying about acorns and oak trees. If you're not absolutely aware, accept, and embrace the fact that you're starting out as an acorn, you'll never grow to become an oak.

In this module we'll be talking money again!

It's important to understand that, although I write in pounds sterling throughout this study, the denomination is irrelevant and the exchange rates are only very loose.

What we will be looking at is what your income **actually buys**; the real standard of living. It doesn't matter what currency you use, the end results are pretty much the same for most Western countries when you consider what comes in verses what goes out.

In Japan the average salary is quite high, but in contrast so is the cost of living.

When I first visited Greece, you could live for a week on £20/\$30 bed, beer, women and food. On the other hand, the average local salary was less than £50/\$75 a week.

So study the figures and if you have to, convert them to reflect your average salary and expenditure in your particular currency. The percentages will still apply and the results are pretty much universal.

To keep *The Machine* working at optimum levels a cog needs to earn an 'average, annual salary' (at the time of writing) of around £20,000/\$30,000-£25,000/\$37,500

This will go up each year at, or slightly above the rate of inflation.

Twenty to twenty five thousand pounds, up to thirty seven thousand dollars!

Loads of dosh right?

This figure is not something I have plucked from the abyss. You will be told several times a week in the media that: "*The Machine has manipulated the system so that this year's requirement, from the masses, is to all earn £20,000-£25,000.*" (Remember to just alter this figure to represent your country's 'average annual salary', the point of this section will become clear).

Of course, you'll never hear these words specifically, but when you translate: "*the nation's average salary is*" ... that's what is being said. Listen to the news and you will regularly hear this figure quoted.

Why this figure; why an 'average annual salary'?

It's not a bad wage is it?

Who do they think they're kidding!**It's just enough to keep people off the bread line.**

Firstly, it is a figure that most of the major political parties subscribe to. It's also a figure that has been spun by the spin-doctors, been manipulated by the manipulators, exploited by the exploiters, misused and misrepresented.

For the purpose of this example I'm going to take an average monthly income per household, after taxes of around £1,000/\$1,500. This will vary depending, of course, on which part of the world you happen to come from but for now just accept this as red.

...

What Ain't Measured Don't Get Done!

It's time to take stock and evaluate your current situation. Most people have absolutely no idea exactly how much they owe, or their current worth. If my experiences are anything to go by, most don't really want to know anyway!

I used to bury my head in the sand and 'hope' things would be all right.

Hope! ... What a sad, weak, impotent word!!!

"I hope everything will turn out for the best!"

Phhaa!!!

We see hope as a positive word, **but it can be one of the greatest barriers to your success.**

Hope without action is as lethal as any Predator Trap. *Hope alone will consume you.*

Of course, we all have hope, it's human nature, and in the right context is a entirely good thing.

Action, coupled with hope is the key!

Harry and Larry both have an occasional flutter on the horses. Harry is a cog, he 'hopes' that one day his numbers will come up and his life will change.

Larry however, has read *The Omniscience Principle!* He is powering his way to **Personal and Financial Freedom**. He does the horses for fun, he knows that the chances of winning big money are so remote as to be laughable, but he supposes someone wins every week and he's got to be in it to win it ... it is an enjoyable diversion, and that's all.

You need to establish where you are now so as to be able to monitor progress. If you can't measure headway how are you ever going to know when you'll reach your destination?

I keep fairly fit, martial arts, running, mountain biking and moto x, working out at the gym etc. Over the last ten years I have weighed between 14.5 stone (200 lbs) and 17 stone (238 lbs), but if you were to ask me exactly what I weighed at any given point I wouldn't be able to tell you.

I do know that I always put on quite a lot of weight over Christmas (don't we all) and it always takes me a long time to shed it. That's because I never measured how much I weighed on January 1st. I have no idea how heavy I am at that point, and consequently, have no clue as to what I needed to lose.

All that changed one Christmas. We were given a set of bathroom scales. Shock, horror!

The stupid things ruined my celebrations. My ideal weight is about fifteen stone — 210 lbs (come on I am six foot tall!) and the bloody things were telling me I was almost a stone and a half over that (230 lbs).

Our main business is not to see what lies ahead dimly at a distance, but to do what lies ahead clearly at hand

Anyway, by January 1st I had an accurate measurement of how much I weighed. I also knew what I **wanted** to weigh. I organised a strict new regime and went to work. In the past I had set similar goals which had lapsed after a couple of weeks because I had shed some fat and **thought** I was probably there, I was looking leanish and felt fitter. But the truth was, I had no idea how heavy I was!

Measuring my progress worked wonders. I watched the numbers on the scales get lower by the week and could see the results in the mirror (you sexy beast you!). Eventually, I got down to fifteen stone and achieved my goal!

It was the systematic measuring and accountability that made the difference.

You need to measure your progress and be accountable to yourself. If you are not meeting your targets you need to re-adjust!

...

State of a Life

Head in the clouds, not got a clue?

Let's do a stock take. Let's scrutinise every detail of your current PERSONAL financial status!

We need to measure where you are now. If we do this together, today, you will be able to plan out how to get to where you want to be.

For this exercise we will not be taking into account your partner's income. This course is about you; you are an individual and should not be reliant upon others. **Your partner's income is a bonus!!!**

As usual, you need to fill in the blanks; as usual make sure you do it!

[Click Here](https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/e/2PACX-1vToirwHqydRWPa1Gr8z5Lxqf8bxJlgFut6HB9QTWGG4b0owCHOWeSleMpT6oygkrasNQLIK-sg0hNew/pub?output=xlsx), Download a spreadsheet calculator. Fill out the table and print it off for your records. <https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/e/2PACX-1vToirwHqydRWPa1Gr8z5Lxqf8bxJlgFut6HB9QTWGG4b0owCHOWeSleMpT6oygkrasNQLIK-sg0hNew/pub?output=xlsx>

Has that come as a bit of a shock? My hat fell off when I did mine. Just my basic fixed costs were more than my salary!

I didn't have a hope of ever breaking free. Every day I worked in my job I was getting further into debt. The noxious stench of black tar was beginning to stick in the back of my throat.

The deeper you get into debt the more interest you pay on those debts and the harder life becomes.

It's a gruesome, ugly, downward spiral.

To give you an idea of how I felt about being taken advantage of when I owed money I'd like to reproduce a letter I sent to my bank manager. It's self explanatory and I'm sure you'll get the point ... and yes, I really did send it!

Dear Bank manager,

Another £20!

I have struggled hard to get this overdraft down and every month another bloody charge. If you'd put my limit up to £1,500 when I came to see you we'd have avoided all these charges.

I'll illustrate why I am so angry at the charges.

I have managed to keep my to around £1,000 overdrawn give or take a few pounds. I am now slowly getting my overdraft down and when I start taking money from the businesses I'll pay it off quickly.

Every month you charge £5 for the use of the overdraft, you charge, a disgusting 24% interest on the grand. Why do the bank only pay 1.2 % on credit balances?

On top of this, because you refused to extend my overdraft by a couple of hundred quid I get stung £20 each month 'unauthorised overdraft fee'.

This is a very lose example but lets look at what you take from me over 12 months for a measly grand.

Overdraft: £1,000 Monthly Fee £5 x 12 £60.00 Interest @ 24% £240.00 Unauthorised fees £20 x 12 £240.00 TOTAL £540.00!!!

Wouldn't it be cheaper for me to go to a loan shark?

Kind regards,
Money King'

I know some of you will be quite happy with the stock take, we have some pretty wealthy readers!

Everyone has their own personal reasons for reading and mostly it's because they want bigger and better lives. They are not content **NOW**, therefore they need to know what they are not content with, and then decide what will fill the void.

I am also fully aware that for many readers, loads of money stashed in the bank is not their ultimate aim, mostly it is the *things* money buys ...***You still need the money in the first place!***

We have established two things:

1. How much money you **need** now to simply maintain your current lifestyle
2. If you are earning enough to maintain it!

It's no good *hoping* things will improve, that next month something will come along and you'll be able to pay off your bills. I have said it before and I'll say it again: **Action is the key!!!**

In the next few minutes you are going to make some more life-changing decisions.

- a. How much income do you need to service your current lifestyle
- b. How much extra money do you need to start living the life you want

I would imagine there is a large difference between (a) and (b), between what you *need* to survive and maintain your current way of life, and what you *want*.

These next few paragraphs are probably going to depress you a little!

Read them then pick yourself up, brush off the dust and be spurred into action.

Have you any idea how much money you need just to be able to relax a little?

I had no clue, and when I worked it out I don't mind admitting it depressed me!

It is a huge amount of cash! But, if you've taken on board what I said in the last modules, you'll see this as a challenge and break the task down into small, everyday, achievable chunks ... **The Twelve Steps to Achievement.**

Let's take 10% p/a interest on a banked lump sum we invest, which in the current climate is not easy to achieve and virtually impossible in the high street. *So this is a best case example!*

So to generate an average salary of £20,000/\$30,000-£25,000/\$35,000 per year ... **you'll need £200,000/£250,000 clear cash tied up for up to five years!**

A cool quarter of a million pounds minimum, (Around \$350,000 US!) ...

Whhhooooooooaaaaa!!!

And that's just to have a little bit of a life!

Imagine trying to save that amount of cash, after expenses, from an average salary.

What do you think?

Pretty scary stuff eh?

I used to think that £1 Million/\$1.5 Million would service a pop star lifestyle ... *it doesn't even scratch the surface these days, not even close!*

Just my house in the Forest would set you back that! Then there's the villas, the school fees, the wife and her horses!

I got another shock recently whilst sorting out new life insurance. I have three kids and we worked out that their education was going to cost a cool £300,000/\$450,000 over the eighteen year term!

I was not a happy chap I can tell you. Then there's the holidays, the cars, my yachts, my Breitling watch, then there's the Franck Muller (look them up — nice watch). It goes on and on and on and on ...

A million in the bank will give you a better life than most but I really feel that would be selling you short ... you're better than that ... you need to be aiming for £10,000/\$15,000 per week personal income ... *really, really scary eh!*

BUT ... a truly sobering thought for you ... It is achievable, I promise. If I can do it and spotty little YouTubers, so can you. You can do it and all you have to do is use everything I'm giving you right here, find the right direction in this moment right now, **AND KEEP GOING!**

This may sound impossible today, but over the coming months I'll show you how it has been done many times over by ordinary people just like you, and how you will be able to achieve it.

ACTION

You know where you are; you know how much you need.

The Omniscience Principle is giving you opportunity after opportunity to get it.

Have you made your decision?

Write it down.

I need per month to maintain my current lifestyle

I need ... per month to live life the way I want

I will be earning ... monthly by Year:

'Things are getting better, money is coming faster, and life is getting easier.'



There is no power on earth that can neutralise the influence of high, pure, simple and useful life.

Anatomy of a Victim | The Omniscience Principle Part 12

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRGH!!!

I want to grab you by the ears and shake your head until your eyes fall out and roll in different directions across the floor!

I want to beat you around the face with a rancid fish.

What do I have to do to stop you thinking the way you do?

It makes me burn inside. I want to pour nitro-glycerine into your ears and blow away that victim mentality” ... I thought.

I was sitting at the dinner table enjoying a substantial Sunday dinner with a friend. Lamb stuffed with cloves of garlic, oregano and rosemary ... yum!

We were discussing the sale of their house, which wasn't exactly going as smoothly as it should (what's new there then!). The problem was, that the buyer of his house was being awkward and this was considerably affecting my friend's plans, not to mention those set by others trapped in the chain.

In England a deal on a house is not a deal until the purchaser has actually entered into a legal

contract to buy the property and this can be weeks after an offer has been made and accepted.

When you put your house on the market you get all kinds of people viewing and poking around. Many aren't even in a position to buy and are simply nosy and only wanting to kick the tyres. I've even had people who were visiting the forest on holiday looking just to see what they can get in the area when they retire *in a couple of years!*

Occasionally, someone will put in an offer. They do this for umpteen different reasons, bottom of the list is the fact that they actually want to buy the bloody place! It is common practice to put in several offers on different properties to hedge bets. They know and plan to let several people down. It's a pretty shitty way of going about things but in the UK *'that's how things are done!'*

These idiots put in an offer, you accept, take the house off the market, turn away other slightly inferior offers and wait to exchange contracts. The would-be-purchasers find a better deal or encounter a financial problem and let you know they're pulling out of the deal through the agent.

It's a nightmare! I had one particular property that took me eighteen months to sell. I had it off the market waiting for contracts to be signed for around fourteen of those months. After that experience I vowed never to get into that sort of scenario again, and worked out how.

You wouldn't walk into a car showroom and point to the latest all-singing, all dancing BMW and say to the salesman: *"Love it, want it, I'll buy it. Can you put it out the back and I'll pay you in a few weeks time, when I've sorted the money out!"* Would you?

You'd politely told to take your ridiculous offer elsewhere! So it amazes me that people *accept* this situation when dealing with their most expensive asset.

I'm not sure how it works in all other countries but the point to all this has absolutely nothing to do with the purchase of property so you can relax if you're a real estate agent and beginning to feel uncomfortable. This is about **how things are done and blindly accepting the normal ... IF YOU'RE A VICTIM!**

I developed a strategy that would overcome the difficulties of house buying, and as it happens, I later found out is actually the law in certain other countries.

I thought I'd share my newfound pearl of wisdom with my friend and sort out his little problem ... Tranty Boy comes to the rescue!

"I have an answer", I declared. "Put together a 'Letter of Commitment' and get a deposit. Ask for 0.1% subject to a property survey, which is non-returnable if they back out.

In the letter, state that you agree to sell the property for 'said amount' and that they commit to going ahead with the sale and associated contracts. If they don't sort out their affairs by 'said date' they lose their deposit."

There, that's what I call a deal ... simple!

And you have it in writing. If they are not prepared to sign the document you know that:

- (a) they are not serious, and
- (b) you know where you stand.

Either way you are in a position to take whatever action is needed; you hold the control in the situation.

Then came the reply, a victim's reply, a reply from someone who has led their entire life inside the system. *A cog in the great machine.*

My friend was a civil servant for many years and had always toiled away for *The Machine*. I knew he had problems with thinking outside the box; thinking laterally. *The Machine* had done such a proficient job of brainwashing and indoctrination I should have predicted his answer before I heard it.

Nevertheless, I was surprised at how extreme my reaction was. I got so angry, which I quietly regretted later.

"That's a good idea. I think it's the law in other countries and I can't wait until they bring it in here."

"What do you mean, wait until it becomes law?" **I exploded.**

"What do you mean, wait until 'they' bring it in here? Do it — do it now!!!" I snarled.

"You want to be a victim for the rest of your life, you want to wait until some draconian institution says: 'there you go sonny, you can go and see a lawyer now and get a letter drawn up because we, the establishment, say it's OK to do so!' ... Give me strength!"

This wasn't the first time I had been frustrated with my friend living such a blinkered existence. He had been in the security service for many years, had retired and was now working as Chief of Security for some big tobacco corporation (no names to protect the guilty!).

As it turned out I'm not as smart as I like to think I am! Trying to change the world is not easy ... Just ask Bob Geldoff!

Creating a simple contract is a good idea as it means we all know where we stand but when you're up against the unlimited power wielded by *The Machine* and a thousand years of indoctrination it's very difficult to get others to see your genius.

When I received an offer on my property I would instruct the agent to get my carefully crafted contract signed ... and how do you think I got on?

Signing a contract like this wasn't the *NORMAL* way of doing things, so people didn't!

I got to thinking about the property market in general and something quite disturbing came to mind: **Why I was paying the agent at all ... and why was I paying on a percentage basis?**

I thought about the way I'd sold homes in the past. I like to think that I always get a good deal and applied this to the agency contracts I entered into.

"How did you get on with that agent?" My friend asked

"Great," I replied. *"I've done a smashing deal. They were asking for 4.5% and I got them down to 3.25%. I just had to give them sole agency for three months."*

"Why on Earth did you do that?" I began asking myself.

“*Because that’s how we’ve always sold houses and that’s the way it’s done.*” Echoed the answer from deep in the chambers of my head.

“*Oh really, because that’s how it’s done?*” ... Victim mentality, start slapping him around the barnet (cockney slang for head — don’t ask!) with that old stinky mackerel!

Now, there is a point to all this and it’s certainly not to say: “*look at me, I’m so smart. Na na nana na.*”

That point is: **I go about things differently.**

Maybe it’s because I have spent so much of my adult life outside the system, I have no idea how things are **supposed** to be done. As a skipper you spend most of your time problem solving, often your life depends on it!

When ***The Machine*** cast it’s net, as it did with regular monotony, it always fell short of where I was standing ... or sitting drinking an ice cool beer! I was never drawn in to be served up later as ‘Catch of the Day.’

And my reasons for putting all this down on paper (or into cyberspace) is that I’m trying to help you develop a mindset, to begin to open your world to the fact that **there may always be an alternative way of doing things to ‘the norm’.**

Yes, I do some things differently, and I am sure that what I do is not always the best way. But, my way is often better than the way I am ‘*told*’ things should be done. If you’re not already, then you must begin to think laterally, begin to think creatively. ***You need to start manipulating and orchestrating best-for-you situations.***

Once you fall into the trap of thinking you should follow a particular system simply because it’s there, **you’re truly thinking with victim mentality.** Often those systems were developed only for to benefit the author!

...

Three Little Letters That Change The World

I learned a different system; a system that will help you. I learned how to ask **WHY?**

Why do you do it like that? **Why** is that system in place? **Why** is that like that, why, how, what, where and when?

I question everything. If something is done in a particular way, is there a better way?

Most of the time there is!

Unless people *question* an action or paradigm *before* acting, they are immediately rendered subservient and more worryingly, prey.

People are manipulated ... **FACT** ... and they don’t even see it because they are not asking the questions.

When people blindly conform, their behaviour is not the result of their will, but of the wishes of those who stand to gain most from their obedience.

If, after questioning, if there isn't a better way then fine, that's the way to do it **BUT, DON'T DO IT MERELY BECAUSE IT'S THE WAY YOU HAVE BEEN TAUGHT IT SHOULD BE DONE.**

You need to question incessantly. *Questions change the world.*

Everyday, accepted theories are torn apart because someone asked *why*?

Take global warming. I was taught at school that it was the imminent ice age which was going to wipe us all out.

The norm is organic, constantly evolving and re-inventing itself and this applies to everything you accept today. '*Why*' is the driving force behind the whole of evolution. It's a pretty disconcerting feeling when you realise that all you know is merely 'of the moment', ephemeral, nothing is carved in stone. *This applies most significantly, when other's stand to gain.*

A victim is only a victim because they let themselves be so!

There is No Power in Doing What Others Expect of You!

Let me make something crystal clear here. Our intention is not to become radical anarchists rebelling against anything and everything for the sake of non-conformity. To go on anti-establishment rallies and destroy the institution, to grow dreadlocks, to buy an old VW and camp in car-parks around the countryside ... **OH NO!**

To do that would be to rebel simply to wear a badge as a non conformist.

Joining a non conformist revolution simply to stand on the other side of the bright dividing line, following that group's manifesto is simply bending to the will of those who have an ulterior motive in creating chaos. We become victims on the other side of the fence ... **unless of course, after asking WHY, you felt that lawlessness was the answer!**

All you need to do is question *your* place, question the actions requested of you by others and with a bit of careful, skilful manoeuvring can you find a more advantageous position?

Rushing out and trying to change the world to suit your agenda will achieve very little ... you won't be able to do it, in fact, you'll probably expend all your life's energy in a lost cause and achieve absolutely nothing.

Much better to establish a preferential, worthwhile niche for you *within* the institution.

You will only achieve this by questioning what already exists.

The establishment is there so that we can be set free. The last thing we want is for *The Machine* to be razed to the ground ... we need it, we need conformity, and we need the system.

How can we manipulate a good-for-us situation out of something if it doesn't exist? And we certainly don't want to be struggling to find an advantage in bedlam do we?

We must question our place within the constitution.

You are asking the simple question **WHY**, in order to get the best possible deal for **YOU**.

‘Victim mentality’ is *The Machine’s* greatest asset. If people perpetually comply with how society expects them to act and not question those actions, then they are being manipulated by its most powerful tool. *Conformity*.

Get a job, a mortgage, 2.4 children and above all conform.

There is nothing wrong with conforming, it’s human nature, and it’s the glue that bonds us together as humans. The danger lies in conforming to another’s will and not being able to see it, or question the motive behind it.

The Machine sees the world as a giant termite hill. Those who conform blindly are worker termites in the colony.

A worker termite will never be successful as an individual without questioning its place within the group. The success of the colony lies in a blinkered outlook. No single personality being more important than the community as a whole. Total blindness to the big picture is paramount to the continued survival of the social order.

Ask a worker termite what he was building (assuming you can do termite speak!) and he probably wouldn’t have a clue! All he would be able to describe would be his tiny contribution: “*Every day I chew up dirt, turn it into mud and spit it out on this wall here!*”

This blind contribution is fundamental to the continued prosperity of the colony and it would be devastating if all the workers downed their termite tools and demanded answers as to why they were being exploited. There would be an uprising, anarchy, and a disaster. *The whole system would break down.*

Now, if just one or two individuals questioned their place as workers and conformists, it really wouldn’t make a difference to the rest of the colony.

The few workers with drive and ambition, lateral and creative thinking would manoeuvre into more advantageous positions and enjoy a more privileged place within the populace. They’d drive to their termite penthouse in their termite Ferrari passing all the civil servant termites and the road worker termites, and the police termites along the way.

The big difference between the termite analogy and *The Machine’s* control, is that a distinct power group benefit from man’s willingness to do the accepted thing.

You do many things without question because you want to fit in ... everyone of us does, it’s human nature. We simply can’t life happily with out the approval of others ... weak I know but that’s the norm!

We follow fashion because it’s fashionable! We drink the latest alcoho-pop, not because we particularly like it, but because it’s the *in thing*, we don’t drive a Skoda because it’s not.

Conversely, some decide not follow fashion because they no longer wish to be a *fashion victim*, and *only* because they no longer wish to be a fashion victim.

They don to the non-conformist uniform.

There's a cool town near us on the way to Golden Bay called Takaka. Now the climate over there is perfect for growing da weed. During the sixties and seventies and even now, a certain type of person gravitates there.

We generally have a week camping with friends and family over the Christmas holidays as it's so beautiful. Last year, I was sat in the car in the high street waiting for the wife ... again!

There was a gathering of hippies on the green having a chilled and laid back time swinging balls and banging drums. It was then that I noticed the irony of ironies.

Hippies are rebels. They intentionally go out of their way to show the world that they do not conform. They wear dreadlocks, hippy pants, flowery hippy shirts, leather wrist and ankle bands, they rarely wear shoes, they smell of patchouli oil and other things, they dance weirdly, generally don't work, generally take government handouts, speak hippy speak, hey man, hey dude ... ***and all look exactly the same!***

Not conforming so as to make a statement as a non-conformist, and that objective being their only motive.

JOIN THE NON-CONFORMIST REVOLUTION!

Remember Punk and The Sex Pistols? The pure irony of punk anarchy was that it was thoroughly managed and manipulated.

Rebels: Malcolm Maclaren, Vivienne Westwood and Co, record labels and music gurus did very nicely out of punk thank you very much!

Wear fashionable clothes because you want to and because you like them, not because you need to fit in and most certainly not because a Kardashian says it's cool ... ***and is being PAID to do so.***

Ask yourself: "*Are you really so insecure that you need the constant approval of others to feel good?*"

You're a leader not a follower!

Whoever said that those we seek approval from are right or better or more enlightened anyway?

And that applies particularly so to celebrity worship. People queue for hours just to catch a glimpse of someone *famous*. People become hysterical after being touched by the latest 'sex symbol' (I see it all the time when I touch people!).

The humans we place on pedestals are just people with all their flaws and fractures and anxieties and are often more broken than us.

The only talent most possess is the ability to generate money and a following on Instagram! These people who are worshiped as Gods yet are ephemeral, their fame is fleeting, they only bask in the limelight for only a moment and go out of fashion even faster!

Yet in their moment they set trends and we blindly follow.

Look back at your old photos. And if you're not that old you lucky bugger you, dig out your parents. The Teddy Boys with their velvet and quiffs, rockers in their stinky leathers and jeans, the sixties, braided hair and flowers, the seventies, men in make up, goths and mohawks, the eighties, perms and Knight Rider...

Did we look prats or what?

I did in my patchwork jeans, mullet and tailcoat!

Fads and trends are manufactured by ***The Machine***. Fashion is driven by profit and the need to survive ... ***and we blindly follow.***

“Hi, I’m Gianni Versace and this year’s hot number is going to be magenta, leopard print, fake fur hemmed, calf length, bell bottoms.”

And the fashion victim wears it!

Does Gianni enjoy a wry little chuckle to himself every time he sees someone wearing that, who knows!

Yet the victim can be seen proudly prancing along Portobello Road in his creation because, and only because, Gianni said it was cool ... ***he was only joking!***

Please, this is not a reflection on you if you have a pair of those *designer* pants in your wardrobe ... just so long as they are there because you liked them and wanted to wear them. ***But*** if you bought them simply because everyone else was wearing them, and you sought their approval, then have a think. After all, why aren’t you wearing them now they are no longer popular?

People traipse through life conforming to ***The Machine’s*** strategy because they were taught it’s the right thing to do ... ***it’s what they have always done and know, it’s the norm.***

WE NEED TO FIT IN! ... it’s chemical and there’s not a man or woman alive who doesn’t crave that to a degree ... It’s how we handle it that matters and the underlying motives of those who create the environment we aspire to that’s important.

We all need the approval of others, it makes us feel good. We all love to be accepted, even more so, complimented and the more we fit into *someone’s* template, the more approval we receive from them.

When we fit snugly into ***The Machine’s*** template, we are rewarded and that makes us feel good. We receive false reward and happy juice because we have *conformed* and this has been *acknowledged*. This is blinding and dangerous. We do not see, or choose to ignore that ***The Machine*** got fat on the back of opium and Gin, bullying and extortion, lies and deceit, child labour and exploitation, misery and suffering, slavery and slaughter and war and genocide and everything in between.

Just ask WHY on every level.

...

Bonehead

One of my oldest friends, Bonehead has carved out a distinguished career in advertising. Having worked for many of the top agencies he is now a respected academic, teaching at university.

Recently, he was telling me how he’d managed to secure his first big break at a top agency, many years ago.

As a creative he had to demonstrate his creativity, prove his communication skills and show that he could think in strange and different ways ... but how do you do that when there are so many others vying for the position with the same agenda?

His options were extremely limited because to apply for a job he had to follow the *normal* process and submit his CV. And so did everyone else! And as he was in the infancy of his career his CV wasn't that great.

How do you stand out in these circumstances?

How do you part ways with the norm and demonstrate creativity?

His solution was pure genius!

Every other applicant attached a photo to their CV, as is the norm ... Bonehead did the same but with one crucial, creative and brilliant difference ... **his photo was of the back of his head.**

He got the job!

"I wish they'd pass a law which means it's OK to secure a good-for-me-deal on my house sale..."

"I wish they'd pass a law which stopped people messing me around" ... UH UGH! ... Victim mentality!

People will mess you around if you let them, if you choose to become a victim to *their* ambition.

People will use an arsenal of weapons to get what they want from you. An array of ammunition ready to be called into service at any time.

You have to be aware of *The Weapons*. Throughout *The Omniscience Principle* I will expose everything that could be used against you.

"I wish real estate agents were a little less mercenary with their fees, and didn't tie me up in contracts and red tape" ... They will if you let them!

Just ask yourself the question: *"is this a good-for-me situation or, a good-for-the-agent contract?"*

WHY do I have to sign up with a single agent and pay the fee they set?

WHY?

WHY should I even pay a percentage commission?

WHY should I pay more to the agent to sell my house than the guy down the road ... simply because, **AND ONLY BECAUSE**, my house worth more?

You pop into the local garage to pick up your car after its latest service and the mechanic hands over the bill. It reads: **Your car is worth twenty thousand dollars so I've charged you five percent of that.**

You'd have a meltdown wouldn't you?

You wouldn't expect to get your car serviced and be charged relative to how much it's worth would you? The service is the same, give or take, no matter what car you drop off.

So why do we blindly pay to sell our homes based on their value? When your home is more valuable **YOU** are subsidising others!

Is this the conversation we should be having?

I phoned up several local agents and invited them round to my property for a valuation.

“Yes, you have a beautiful property here in a desirable location and I’m sure we will have no trouble at all in selling it. In fact, we have several clients on our books at this moment crying out for this kind of home.

As you know we are the biggest and most successful agent in this area and have thousands of satisfied customers.

I know there are other agents who would love to have this property on their books but quite frankly, we are confident that we will move this on in no time.

All we would ask, is a small commission of 5% and as ‘sole agents’ we will do our utmost to get your property sold ... What do you think?”

“What do I think? I’ll have think ... I’ve thought about it ... it’s crap!

“I think that we can do a deal. You say you’re the best agent in the area right?”

You say you will have no trouble in selling my house. Then why do you want to tie me into a sole agency agreement for a 5% fee. Have you no confidence in your abilities? And whilst I’m at it, what gives you the right to charge based on my success. What the hell gives you the right to even contemplate charging me a percentage of my property for the same service you offer every other person on your books”

“Well?” ... The agent would pause ...

“That’s the way it’s done!!!”

Did he know whom he is dealing with?

“If that’s the way it’s done then we have no deal... However, if you want to take on the property on my terms then we can do business.

Here’s the deal: It’s the same deal as I have offered four other local agents. You all say you’re the best, and all of you have said that you will sell this house quickly ... Prove it!

If you really are as good as you say then you don’t need to be tying me into long contracts do you?

Go away, do your thing, sell my house and I’ll give you a flat fee based on the level of service you provide, and by the way, stop ripping people off with this percentage crap. Go and work out a series of packages based on what you do for clients.”

Let’s have a **why** conversation with those cold callers who cold call with regular monotony trying to sell advertising space.

“If your publication is so good and I’m going to make so much money by placing an advert with you, then you must have real confidence in what you’re selling right?”

The agent replies: “Yip, just give me your credit card number, I’ll sort the paperwork and get your ad in.”

“Whooooo, You think it’s that easy? I don’t know you and I don’t know how responsive your publication is, but obviously you do as you’re about to take my money.

Let’s put in an advert we both agree will appeal to your target audience in the next issue and if I make more than the cost of the quoted price for insertion I’ll pay you and book as much space as I can ... wadayathink?”

This suggestion is a win, win deal. If they know their audience then they know I make money on my advert and will book space.

It never happens and we lose money advertising thanks to the smart mouth of an advertising rep and because this is how **buying advertising space is done!**

Just because things have always been done a certain way does not mean that is the way for you to do it.

In fact, there is all the more reason to question the motives behind why it has been done that way for so long.

Conformity? Phutt, I spit on conforming when it’s simply for the sake of conforming!

Everyone is born with a bomb in their head; a bomb that when detonated will blow away all thoughts of conformist thinking. A bomb that shatters the wall built by *The Machine* to keep out the light.

Everyone has the ability to question, to think laterally and creatively.

Through *The Omniscience Principle* I am trying to light the blue touch paper, to detonate your bomb. Some fuses are damp, and when I try to light them there’s an inadequate fizz, splutter, flicker and they go out.

Others are as dry as kindle ... Whoosh, Bang, BOOM!!!

Heads explode. The medieval iron maidens of conformity that have suffocated intellect are blasted away. The shackles part and people can see clearly through the haze, understand who they truly are, and where they belong.

It’s like watching the sunrise as she casts her warmth and crimson light across a battlefield. And through the morning dew they can be seen to stand, war-weary, bloodied, yet powerful, tall and strong ... **Triumphant!**

This is what I want from you. You are winning. You are taking control of your own life; your own destiny.

*Out of the night that cover me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever Gods may be
for my unconquerable soul.*

*In the fell clutch of circumstance,
I have not winced nor cried aloud:
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.
Henley, William Ernest 1849–1903*

You are no longer going to say **YES** simply because everyone else does and it seems the right thing to say, oh no! From now on you are going to question, question, question ... and then and only then, if you think **YES** is the right thing to say, **then, and only then will you agree.**

The important thing is that you agree because you firmly believe in what you are saying, not because it's widely accepted as the right thing to do. Don't follow ... lead. Surely, it is right to do what you believe is best for you?

QUESTION, QUESTION, QUESTION AND QUESTION AGAIN

...

Smile You're on Candid Camera

"Oooohhhh! I knew the camera was there all along, I was just playing." ... Yeeeessss, sure you did!

Something struck me as I watched the old reruns of Candid Camera, the forerunner of prank TV. The makers would set people up in all manner of weird and bizarre scenarios then catch their reactions on a hidden camera.

On this particular occasion the team had set up opposite a lift. As the door opened an unsuspecting young man walked in. He went straight to the back wall and turned to face the open doors.

Immediately, the crew sent in four production members. They all faced the opposite way to the young man they were setting up. They all faced, what was quite obviously, the back wall of the cubicle.

The young man's face was a picture of confusion and bewilderment.

He knew that he was facing the door, he could see it, there it was as plain as the nose on his face. One open door and three solid walls ... so why were the other four all facing the back wall?

Did they know something he didn't?

You could see the little wheels turning in his head. He was utterly baffled. *"I know I'm right ... there's the door, there are the walls ... I'm right and they're wrong, all four of them!"*

I watched in disbelief. Certainty waned, conviction became puzzlement, which turned to abject mystification. Slowly he began to move, he edged his way round ... eventually, he turned to face the same direction as all the others in the room!

They played this same stunt over and over just for laughs. I found it funny too, but there was a far darker and ominous side to this *manipulation* prank. This was peer pressure in the extreme.

Without fail, the victim would always turn to face the same direction as popular consensus dictated.

The victims knew, with absolute certainty, that they were right, yet conformed to the overwhelming will, *even though everyone else was wrong!!!*

The victims were manipulated to the extent of turning to face several different directions simply because everyone else did. Every time the crowd changed direction the victims followed and I would bet that they had no idea why! One man in particular would even take his hat off and replace it, simply because everyone else did.

Now if the victims had asked the essential **WHY** would they still have conformed, would they still have been manipulated and been made a fool of? Stool pigeons for us all to mock.

‘DON’T STEP ON THE BLACK SQUARES’

Read the sign the Candid Camera crew had placed at the entrance to a coffee shop.

The floor consisted of a checkered black and white tiled floor (like a chessboard)!

As people entered, they could see that this was a regular, everyday shop and there was nothing wrong with the black squares, yet as soon as they saw the sign they immediately stopped walking normally. They began to tentatively make their way to the counter via the white tiles. They literally had to tip-toe across the space as the tiles were too small for their feet.

Loads of people did it!

Why?

I have no idea!

This manipulation was taken to the limit when the crew placed a red light on the table at another cafe. Under the light was a sign:

‘DON’T EAT WHEN THE RED LIGHT IS ON’

So people didn’t!!!

There was this huge man trying to eat his doughnut, his mouth was watering and his eyes were wide.

He’d obviously been looking forward to it for a while and delved in. As the cake reached his mouth, on went the red light ... **and he stopped!** The bloody cake was between his lips and he stopped!

As he went to put it back on the plate the light went off, the coast was clear. Up to his eager mouth went the doughnut, on went the red light ... and he stopped.

This went on for minutes and was one of the funniest things I’d ever seen ... I mean, fall off the couch and piss yer pants funny.

So the \$Million question is: *What would you have done?*

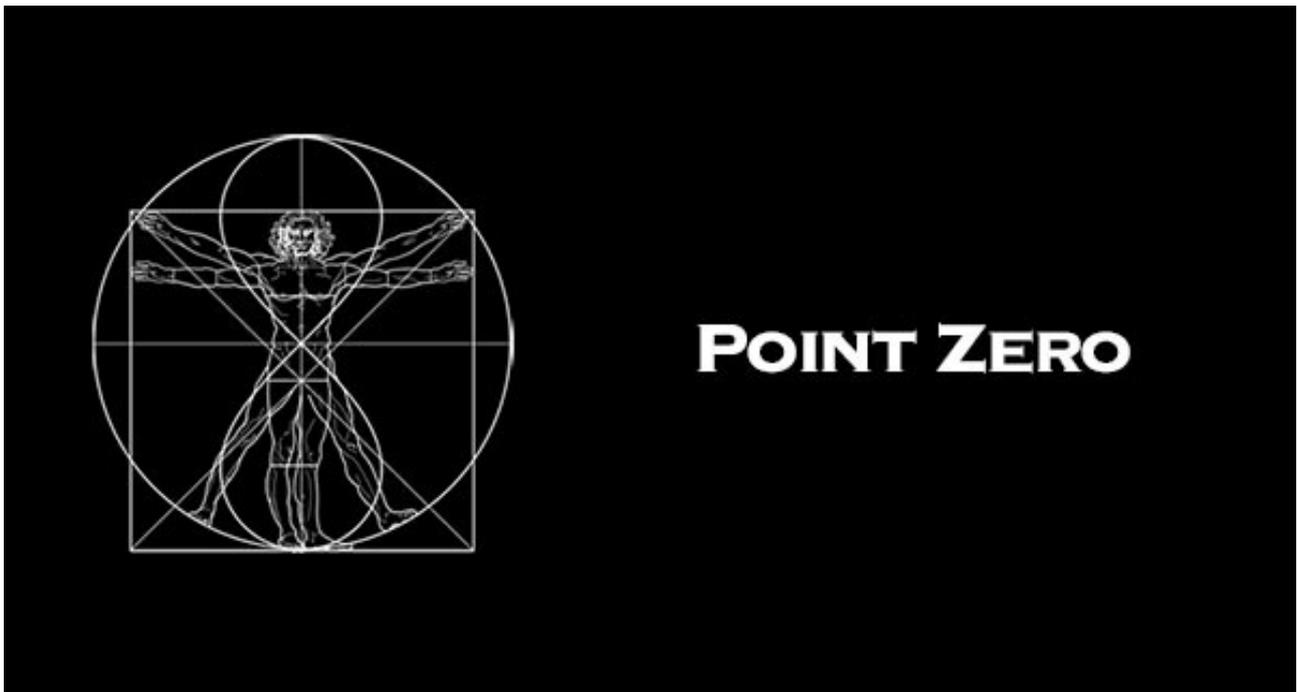
You’ll see a similar scenario played out on any day, in any town or city.

People get to a pedestrian crossing controlled by traffic lights, look right, look left, look up, look down, look right and left again.

Clearly there are no cars coming. No traffic for the next twenty minutes! Then why in the reign of pig's pudding don't they step onto the crossing, walk the few meters to the other side and continue their journey?

WHY?

Because the little *'I give you my permission to cross now and continue your journey light'* is red!



Become a beacon of light to those seeking a ray of hope

Point Zero | The Omniscience Principle Part 13

Progression and Reward. The most powerful strategy ever created and the greatest of illusions. A blueprint intimately embraced by *The Machine*.

Education = Qualifications
 Qualifications = Job
 Job = Salary
 Salary = Mortgage and debt management

The career

CV = Job
 Job = Junior position
 Junior position = Upper Junior position
 Upper Junior Position = Lower management
 Lower Management = Management
 Management = Upper Management
 Upper Management = Senior Management
 Senior Management = Directorship

Each level is rewarded by an increase in salary and a new *Sticky Label* to be worn proudly.

Each reward comes with more responsibility and requires increasing levels of commitment and drain on life. The *salary* is nothing more than an hourly wage. The word is disguised to con and provide the *illusion* of stability.

It's a cloak wrapped up in all sorts of perks and incentives. It's a sophisticated deception giving the facade that many facets of your existence are now catered for: health, pension, bonuses ...

No matter how it's disguised, people in a job are paid for their time and their life ... some would argue that they often don't get paid for that!

There are only so many hours in a week. One hundred and sixty eight to be precise although we can't work them all much to the disgust of employers! And there are only fifty two weeks in a year, **period.**

What happens when we've put in as much overtime as can be physically endured and worked all the hours available?

As there is no more time the only alternative is to try and get paid more per hour.

There is only so much someone can get paid to do a job until they price themselves out of the market.

There is always someone willing to step into the shoes of an over-ambitious upstart who thinks they can hold a company to ransom with their talents. There are only twenty four hours in a day and only so much *salary* that can be squeezed out of them. *What then?*

They have reached what I call *Point Zero*, saturation point.

Point Zero also applies to many businesses, which we'll cover in a minute.

The problem with working for someone is that you are always being paid **the very minimum an employer can get away with**, and not a penny more.

That's a very important point: *The minimum an employer can get away.*

Imagine going to a boss and asking them to double a salary simply because it's not enough for you to afford the new car you have your eye on. Every penny the boss has to find to keep staff is a penny off of *their* bottom line.

Unfortunately, philanthropists do not create businesses for the purpose of employing people and to pay them as much as the company can survive on!

The wage bill is the biggest overhead facing any company. Businesses are under intense pressure to remain competitive and that means paying staff *the absolute minimum they can get away with.*

The goal with employment is to ensure that member of staff covers their wages and creates additional income for the company but unless that work is scalable and replicatable that position will ultimately reach Point Zero.

The state of the nation:

The average person in an average job will work their whole life and never get ahead. **The overwhelming majority are just a couple of pay cheques away from bankruptcy.** Most do not

have any collateral and if the salary dried up for any length of time, their world would come crashing down like a house of straw in a tornado.

How is someone who is earning an average wage going to put ten grand in the bank when the money they have coming in won't even cover household bills?

The average person will work their whole life to pay off a mortgage.

How often have you heard people say shakily: “*only five more years in this job and I get my pension!*”

Have they any idea the amount of crazy, amazing things you can do in five years?

And how many reach retirement, relax and pass away?

The average person is consumed, servicing bills. Busy, busy, busy.

Life has been mapped out and manipulated using Progression and Reward by *The Machine*, even before we were born. Go to school, get educated so as to get a piece of paper to show others we are capable of the things we know we can do. Get a job, pay taxes, get a mortgage, work until old age and frailty to service it. Slave away until it is too late to really enjoy the pittance of a state pension we may get ... *die!!!*

Produce two point four children ... Go to school, get educated so as to get a piece of paper to show others we are capable of the things we know we can do. Get a job, pay taxes, get a mortgage, work until old age and frailty to service it. Slave away until it is too late to really enjoy the pittance of a state pension we may get ... *die!!!*

Produce two point four children ...

And over the sixty or seventy years of a working life *The Machine* siphons every last penny and life energy it can. **I was caught there for a while too**, and it wasn't a particularly pleasant experience!

Persecution mania? ... No!

Someone once suggested that I have it in abundance. I am not for a single minute suggesting that the whole population should pack in their jobs and go back to the fields and subsistence farming. *The Machine* has to function the way it does to support *our* lifestyles ... What's the alternative?

The point is, that **you** have made a conscious decision to break free, **you** are taking the necessary steps to manoeuvre into a better, more advantageous position, **you've** set out along the power path.

What we're aiming to achieve is by its very nature elitist. Very few have the even the desire to leave the system and this is a wholly good thing as I've explained. People are not equal and that is the very reason for diverse radiation and evolution.

To be truly equal would involve cloning and communism which we know doesn't work. We are human with all of our distinctions, idiosyncratic peculiarities, and diversity ... some are more individual than others.

What I don't want you to take from this Module, if you have a job, is the feeling that you are missing out on something. To make a rash decision to see the boss in the morning and in a torrent of

abuse kick them in the chin and walk out.

The same applies if you are working for yourself but not achieving those goals, or claiming a state benefit ... **don't get frustrated**. We are moving forward one step at a time. So long as each day is a day further away from where you don't want to be, then that's all that matters.

Contrary to popular doctrine, there is no quick fix to achieving *Personal and Financial Freedom* ... ***I think I've already said that!***

The systems I introduce you to do have the ability to help set you free; free from the pressures of modern day living, but you will still be under the control of state laws. You will still have to pay **some** taxes and you won't get away with murdering that lunatic neighbour!

We are not trying to buck the system, merely position ourselves within it.

The businesses I have done well from have no Point Zero ... **but there are costs** ... Discomfort, fear, anxiety, apprehension, worry, sleepless nights ...

There is risk when throwing those flimsy lines back to the predators. You will be reaching out for a far stronger vine. You will be looking for the vine which was there all the time, the one just over your shoulder, the one strong enough able to carry your weight as you pull yourself clear of the mire.

The Machine's system and an average job, if you have one, will support you in the short term. A business which is breaking even, will pay the bills for now. You need to ensure your income is maintained until the secondary one takes over ... ***This is another huge barrier to overcome.***

The Machine is sucking so much life from you that there is often little quality time left to grow. You may have established a *comfortable* standard of living. To devote more time to your new life will mean finally taking a huge leap of faith; reliance on the new, unsafe, self-generated income. It will often mean taking a dip in income for some months as you are rewarded for the extra hours you can devote to your new life ... **but you want to break free right?**

Well the only way you're going to be able to do that is if you are **aware** of the situation around you as it exists for the trapped masses.

One of my *Golden Moments* was when the income generated from my Internet business covered my outgoings. **This is The Holy Grail** ... Once your self-generated income supports you, the rest is plain sailing.

If you are aware of how the world we live in works, and can see how you fit within it ... then you are able to decide how your 'new' life is going to fit in. Understanding *The Machine* is having the blackness on the back of a mirror so we can see clearly our reflection.

When I suggest that we should *break free* of the system I am not saying: "*Go into the mountains people, build your camps, stop paying your taxes, grow vegetables, arm yourselves and shoot anything which comes within five hundred yards of the boundary that looks even remotely like a Machine's agent.*"

Not at all. Blimey, we'd all be like those paranoid nutters who live in the wilderness with huge arsenals of weapons waiting for Armageddon! ... No, not the way to go.

(And if you are one of those cult leaders don't take offence and send out your disciples to hunt me down, it's only an analogy!).

Once you understand where you are **within the boundaries of normality** you can work out where you want to be. You can put together a plan of action. We are looking to live outside the structure but not to the extent of being alienated.

You should, by now have a crystal clear picture of where you want to be. I would suggest that position will be outside the mundane rut of conformity, outside the average 9 to 5, yet you will still have a place within the order.

You will be building looking to build multiple streams of income, paying your taxes, and living an everyday life, the only difference being *it will be your life!*

You will be getting up when you want, doing the rewarding and fulfilling things you wish to do. You will be living a free, more privileged life, outside the everyday, controlled framework of the masses.

If you are in a job and are unhappy, do not under any circumstances pack it in just because you have massive drive and ambition and want to be free now.

Someone once described having a job as *living in a coffin with the ends kicked out!*

You are stuck in it, yet can see clearly the world outside.

If you follow *The Omniscience Principle* you will soon become more aware, content and hopefully happy. Put into place your systems and you will achieve an income which will support you relatively quickly.

Do not pack in your job until your alternative income is at a level which will pay your bills. That is how I managed in the early days. I kept toiling away, servicing my bills. I did all kinds of jobs, awful work, work which made me ill, work in the rain and in freezing conditions, **but all the time knew what I was working towards.** After the freedom I had enjoyed for most of my earlier life sailing the seven seas, entering the system was hellish for me.

I worked in boat yards doing all the jobs the free and happy boat owners didn't want to do! Every spare hour was spent researching and writing ... I would even listen to tapes by gurus as I drove to and from my job (and if you don't know what a tape cassette is, lucky you!).

Those were dark and dismal times. "*Stay focused on the bigger picture, the place you want to be and you'll come through*", I used to say to myself.

I never truly believed I would get anywhere. Every time I could see the light at the end of the tunnel it turned out to be a train coming in the opposite direction ... I got through it though and if you are in a similar situation, so will you.

If you can't excel with talent, triumph with effort.

If it takes you five years to build an income of £10,000/\$15,000 a month ... **so what!!!**

Do you know another way?

It will be **your** income, **your** achievement and the beauty of it is that unlike a job, **there will always**

be the opportunity to double your income tomorrow.

So no, I haven't got persecution mania or paranoid dementia. Just an awareness of my place within the fabric of a well ordered, sophisticated society. I feel that if I share with you the way I see that position it may help **you** decide where you want to fit in.

...

The Perfect Business

What is the perfect business?

Frankly, there's no such thing!

Some businesses however, have more pluses than minuses. I thought it would help if I outlined my journey and the businesses I set up. Only you know what you'll do and the great thing these days is that there's a ton of help out there for you.

Now I'm acutely aware that many will find this section quite basic and feel that the systems are at best, underwhelming. I don't have an answer for that. They are fairly simple and I don't have any experience in the world of huge corporations that turn over a gazillion dollars.

My world is quite insular with few moving parts. If I need to employ someone I set a brief for my programmers to automate that job. I have a lot of spare time which I use to learn and grow.

What I will say is that I've done quite well in-the-trenches building extremely profitable and simple systems.

I would urge you to give this section all the consideration you can ... ***there may be an absolute gem in here.***

There's a programme I enjoy on Discovery called Aussie Gold Diggers. It follows prospectors around the baron outback as they dig up nuggets of gold just lying around the bush.

One pair bought a mined out river bed in Victoria. One hundred years ago it proved to be one of the richest claims ever, producing huge nuggets. Today, it's like a moonscape, peppered with thousands of creators. Their strategy was to find the nuggets the old timers missed.

In one episode they were clearing a cut with their digger. One guy was the driver, the second in the cut with a metal detector. As he swung he got a hit, a potentially big hit!

He started digging by hand and after a few minutes decided that he was probably on a bit of old junk because he was following an old shaft ... but the detector was singing and he kept digging. The hit got louder and louder, he kept digging.

A short time later he realised he'd got to the bottom of the old shaft and was now in virgin dirt. Their excitement grew along with the signal. He kept digging, the detector kept singing ... ***Then he hit it!***

There was a metallic donk as his pick hit the nugget!

By the time they'd dug it out it was the size of a fist and worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

All I could think about was the poor old prospector, some hundred years ago, giving up on that thirty foot deep shaft only SIX INCHES away from that gold!

The reason so many businesses fail?

I was surprised to hear a statistic recently in that some sixty percent of business owners earn less than the comparable position in a job and are twenty five times more in debt.

When rewriting this updated version of *The Omniscience Principle* I realise how arrogant and almost naive I was when writing it the first time. This time round, with the benefit of failure, I have a more rounded picture. I just assumed being self employed meant being free.

A plumber sets up a plumbing business ... Why?

The plumber is working for a boss and is not happy so he decides to set up himself because it looks like the boss is doing well and he wants a piece of the action. The plumber quits his job, invests in some tools and soon realises he needs a client.

The plumber has not understood that this type of business is time dependent. If he's not working, he's not earning.

Initially, his time is taken up, not with earning but with marketing. He finds work but finds he is distracted with phone calls relating to the next job. He gets home and has to continue marketing and invoicing. He needs to take on an accountant so a number of the hours he bills are to service these costs.

As he gets busier he has to take on another person and this requires more management, time he isn't billing for. And the company grows and when his profit and loss statement is delivered at year end he finds he's pocketed less than he used to working for his boss.

The plumber has walked out of his job, into a job.

So he moves on and opens a plumbing shop. He does well and turns over a **MILLION DOLLARS!**

All that work, all those overheads. ***What he doesn't realise is that the average net profit for a small business is only 7%!!!***

It can be even lower but this is a very short overview of small business profits (source Government of Canada):

- Agriculture and Forestry = 8.4%
- Mining = 16.9%
- Construction = 4.6%
- Manufacturing = 2%
- Wholesale and Retail Trade = 2%
- Professional and Technical Services = 6.3%

Table 3.3
Net Profit Margin of SMEs by Sector (percentage), 1999–12

Sector	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	Avg
Agriculture, Forestry, Fishing and Hunting	5.2	6.0	6.3	6.0	3.8	5.4	6.8	7.6	9.4	11.3	7.3	11.1	14.2	13.9	8.4
Mining, Quarrying, and Oil and Gas Extraction	-27.2	-11.7	-6.4	-11.6	-2.8	-1.5	-3.3	-3.4	-29.7	-25.4	-23.6	-5.5	-47.6	-37.0	-16.9
Construction	3.1	1.9	2.3	2.6	3.0	3.7	4.6	5.4	6.4	6.3	4.9	5.7	6.1	7.1	4.6
Manufacturing	3.5	2.1	1.1	1.3	0.6	1.2	1.4	2.3	2.1	2.8	0.7	2.8	3.3	4.3	2.0
Wholesale & Retail Trade	1.4	0.9	1.0	1.1	1.2	1.5	1.9	2.2	2.3	2.4	2.2	3.0	2.9	3.2	2.0
Transportation and Warehousing	2.9	2.7	2.2	2.1	1.9	2.5	3.1	3.9	3.2	4.1	2.7	4.1	5.0	5.3	3.3
Professional, Scientific and Technical Services	3.9	2.5	-0.2	0.3	0.2	2.3	5.1	6.9	8.3	8.7	8.2	11.3	14.4	14.2	6.3
Accommodation and Food Services	1.5	-0.1	0.4	0.4	0.2	1.2	1.8	3.1	3.7	3.7	2.5	3.2	2.9	3.7	2.1
Other	2.6	1.9	2.0	2.7	2.4	2.9	3.6	4.6	4.7	4.8	4.4	5.0	5.7	6.5	3.9

Sources: Statistics Canada, *Financial and Taxation Statistics for Enterprises, 1999–2012*; and author's calculations.

So he turned over a million dollars and ended up with less than he would if he was employed. If you walk out of a job or a non profitable business it needs to be considered. Let me give an overview of my businesses as they have proven to work and they may just inspire you.

At this point I was going to do a pluses and minuses list for what to look for in any business you may consider but the minuses column would be so long as to make it impractical! Anyway it's better to dwell on the positive.

So what attributes do I feel are required to make a good business?

1. Low overheads
2. Minimum capital investment
3. Passive income
4. Easily scaled
5. Uncomplicated distribution
6. Large profit margins
7. A well researched plan/system
8. A desirable product
9. Environmentally non destructive
10. Can be set up alongside other income streams

Yes, I know there are many very prosperous companies that possess few of these qualities, their directors and management teams have fought their way to the top through sheer grit and determination. You will too with your businesses, but wouldn't you like an easier ride up there?

The perfect business? I think I've found a near perfect business:

INFORMATION sold on or off line.

Sounds fairly innocuous doesn't it? Let's study it in a little more detail. Firstly, why information as a product?

1. It can be sold from home or a small office and with no or few staff.
2. Information is cash flow positive. You don't have to hold stock and the products is delivered *after* payment.
3. You can start very small with a few hundred emails/mail shots and build up.
4. It's scalable. It takes little or no extra effort, relatively, to deliver three thousand than thirty and there is no limit to the amount you can send out.
5. There is no saturation point. Once your time is filled it's easy to find someone or software to duplicate your systems thus freeing you up to grow again.
6. Uncomplicated distribution.
7. Large profit margins.

Why is a digital information and software service (SAAS) the perfect product?

I suddenly develop super-powers! Let's say I develop the ability to see into the future.

You realise this and nag me for some sort of lucrative information. I get fed up and eventually agree to write down the winning football draws for the next ten Saturdays. I scribble them down on the back of a tatty old receipt I happen to have screwed up in my back pocket.

I'm not that good a friend, so I decide to charge you for the information. I reckon £10K (\$15,000) sounds about right. *Wadaya think?*

Do you say "*you must be stark staring mad you nutter! ... I'm not giving you £10K for that tatty old bit of paper. It's only worth a cent.*"

Is that what you'd say?

Of course not! You gladly hand over the money, run off to the Caribbean with the several million quid you've taken out of the bookies and spend the rest of your life doing whatever it is that makes you happy.

The point is, **it's the information you're paying for**, not the paper it's written on.

Information is intangible and very hard to quantify.

What price do you put on knowledge?

If you could travel forward in time and come back with the names of the winning horses from the next five Grand Nationals (Britain's biggest horse race), what would you charge for that information?

If you stand to make a million by applying the techniques laid out in *The Omniscience Principle*, what should you be paying for it?

I know one thing for sure ... *I'm not charging you anywhere near enough!*

If your television was smashed by a cricket ball whacked through your window this afternoon by young kids playing outside, you wouldn't rush out and buy the first TV set you see to replace it would you? No, you'd do some shopping around, compare like with like, compare specifications and prices.

You'd make sure you got the best-for-you deal wouldn't you?

If you walked into a store which was selling an average TV set at 20% **above** the normal retail price, how many sets do you think that guy would sell?

Not many, and you certainly wouldn't buy one, you'd probably say "*ere mate, I can buy that very same TV down the road for loads less than that*", and the shop keeper wouldn't have a persuasive argument for you to buy his product would he?

This is the problem with selling conventional product, be it on or off line. Unless you can establish a *Unique Selling Proposition* (USP) you'll generally get drawn into a price battle. Unfortunately, price battles only tend to get fought in a downward spiral, not healthy. In fact, in the case of televisions they have got bigger, better, more sophisticated and **cheaper**, year on year.

Now you try comparing information and software services in that way.

Information and software is worth what someone is willing to pay for it.

If you have knowledge or a software product that could enhance someone's life then its value is **DIRECTLY PROPORTIONATE TO THE BENEFIT GAINED BY THE USER.**

Information ... the perfect business?

Remember the miracle of compound interest:

$$2 \times 2 = 4$$

$$4 \times 4 = 8$$

$$8 \times 8 = 16 \text{ etc.}$$

Well there is a system that duplicates this splendidly. You know it already as franchising and licensing off line or affiliate marketing on the web, or whatever guise is fashionable at the time.

Love it or loath it, the simple truth is that this system is the most powerful way of moving product on the planet. Whether you're running the affiliate programme, selling through franchises or are an affiliate or franchisee, the simple fact is that this works!

I have seen so many one-hit-wonder marketing schemes come and go, yet affiliate and franchise systems endure.

DISTRIBUTION IS THE KEY

The closest conventional analogy would be to look at a company like McDonalds. They have a huge network of outlets and franchises, the figures banded about when talking McDonalds are mind-boggling. There's something like forty odd THOUSAND outlets! When the company wants to introduce a new line, the infrastructure is already there, all they do is send it out via the distribution network.

When they decided to start selling Chicken Nuggets they instantly became the world's largest buyer. Chickens across the world began shaking in their boots!

This is the awesome potency of marketing through affiliates on the net, and is precisely what attracted me to it.

Once you have built a network you have distribution solved. You find a desirable product and introduce it to your people. **Bang! It's already a winner.**

Affiliates get paid commissions on the products they sell for you and they love it because we've done all the hard work for them. Each affiliate will have their own network and they simply mail out the new product.

I have a huge network of people now but imagine having fifty thousand people, which is both realistic and achievable.

Selling information and SAAS, *it's the way to go ... THIS IS THE PERFECT BUSINESS.*

But ... and it's a BIG **BUT** ... *"How do you build the distribution network in the first place?"*

How do you build an affiliate network through which you can distribute your products and if you're an affiliate, how do you build a mailing list to advertise the merchants' products to?

I first started selling information before the Internet through olde-world mail order ... surely that's something the ancients did? Paper, the postage system, envelope stuffing uuuuu, perish the very thought!

Over time tech progressed and so did the systems but the essential fundamentals of a successful mail-order campaign remain.

We now have all kinds of technology and cutting edge systems at our disposal. News feeds and blogs, pay per click search engines, pay per click revenue, advertising, mobile phone marketing, press releases, pay by text, search engine optimisation, email and chat blasts, sales funnels ... believe me it goes on and on.

But, there are traditional systems such as mail order which are as powerful today as they've always been. I have found that because I come from a traditional off line publishing background that I have a slightly different attitude towards technology.

Whereas the Internet is commonly touted as **the answer** to all your prayers and the *new* way of the world, it actually has its roots planted firmly in the old world.

Let me clarify this for you. I love the net, it has made life so much easier, but it hasn't negated the need to employ traditional systems and business practices. And after nearly twenty years of online marketing, it is as true today as ever.

To sell information off line you need a clean, up-to-date mailing list of names and addresses, on line you need an opt-in list.

To sell information off line, you need a **GOOD** product, you need **GOOD** copy, you need a **GOOD** promotion to create urgency to buy. You need a solid administration system, you need a bullet proof company set up ... *On line?*

Can you see where I'm coming from now. The net has simply made life easier and although there are incredible advances through the technology in the medium, **basic business practices are as relevant and topical as they've ever been.**

When I first started out off line selling my information via mail order, I got hooked on the *theory* of network or multi-level marketing (MLM) as a distributing solution. I looked at many companies that employed the system and have lost count of how many people have tried to sign me up!

Whhhaooo there cowboy! ... I know what you're thinking, MLM and Networking marketing! ... bear with me!!!

MLM in its purest form doesn't even need a product. If everyone who got involved just paid a monthly membership fee then most of the team would make money ... **except those at the very bottom!**

This is why networking and money games are illegal in most places. It's because those at the bottom who have no down line pay those at the top, end up with nothing, and lose out. Companies try to get round the problem. They understand that a money game won't work, there has to be a *product* ... it helps if, at the end of the day it's a desirable product!

The problem, as I see it is that in order to overcome the need to supply product, companies have used just about anything to harness the power of networking.

"We need a product. Oh! there's a what's-a-mathingy, it's a product isn't it? Yes — great, that'll do!" Just so long as it's a remotely useful what's-a-mathingy companies will network it.

Every system I looked at had one fundamental flaw, and I've looked at some amazing companies where some of their networkers we're making more money than Premier League footballers.

The carbon in the diamond is this: If you stripped away the network, what products were you left with?

In most cases it was bugger all, nothing, zip, nada. Water filters, or cheap phone calls, or some cleaning products, or an energy drink, or ... and they were bloody expensive products because of the commissions that had to be added into the equation.

I felt that if we were to employ the marvel of MLM, and my people were going to buy into it, then it seemed just a matter of common decency to give them something in return. Networking is a sensational marketing plan for moving product, not a way to make big, fast bucks (although some do!).

This is what I did: **Combine the most powerful, dynamic, profitable mail order *information* with the potent virility of *network marketing***

I wrote the very best version of *The Omniscience Principle* I could and offered a commission to resellers. I then studied and published and included all the best money making systems and called the income section *System Ultra K*. I covered stuff like mail order, public domain information, affiliate marketing and a ton of other stuff ... I wrote it before I even knew what the Internet was!

If you were to strip away our network what are you left with? The best of the best. Information that is priceless in its own right combined with powerful distribution and you could apply it to embellish your own life.

Stand alone product that is **COMPLIMENTED** by the network, not reliant upon it.

Now there is an almost perfect business. Information combined with a distribution plan.

The Omniscience Principle and **System Ultra K** would ensure individual members of the network were successful in their own right ... share it with others and they could grow.

I ran a matrix (don't worry about the technicalities of it).

The premise was that you only had to introduce **The Omniscience Principle** to two people and get them to do the same ... **this went on down through the levels and worked beautifully.**

“So if it worked out so well, then why aren't you still doing it Mr Smart Arse Money King?”

Good point!

The short answer is that we got royally shafted by a Government run scheme. Now as I said in **The Omniscience Principle**, I no longer blame others for my failures but in this situation it really was hard to find an alternative.

I suppose I could have been smarter and known not to get involved in Government schemes but I wasn't ... **I AM NOW!**

Distribution through MLM worked like a dream when combined with information. We were growing at a phenomenal rate month on month. We then discovered an educational scheme run by the Government and without going into detail, it seemed to offer the opportunity to explode sales.

Basically, the Government gave every person in the UK £200 to spend on a course of their choice. As we had a course for sale we were allowed to join the scheme as 'Course Providers'.

But, me being me, I saw an awesome opportunity. We had been offering the course and growing beautifully prior to signing up to the scheme and it was always promoted through the network. **We were accepted on that basis!**

I worked out a way to offer **The Omniscience Principle** for FREE and on top of that, I could pay a commission for each person they introduced.

Imagine that! I would be able to pay you £75 (\$130) every time you gave away a free product. On top of that, the person you gave the free **Omniscience Principle** product to could also make £75 commissions each time they gave it away and so on and so forth!

Within literally days we had teams of people across the country queuing up to get involved.

One particular weekend after another hectic week, we sat talking over a few beers at a BBQ working out just how we were going to collect so many government grants. We would have to employ a team of people to work 24/7 just to process the £200 payouts!

I clearly remember the happiness of that day. We all got royally drunk and danced the night away quietly dreaming of all the amazing things we were going to do with the money ... **STOP ... REWIND ... CELEBRATIONS PREMATURE!**

What we didn't know was that as we were partying something unforeseen had occurred. There was something we hadn't taken into consideration, there was something we hadn't bargained on ... **The total ignorance, stupidity and sheer criminal nature of the Government!**

Although the Government's education department had taken on Course Providers and supposedly vetted every product, they hadn't anticipated the runaway success of the scheme. As it turns out, it was just another false promise designed to win votes. They never had any intention of handing out the grant to each and every one who was eligible.

That weekend they simply shut the doors, left the building and the last one out flicked off the switch. No reasons, no rules or regulations, no warning. They suspended our account on the Friday of the week before we were set to download several million pounds in Government grants.

We were celebrating and the accounts were already frozen! Monday morning was great. Severe hangovers and unable to collect all that lovely cash!

At first we weren't too concerned because as a Government investigation finally proved, we were running a perfectly legitimate plan. We had been promised during a frantic phone call that day, that the investigation would be completed in a few days and the money released ... but for reasons that will become clear in a minute, it actually took **EIGHT MONTHS!** ... **And the money was never released.**

This was such a badly run project by the Government that what unfolded beggars belief. It turned out that just about anyone was accepted as Course Providers and as the grants were issued online, it was simply a matter of time before The World of Scum took total advantage ... **AND DID THEY EVER!**

Every criminal, every terrorist organisation, every crank liberation group and crazy managed to work out how to grab a lump of Government cash. It was a debacle of monumental proportions and big news at the time. To make matters worse, a private company was used to administer the scheme and they had no infrastructure to handle the problem. Admin had been farmed out to a company who employed minimum wage teenagers to cope.

Long story short ... They suspended our payments pending an investigation that they didn't have the resources to undertake but crucially, they did not register this on their computer systems.

Now remember, I had worked out how to pay £75 commissions to those who 'gave away' *The Omniscience Principle* ... and as you can imagine, even though I was trying to stop people promoting because the accounts were frozen, people were doing so in their thousands ... **and I wasn't being paid!**

They would then call our offices for commissions and we would explain the situation: "*The funds were being withheld pending investigation so we couldn't pay out.*"

And as one would expect they didn't believe us so people called the Government education department and guess what! Their system showed we **had** been paid, so that's what my people were told!

You wouldn't believe the fall out from this. We were branded fraudsters, criminals, vagabonds. We had journalists hiding in the bushes with those long telephoto lenses, they were hassling relatives and neighbours. We were in all the newspapers and on the radio. Stories were published, which were totally untrue, then made worse by other papers republishing and getting even more facts wrong. We were literally hung out for the masses. I'm sure that people were planning to drag us from our homes and flog us in the street like Mussolini!

We were investigated by the police, DTI (department for Trade), trading Standards organisations ... it was awful and the irony was, that the investigations totally exonerated us. The scheme was shut

down and the Government hauled up the drawbridge. The only consolation was that we weren't the only ones ... people lost everything ... and as usual, the Government gave its excuses and blundered on to shaft other section of the population.

We were obviously devastated and the business was brought to its knees. I tried to resurrect it and resumed marketing for the original product but our name and reputation was so badly marred by the catastrophe people were sending back the mail shot with '*F*** off you scamming bastards*' scribbled over them. That really was one of the truly dark times I had to crawl out of.

Some will say that this was my own fault and have any number of reasons for saying so. And I'd probably agree with most of them, but that's life. At least I was trying my very best. If you're not falling off the bike, you're not out on the mountain.

The point of all this is, that although I couldn't see it at the time, all the crap I endured as I've fought to get back on my feet many times has helped me beyond anything I could have expected.

I have now reworked *The Omniscience Principle* as my therapy. In going through it again I aim to supply '*so much information it'll make your toes curl!*' And I've ironed out any of the errors gleaned from my experiences over the last few years ... **and the results for me are frankly, staggering.**

Moving on from the Government debacle I had to **S.T.O.P.** (read the relevant module)

I addressed the situation, my skill set, my experience and planned a way forward. Firstly, I had to look at the Internet as a way to generate a living because although it was in its infancy I saw it as the future.

Secondly, I had learned that despite all the bad press on MLM there is something very powerful about the matrix.

I don't believe in it as a method for selling product any more and it simply doesn't work for the net. Too many sharks have seen to that **but there is something uniquely viral about MLM**

Here's what I did next.

The secret of **How to Make Money on The Net** is no mystery, I can sum it up in just a few words. Everything else you'll ever read or watch on the great University of YouTube is geared to one simple, fundamental goal:

Building a List!

That's it, that's the secret. Web building, design, good copy, psychology, great product, traffic and the many ways to create it, up-selling, cross selling, content ... *it all boils down to generating The List.*

On or off line, a business simply stagnates unless you keep list building and promoting. It's the secret to business in general and so fundamentally overlooked!

My sister ran a beauty salon. I would be constantly telling her to database all inquiries ... not just customers ... **ALL INQUIRIES.**

"Why?" she would always ask.

“Because it’s your lifeline, these people are interested in what you’re selling, OK, they might not buy today but they will at some point, take their names and send out offers on a monthly basis.”

But she was always **too busy running the shop** to implement the systems. She finally had to give up as the shop failed.

Let’s Face Facts ...

You could be selling **The World’s Largest Diamond at a Staggering 90% DISCOUNT** but if no one comes to your door, it’ll just sit there gathering dust!

TRAFFIC to your home-page is the single, absolute fundamental key to on-line success ... without a steady flow of eager, targeted customers you’re simply another bad statistic!

And the list helps create ongoing sales, helps promote new sites, gets new product distributed and the list grows!

The key is distribution. Once you’ve built your list, it’s simply a matter of finding good product to promote.

So where do you start?

Good question because although success on the net boils down to a simple, few word formula, ***achieving it is an entirely different matter!***

The first thing you’ll need is a website/app. You simply can’t market on the web effectively without it. Even the best affiliate marketers have their own websites they drive traffic to and build lists from. Often they have literally hundreds of sites collecting names for ***The List*** ...

And then you’ll need to work it baby!

If I look at the stats for any of my sites I’ll see hundreds of affiliates in the system ... so many do nothing! Despite my best efforts in supplying well written and tested marketing materials ... they do sweet fanny all! And boy, it makes me mad.

My digital business cards are a perfect example. This is the hottest selling product I have ever seen. SmartConnectQR.com

*“When was the last time you sold a product with an 8% **conversion** rate?”*

You see, I’ve created the marketing page using the best copy and techniques available. There’s a ton of stuff behind the scenes. I launched a site that 8% of those on the Internet buy into and become customers for extended periods.

If I send one hundred customers to this new site, approximately eight of them will buy the product. When you consider the average for any site is **less than 1%** you’ll appreciate just how profitable this is.

Yet people sign up to the affiliate programme and **DO NOTHING!**

If making money on the net was a simple case of signing up to affiliate programmes then *by Henry*, I’d be the world’s most prolific signer upper to affiliate programmes!

All people need to do is let everyone they know about my product and when they replicate our marketing success I'll pay them **a monthly passive income for every sale**, that's month in, month out, for as long as they stay an affiliate.

Why is this site converting so well?

During the great California gold rush it was said that: it's not the guys digging out the gold that got rich, it's the one's selling the shovels.

It's simple! I'm selling shovels (well not literally). It's a great product that has a direct benefit for users. 95% of business people want to build *The List*, and SmartConnect facilitates that.

And affiliates can make a commission for selling it too. So join up and ensure you're not one of those people who do nothing!

Now affiliate marketing isn't just for the little guys, it's fundamental to the growth of many Fortune 500 companies.

Now get ready for a heads up ... If you're going to use the Internet as your route to *Personal and Financial Freedom* then you're going to have to learn some basic HTML or employ someone who does ... now there's a revelation!

Even working as an affiliate you'll need site building skills, or at least the resources to employ a designer. The sites you own can either promote your products or 'review' the product you're promoting as an affiliate. You'll then employ a number of techniques to drive traffic to that site and collect names for your List. Easy eh!

I have succeeded through innovation and determination. I started with nothing, not even the ability to turn on a computer and have proceeded to grow a large online business. I look at what works and either recreate my own version or add a twist. **You see, I'm a control freak and I don't like placing my destiny in the hands of others so I create my own products.**

I'll explain further and be quite candid. Although I have done well as an affiliate and see affiliate programmes as being the safest way to get started, at the end of the day *you're not the one holding the reins*. If the merchants who own the site you're promoting run into problems, you don't get paid!

I have been burned so many times times but unless you can come to the net with a killer product, there is no simpler way to get started. The good news is that 99% of merchants are stable and do pay. **However, there's nothing like being at the top of the food chain.**

If I run into problems I want to be the person who makes the decisions as to how it's handled, after all it's my bank balance!

So, I got burned by *The Machine*. I decided the Internet was the way for me and I now understood the power of *The List*. **What I had no clue about was how to build one!**

Here's a perfect example of asking the question **WHY** and coming up with a solution. There were gurus back then that all had their own ways of doing things, selling information about list building having never built a list!

So I asked WHY and came up with: FreeNetLeads

Unlimited FREE Business Leads, Absolutely NO COST Whatsoever, GUARANTEED 100% FREE

Do you need FREE Business Opportunity Leads?

- * 100% FREE, zero cost, zilch, nada!
- * No credit card required
- * No chequebook needed

When I moved onto the net I was in exactly the same position as every other newbie, with one exception. I came from a publishing background, mail order business. I understood the importance of mailing lists and knew that if I couldn't get distribution solved on the Internet quickly I'd be another non-starter.

I had my first website built, an online version of *The Omniscience Principle*, the system I could no longer promote off line as you read earlier. I launched it and waited for the money to start flowing! But try as I might it really struggled.

I had no list. I had large mailing lists from my offline publishing business but these were next to useless when promoting an Internet product. If I couldn't get the word out, how were people going to know about my product?

Now, there are many ways to build traffic.

At the time I launched the only way I knew to get leads was to pay for them and they were crap ... bought lists still are!

Then there were FFA pages ... "free-for-all".

FFA pages were very popular several years ago. They were pages that you, as a web site owner, could visit and add a link to your site free, in a category of your choice. Often FFA pages would publish only a certain number of links at a time. Old links automatically disappeared.

Web sites created FFA pages as a way of attracting visitors to their sites. In theory, they were supposed to be a useful service. However, they often quickly became full of junk. Then someone thought up the idea of selling software that would distribute your links to hundreds or thousands of FFA pages all over the Internet.

Suddenly, no one needed to visit FFA pages. They could just endlessly blast their links out to thousands of pages that almost no human actually saw. And because of the competition the links might stay on those worthless pages only a few seconds.

At one time you could boost your Google Page Rank by submitting your site to FFA pages.

They were an outstanding success for those in at the beginning. Many made their fortunes during the brief three or four years when FFA pages worked. They worked for those with enough savvy to grasp the concept and use the concept there and then, *rather than wait to see if it worked for others* ... but ultimately The World of Scum abused the system, made short cuts and ruined the concept ... *what's changed there then!*

I just missed out on the FFA pages so my answer was FreeNetLeads

Remember the power of MLM and how I discovered that you really didn't need a product? It occurred to me that MLM was an incredible way to build a list. In actual fact it was an idea of a guy I used to work with off line, Terry Johnson.

He worked out that people who were looking for leads were probably in the Internet marketing niche and would therefore probably be receptive to other offers in that same area. Although they were in the market for leads, they in fact were a lead to someone else.

FreeNetLeads was built around a MLM matrix and the USP (Unique Selling Proposition) was that you could build substantial mailing lists without being swamped by spam in return, the Achilles Heel of the FFA pages.

FFA pages allowed you to advertise on special pages and get your advert out but in return you would receive an advert back, so if you exposed your opportunity to ten thousand people you'd get ten thousand replies!

At the time Freenetleads was a revelation, a unique shovel that filled a need.

We launched with a simple home page.

The site was as basic as you like and we did a contra deal with a webmaster to build it around replicating software that controlled the membership and emailing. The deal was simple, the webmaster built the site and in return received a small payment and several positions at the top of the mailing matrix so he could get his advert out once the membership grew.

We only had a small mailing list at the time of launch of several hundred people, so we mailed out the FreeNetLeads promotion to them as a test ... *and all hell was unleashed!*

We generating over 11 MILLION hits, 30,000 visitors a day in the first 30 days...

And it didn't stop there. Traffic kept growing until we completely fried the server.

FreeNetLeads was an overnight success and gave my business a fantastic boost because as the operator, the seller of shovels, I was able to send out a sponsored advert each week to the *entire* database. And FreeNetLeads was so responsive. Many people built large lists and made good money from FreeNetLeads but as the creators we had the greatest exposure potential.

We now had access to *The List*. From now on we could advertise weekly and make enough money to pay the household bills ... the first huge milestone on the road to Internet glory!

But, my case is not how it's usually done!

Whilst writing this section I sat back and tried to put myself in the shoes of a complete beginner who has no experience of making money on the internet and had no list at all. It wasn't hard because I only had to think back at **my** situation a few short years ago!

The concept of How to Make a Living on The Web is quite simple — choose a product and niche — create a website — drive traffic to it — collect the names of visitors and buyers and keep in contact with them.

Simple!

Well, to be honest it is really, **except for the traffic part!**

Now, in a traditional business you buy traffic or ‘footfall’ as it’s known in the high street by getting the best position. The catch is that the best spots, in a busy mall or popular shopping street (Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, or Oxford Street in the UK) command extortionate rents and business taxes.

Location, location, location, but it don’t half cost!

The beauty of the net is you don’t have this problem. Your position at the top of search engines costs the same as the guy at number two or so most of the guru’s would have you believe!

There is a cost to building a busy website. We all know that the secret to making money on the web is to have a busy site, people, lots of people = lots of cash!

The only problem for me trying to write this blueprint for success is that I’m sharing the systems I used. I’m letting you into my life and secrets — but there’s the problem — I fully understand that I haven’t followed conventional rules. FreeNetLeads (FNL) was not a conventional route to driving traffic to a site and ultimately building a list.

I know from having taken my eye off the ball and rebuilding from scratch that it really is hard to market now in such a saturated environment, things have changed and continue to change.

What we have to do it continue to evolve also and do this by asking **WHY?** Why is it done like that? How can I do it better or differently? **How can I sell more shovels?**

I’m currently looking into AI, chat bots and viral sharing. You can do the same.

FNL built a list very quickly and from there I was able to promote any new product to that list. That list sustained a very good lifestyle for over ten years. Even to this day I still have payments coming in that we’re generated by it.

...

The Avalanche Effect

The single hardest thing you are to face in your business is getting that avalanche rolling.

Once you create a trickle of visitors you then use leverage to create more sales and more traffic, and more sales...

Now as I explained earlier, a good position in the high street costs because you drop yourself right in the path of the avalanche. The good news for you is that there is already a mighty avalanche roaring down the mountain. The task for you is to manoeuvre into the path!

Although I do things differently I have studied many people and learned how they get the ball rolling without creating something like FNL. The good news is, that if I decided to launch a product and not use the lists I could get a site busy ... How? is your burning question.

I use a variety marketing systems:

Press Releases

RSS

Buying Traffic

SMS/Chat Marketing

Marketing off line
Buying Advertising ... and so much more.

The first thing most do is simply buy advertising Pay Per Click (PPC).

Imagine being able to buy advertising space in one of the busiest magazines in the world **and only pay on results**; only pay when someone visits the site you are advertising.

This is PPC.

I'm being honest with you now and the truth is that I've always struggled with it! We looked at it last year but got so busy with a couple of developments that we never tested it out, but I will!

I always have absolute focus on the quality of the product whenever I create any site. As with FreeNetLeads *innovation* is the secret to your success and what I'm trying to install in you throughout our time together.

Convention is great, *breaking it is more profitable!*

I built GAUKMotors and GAUKAuctions. The business model is subscription based and we aggregate the information, the auctioneers contact numbers and upcoming sales etc. for free and charge for upgraded management tools.

Conventional business models would charge businesses who provide the information and make access to it for free. They would subsidise this by vandalising the site with adverts. In our case we should soon hit Point Zero. Limited auctioneers and only so much we could charge. So we turned it on its head. There's more people willing to pay to access the information ... *comprende?*

Anyway, back to traffic. I give the auctioneers free access to their listings through a secure admin area online. They can update their own information any time from any where and they're willing to do this because I have lots of subscribers. Imagine being able to advertise for free in a magazine whose readers were those **WANTING** your information ... *it's a great proposition.*

The pay-off for me is that I ask them to put a link on their site to GAUK. I ask them to mention us in their brochures and have had stickers made for them to put up in the payment booth.

They get free advertising ... I get free traffic!

So now can you see where we're going?

...

Blue-Sky Thinking

None of this is easy ... believe me, but it's all doable. Creating traffic is just another problem to solve.

Thinking out of the box uses the right side of the brain best known as **creative thinking**. Creatively thinking of a solution that is outside of what we already know and do; *coming up with something wholly new.*

Thinking *inside* the box means accepting the status quo. In-the-box thinkers find it difficult to recognise the quality of a good idea. An idea is an idea. A solution is a solution. In fact, they can be

quite pigheaded when it comes to valuing an idea. They rarely invest time to turn a mediocre solution into a great solution.

In-the-box thinkers are skilful at killing ideas. They are masters of the *creativity killer attitude*. They have a set of default responses such as “*that’ll never work*” or “*it’s too risky*”. The best in-the-box thinkers are unaware that they drain the enthusiasm and passion of innovative thinkers as they try to kill their innovative ideas.

They also believe that every problem needs only one solution, therefore, finding more than one possible solution is a waste of time. They often say, “*There is no time for creative solutions. We just need THE solution.*”

Even great creative people can become in-the-box thinkers when they stop trying. Apathy and indifference can turn an innovator into an in-the-box thinker.

The term ‘Outside the Box Thinking’ came from solutions to the so-called Nine Dot Problem. As the illustration below shows where there are three rows of three dots and the problem is to connect all the dots with just four lines. The solution lies in drawing a line that goes outside the imaginary box formed by those nine dots.

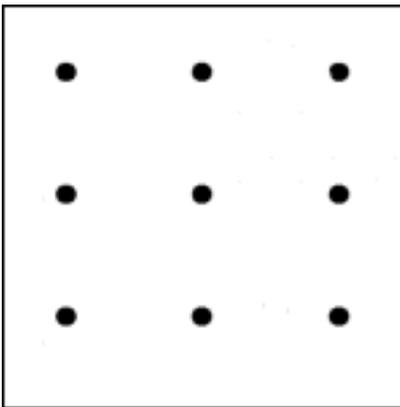


Fig 1. Join the dots (with just four lines)

Draw nine spots, as in figure one. Now without lifting your pen from the paper, draw four straight lines which go through all the dots.

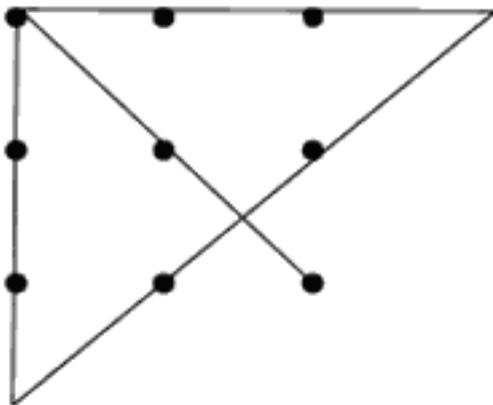


Fig 2. Did you think outside the box?

The answer is not to be limited by barriers which you have assumed are in place. No one said your lines had to stay *within* the dots.

Consultants and gurus publish courses explaining what *out of the box thinking* actually is. But it is, in fact no more complicated than the concept of developing an idea.

RELATED WORDS: pushing the envelope, blue-sky thinking, creative brainstorming, outside the decision matrix (or boundaries). All of them mean developing an idea.

Thinking outside the box requires different attributes that include:

- Willingness to take new perspectives to day-to-day work
- Openness to do different things and to do things differently
- Focusing on the value of finding new ideas and acting on them
- Striving to create value in new ways
- Listening to others
- Supporting and respecting others when they come up with new ideas

Here are questions to ask that bring about out of the box thinking. Apply them to any personal or work issue. These are in a general order and can be mixed and matched to create solutions.

What is the problem? Problem definition is the first step to finding a solution. If you can't articulate the problem, you cannot come up with a solution.

What are the conditions that create the problem? Do an honest and realistic situation analysis that describes where you are in the present.

Why are things (conditions) the way they are? You are looking for cause and effect relationships. If you understand the causes and effects you can create solutions.

What is the vision of the way things ought to be? What do you really want to achieve? Work on this one until you have it right. It is the key step from the problem to the solution.

Is the vision realistic? Winning the lottery is always an answer but not a real solution.

How can we do something about the way things are? Think beyond your current walls. Borrow from what you have seen in other places or people (Benchmarking).

How do I become *change-centred*? Learn to challenge the status quo, eliminate 'not invented here' thinking, and embrace others' ideas as 'possibilities awaiting the right time'. Becoming change-centred can be taught.

Are we tolerating incompetence? If the problem rests with incompetence, try training. You may not be a trainer. Find a good trainer and have the employees trained in problem solving techniques. If training doesn't take then you may have to trade incompetence for competence.

Find abilities and then use them. Look outside of your normal circle for abilities not currently possessed. Abilities may come in the form of friends, consultants, other companies or even unrealised potential in you.

These are merely tools to cause you to think outside of the box. Your ability to succeed is directly proportional to your ability to take action. **Action is a step in any direction that will produce a result.** Evaluate your result and then focus and redirect your action. Continue the process and you will succeed.

Go through my [portfolio](#) and with new vision work out the way each site generates traffic, work out how I get to advertise my product to users and always remember to look at the actual product and see it's broad or niche appeal.

Some sites are free but there is always somewhere that I get an advertising message in or have an upgrade to remove the advertising!

Starting that avalanche. All we're looking to do at this point is turn the snowflake into a snow ball, to give the snowball a push, some momentum and to generate the first tremblings of a massive snow slide.

I hope now that you can see the importance of building your own systems.

There is a lot out there that we can use to build traffic. Systems will help grow the list but ultimately, sometime in the future, **we need to become top dog!**

...

Back to Basics

Here's the process I use to get products moving online. If you already have this sorted in your organisation it may well be worth skipping over it because I'm coming from a marketing angle. Many, in fact most corporate sites are simply ego boosters. Look at how wonderful we are!

If you're just starting out and see the value of the web then this a great insight.

First we need a website and start driving traffic to it. Depending on experience it'll either be selling a product you own or you can 'review'.

Although you can use web design companies and do contra deals to get projects written there really is no substitute for having a basic understanding of web building. Even if you do get an agency on board you'll always be wanting to change and edit your sites ... I do almost daily. And if you can't edit the HTML pages it can take forever!

In summary, if you not willing to learn some basic web building skills, you're not taking your business seriously!

And if you're gonna come up with excuses not to learn the skill then I have an answer to them all ... **BOLLOCKS!**

The greatest excuse will be that of "*too little time*". Remember, I couldn't turn a computer on just a few years ago and I've sat for hours with a frozen screen not even knowing that a reboot will solve it!

First learn web building

Now when I first wrote this section it was fairly long, boring and technical. This was because web building platforms have come a long way and you no longer need the skills I needed.

The answer to the issue of web building is simple and it's called [Wordpress](#). I'll save you a ton of time in research and hair loss from head scratching.

Wordpress is the king — Fuck wha the gurus and biased reviews say. This is all you need. There is so much support out there that's you'll want for nothing. Go and enrol at the University of YouTube. Within a week you'll be building sites like a pro.

Pay a Website Designer to Build a Site for You:

- Hiring a professional can be expensive.
- Every time you want to make a change on your site, you must wait on a designer to make the changes. This is expensive and can be time consuming, if the designer is busy with multiple clients.
- Most web designers are focused on looks and appearance, rather than functionality or sales. All the best marketers acknowledge that plainer sites are more lucrative because the focus is on the copy, the words, rather than fancy graphics or beautiful colours. Take a look at the top money-making sites on the net. They rarely are flashy or dramatically impressive.
- Relying on a web designer creates dependency. Generally the motivation of entrepreneurs is freedom so waiting for another person to make even the smallest changes to your site isn't taking you in the direction you want to go.

Saying 'I want to be an Internet marketer' and not learning how to build websites for yourself is like wanting to be a dentist and refusing to learn about teeth; like being a star athlete and refusing to practice your sport.

Now I went to college to learn Photoshop and have also been to Dreamweaver Hell!

...

Techniques For Creating a Killer Sales Site

Once, or if, you're competent at Wordpress then you're going to need to create your site to promote the product of your choice.

Much of what I outline comes from conventional thinking and is tried and tested. It will help you start and give you a good bedrock. I do encourage you to treat this for what it is and continue to **develop innovative ways to grow.**

For example, I loath **Intrusion Advertising**. I don't watch TV or listen to commercial radio any more due to it. And because others feel the same way it is becoming less responsive and to combat this broadcasters are squeezing in more and more annoying ads and they are becoming less responsive and advertisers are coming up with more intrusive ways to grab your attention. ... ***one particularly infuriating radio ad now uses a fucking siren!!!***

I'm currently looking at Permission Marketing, Conversational Marketing and and Contextual Ads ... **presenting shit to people that they may actually be interested in!**

Here's some tips for now.

1. Create Hope

Hundreds of thousands of people surf the net every day in search of 'hope'. People buy diet ebooks, money-making ebooks, how-to-gamble ebooks, and a myriad of others based purely on hope ... pander to that emotion and you'll hook the reader. Supply a great product and you'll have a customer for life.

Invoking hope is the first ingredient I ALWAYS use to make a killer website that sells. Hope can be created in many ways, with many different products, but in my experience it most effective with informational products.

I always start by asking: "*what is the single most important benefit this product can bring to my life?*"

Cash, Cash, Cash, Cash, Cash! *I've Got Loads of it and You Want it Too ... Don't You?*

The reader 'hopes' he have cash too!

The reader "hopes" this is the answer to their problems.

The reader 'hopes' this will fulfil the need they have.

The next stage is to not let them down!

In reality you are telling people what they want to hear. If you have a great product that reduces the signs of ageing, people want to hear that it can smooth out their wrinkles. (except me cause I ain't got any!). No one likes getting old or fat and we all *hope* that the next fad diet or cream will make us more desirable.

Capture the main benefit that creates hope and you'll have the reader's attention, hopefully long enough for them to at least read your copy.

How to Get 20%, 50% or Even a Massive 80% OFF Retail by Buying at Auction or Your Money Back

This was a headline I used for GAUKAuctions.com. Firstly, you hope this app will give you the auction bargains you desire and secondly, you're thinking it's obviously going to work or you don't pay.

Hope can apply to physical products, take credit cards for example: '*Get your LOW RATE credit card today and afford all the things you thought you couldn't.*'

Or how about: '*Order the Pentium computer today and do all the things you've ever dreamed of.*'

Of course, those headlines aren't really persuasive enough to make you get the credit card or computer, but hope itself doesn't sell things. There are more elements to add to the equation.

2. Create a Sense of Urgency

URGENCY is the next ingredient of a killer sales site.

Check out the campaign we often run on GAUKMotors.co.uk: '*Order by midnight tonight and you will receive a 50% discount*'. If you go back to that page tomorrow, it says the same thing but the date has changed. This is a neat bit of code that creates the urgency to buy before midnight on the day they visit ... **IT WORKS!**

Buyers may even consider that the date will change, but do they really want to risk the 50% discount not being there the next day? Chances are, if it's an impulse buy, they won't want to risk waiting and possibly missing out on the deal. And to be honest and genuine we do change the deal often so they could miss out.

If you analyse other site's sign up I create the urgency by limiting the places. It would have said something like '*Only 25 members are being accepted at this time*'.

Note the date is controlled by a script and should be displaying today's date. More importantly, the autoresponder management system that captured your name for my list had even merged in your name making it even more personal:

Confirmed: 25 Places Currently Available

Exclusive Personal Invitation Ref: #17/ajc/29762 Reserved for:

Your Name on **December 25, 2019**

Congratulations!

This is much more sophisticated and has proven to work better than the 'Order by midnight'. Although I still use it on the auction sites and a few others, because it's working. Try making a real deadline of say, the last day of the month, or 2 weeks from now, and hard code it into the site.

You can always make a new deadline or another promotion after the deadline passes. I've used countdown scripts to create effect also and have found that if you really do stick to your promise and take the offer away, people respect that when you next make an offer.

Incidentally if you need a script I'll be putting the most popular ones I use in a section for you to use but there are also site like [Hotscripts](#) or simply do a Google — type in 'countdown script' for instance and browse the choices. often all you will be required to do is copy and paste some code into the right place in your HTML pages ... it really is quite simple once you get the hang of it ... Crikey! If I can do it anyone can.

3. Be an Authority

No matter what you are selling, you must appear to be an expert on the subject. As they say, appearances are everything. In *The Omniscience Principle* pages I explain that 'I am a millionaire and that I made it using the systems revealed'.

Fortunately, this is true! I am an authority on making a bit of extra cash. Why would want to buy systems from a guy that shows evidence that he made \$200 selling widgets one time? Big deal. You want the ebook from the guy that made \$10 million by selling thousands of widgets over the last twelve months.

4. Appear Unbiased

An advanced technique is to be an unbiased authority through a review. Try to come across as someone who is trying to help the buyer make an informed decision. Appear as though you have no vested interest in the products and don't really benefit from a sale. Check out some of the kids doing reviews on YouTube, *millions* of followers! People love to follow the advice of independent reviewers who are just giving their *honest* opinion of a product.

5. Encourage Fear or Fear of Loss

The fear of loss is linked to creating urgency. If they don't buy now they'll never have the opportunity to buy at that price again.

On some of my pages I invoke fear in a subtle way. I explain that if the customer leaves without subscribing, they will spend time, effort and money and it will all be wasted because they'll end up back here:

'I guarantee that if you don't take this step now you'll spend yet more of your precious resources, energy and cash many times over and still end up back here. How do I know that?'

Curiosity and nagging doubt. You'll never know if everything you ever needed was here and because I've planted the seed just now; because I've just told you that this site will stick in your mind ... IT WILL.'

Depending on the product another technique is to actually install FEAR in the buyer. This can be achieved by pointing out that they could face problems ahead if they buy a similar product elsewhere, or if they don't buy yours ... **NOW.**

How do you do this?

How about this: *'Without This Information Will You be the Next Victim of Bird Flu?'*

or

'Will You Get Fleeced by The Latest Internet Scam?'

Then write an article about the **Get Rich Quick Fraud Pandemic.**

6. Stand out From the Crowd

How to be a Complete and Utter Failure in Life, Work and Everything

Is actually a great title for a personal development programme! It really grabs you doesn't it?

How to be a Complete and Utter Failure turns the concept of self-improvement on its head.

Try telling people **NOT** to buy your product. That's right, encourage them **NOT** to buy until they have tried your competitors' products and are unsatisfied with them (obviously yours has to be the best!).

I used something similar many years ago at the end of 60 Minute Trader product with the take it or leave it deal:

So Here's The Take it Or Leave it' Deal:

Order The 60 Minute Trader™ futures trading System today for just \$149 now and start placing **WINNING TRADES TOMORROW ... OR LEAVE IT!**

Even if your product is not as good as your competitors', it costs more, etc., just using the unusual approach of telling people not to buy your product can work. By suggesting to them that you want them to go ahead and buy other products that you *know* will fail them, you automatically earn loyalty. You show that you are not just interested in a sale.

7. Good Copy

Probably the hardest skill to learn but here's some inspiration. I was crap at English at school. I think I only ended up with a C (not good). I then spent the next 15 years sailing and never wrote a thing!

Back when I was learning to turn on the computer I had to write copy for my products because I couldn't afford a copywriter. I swear, my seven year old son could have done better than my first attempts! I couldn't spell because I never wrote and as for grammar ... *that's a whole other story!*

The point is, I learned and as it transpires, I do seem to have a writing style that people like. I'm not a great writer by any means but to be honest, I couldn't give a fuck! When academics point out that I should have used a full stop instead of a semi-colon or that the paragraph ends at the wrong place or that my grammar is just plain shit. I look at them and think ... *and what have you ever done with your life!*

Copy doesn't have to win awards, it needs to speak to the valued customer and sell them something they want.

Unfortunately, there is nothing I can write in this section that will turn you into a great copywriter, I truly believe it's acquired like any skill. Practice, practice, practice. I must have written millions of words by now and I'd like to think I get better all the time, but the point is *I'm still learning, day in, day out.*

I can give you some pointers as to why I think my copy works.

1. I think the most important quality my writing has is that it talks to the reader. I try to have a conversation whereas most copy is written like an instruction manual.

I draw the reader in through questions ... *don't I?*

2. I use anecdotes and stories the reader can relate to and try to inject a little humour.

3. I keep the copy punchy, I know I can drone on a bit but by keeping the paragraphs short it makes for easy reading.

4. I like to use the law of threes to create a rhythm when describing something. You ain't gonna have a clue what I'm on about there so here's an example!

This **HAS TO BE** The Most **PROLIFIC, PROFITABLE**, Yet **SIMPLE** Futures Trading System Ever...

This headline is taken from 60MinuteTrader and the threes I'm talking about are **PROLIFIC, PROFITABLE, Yet SIMPLE**. There's a rhythm to the sentence that disappears if you either take out a word or add one.

You'll find I use threes all over the place, people like it, it works and that makes me money!

Read that sentence again, it's got a rhythm hasn't it?

It's broken into three parts: people like it(1), it works(2) and that makes me money(3)!

And notice I just engaged you in conversation again through a question.

5. Read and tweak your copy over and over and over. Give it to friends and listen to what they have to say. It takes me just a couple of hours to put together a web page and up to a week perfecting it. Tweaking is relentless as there is always something that can be done better.

6. Test, test and test again. I'll be covering statistics and testing your sites separately but everything you do needs to be monitored otherwise how on Earth do you discover what works?

7. My best bit of advice is to look at the headline, the sub-head and first few lines of the copy. I've lost count of the times I've written a killer headline only to see that I've used an even better one as the sub-head! The best headlines convey the most powerful benefit (USP) that the product will bring to the life of the buyer as succinctly as possible.

How to Be Sexier, Healthier, Happier and Richer in Just Five Minutes a Day

Don't know what the product is but it's a good headline that illustrates the point! And as it's a headline I've broken the 'rule of three' and it still works

8. Check your facts and the spellings. I try to do this but some mistakes slip through. Always try to spell check because it will spoil the effect of a well written site and most importantly ensure your facts are correct.

9. And finally ... Do Not Use Power Words. I'm adding this as I just read some amazing research by Hubspot. I'm going to keep it short and sweet. As Intrusion Advertising continues to diminish in effectiveness, so does the effect of power words. Marketers need to learn that their customers are not commodities. They are your life blood, to be respected and above all they are smart.

The Amazing, Explosive Secret to Eternal Life!

Yea ... Bollocks! Let's be mature and honest with our products eh!

Apart from that I really can't see what more there is to it!

So let's look at examples that incorporate all of these elements. These are sales sites of mine and if you study them now you'll begin to see all the elements I've explained and how they work in the real world: [View Portfolio](#)

Selecting a Quality Domain Name

When you're ready to launch your web site and you're trying to select a good domain name, there are many factors that need to be taken into consideration.

Select a Domain Name that Reflects Your Web Site

Above all else, your domain name should reflect what your web site is all about. For example, if your web site is about grooming a dog, you certainly wouldn't want to select a domain name like 'mybusinessname.com,' since this would have nothing to do with your web site's focus. You would want to select a domain name that tells the world what your web site is all about, something like 'doggrooming.com.'

Select a Domain Name that Contains Your Web Site's Keywords

Another consideration of great importance are your keywords. Try to select a domain name that contains your most relevant keyword phrase because some Search Engines place relevancy on them.

A keyword phrase is two or more words that best describe your web page. If your web page is focusing on grooming a dog, your best keyword phrase will be “dog grooming.”

Select a Domain Name that will be Easily Remembered

With millions of web sites accessible on the Internet, it is also very important to select a domain name that will be easily remembered. As in the ‘doggrooming.com’ example above, ‘doggrooming.com’ is very easily remembered, contains the most relevant keyword phrase and describes the web site in explicit detail. It is the *perfect* domain name for this particular web site.

Select the Best Domain Extension

Another consideration of importance is the domain name extension. Although there are many new domain extensions available, .com is still the best choice. When typing in a web address, Internet users automatically want to type in a .com extension, since this is the extension that has been embedded into our brains from the start.

Avoid Using Numbers in Your Domain Name

Although you may be tempted to do so, avoid using numbers within your domain name. Including a number within your domain name can cause problems. When you tell someone your web address, you will continually have to tell them it’s a number and not the word. For example, if you selected a domain name like number1host.com, if you were to tell someone your web address, they may try to type it as ‘numberonehost.com’ instead of ‘number1host.com.’ This type of domain name can cause confusion.

Avoid using Dashes and Underscores in Your Domain Name

Although many people do it, don’t make the same mistake I made when I first started out. Avoid using dashes, underscores or any other characters within your domain name that may cause confusion. When you tell someone your domain name it’s hard work and not easy for them to remember.

Avoid Using Abbreviations Within Your Domain Name

Although well-known companies, such as IBM, can get away with using abbreviations within their domain name, most companies can’t. As a rule, try to avoid using abbreviations or anything that will be difficult for your visitors to remember. Not only will this cause confusion, but it can also cause your potential visitors to make spelling mistakes when trying to type in your web address.

Avoid Using Long Domain Names

Although you may now register long domain names, it’s really not a good idea. I learned this lesson the hard way. I registered www.propertyauctionsfortheuk.com and the sad thing is ... I can’t remember the domain name half the time. How can I expect my potential visitors to remember it? Try to keep your domain name as short as possible. The longer the domain name the harder it is to remember and the more apt your potential visitors are to make a typo when typing it into their browser.

Ensure Your Domain Name is Not a Trademark Infringement

Prior to registering a domain name, you may want to consider searching the Trademark Electronic Search System, to ensure your potential domain name isn’t infringing on any trademarks.

Please don't take this point lightly, as trademark infringement could cost you your entire business. It is your responsibility to ensure that your potential domain name doesn't infringe on any registered trademarks, as the trademark laws that apply in the hard copy world also apply on the Internet. Any company that registers a trademark has the right to protect their trademark and has the right to notify you that your domain name is infringing upon their trademark.

When you're ready to begin, create a list of a dozen or more potential domain names, as chances are, your first choice will already be taken. With any luck, one of the domain names on your list will be available.

With a bit of courage and a dash of discipline, a small talent can go a long way

Take your time and select a quality domain name that will grow with your business. It will be well-worth your time and effort in the long run.

Then move on to traffic creation and list building. Look at the systems I use by signing up to them and reading the sites thoroughly. And be looking at ways you can improve or add a twist.

Once you've created your site you're going to want to start generating traffic and list building. Go to these sites of mine, sign up and study the content.

...

Shot of Confidence

There will be many times in the coming months when fear will stalk you. Many times when you won't feel as confident as maybe you should. You may be visiting the bank manager, or making an important phone call to a new client and start to get the wobbles.

I ain't going to let a simple case of the jitters phase you!

Paul McKenna, a famous hypnotist taught me an incredible trick that will drive out any misgivings you may have about just about anything.

You need to sit back and relax (here we go again!!!).

You need to scour your memory and lock onto a time when you felt tremendous confidence, a time when you felt on top of the world. It can be any occasion so long as it was when you felt alive and remarkable. It may be when you did well at a sporting event, or when a deal finally paid off, or when you finally pulled the babe/hunk you'd been chasing...

A moment in your life when you felt supreme.

Now focus on it, re-live every detail, intensify every second. Try to rekindle the warmth, the adrenaline, the pure pleasure of winning.

Smile to yourself as you feel the power rushing through your body. ***What an amazing moment that was in your life!***

Now, as the feelings come alive try to visualise a colour to go with it. One that most closely matches your feeling of joy. The colour that I associate with my moment was crimson. I even gave it a feeling, that of deep, soft velvet.

Intensify the colour as you immerse yourself in the glory of that moment. Sit and explore every vivid memory, delve and scrutinise for some time and as you do so press your thumb and forefinger together. ***Squeeze hard.***

Yes I know! Like a lot of the stuff you are being given, this sounds cranky at first, but ***by Henry it works!!!***

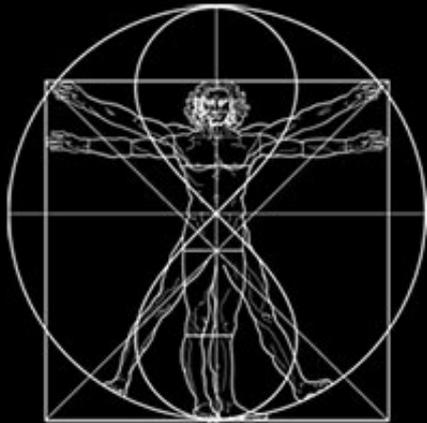
Give it a go, give everything a chance...

You may have to go through the visualisation process a few times, but once it's fixed, it's fixed for life. I guarantee that the next time you are feeling a little low and the confidence is wearing thin, simply press your thumb and forefinger together, visualise your chosen colour, and the power you had that day in your past will come coursing back through every vein in your body...

It'll always be there to summon up when you need a boost.

Now, go back to your current goal and the level you're on with the Twelve Steps of Achievement. If you haven't started making money or are progressing to the goal, then what are you waiting for? You've been reading this for relaxation have you?

There's a lot more to come I promise!



NEMESIS

Tis virtue and not birth that makes us noble.

NEMESIS | The Omniscience Principle Part 14

NEMESIS :- nem·e·sis Pronunciation Key (nm-ss) . pl. nem·e·ses (-sz): An opponent that cannot be beaten or overcome

In ancient **Greek** religion, **Nemesis**, also called Rhamnusia or Rhamnusia ("the goddess of Rhamnous"), is the goddess who enacts retribution against those who succumb to hubris (arrogance before the **gods**). Another name is Adrasteia (or Adrestia), meaning "the inescapable".

YOUR Nemesis?

Underachieving!

You could be forgiven for thinking, what with all the coaching about making some cash and all, that *The Omniscience Principle* is totally dedicated to it ... *It's not!*

Neither is it all about personal development!

It's about breaking those shackles and casting off the chains, becoming free and being able to do what you want when you want.

To achieve this you do need to develop on a personal level and you most certainly need loads of cash!

I said at the beginning of *The Omniscience Principle* that you have to be mentally prepared and ready to surmount all the challenges associated with attaining *Personal and Financial Freedom* and up till now I have concentrated heavily upon this.

Even if you are well on the road, there will be others that aren't and our tagline **No Road is Long With Good Company** remains our bedrock.

We all start this expedition at differing stages of development ... **However, I intend for us all to develop as one.**

From the outset I advocate that we build multiple streams of income.

At this point, you should have at least one in development or be taking your current stream to new heights ... **Bong, bong, bing bing. "We got Ca ash!!!"**

You should, if thoroughly motivated and have been following the training, be generating an income **larger** than your household bills. In other words, your life now should be your own ... you should be in a position to either leave your job or miserable business and concentrate on **YOUR** life, full-time. Or, have built upon your own self-generated income, be fully self-sufficient and growing.

If not, then worry not. Just re-double your efforts.

In the early days it took me a while to clarify what *The Omniscience Principle* was all about and exactly what my aims were. If you remember I used to sell it alongside *System Ultra K* which was a study of all the current success. At first I would tell people that it was a course with very best information on the planet ... Then I began thinking that wasn't the best description and there was more to it than that.

I changed tack and began telling people: *"The Cash Club is an intricate business with many facets, endless strings to its bow, it's very complicated to explain and if you have fifteen to twenty minutes spare I will."*

Bad move!

All I was doing was confusing others and myself. I knew what I wanted to say and what I wanted to achieve, but was having trouble solidifying the whirlpool of thoughts and ideas.

Then, I decided that The Cash Club was the best way I had ever come across to help people achieve their dreams and ambitions. We had put together an amazing marketing and business plan. The rewards were there for anyone who wanted to go to work. The support programme was in place, one of the best I had ever seen, and there really was a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

No longer did people who want to break free have to search courting chance and fate. We had a system that, when mixed with the essential ingredients of grit and determination, **worked.**

Nirvana! It's there waiting for those who grasp the plan, embrace it, and set to work.

I would ask people: *"If you really want the good life; if you don't see yourself twenty years from now doing the same things you do now, how are you going to change your life? A job?"*

No one ever became truly free in a job ... no one!

Some people get paid a good salary admittedly, but no one ever became truly free working for someone else.

*A job is what free people give those who are willing to sacrifice their own life to them.
(Another great quote from Tranty Boy!!!)*

A job can set the creator of it free.

Why anyone would renounce their own precious energy and talents for someone else is beyond me.

You only have one life. You only have a limited time here and no matter what you believe about life thereafter, once your time here is up, it's up ... *finished, deceased, kaput!*

You die and leave this world and that's that!

I have a couple of shitty neighbours. I've tried to get on but there's just no getting on with some people. So wrapped up in their petty little world of bitterness, people who complain to the council because my irrigation system made a noise, people who would feel that I was in the wrong for asking them to keep their dog from killing our poultry; the kind of people that would burn a bridge each time it was reconstructed.

I vividly remember passing the guy as he drove by cutting his horrible, drop-dead look. I was living in his head rent free, he was creating a situation that appeared to be utterly consuming him. The atmosphere around him was toxic. As I passed I could see the storm clouds, his aura was the colour of decay. I smiled inside and carried on with my day.

A couple of weeks later the fire siren sounded in the village. I received a message on my volunteer firefighter's channel, it was Code Purple. I raced to the station, got kitted up and jumped aboard the truck. We set off along the route I had just travelled. We traced it all the way back home, up the shared drive that runs over our land and pulled into this neighbour's property.

Code Purple is as serious as it gets. We found this guy in a heap on the patio. He was still holding the broom he'd been using to sweep the leaves. Struck dead in an instant. The guys got to work with CPR but it was a formality and he was taken away to be put in the dirt.

There's always a surreal period of reflection after these call outs. As a volunteer I return home and sit back at the computer as if nothing has happened. I would say to myself "*did that just happen?*"

This one got to me, not because I knew the guy but because of the way he'd caused so much stress and upset for no reason whatsoever. I thought, if I could go back in time and stop him as we'd passed those couple of weeks earlier and have a man-to-man chat what would I have said? I would ask him how he would lead the last two weeks of his life? I would say, there's only fourteen days left on the countdown on your forehead, how are you going to spend them?

You just don't know how many days are left on your countdown clock. You can never have your time over again. You can never go back and change the course you chose. There's not a damn thing you can do to rectify your mistakes.

All you've got is your time now, the hours minutes and seconds left till it's up and you're turned to dust ... *bloody hell, I'm getting all depressed now!*

Did you know that the average working father only sees his young children for thirty minutes a day?

Thirty bloody minutes!

It's the same if the roles are reversed and even harder for working mums. A parent kisses their family goodbye as they wake and leave for work, and kisses them goodnight as they return home.

I know it's extremely hard when you first set up on your own, you will probably work even longer hours than if you were a salary slave.

The rewards will come. You will work long hours and end up continuing that work at home ... ***on your terms!***

Those that seek freedom find it frustrating when the little horrors won't leave them alone to make their millions. If you have kids your new life will reward you with the time to make the most of them and revel in their unconditional love and attention.

Thirty bloody minutes!

Once the kids have fledged, the house settled quiet and still, all the reminiscing and regretting about '*how you missed those priceless moments your partner told you about.*' They will never come to life again for you; you will never replace that lost time.

That's no life at all is it?

There's a huge difference between existing and living.

Busy, busy, busy building a future for the family, so busy that by the time you've finished, the children have all grown up and gone!

When I say *The Omniscience Principle* isn't about personal development I mean that it's not about personal development in the traditional sense. We're looking to step out from the shadow of oppression and into the light of life.

I have read and listened to many personal development gurus whose objective is to help fellow humans find happiness in their *current* situation. **To be a better, more fulfilled person doing nothing more than they are already doing, and to be happy embracing underachievement.**

This is a worthwhile cause and there is a welcome place for it. Many, many people decide to kid themselves that freedom is out of reach for them and therefore it is perfectly possible and acceptable to be content with what they have now. The gurus do well in this niche, they also find it a lot easier to achieve than what I am trying to do.

You see, the overwhelming majority of people are relatively happy with their lot already. I have worked on construction sites where the lowest paid labourers are some of the happiest people I have met.

They are quite content with having very little, therefore teaching those people to find inner peace and harmony is bloody easy ... ***they're already happy-ish!***

What the personal development gurus constantly overlook is yes, they have done a great job in showing that anyone can be happy doing more or less anything ... but there are those people who truly aren't content with mediocrity ... ***YOU AND I.***

Ask any of *these* people as they leave those personal development lectures, smiling from ear to ear, happy in the knowledge that '*it really is possible to find happiness without money and its trappings;*' ask them as they walk away, if they'd like a bigger house, or a nicer car, or to be able to take more holidays or even a holiday ... ***just watch how quickly that smile drops from their face!***

Would they like to be able to spend more time with their friends and families and to be able to stop worrying about menial household bills ... **ask them and wait for an *HONEST* answer!**

Ask them if they enjoy waking in the morning to an alarm as it orders them to work, ask them if they enjoy being told what to do with their life ... Ask them if: "*deep, deep down are they truly content?*"

Many will say yes, some won't ... ***and the real truth?***

Well, only they know!

Most personal development tutors are simply helping people justify their own lack of achievement.

As I was writing this I began thinking about those people who find contentment in **not** having the trappings of wealth, those *Greenies* who go in totally the opposite direction and become self-sufficient ... those who opt for 'The Good Life' ... They provide everything for themselves, they don't need money ... do they?

There's a great TV programme running right now following the trials and tribulations of a family trying to go *totally green*. They produce most of their own electric, they grow their own crops, they run their car on bio-diesel, they recycle everything, including heat ... it goes on and on.

They're a very happy family and seem really content **not** striving for wealth and just enjoying their time ... ***then I thought again!!!***

This guy has bought and renovated a bloody great 18th Century farm with outbuildings, a stream, he has great swaths of land for his animals and crops, he's spending an absolute fortune getting set up as a 'New Age Greenie' ... believe me, it's not cheap providing for yourself. All the teenage kids help but the parents are still managing to provide an education through university.

It occurred to me that cash, and only great lumps of the stuff, enabled him to live his dream. The programme never mentions where he gets the money for all his wonderful projects from, it's all just *magically* provided!

He's obviously already loaded. Then, he's raking in the cash from actually making the programme — no wonder he's so damn happy! He's one of the rare people who've found ***Personal and Financial Freedom***.

He's doing what he want's, when he wants ... **BECAUSE HE CAN BLOODY WELL AFFORD TO!**

You want *Personal and Financial Freedom* right?

Isn't that why you've read this far?

My job, as I see it, is to drag people kicking and screaming out of that *discontented* state, to show them how others have found freedom and happiness and in doing so enable them to do the same. **That is the goal ...**

BUT, and it's a BIG BUT ... Though many people are striving for *absolute freedom* they shouldn't confuse this with *absolute contentment*.

Total *contentment* is supposedly what Personal Development is all about. I believe it is another weapon in ***The Machine's*** armoury designed to take our eye off the ball.

People are taught that it is better to be *content* with what they have, than to live miserably failing to achieve bigger and better things ... ***BUT they never achieve solace.*** They don't because I don't think there is any such thing as true, all consuming happiness and contentment, especially if you're constantly pushing the barriers, which *we* are.

If people want to strive for happiness in underachievement then that's their prerogative ... I guarantee that in the quite darkness of that place before sleep, they often think about all the fabulous things they *could* be doing!

We want to strive for happiness in over-achievement!

As an entrepreneur you'll have *happy* moments, times of great joy; ones that'll make you run round the garden jumping and shouting like a crazed maniac. You'll experience eruptions of adrenaline, dopamine and endorphins so intense you'll think your insides are about to blow out through your ears ... You'll want to give the whole wide world one massive hug and cover it in kisses ... ***but mostly you won't!***

My job is to get you to a stage where you can do what you want, when you want.

Freedom is intangible and entirely subjective ... and a contradiction.

Only you know what level of income you'll be happy with and how much freedom you want to balance against it.

More freedom takes more cash, which in turn, brings its own responsibilities and the bigger empire you build, the more it needs to maintain it.

You may dream of living in seclusion eating banana and lobster on a desert island. believe me it's not all it's cracked up to be, I've done it! You're not free in the least because your mind keeps spinning and the frustration of not being able to action those thoughts is oppressive. Boredom becomes your enemy!

You need to mark your line in the sand; you need to define your borders ... \$1000 a week or \$10,000 a week. Your choice!

This is what I've defined as a realistic state of ***Personal and Financial Freedom.*** Developing the resources for achieving **YOUR** goals.

Happiness? Now there's a different ball-game altogether!

When ***The Machine*** says "*money can't buy you happiness,*" it's right in a way because it simply can't be bought. What it does buy is freedom and a far greater opportunity to find happiness!

After all, how are you ever going to *find* happiness in a job you've been doing for the last twenty years. Surely you'd have found it a long time ago? Get the cash, get free and you can at least a chance of finding it!

This has proven to be a hard module for me to write because it is so full of contradictions. The success = happiness equation is difficult to unravel and even understand. **Happiness and success are not symbiotic.**

I was recently having a **Blue Day** as wifey calls them. Not sure why because at best they're ashen gray and at worst, carbon black.

The effort I had put into my business over recent weeks was not producing results. I was feeling rejected and despondent ... ***Grump, grump, fucking grump!***

Wifey came in and immediately felt the negative energy. “*what’s up now dear?*”

“*I’m useless, I’m a failure, I don’t know what to do...*” and all that stuff.

She asked me a question that I’m still trying to answer to this day.

You see, I was sat in my home office in my mortgage-free house, doing my own thing, in my forty acre estate, looking out over the ocean to the mountains beyond. Behind me were the vineyards, orchards and snow capped Southern Alps stretching away to Lord of the Rings country.

“*Paul, you are ultimately successful, you have health, wealth, and a loving family ... how can you not feel successful?*”

How do YOU define YOUR success?”

What a bloody good question!

The dichotomy of success ... I’ve given it a lot of thought and it’s a hard thing to pin down. The answer should be rock but no, it’s magma, swirling and churning and boiling. At this point in my life I think my happiness comes from something we all crave, something primitive and something that goes against almost everything I write about the power of ***I ... I get joy from recognition and approval for the good things I do.***

I told you this was complicated!

As an advocate of ***I*** we must not let others define us ... ***BUT*** we are, after all, only human. We have little control over our emotions. When some digital dickhead posts a negative comment on my social media post, it hurts. When you get a thumbs up I get a rumble in the groin area!

Success is nebulous (thanks Tej Lalvani). As we move through the churning waters we are constantly changing. At the outset, simply being able to pay bills was a measure of success. Then I’d *arrived* when I bought the house on the forest. Then I was successful because I was making good money and was mortgage-free, that wore thin. Now I want to do good things which is rewarding and fulfilling. But often I sit alone at the computer and that’s not a good thing. I think I crave interaction and being a man with an ego, I like attention.

Is that how to measure success at this stage in my development?

I do get attention! I have many thousands of connections on LinkedIn and social media. I make posts that get nice comments ... If I get more nice comments, will that make me more successful and by default, more happy?

Am I a success junky getting a huge hit off the first injection into a dilated vein and then finding it can’t be replicated until I try a different drug?

Am I only going to find happiness moving forward when other people recognise my success? ... ***I still don’t know!***

What I do know is that mercury with which I measure my success will swell or contract and in twelve months time things will change ... ***which is fantastic!***

The point at this stage is that personal development is a cruel and complicated mistress at times and we're working on opening our eyes and broadening our horizons. Having ego stroked is not a bad thing ... **so long as we understand why by asking WHY?**

As we step out we naturally push away from our Nemesis, *underachievement*. But by definition she is only one step behind. We continually live in fear which is the source of the confusion. It's why many successful people turn to drugs and suicide. The twenty seven club is full of tragedy. These people appeared to have everything, the ultimate success but were often the unhappiest.

If we're constantly running from underachievement how do we stop. How do we resolve this and take the time to bathe in the here and now?

And again, we have that contradiction. We know we're not content with our current life so we're not going to settle for it. We move on but can't let our Nemesis define us. When is enough, enough?

Unfortunately, there doesn't seem to be a bright light, moment of Zen, or bolt of enlightenment.

Happiness is not a constant state otherwise it wouldn't be called happiness. It's a state above the constant that comes in peaks that are balanced by troughs.

Happiness vapour rises from the happiness ocean and condenses into happiness clouds that can't rise above the success troposphere because the air's too thin. The happiness clouds spread, and eventually fall as tears back into the happiness ocean to begin the cycle again.

And infuriatingly the happiness gods who live in the happiness clouds keep moving the goal posts.

So the person we are developing is a different beast entirely to the one that is content with mediocrity. We will be hunted down by a dogged, determined, ruthless Nemesis for our entire lives ... **and so long as we understand this, we'll be more content and able to cope.**

As I was writing this section an e-mail came in from someone I admire and who works hard at his internet business. In his newsletter, by sheer coincidence, he was discussing the very subject of 'Internet Freedom'. I've reproduced a little of it here for your enjoyment and to get others' perspectives:

Is Internet marketing just another JOB?

There was a thread on my forum this week in which a few members were discussing how many hours they spent working on their online businesses.

A handful of members admitted to putting in over 40 hours per week working online and I have to say, this is not uncommon. When I first started my Internet businesses, it was normal for me to work into the early hours and then grab a couple of hours sleep before getting up to squeeze another hour in before I went to my real job. When I left my job and went full-time, my hours online increased dramatically.

Even today (when so many of my day to day tasks are automated) I still work a minimum of 35 hours a week and this can rise to over 100 hours if I have a specific project on the go. It's not just me — you will find that most successful online marketers work some serious hours, probably many more than they ever did in any 'proper' job.

So is this online business thing just a big con? By setting up a successful Internet business are you merely committing yourself to a different type of job? Possibly yes but at least you get to do things on your own terms :-)

By pure coincidence, I noticed another thread in a completely different forum this week in which someone was asking a very similar question but in a slightly different way. The lady in question had given herself a target of earning (from memory) \$2000 a month from her online business efforts. The last couple of months she had hit this target one or two days before the end of the month. This month however, she had already made the \$2000 by the 18th. Her question was simply this, ‘What do I do now? Do I continue working/promoting in order to earn more money or do I take the rest of the month off?’ It’s a fair question — whenever anyone talks about working online, they nearly always state that they can take as much time off as they want and the ‘Internet lifestyle’ dictates that once you have earned your salary for the month, you should spend the rest of the month lying on a beach somewhere!

Of course, it doesn’t happen like this and although it would be nice to stop working on the 18th each month, it makes more sense to ‘make hay while the sun shines’ and continue pulling in the money. At the end of the day, every penny that you earn today puts you closer to complete retirement (as long as you are doing sensible things with some of your money such as saving and investing!)

One of the responses to the above post was a great little story which I have heard before and I thought I would share with you. It will give you something to think about and will help focus your mind as you set goals and targets in respect of your business and your life in general...

One day a fisherman was lying on a beautiful beach with his fishing pole propped up in the sand and his solitary line cast out into the sparkling blue surf. He was enjoying the warmth of the afternoon sun and the prospect of catching a fish.

About that time, a businessman came walking down the beach trying to relieve some of the stress of his workday. He noticed the fisherman sitting on the beach and decided to find out why this fisherman was fishing instead of working harder to make a living for himself and his family.

“You aren’t going to catch many fish that way” said the businessman to the fisherman, “you should be working rather than lying on the beach!”

The fisherman looked up at the businessman, smiled and replied, “*And what will my reward be?*”

“*Well, you can get bigger nets and catch more fish!*” was the businessman’s answer.

“*And then what will my reward be?*” asked the fisherman, still smiling.

The businessman replied, “*You will make money and you’ll be able to buy a boat which will then result in larger catches of fish!*”

“*And then what will my reward be?*” asked the fisherman again.

The businessman was beginning to get a little irritated with the fisherman’s questions. “*You can buy a bigger boat and hire some people to work for you!*” he said.

“*And then what will my reward be?*” repeated the fisherman.

The businessman was getting angry. “*Don’t you understand? You can build up a fleet of fishing boats, sail all over the world, and let all your employees catch fish for you!*”

Once again the fisherman asked, “*And then what will my reward be?*”

The businessman was red with rage and shouted at the fisherman, “*Don’t you understand that you can become so rich that you will never have to work for your living again! You can spend all the rest of your days sitting on this beach looking at the sunset. You won’t have a care in the world!*”

The fisherman, still smiling, looked up and said...

“And what do you think I’m doing right now ??”

It’s one of the world’s great contradictions: **How can you be content if you always want more?**

Even those who find a measure of solace, want to be *more* content!

Buddhist monks strive for a whole life trying to achieve *perfect* inner peace and I reckon most never find it!

Once a person has fought their way to the top, they rarely suddenly stop being motivated. They don’t cross the finish line and say: “*I’ve arrived!*”

This doesn’t happen because you never actually arrive anywhere on this journey.

What happens is you attain **certain levels of success** but there is no end ... not until *The End* anyway. I can tell you this now because you are far enough along your success road not to be put off.

I always thought that once I’d got my first \$million something would magically happen. I’d suddenly be overwhelmed by a state of everlasting euphoria. But let me tell you now, it doesn’t happen; life goes on ... which is a good thing as even euphoria would get monotonous after a while!

You feel great once you achieve a level of *Personal and Financial Freedom*, granted but the biggest rewards are the smallest moments, the intimate and warm moments with family and friends and lots of beer.

Personal and Financial Freedom is open to interpretation because there’s always something more you want that you can’t have right now. This is what has driven you this far and what will continue to push you on to bigger and better things.

Fighting is an intrinsic component of any high achieving personality. Once one ambition is ticked off the 2do list, we channel our energies in a different direction.

Another paradox:

High achievers won’t be happy if they stop fighting...

...fighting and all the battles, struggles and heartache are intrinsic to their contentment. Being on the edge and not happy makes us happy ... don’t worry, I’m confusing myself now too!

The reason a person finds it so difficult to be content is because we are biologically hard-coded to compete!

Modern man only exists thanks to millions of years of strife and toil. **Competition** is the driving force behind evolution and fuelled our development. That instinct isn't going to disappear overnight!

We undergo a complete physiological change when we accomplish something. When we win, our bodies release a chemical cocktail of pleasurable things, testosterone, endorphins and others.

People like us are programmed to fight sedentary.

Conversely, if the feeling of success is exhilarating, the feeling of defeat is more devastating.

When we lose or do not achieve, our bodies release a different set of chemicals far more powerful than the pleasure inducing ones. The feeling of utter despair when you lose is so potent it drives right to the hippocampus, a primitive part of the brain that is at the core of our personality.

This automated reaction is designed to stop us pushing ourselves to the limits and is a survival mechanism. It is an instinct in place to ensure we stay safe!

When George Foreman lost to Muhammad Ali in that legendary Rumble in the Jungle, he was devastated.

He didn't box for a very long period.

Oct. 30, 1974 Ali regained the title with the world in his corner. Ali and Foreman created one of the great spectacles of sport under a pale African moon in Kinshasa, Zaire. Ali scored one of boxing's most magnificent upsets, crafting a brilliant strategy of inertia against the younger, stronger world heavyweight champion.

"I may have lost that fight, but I learned a lot from it."

Old George had to dig so deep to recover from that fight. His body's survival mechanism hit harder than Ali ever did!

The point of making defeat such an unpleasant experience is that you've generally been trying to do something your body wasn't designed for so it's releasing depressants in the hope you won't do it again!

Getting smacked around a ring by 250lb punching machine is not a healthy thing to do. The problem is that, although we have evolved, our primitive instincts haven't.

Losing a business deal now can be just as upsetting for modern man as losing a fight with a mammoth for the Neanderthal!

It takes a herculean effort to pick yourself up and try again once you've lost.

So you're now beginning to see now just how colossal the wave is. Just how highly stacked the conspiracy to fail is and the enormity of the task you face to overcome all these barriers to achieve success.

Our wiring dictates that we will never forget the dejection and desolation experienced by underachieving, which is why when most people fail they don't want to go back and keep running ... My darkest times in the deep of the night are when the demons broadcast vivid images of my old life. I had wonderful moments back then but they blur those turning up the volume on the miserable.

BUT if you're made of the right stuff the body's *failure* safety net can be turned against itself. Most people give in because the feeling of failing is so nauseous they don't wish to experience it again. Others, people like you and I, have a totally different reaction, we learn to thrive on it. We strive to succeed so as not to experience the feeling of failure.

Like George Foreman, we dig deep and overcome our demons. George has gone on to amazing success. He's so commercially hot the phone in his Beverly Hills agent's office rarely stops ringing. There are those Meineke Muffler advertisements, the Foreman grill that has sold millions of units, dozens of kitchen products, a cookbook and an animated television show. An Italian cruise line wants to name one of their ships' restaurants after him.

Both Ali and Foreman were well-known at the time, and they became even bigger characters after that. Years later, they are bigger than they ever were. Which is bizarre. Think about it. When it was time for Foreman to disappear, he didn't. When it was time for Ali to walk off into the sunset, he didn't.

Years later, even after death they remain huge figures. Who would have thought that could happen?

Winners thrive by being on the edge, seeking out those deals, their heart quickens and the blood pulses each time a transaction goes through.

Success is an addiction ...

Almost exactly twenty years after Ali stood flat-footed against the rings and let Foreman punch himself out, Foreman knocked out a younger Michael Moorer to regain the championship he had lost to Ali, a record twenty years in between titles.

A study carried out on shell-shocked lottery jackpot winners found that one of the biggest problems they had was coming to terms with their new life. What a problem to have, you might say!

People who do the lottery generally aren't high-achievers who live for the deal and make their own way in life. As a rule, they are people who have nine to fives and pin all their hopes and dreams on The Numbers.

They believe they are doing the lottery for the money ... *they're not!*

After the win, many found they were less happy than they were before.

Once the euphoria of banking that huge cheque had dissipated; once they had got through the great spending spree, winners settled down to a new routine in a new, alien life. Only now there was nothing to look forward to!

They had all the trappings of success but had experienced none of the Success Journey. Overnight someone just gave them everything they *thought* they wanted without the myriad of feelings that accompany achieving them.

The win had taken the buzz out of their lives.

It was not the win that altered the state of mind and released the endorphins, but the **anticipation of winning ...** this would send the brain neurones into overdrive.

The lottery authorities always send in their consultants to counsel big winners. They spend a lot of time outlining just why the big win and especially the money, isn't as fulfilling as they'd hoped.

Previously, they got their kicks out of **DOING** the lottery and checking for the numbers to come up, most weren't actually doing the lotto for the rewards and freedom the money would bring to their lives. In fact, most hadn't even thought that part through.

They help them re-establish their former equilibrium. The way they achieve this is to teach the lucky buggers to set new goals, ones that will put the zing back in their lives so they can thrive on the anticipation of achieving a new and different goal.

The study also showed that other people were more than happy with their Lottery \$Millions!!!

Achieving is what's addictive, not the end game.

My job is to help you achieve total *Personal and Financial Freedom*; to give you the best chance of getting as close to it as you can, to convince you all that mamby, pamby, bullshit about how you can be happy with the life you have now is true to a degree, but ... is a complete cop out.

True contentment? There's no such thing. *You are who you are and will be throughout life.*

...

First World Problems

I recently bought a villa in Cyprus. She's beautiful! Three bedrooms, three bathrooms, large plot with a lush green, tropical garden and a large pool.

Now, I don't know if you've ever bought property off plan but the notable problem I'd overlooked was when I took delivery, I'd forgotten that it had to be furnished! For some reason, I had it in my head that we'd arrive and everything would be laid out and perfect ... it was, apart from the contents!

I bought the tea but forget the cups and sugar; I bought the sugar but forgot the bowl ... and so it went on...

My long suffering family and I spent the first three weeks of our initial visit out there buying furniture and all the essentials ... hell of a job but someone's got to do it!

Now the Cypriots have this habit whereby, if there's a space for it, they put a label on it!

They're bloody everywhere and stick like shit to a blanket. They not only put them on the packaging but on every item in the box also. If you've got six cups, you'll get six labels.

So there we were, in our new villa, unpacking all our new stuff, moaning about the ubiquitous *Sticky Labels*, which were an absolute bugger to get off. "*Goddamn wretched things, why do they have to bang these on everything we unpack? ... not another one!!! More labels???* Frig me, there's even one on every fork ... bloody *Sticky Labels!*"

I was moaning to my wife for all I was worth ... Then it hit me! Look where you are Mr Money King, look at what you're doing! Sat in a place most people only dream about and still having a whinge!!!

So you see, the thing about trying to achieve perfect harmony is that you can't, it's an unnatural state, you're never truly content. Situations change and life gets better, but we're only human and now matter how much you achieve, you still experience the ups and downs life throws at you.

The good thing is, that the things that bug you, *Sticky Labels* on everything in a villa full of new furnishings, are not in the same league as “*how am I going to feed my family next week?*” And if you stay grounded, you remain the same person you were when you started out on your journey towards *Personal and Financial Freedom*.

Incidentally, it's Tuesday at the new villa (a normal working day for most!), 9.30 in the morning and the kids are to be heard laughing in the pool. I'm sat writing this in bed on the laptop having just had a nice cuppa tea brought to me by the missus. I'm looking out the patio doors over the clear blue sea which forms Golden Bay. I'm watching the fishing boats chug by as they make their way up the coast towards Aphrodite's rocks, the place legend has it where she emerged from the surf. Just beyond the foothills sweep up to the amazing pine forests of the Troudos Mountains.

If I turn round and look out of the window behind me there's the wild and untouched Akamas National Park.

In a short while, when I feel like it, I'll wander down the Turkish marble stairs and have breakfast by the pool, and when I feel like it, I'll jump into that cool, clear water for my morning swim ... Later, I'll pop to the beach taverna (on the beach just a few hundred yards away) for a cool beer. On the way I'll look over the Akamas trying to search out an ideal plot for the new larger villa I intend to build ... when I find the perfect spot that is!

I returned to my main home a few days later where I'm uploading this section to the web. My wife has just walked in from a shopping trip loaded with a new wardrobe of shorts, shoes and T-shirts for me to replace the bag fulls I took out and left at the villa paid for with Internet cash!

What are you doing?

And that's not a “look at me Mr Big Shot” comment.

Let's take a moment to focus on you. What are you doing and what you'd like to be doing. Let's take a moment to focus on that life you're working towards.

Free? *Pretty much!*

Happy? *Yep!*

Still got things to moan about? *Of course!*

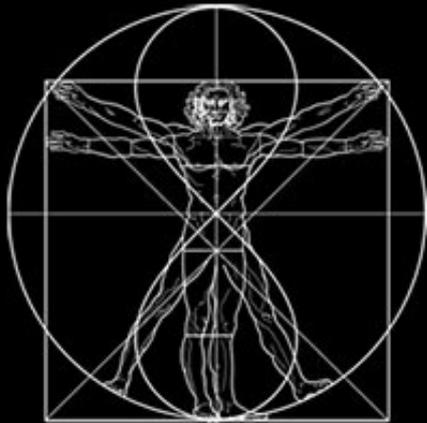
Of course, it's easy to convince yourself that you're happy with your lot ... **anyone can settle for mediocrity ... *that's effortless!***

Nothing is out of reach ... *nothing!*

Do not let any doctrine, lecture, mentor, peer or religion tell you different.

Yes, it's bloody depressing when things go wrong. It's a chemical safeguard to stop us doing wrong things over and over, **but don't confuse it with a safeguard for not failing at anything ever again! ... *Just don't keep making the same mistakes!!!***

You can have anything you desire WHEN you set your mind to it.



NO = SUCCESS

Success is a journey of choice. Be sure to make wise decisions and select authentic, positive people that sincerely respect your journey. People see the journey you have chosen to be one of happiness, love, fulfilled dreams, and manifested hopes.

How Collecting 'NO' Leads to Success! | The Omniscience Principle Part 15

98% ... that's ninety eight bleedin' percent of people I talk to about business and personal development are not be in the least bit interested in changing their lives; they have not the slightest interest in what I have to say ... **FACT!**

Of the remaining 2% I find that half of them will appear captivated by the great wisdom I share, **but will do absolutely bugger all about it**, and finally, a measly 1% will listen and actually take action.

Q. What do you get if you cross an Irishman with a spider?

A. Paddy Longlegs!!!

Pathetic isn't it? And for those who don't understand the joke, 'Paddy' is an affectionate nickname for an Irishman. I have to point out before we proceed, that no offence is intended to all you Irish (see *Sticky Labels*)!

The fact remains though, that daft joke was my killer weapon in a desperate war waged against the holidaymaker. Poor, defenceless tourists who had been looking forward all year to a break in the sunshine would take their first walk along the promenade in Tenerife, unaware of the hideous,

spotty, teenage timeshare touts waiting to pounce like coiled springs at any given moment.

It would be literally seconds after they'd left the sanctuary of their apartment before they were approached ...

Every couple of minutes they were ambushed by young reprobates who would try just about anything to get them to take a tour of the timeshare resort they were promoting.

“Just hop in this free taxi and it'll take you back to your hotel” (via a three to four hour grilling designed to part you from several thousand dollars they can ill afford).

“Hi, I work for The Holiday Programme and we are filming at this wonderful vacation destination. We need genuine holiday makers to make up the numbers at our featured resort — how would you like to be on the TV?”

They arrive ... no one filming!

“Oh that's a shame, you've just missed them, but seeing as you're here, why don't you take a tour anyway ... there's even a free gift by way of an apology for the film crew not being here” (everyone got a free gift regardless!).

The most resilient holiday-makers would only last a short while before relenting to the pressure and half-truths. They would eventually jump into the taxi and be whisked, smartly up to the resort where they would be introduced to the infamous Super High Pressure, Nitrous Oxide, Turbo Charged, Timeshare Sales Rep.

Some holiday-makers would manage a day or so before they gave in, but give in they would, if only to be able to say to the tout that they had already taken a tour ... *it was carnage!*

Personally, I never had to stoop as low as some who would say anything to earn a commission. Once my killer joke had broken the ice and put a smile on their face they were putty in my hands! I was persuasive and above all, extremely tenacious.

I would not stop talking until the weary couple had taken a tour and I had another bonus in the bank.

The barrage of solicitations heaped upon innocent tourists was relentless. It's awful, I know, and if you've ever been to a destination where timeshare touts operate you'll know what I'm talking about. And if you don't know what timeshare is, it's a way of selling holiday apartments. Instead of buying the property freehold, you buy weeks in that property that can be swapped at resorts all over the world. It's a great concept when run properly.

The way it was sold left a bit to be desired! You have a team of kids on the streets whose job was to generate leads and send them up to the resort where high pressure sales tactics were used to make the sale ... on the day!

As you already know, I was one of those dreadful pests; I was a timeshare tout.

Why was I involved in the systematic harassment of sun worshipers whose only desire was to get to the beach and forget all about the systematic harassment they experience in their stress-filled lives at home?

One reason ... ***The Money!***

Oh! *and the sun, sea, partying and general debauchery!*

I will say that I was only nineteen and knew no better at the time. I had got educated in a magnificent part of the country only to find that the jobs in advertising were all in the smog of London. I spent a dreadful time there trying to get a job, so this was an escape for me and I was determined to make a go of it. Working timeshare afforded a good life for someone right out of university granted: Beer and girls! Oh and more beer and more girls! But without a doubt, the greatest attraction of all, was the big fat pay cheque. Actually, it was a fad wad of cash.

The income structures and incentives were phenomenal. The end of each week would see teams of young men and women dribbling as the cash ... yes, tax-free cash ... was handed out.

We were taking home more than most white-collar professionals!

But, this was not easy money!

There were around six resorts in Tenerife where I was employed and each had a team of approximately ten to fifteen 'OPCs' (Outside Personal Contacts) as they were called. Dog-rough, pain-in-the-arse, touts for short!

The main strip that we were allowed to patrol by the authorities was only two miles long at most, so potentially, there were 90 youngsters crammed into a very small area ... nightmare!

By the end of Day #1, holidaymakers were thoroughly fed up and some were even at the stage of issuing profanities!

And who could blame them!

By the end of their holiday most wanted to go home for a rest.

It was hard for them, and understandably it was very difficult to get a couple to even look at you, let alone stop so that you could deliver your well-rehearsed pitch. That's where my killer joke came in, it broke down defences.

We were paid commission on each and every tourist we managed to cajole into taking a tour of the resort. Competition for our *quarry* was fierce.

This truly was basic animal behaviour, *survival of the fittest*. Nevertheless, there were a select few of us who consistently earned top money. Notice the word 'us', I included myself in that group because I was one of the best!

The most prolific performers were a tight-knit group of friends, and I was at the very top of our team.

Two mates and I regularly out-performed all others. In fact, most weeks our cumulative total was more than the rest put together.

Week in, week out, we marked up the highest scores.

Week in, week out, we took home the biggest pay packets.

Week in, week out, the rest of the team would ask us how we did it!!!

We had a formula, and contrary to what most would do when in possession of a recipe for success ... *we shared it!*

What did we have that made the difference; what was it that set us apart from the rest?

What was it that was so powerful that it ensured we always took the top three positions on the winner's podium?

What was that winning formula?

We understood the *Numbers Game* ... nothing more!

We knew that, as a rule, one person in twenty we talked to would take the tour ... That's it, and once you embraced that concept the rest was plain sailing!

Talk to twenty people, and one will take the tour!!!

Talk to forty people, and two will take the tour. How simple is that?

Obviously, you need to throw in a bit of drive, grit and determination, which sadly many of our contemporaries lacked, but that's it!!!

If I got paid £20/\$30 for every person I got to the resort and, on average, I would get one person in twenty to visit. Then a quick calculation will show that each person I talk to is worth £1/\$1.50. (this was big money back in the eighties)

Whereas, the other OPCs would look at a holiday maker and see only the knock-back, the rejection ... all we could see was a big, fat \$ sign on their head.

Now apply the same rule to your business!!!

Building any business is simply a numbers game.

You can't be all things to all people ... *In fact, it's impossible to be anything at all, to all people!*

No matter what you do in life or business, there are only a small fraction of the population who share your sentiments, ideas and paradigms.

This is a wholly good thing and what makes the human race so diverse and successful. What a dull place the world would be if we all wanted the same things.

Not everyone wants to be rich, not everyone wants success; not everyone wants to drive a fast car or sail a magnificent yacht ... Not everyone wants the same things as you!

I found this an exceptionally hard concept to grasp ... but it's reality ... most people are quite happy with their lot. You'll often hear them say they're not but inside they're just not *programmed* in the way I expected.

Saying you want change and actually generating the desire, then taking action are entirely different things.

This is part of human nature and there's nothing we can do about it ... more importantly we don't want to do anything about it!

Your job is to find the pearls.

A pearl diver discards many oysters before he finds a jewel. But he knows that he must continue in his search to be rewarded. He knows that there are an *average number* of shells he must break open before he finds a pearl ... *so he breaks open as many as it takes and each one is simply a number in the equation!*

He doesn't waste his time trying to grow a pearl in an impotent oyster, he simply takes a look and if there's no fertile ground he moves on!

...

Gold Rush

It's 1897, you're on your way to the Klondike. You're going prospecting for gold!

Caught up in gold rush fever, you brave the harshness of the terrain, the heat of the open plains, the danger of the Indians. The robbing, lawless highwaymen. You battle into the unknown.

Finally, you arrive, stake your claim and set up a dwelling. This is your land, and it's bountiful.

You have a crystal-clear stream running right through your plot. A perfect gold-bearing tributary, Bonanza Creek. You push your pan into the silt and take your first momentous step towards riches.

You rhythmically swill the sand with the translucent water washing out the debris; you sift out all the mud and ... *disaster!*

Nothing, the pan is empty, not one grain of gold dust!

Do you throw down your pan, break camp, jump on your horse and make the arduous journey back from whence you came? ... *Of course not!*

You know it's going to take many attempts to produce a nugget; many hours spent swilling river sand, many tons of sediment to be moved ... and after several months of toil this turns out to be just the case. You discover that, on average, an ounce of gold takes about twenty-five pans.

Each and every time you sift through a cupful of sediment you're 1/25th of an ounce of gold better off!

You may pan twenty four times with no harvest but the twenty fifth will pull out an ounce nugget. You may hit nothing for forty-nine pans ... but the fiftieth produces a whopper!

Overall, there is an *average return* directly proportional to the effort put in.

That return can be small, but sometimes it can be massive, depending on what you're working on.

On average, only 5% — 8% of the people I contact will have any real interest in my business, but the right person in my customer database could be worth many thousands of dollars to me over time.

If you run an affiliate programme (as I've recommended) it only takes one big hitter to transform your business but it can take a long time to discover them ... If you keep digging, the law of averages has shown that you *will* eventually recruit one.

I'll make you a 100% watertight guarantee today: If you put in just two hours a day to your business, within twelve months you'll find someone to transform it ... **THAT'S GUARANTEED!**

Some of you will find someone within a month or so ... others will take longer.

But if you keep plodding on you'll succeed just by sheer coincidence!

...

Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?

Think about this: There is a television programme we all know called 'Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?' To get on the show you need to call in and answer a question.

The chances of picking up the phone and getting on the show at the first call are so remote as to be almost non-existent ... but it happens.

Most people spend months trying and others, years!

As you keep ringing the odds of your getting a place stack higher and higher, **in your favour.**

You will eventually get onto the show, unless you're extremely unlucky! (May cost you a fortune in premium rate phone calls but you'll get on!)

You could try for two years without success and give up the whole game as a bad loss, but what you didn't know was that the next day was pay day.

The next day you were destined to call the number, get on the show, win fastest finger, and answer all the questions ... but you didn't call that day **because you gave up the day before** and all the time spent calling was now a complete waste of time, energy and money! ***You might just never have bothered at all.***

The reason you can never stop until you've completed a task you've embarked upon, is that **you never know if tomorrow is the day it comes through for you.**

If you **persist**, then the *numbers game* will ensure your number comes up ... it has to **eventually!**

The only caveat being that you're not flogging a dead horse, you have not embarked on a task that was never going to succeed .. but then you're too smart for that eh!

You know as you go through life, people say things that stick with you?

I was in the Boy Scouts for a while and we went on many expeditions. I was one of the younger boys in my group during a particular outing an older lad kept taking the piss out of me. I can't remember what for now but it was some argument about who could do what and who was better than who.

I was the smallest so he was picking on me. The leader said something that has become a mantra for me and helped me through many hard situations.

This kid had said something that obviously raised a reaction in the Scout leader and he retorted with “*Young Tranty is the strongest here*” (something like that!).

Now, that really upset the older kid and he bounced back with: “*What, no way, he’s a grotty, little scrotum, I’m the man; I’m twice his size and can lift loads more!!!*”

Which was when the Scout leader shot him right down in flames by saying simply: “*the strongest in endurance.*”

This made me feel so good at the time and at every opportunity I did everything humanly possible to live up to that.

If you tell yourself something often enough, you become it. Ordinarily, I would have given up on many things I set out to do but when those words would fill my head, “*you’re the strongest*”, ***I would be!!!***

Success is all about attitude. If I tell you that collecting ‘No’ is hard and depressing, you’ll get depressed and give up. Now, if I tell you the collecting ‘No’ is how you build success; the more you collect, the more you’ll achieve, you’ll look at them in a totally different light won’t you?

You need to keep collecting the ‘No’, ‘I don’t want it’ and ‘not for me’ knock backs and disappointments along the way ... ***it’s the only way!***

It’s an integral part of the success formula!

You know that 90%–98% of the people you contact will say **NO** ... ***great!***

Start collecting them thar ‘NOs’ ... ***they’re absolutely fundamental.***

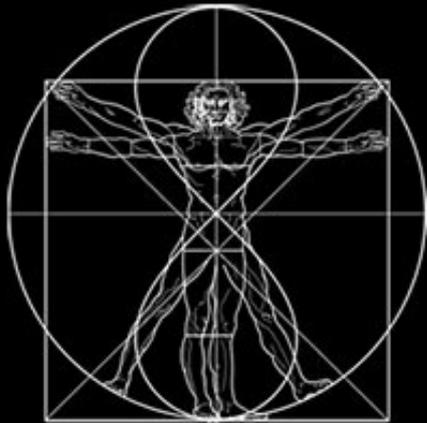
If people are not saying ‘NO’ then you’re not talking to them! How do you ever expect to get a yes?

Earlier I said that, ‘*contrary to what you may think, we as the top performers in our timeshare team did share the secret of our success with others.*’

Our formula was simplicity itself:

There are a given number of people you have to contact in order to get a positive reaction ... talk to said given number of people and you will get a yes!

EACH ‘NO’ YOU COLLECT IS ONE MORE TOWARDS YOUR GOAL ... SO SIMPLY COLLECT THEM!!!



THE ROAD TO TYRANNY

‘Every little yielding to anxiety is from the natural heart of man.’
Japanese proverb.

The Road to Tyranny | The Omniscience Principle Part 16

Where will it end if you don't ask WHY?

More destruction, crime, murder, misery and corruption have been committed under the flag of *Ignorance* than anything else on this Earth.

Whether it be stealing sweets from the corner shop because you want to impress friends and care not a thought for the old lady trying to scratch a living who owns it, to partaking in acts of genocide.

Genocide? Surely not!

YOU would never succumb to such brainwashing would you? ... *Would you!*

Millions upon millions of thoroughly decent people have and continue to do so across the globe today!

Perfectly ordinary, loving fathers were turned into monsters by the astonishing manipulation employed by Adolf Hitler before during World War II. And if you think **YOU** could never be persuaded to commit abhorrent acts that are totally against your nature ... *read on!*

Hitler is widely accepted as being one of the greatest masters of rhetoric in modern times, he was also a **master of manipulation**.

He would prepare fanatically for every speech. He'd have photographs taken of himself to ensure he achieved the most effective posturing. He would build elaborate sets to create awe when he spoke, he would start a speech gently and build up to a crescendo. It's fascinating and chilling to watch.

Normal, law-abiding citizens; average, sane, balanced folk committed the vilest acts upon fellow human beings in the name of **Ignorance**. They justified their actions by committing their crimes *in the name of ...* in this case, The Motherland. They genuinely believed they were acting totally unselfishly and for the good of their nation.

And they were only the latest in a long history of hideous acts perpetrated *in the name of ... Always someone else's idealism*.

So you don't possibly think this could happen in your country in this modern age?

Tell a lie often enough, tell a lie loud enough ... It becomes truth

...

Sticky Labels

Remember the *Sticky Label* anecdote a few modules back? How the Cypriots bang a label on everything you buy and I was having a whinge because I had to peel them off all the new stuff I'd just bought for the new villa ... *talk about first world problems!*

And now I've returned to the villa. Whilst I was sat on the beach I was turning that section over in my mind and realised that the *Sticky Label* story is an awesome anecdote for everything that's wrong in society.

We have a resolute bloody-mindedness to bag and tag , to categorise and file, to slap a *Sticky Label* on everything:

Lower class, Upper lower class, Working class, Non working class, Upper working class, Lower middle class, Middle class, Upper middle class, Lower upper class, Upper upper class. Really fucking posh upper class, Capitalist Elite, Extortionist...

Gay, Lesbian, Hetrosexual, Transgender, Black Lesbian, White One-legged Bi Sexual, Hermaphrodite, Pseudohermaphrodite, Pansexual, Bicurious, Polysexual, Monosexual, Allosexual, Androsexual, Gynosexual, Demisexual, Grey Asexual, Perioriented, Varioriented, Heteronormative, Erasure, Cishet, Polyamorous, Monoamorous, Normal...

Chauvinist, Racist, Homophobic, Genderphobic, Machiavellian, Obese, Fat, Overweight, Moderately Overweight, Perfect, Thin, Anorexic, Bulimic, OCD, ADHD, Dyslexic, Tall, Short, Black, White, Asian, European, White European with a bit of black, European Native, Pacific Islander, Aussie, Kiwi, Jew, Cockney, Brummie, Bald Brummie, Pakia, Caucasian, African American, Hispanic, Mexican, Caucasoid, Negroid...

Christian, Muslim, Buddhist, Hindu, Sikh, Catholic, Othodox, Protestant, Lutheran, Anabaptist, Baptist, Brethren, Christadelphias, Methodist, Spiritualist, Witch, Pagan, Druid, Heretic, Infidel, Gnostic, Kharijite, Chishti, Sunni...

Kill a man who invades your home and attacks your family, you're labeled a *murderer*. Murder a man who is protecting his family from foreign invaders, you're labeled a *hero*.

Raid a tomb, you're labeled a thief. Raid a tomb on behalf of *The Machine* and you're an archeologist.

Attack a ship on the high seas, you're a pirate. Attack the same ship for *The Machine* and you're celebrated through history.

Spread contentious material, you're labeled a propagandist. Do it for *The Machine* and you're a politician.

Spread fake news, you're spreading disinformation. Do it for *The Machine* and you're a news reader.

Enter a foreign land, you're an invader. Enter a foreign land for *The Machine*, stick a flag in the ground and butcher anyone who is wearing the wrong *Sticky Label*, you're spreading the word of God.

Disagree with the grand lie, become a conspiracist.

Labels, labels, labels!

And the from moment we choose a label to wear, all opinions, attitude and conjecture are formed towards other Label wearers. A pedestal is formed beneath our feet from where we call.

Wearers falsely believe their *Sticky Label* defines them ... *it confines them*.

It confines them within the towering rebar and concrete walls that form that label's doctrine. Wearing that label encourages us to act in a certain way, dress in a certain way, talk in a certain way, see the world in a certain way and have a predetermined attitude to different label wearers.

If I slap a Neo-Nazi *Sticky Label* to my forehead I shave my head, tattoo my skin with swastika, wear polo shirt, tight jeans with turn ups, red braces, black jacket and oxblood Dr Martin boots. I talk in one syllable grunts and hate certain *Sticky Label* wearers for no particular reason whatsoever.

If I wear my male chauvinist pig label, I walk with a swagger and loudly tell everyone that will listen, that the only place women belong is in the kitchen, barefoot or pregnant. (I can safely say I've never worn that one!)

If Wifey wears her female chauvinist pig label she walks with a wiggle and loudly tells everyone that will listen, that the only place men belong is under the car, putting out the rubbish, or fixing up more shelves.

If I slap a Trophy Hunter *Sticky Label* to my forehead (what the fuck's that one all about???) I shave my head, tattoo my skin with animal heads, wear camouflage and carry a big gun. I shoot the most magnificent beasts in all of Christendom from a *safe* distance, removing their supreme genes from the pool. I hang their heads on the wall and drape their furs on the floor and post pictures of myself gloating over my quarry on Facebook. I am utterly inadequate and I hate very particular animals for no particular reason whatsoever... ***I am a cunt***.

If I slap a soldier *Sticky Label* to my forehead I shave my head, wear a helmet, fatigues, body armour, boots, badges of rank and a flag. I talk in military propaganda sentences and hate, slaughter and defile certain *Sticky Label* wearers for no particular reason whatsoever.

Labels ... It's all about belonging which is driven by an unbelievably powerful force known as **Tribal Identity**. I researched this for marketing and chat bots. Tribal identity, reciprocity, USP, creating urgency.

I would craft a headline designed to include the reader in a certain *Tribe* and hopefully sell more shit. But I soon worked out that it's a far bigger beast than that.

Tribalism implies the possession of a strong cultural or ethnic **identity** that separates one member of a group from the members of another group. Based on strong relations of proximity and kinship, members of a tribe tend to possess a strong feeling of **identity**.
(Credit Wikipedia)

This primal force is all-consuming ... the need to identify. It has been manifesting within us for almost two hundred thousand years, since the dawn of man ... and even before. Tribalism runs through every living cell. Without this instinct we would not be the social animals we are and you would not be you.

As we have evolved, we in the West no longer live in geographical or physical tribes. However, the strength of craving we feel is enslaving and we satisfy it with other affiliations. From being in the Hells Angels to the local chess club, from Facebook groups to stamp collecting conventions, from Comicon to white supremacist rallies.

Tribalism ... All the troubles in the world are encapsulated in one short sentence from that Wikipedia entry: **Ethnic identity separates one member of a group from the members of another group ... The issue is that there are literally millions of groups now!**

Once, it was a case of setting out over the mountains and through the pass and across the vast plains to bash another tribe that may have posed a threat. Now, it's a case of sitting on the keyboard bashing anyone who dare disagree or cause offence.

And the barriers are continually blurring.

Racism /'reɪsɪz(ə)m/ noun: **racism**

prejudice, discrimination, or antagonism directed against someone of a different race **based on the belief that one's own race is superior.**

There was a time when this was simply a case of hating thy neighbour because they were different and bashing them with knives and sticks or fixing a *Sticky Label* with the yellow Star of David to their lapel, herding them onto trains and delivering them to the gas chambers.

Now we're *offended* at the slightest notion that a stranger, hundreds of miles away in another city has dared to infer that *you* possess the characteristics of a group so as to easily identify you.

Well let's fix racism shall we?

It's simple ... **don't get fucking offended** if someone points out the perfectly reasonable **FACT** that you are black or white or mixed or Mexican or gay, or have narrow eyes or are Italian or are a Gypsy or on welfare or have called your rugby team The Crusaders.

These are simply nouns and a world away from hate.

A world away from the killing of thirty thousand Kulaks, mostly shot on the spot and the deportation of a further two million to the Far North and Siberia by the Soviet regime in the 1930s.

They were labeled: Enemies of the people, swine, dogs, cockroaches, scum, vermin, filth, garbage, half animals, apes. Activists promoted murderous slogans: We will exile the Kulak by the thousand when necessary, shoot the Kulak breed. We will make soap of Kulaks. And our class enemies must be wiped off the face of the earth.

Gangs drove the dekulakized naked in the streets, beat them, organised drinking bouts in their houses, shot over their heads, forced them to dig their own graves, undressed women and searched them, stole valuables, money...

The destruction of the Kulak class triggered the Ukrainian famine, during which three million to five million peasants died of starvation.

That's *RACISM* and a damn good reason to *be offended!*

It's being going on throughout history.

Narmer (c. 3150 BCE) conquered his enemies with *the support and approval of his gods* and is said to have unified the Egyptians until Alexander the Great took the Greeks into Egypt and bashed the crap out of em. The Romans Slaughtered the Greeks. The great Northern tribes of Germany, the Franks and the Vandals put an end to Rome.

China swallowed its neighbours. The Mongols murdered their way across most of the known world and took China.

Ivan III and Vasili III *expanded* Muscovy's borders by annexing the Novgorod Republic, the Grand Duchy of Tver in 1485, the Pskov Republic in 1510, the Appanage of Volokolamsk in 1513, and the principalities of Ryazan in 1521 and Novgorod-Seversky in 1522.

The Spanish decimated the Mayans, The Europeans decimated the native American Indians and on the other side of the world, the Pacific Islanders.

The Crusades were organised by *Christian* powers to retake Jerusalem and the Holy Land from Muslim control. Eight officially sanctioned crusades between 1095 CE and 1270 CE and many more unofficial ones. The appeal of the *crusading ideal* continued right up to the 16th century CE. From the Pope to the humblest warrior the very first campaign established a model to be followed thereafter.

The Portuguese started the long age of European *colonisation* with the conquest of Ceuta, Morocco in 1415, and the conquest and discovery of other African territories and islands. The Ottomans conquered South Eastern Europe, the Middle East and much of Northern and Eastern Africa between 1359 and 1653. The Spanish and Portuguese launched the colonisation of the Americas, basing their territorial *claims* on the Treaty of Tordesillas of 1494.

The Vikings and the French bashed the British. The British bashed everyone planting their flag anywhere and everywhere and slaughtered any *tribe* that dare to try and pull it out of their ancestral lands.

Their policy of New Imperialism saw Britain, France, Germany, Portugal, Belgium, Italy and Spain divvy up Africa.

The Klu Klux Klan ... hang a man from a tree because, and only because, he's skin is dark!

And on it goes. *No apologies for missing anyone out ... it would fill the book!*

The only reason it's stopped is because America dropped a dirty great big nuclear bomb on Japan and *The Machine* sensibly and thankfully, still nurtures a small sense of self preservation!

Groups are defined by their *Sticky Label ... The Machine is EVERYTHING that defines EACH group.*

I proudly wear a Sticky Label on my forehead ... it merely reads I.

...

How to Manage Genocide

Hate thy Neighbour!

Your leader appears on the six o'clock news tonight and announces: *"all pensioners are becoming too much of a burden. Shoot anyone over the age of sixty. Go to your nearest police station or military base and collect your weapons."*

There would be pandemonium wouldn't there?

Conventional, reasonable people would not stand for it ... *would they?*

I can absolutely, positively guarantee that a small percentage of the population would murder on the orders of that first broadcast ... the weak-minded conformists and the psychopaths!

But the vast majority would find the notion repulsive and there would probably be some sort of coup.

Now, if the leaders and spin-doctors carefully choreographed a programme for culling old people over a period of time, many, many ordinary, everyday citizens would be compelled to commit acts of brutality ... *Eventually!*

You don't think so?

The old are getting older and Governments are having to think seriously about pension provisions. It's a real headache working out how to keep and support a massive, 'non-productive' (their words, not mine) section of society. *Why not just get rid?*

First and most important is that they need a label, something emotive like Taliban, Insurgent, Terrorist ... let's think!

They're a drain on society eh! Let's slap this *Sticky Label* on anyone over the age of sixty:

PARASITE

1. First and easiest to turn could be the younger generation on social benefits. If their payouts were taken away and given to the old, resentment would rapidly turn to anger and bitterness. It's not a difficult step to channel that umbrage towards a logical solution ... *"Just kill em all and the problem will go away!"*

2. If Local Tax/Housing Taxes were multiplied tenfold to pay for new old folks homes, resentment from middle classes would soon turn to anger and exasperation...

3. If schools and hospitals were run down by those in control of the budgets to make way for better facilities to nurse the elderly, resentment throughout the social hierarchy would turn to anger and then...

4. With the Government's anti-aged propaganda broadcast through every facet of the state run media, and with its consent, a large proportion of the population would go on to kill ...

GUARANTEED!

The **PARASITES** (lovely old folk) would not stand a chance. Over a period of time and through clever misinformation and propaganda the general consensus would become: *"The standard of living was deteriorating because of the drain on resources by the old and infirm parasites sucking off our hard work. The growing taxes were being levied simply to keep those who no longer contributed to society in comfort. Let's all make the problem go away."*

Old people; people who had given tirelessly to **The Machine** all their lives, they would be ostracised. They would be run out of town ... hung, drawn and quartered if necessary (if you want to understand brutality look up the phrase).

You think a Government couldn't possibly have the power to orchestrate this daft scenario, especially in modern times?... **Think again!**

The place: Rwanda in Africa. It could be a thousand places in a thousand times.

The Weapons: State run media, television and radio, **Sticky Labels**, a nation that does not ask **WHY?**

I'm using an extreme case here in order to illustrate how easily manipulated people can be.

Extreme? Yes, and sadly, true!

All citizens are manipulated to some extent by **The Machine** and when you understand what is going on, when you ask **WHY**, you will see the world with 20/20 vision.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Two tribes: Tutsis and Hutus wore their respective **Sticky Labels** and lived in relative harmony, side by side for hundreds of years in a poor part of the world. There was a history of tension between them and apart from the usual political fighting and guerrilla groups, the people got along well enough with each other.

In the late eighties a majority Hutu Government was installed and in its infinite wisdom, decided that the Tutsis were no longer to be a part of Rwandan culture. **This unbelievable policy became ratified!**

The Prime Minister did not go on the news that evening and announce that it was now an obligation for Hutu citizens to turn against their neighbours; to kill men, women and children, for if it did there would have been uproar ... the people wouldn't do such an abhorrent thing.

The Machine had to employ all its powers of manipulation. To begin with it targeted a vulnerable, naive youth culture via its trendy radio station to deliver the message of death ... **sound crazy?**

Very subtly at first, but over a period of time it was made *fashionable* to hate thy neighbour, especially if they were Tutsi.

Over a few years the indoctrination seeped insidiously into all areas of social hierarchy. Resentment turned spiteful, hate turned to murderous intent. Friend turned on friend, neighbour on neighbour. The most barbaric massacres you could imagine ensued because the locals had been *manipulated* into believing they were doing the *right thing*.

Hutu had special *Sticky Labels*. The Hutu label was a badge of honour and for no reason whatsoever, made them feel superior. Anyone wearing the Tutsi label was inferior for no reason whatsoever.

And the greatest tragedy? Total and utter **ignorance** ... No Hutu stopped to ask ... **WHY?**

Women and children were hacked to pieces and burned in their churches by their neighbours ... *why ... because The Machine said it was the right thing to do!*

This scene has been played out thousands of times throughout history and none of the perpetrators ever stopped for just one second; never took just a single step back and asked:

WHY?

The Place: Sierra Leone.

The Weapons: State run media, television and radio, *Sticky Labels:* Revolutionary United Front, National Patriotic Front of Liberia and farmers, neighbours and friends ... a nation that does not ask **WHY?**

The Sierra Leone Civil War 1991–2002 was a war that began on 23 March 1991 when the Revolutionary United Front (RUF), with support from the special forces of Charles Taylor's National Patriotic Front of Liberia (NPFL), intervened in Sierra Leone in an attempt to overthrow the Joseph Momoh government. The resulting war lasted eleven years, enveloped the country, and left over fifty thousand dead.

I remember seeing it on the state run news in the UK. Child soldiers with AK47s fighting in the jungle. They showed a street where neighbour was fighting neighbour. Scattered down that street was what looked like debris and rocks. As the camera zoomed in it became apparent what they were ... they were human heads!

It then flicked to the next scene and the image they broadcast is seared into my vision all these years on. There was a young girl wandering, dazed and confused along a dry, dusty African road. She was holding an arm with the hand hanging off by a thread of skin with the bleeding stump of her other arm.

Thousands of voters had both hands cut off by rebels and were instructed to leave a print of their big toe on the ballot paper.

WHY?

The Place: Philippians.

The Weapons: State run media, television and radio, *Sticky Labels:* Rodrigo Duterte (President) and drug dealers ... a nation that does not ask **WHY?**

Rodrigo Duterte's first year as president of the Philippines was marred by a violent period during which the government prosecuted a war on drugs.

Duterte issued sweeping new directives and gave new powers to police. They swept down on the poor areas and shanty towns and arrested *suspected* drug sellers. As he ramped up operations officers were given a shoot and kill directive. Ostensibly in *self defence* to make it more palatable at first ... it slowly ramped up as is the way this works.

By the time Duterte had served the halfway point of his six-year presidency he had employed populist tactics such as naming and shaming one hundred and fifty judges, mayors, and police generals *he said* had coddled drug dealers. He released a list of forty six government officials running for office *he* claimed were involved in illegal narcotics. Local officials across the Philippines were required to create lists of *suspected* drug users and monitor their progress kicking the habit, while police stations must maintain *watch lists* of alleged drug suspects who are under surveillance. Duterte assured the police that he had their backs: "*You are free to kill the idiots*" who violently resist arrest.

The overall national crime rate went down 20% ... *as murder rates went up!*

Police say they killed some five thousand, five hundred drug *suspects* in stings and other *legitimate* police operations in three years.

However, these policies were also taken up by gangs of vigilantes who would roam the streets killing at will as police turned a blind eye. Officially, unknown gunmen killed more than three thousand other drug suspects, amounting to a tenth of the nearly thirty thousand homicides carried out in the Philippines since Duterte's drug war began. The police blame the drug-linked killings on narcos; human-rights groups say that these executions are often the work of off-duty cops or hired guns on the police payroll.

Neighbour turning on neighbour, friend on friend. Kids selling drugs to survive as they have no hope of a future. *Slaughter or education?*

WHY?

The Place: Yugoslavia.

The Weapons: State run media, television and radio, *Sticky Labels:* Slovenes, Croats, Kosovar Albanians, Bosniaks, and ethnic Macedonians ... a nation that does not ask **WHY?**

Slobodan Milošević wanted to create a Greater Serbia, encompassing the Serb-populated areas of Croatia and Bosnia. He didn't ask nicely, and forcibly removed non-Serbs from ancestral lands and homes. Well I say *he* did ... an army of Stick Label wearers did the dirty work and didn't ask:

WHY?

It was Europe's deadliest conflict since World War II, the wars were marked by war crimes, including genocide, crimes against humanity and rape. The Bosnian genocide was the first European crime to be formally judged as genocidal in character since World War II

Of course, this is all a bit far from home and Africa always seems to have a war raging somewhere doesn't it?

There is a long history of tribal warfare and Yugoslavia, a communist relic, carried a lot of baggage from the second World War. You'd think it would be impossible in this day and age for *The Machine's* manipulation tactics to work in the West ... *wouldn't you?*

Omniscience (the state of knowing everything), is the capacity to know everything infinitely, or at least everything that can be known including thoughts, feelings, life and the universe, ... and the realisation that you actually know bugger all about very little at all!

I know nothing, nada, zip about the Iraq war, every letter, every word, every paragraph regarding it, is formed from what I've been fed by state run media, television and radio. I've tried my best and have formed an argument with my eyes wide open, my ears pricked and whilst proudly wearing my *Sticky Label* which merely reads *I*.

The Place: Iraq

The Weapons: State run media, television and radio, *Sticky Labels:* Us and Them ... a nation that does not ask *WHY?*

I have no idea what the real motives behind the invasion were. Probably oil and big business, justification for the raft of anti terror legislation laws that were enacted following 911 ... but one thing's certain, it wasn't to save the West from "*imminent obliteration by weapons of mass destruction!*" ... *Nope! No bombs!*

My God, *The Machine* played us like pieces on a chess board. Even I, with all my knowledge of the powers of manipulation was fooled, suckered, played like a hooked fish. **Politics, a profession in lies and deceit ... I can't forgive the politicians for that.**

Sure, there may have been a compulsive argument for toppling Saddam but shouldn't we have been given the facts and more importantly, **THE TRUTH** ... after all, these people are *supposed* to represent *us* ... *aren't they?*

To kill, bomb and maim innocent men women and children; to dehumanise them as *collateral damage*, to send thousands of troops to the slaughter **on a lie**, is indefensible ... in my humble opinion!

OK, there may well be a terrorist problem; there's always been terrorists! Go after them by all means, but don't use **The Terrorist Threat** as a cover for an ulterior, hidden agenda.

And worse, we must ask WHY?

The Machine was acting with the consent of the people. **We'll never know the truth** and it matters not because as long as we accept that fact, we can get on with our own lives as best we can.

What I find even more astonishing is the fact that the two most powerful leaders in the world, the two most deceitful people of the twenty first century were voted back into power ... **OR WERE THEY!**

Surely, if you send your armies into war to attack to kill and torture other people in their own country in their own homes and the basis of that invasion is fundamentally flawed, then surely that's first degree murder ... *isn't it?*

I suppose it all depends on the labels!

Anyway, as I said, I have no answers and no desire to get bitter and twisted about all this. There is so much wrong in this world and virtually nothing an everyday guy can do about it. Unfortunately, **The Machine** is all powerful. Lies, deceit, murder and misery are facts of life and have to be accepted if we want to get on with **LIFE**. Very little is *fair* and if we try to fight this reality, we'll be sorely disappointed ... *or worse!*

The point of all this is to illustrate how that single word can make such a difference in your life: **WHY?**

...

Child Soldiers! ... Not in Our Back Yard

Surely there would be nationwide outrage, condemnation, riots and mass rallies if our children were taken by **The Machine** to fight other people's wars in strange and far off lands ... *Wouldn't there?*

Surely, **The Machine** wouldn't send its agents into the poorest areas in the land; districts with no hope and no future for the young. Surely they wouldn't set up recruitment centres where they **offer hope!** Surely they wouldn't make promises of careers, and salaries and gold coloured badges and world travel and a bright future for life ... *Would they?*

And those children sign their life away and they're shipped off to hate camps and turned into monsters. Taught to use bullets and bombs, murder, slaughter and slay the innocent. Taught that their country, families and loved ones are in imminent danger and that hesitation in pulling the trigger will bring shock and awe to their neighbourhoods. Camps where they are taught to hate with such loathing that they do not hesitate to pull the trigger and send bullets flying at those they have never met or seen or even crossed words. Strangers in far off lands ... **labeled ENEMY.**

And when they arrive in far off lands they discover that the promise of travel to exotic places golden badges and a bright, fulfilled, happy future was false. They are posted to deserts and unforgiving jungles and broken cities to wage a war *in the name of* and when they get there, they find there are no armies. Only farmers with cold war AK47s living in cob and abject fear as their doors are kicked in and families and loved ones are defiled daily.

And war is not like the Play Station game, it's real, visceral and the arterial blood is wet and deep, deep red. The guts and bone smell of iron. The bile and spilled stomachs stink of shit and sticks to everything. Mothers and babies are only silenced when their skulls are crushed and their bodies trodden into the piss and mud. The enemy does not fall like Hollywood, it is obliterated in red mist and lumps of glossy, yellow fat and scarlet flesh where it's left to putrefy in a haze of flies. And the screams, not of this world, soul piercing screams echo as friends are shredded and limbs are flung into the air as the bullets shriek by and the bombers above leave thin, white trails against the cornflower blue sky and death in the fields of poppies below.

And our children return home, not boys, not heroes, not even men, but empty vessels at the end of their *best before* date. **Post Traumatic Stress Disorder PTSD ... yip, there's a label for that!**

...

Obedience to Authority

It's far easier to obey and conform; than to question authority, which is why those in power often find it relatively easy to obtain the sanction of the populace.

An experiment was carried out on a fairly empty train (this was in the sixties). A man would go up to people who were traveling and ask for their seat although there were clearly empty ones close by.

Of those asked, **30% asked WHY and moved.** A further 20% just moved.

The experiment was done again, only this time the man was accompanied by another in railway uniform ... and you know what? ... **100% of people gave up their seat without question!!!**

Where can this human compulsion to 'conform' lead?

...

Milgram Experiment

The Milgram experiment was a famous scientific experiment of social psychology. It was intended to measure the willingness of a participant to obey an authority who instructs the participant to do something that may conflict with the participant's personal conscience.

The experiments began in July 1961, a year after the trial of Adolf Eichmann in Jerusalem.

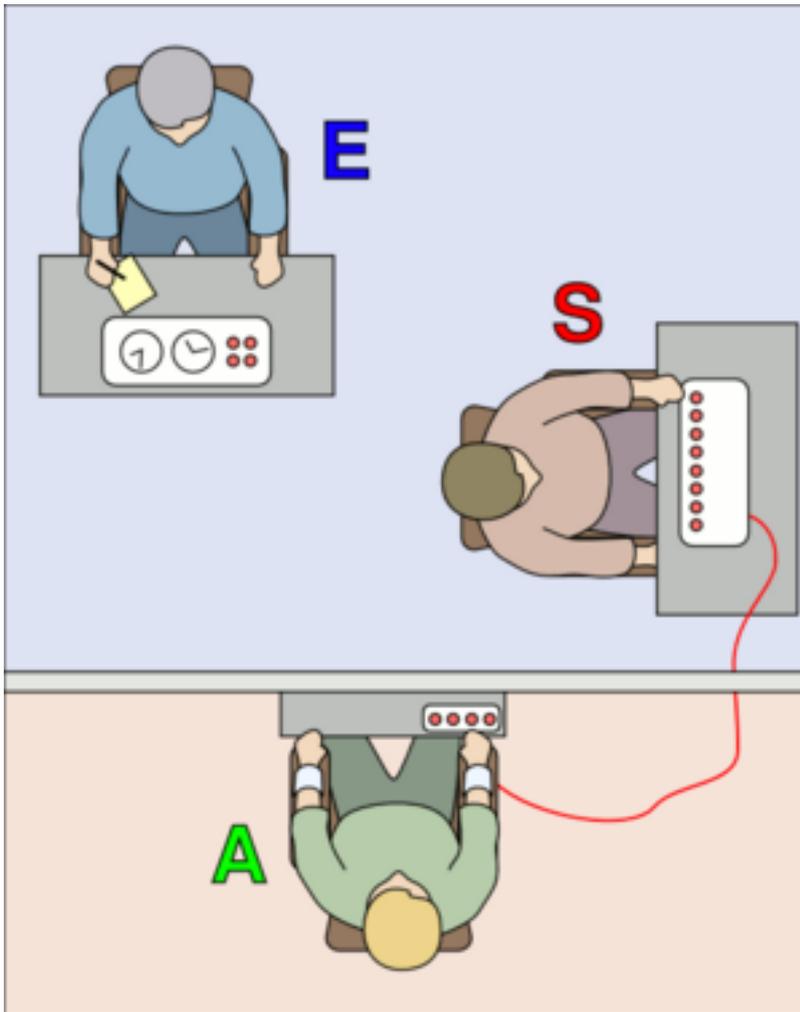
Milgram devised the experiment to answer the question: "*Could it be that Eichmann and his million accomplices in the Holocaust were just following orders? Could we call them all accomplices?*" (Milgram, 1974)

Milgram summed up in the article *The Perils of Obedience*, writing: "*The legal and philosophic aspects of obedience are of enormous importance, but they say very little about how most people behave in concrete situations. I set up a simple experiment at Yale University to test how much pain an ordinary citizen would inflict on another person simply because he was ordered to by an experimental scientist.*"

Stark authority was pitted against the subjects' [participants'] strongest moral imperatives against hurting others, and, with the subjects' [participants'] ears ringing with the screams of the victims, authority won more often than not. The extreme willingness of adults to go to almost any lengths on the command of an authority constitutes the chief finding of the study and the fact most urgently demanding explanation."

The experiment was simple:

The experimenter (E) persuades the participant (S) to give what the participant believes are painful electric shocks to another participant (A), who is actually an actor. Many participants continued to give shocks despite pleas for mercy from the actor.



Milgram Experiment

Subjects were recruited by newspaper ads and direct mail to participate in a study at Yale.

The subject was introduced to another person whom they thought was also a recruit, in fact, they were part of the experiment. The subject was given the title of **Teacher** and watched as the colleague **Learner** was wired up to an electrical device. At this point, the **Teacher** and **Learner** were separated into different rooms where they could communicate but not see each other. The **Teacher** was placed in front of a weird device with switches and corresponding voltage labels and it was mentioned in passing that the **Learner** had a problem heart condition.

The **Teacher** was given a forty five volt electric shock from the generator as a sample of the shock that the **Learner** would supposedly receive during the experiment.

The **Teacher** would then ask the **Learner** some simple questions and when a wrong answer was given the **Teacher** would administer a shock in compliance with the instructions of the authority figure running the experiment.

The voltage increasing by fifteen volts with each wrong answer. The subjects believed that for each wrong answer, the *Learner* was receiving actual shocks. To add to the authenticity, a tape was played of him screaming. **In reality, there were no shocks.**

After a number of voltage level increases, the actor (*Learner*) started to bang on the wall that separated him from the *Teacher*. After several times banging on the wall and complaining about his heart condition, the *Learner* gave no further response to the questions and made no further complaints.

At this point many people indicated their desire to stop the experiment and check on the *Learner*. Many test subjects paused at one hundred and thirty five volts and began to question the purpose of the experiment. Some continued after being assured that they would not be held responsible. Some subjects began to laugh nervously once they heard the screams of pain coming from the *Learner*.

If at any time the subject indicated their desire to halt the experiment, they were given a succession of verbal prods by the experimenter, in this order:

1. *Please continue.*
2. *The experiment requires you to continue, please go on.*
3. *It is essential that you continue.*
4. *You have no choice, you must continue.*

If the subject still wished to stop after all four successive verbal prods, the experiment was halted. Otherwise, it was halted after the subject had given the **maximum FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY volt shock three times in succession!!!**

In Milgram's first set of experiments, 65% (27 out of 40) of experimental participants administered the experiment's final four hundred and fifty volt shock. That's **sixty five percent** of normal, sane people administering a potentially lethal shock, simply on the instruction of a stranger who appeared to hold a position of authority!!!

Six years later (during the height of the Vietnam War), one of the participants in the experiment sent correspondence to Milgram, explaining why they were *glad* to have been involved despite the apparent levels of stress:

“While I was a subject in 1964, though I believed that I was hurting someone, I was totally unaware of why I was doing so. Few people ever realise when they are acting according to their own beliefs and when they are meekly submitting to authority. ... To permit myself to be drafted with the understanding that I am submitting to authority's demand to do something very wrong would make me frightened of myself. ... I am fully prepared to go to jail if I am not granted Conscientious Objector status. Indeed, it is the only course I could take to be faithful to what I believe. My only hope is that members of my board act equally according to their conscience...”

Where can this human compulsion to ‘conform’ lead us?

...

The Stanford Prison Experiment

This was a fascinating experiment conducted at Stanford University in 1971, by a research group led by psychology professor Philip Zimbardo using college students.

The students were taken to a mock prison where they were split into two groups decided upon by the flip of a coin. One group was prisoners and the other guards with Zimbardo himself serving as the superintendent.

The (archived) official website of the Stanford Prison Experiment describes the experiment goal as follows:

We wanted to see what the psychological effects were of becoming a prisoner or prison guard. To do this, we decided to set up a simulated prison and then carefully note the effects of this institution on the behaviour of all those within its walls.

A 1997 article from the Stanford News Service described experiment goals in a more detailed way:

Zimbardo's primary reason for conducting the experiment was to focus on the power of roles, rules, symbols, group identity and situational validation of behaviour that generally would repulse ordinary individuals. "I had been conducting research for some years on deindividuation, vandalism and dehumanisation that illustrated the ease with which ordinary people could be led to engage in anti-social acts by putting them in situations where they felt anonymous, or they could perceive of others in ways that made them less than human, as enemies or objects," Zimbardo told the Toronto symposium in the summer of 1996.

Experimental method:

Men were recruited whose test results predicted they would be the most psychologically stable and healthy and told they were told would be taking part in a prison simulation.

These males were predominantly white and middle class intentionally selected to exclude those with criminal backgrounds, psychological impairments, or medical problems.

The experiment was conducted in a 10.5 m section of a basement at Stanford's psychology building. Cells were 1.8 × 2.7 m, and contained only a cot for the prisoners. In contrast, the guards lived in a very different environment, separated from the prisoners, given rest and relaxation areas, and other comforts.

The remainder of the group were assigned the role of prisoner. Zimbardo took on the role of the superintendent and an undergraduate research assistant took on the role of the warden. Zimbardo designed the experiment in order to induce disorientation, depersonalisation, and deindividuation in the participants.

The researchers held an orientation session for the guards the day before the experiment, during which they were instructed not to harm the prisoners physically or withhold food or drink. Zimbardo told the guards: *"You can create in the prisoners feelings of boredom, a sense of fear to some degree, you can create a notion of arbitrariness that their life is totally controlled by us, by the system, you, me, and they'll have no privacy ... We're going to take away their individuality in various ways. In general what all this leads to is a sense of powerlessness. That is, in this situation we'll have all the power and they'll have none."*

The guards were given wooden batons to establish their status, prison guard clothing (khaki shirt and pants from a local military surplus store), and mirrored sunglasses to prevent eye contact. Prisoners wore uncomfortable, ill-fitting smocks and stocking caps, as well as a chain around one ankle. Guards were instructed to call prisoners by their assigned numbers, sewn on their uniforms, instead of by name.

The prisoners were arrested at their homes and charged with armed robbery. The local Palo Alto police department assisted Zimbardo with the simulated arrests and conducted full booking procedures on the prisoners, which included fingerprinting and taking mug shots. The prisoners were transported to the mock prison from the police station, where they were strip searched and given their new identities.

The prisoners were to stay in their cells and the yard all day and night until the end of the study. The guards worked in teams of three for eight-hour shifts. The guards were not required to stay on site after their shift.

Guards had differing responses to their new roles. One, described by Stanford Magazine as "the most abusive guard" felt his aggressive behaviour was helping experimenters to get what they wanted. Another who had joined the experiment hoping to be selected as a prisoner, instead recalls *"I brought joints with me, and every day I wanted to give them to the prisoners. I looked at their faces and saw how they were getting dispirited and I felt sorry for them."* Warden David Jaffe intervened to change this guard's behaviour, encouraging him to participate more and become more tougher

On the second day the prisoners in Cell 1 blockaded their cell door with their beds and took off their stocking caps, refusing to come out or follow the guards' instructions. Guards from other shifts volunteered to work extra hours, to assist in subduing the revolt, and subsequently attacked the prisoners with fire extinguishers without being supervised by the research staff. Finding that handling nine cell mates with only three guards per shift was challenging, one of the guards suggested they use psychological tactics to control them. They set up a "privilege cell" in which prisoners who were not involved in the riot were treated with special rewards, such as higher quality meals. The "privileged" inmates chose not to eat the meal in commiseration with their fellow prisoners.

After only thirty five hours, one prisoner began to act "crazy", as Zimbardo described: *"#8612 then began to act crazy, to scream, to curse, to go into a rage that seemed out of control. It took quite a while before we became convinced that he was really suffering and that we had to release him."* Guards forced the prisoners to repeat their assigned numbers to reinforce the idea that this was their new identity. Guards soon used these prisoner counts to harass the prisoners, using physical punishment such as protracted exercise for errors in the prisoner count. Sanitary conditions declined rapidly, exacerbated by the guards' refusal to allow some prisoners to urinate or defecate anywhere but in a bucket placed in their cell. As punishment, the guards would not let the prisoners empty the sanitation bucket. Mattresses were a valued item in the prison, so the guards would punish prisoners by removing their mattresses, leaving them to sleep on concrete. Some prisoners were forced to be naked as a method of degradation. Several guards became increasingly cruel as the experiment continued; experimenters reported that approximately one-third of the guards exhibited genuine sadistic tendencies. Most of the guards were upset when the experiment was halted after only six days.

Prisoner No. 416, a newly admitted stand-by prisoner, expressed concern about the treatment of the other prisoners. The guards responded with more abuse. When he refused to eat his sausages, saying

he was on a hunger strike, guards confined him to "solitary confinement", a dark closet: *"the guards then instructed the other prisoners to repeatedly punch on the door while shouting at 416."* The guards said he would be released from solitary confinement only if the prisoners gave up their blankets and slept on their bare mattresses, which all but one refused to do.

After only *six days* of a planned two weeks' duration, the experiment was discontinued. (**Credit Wikipedia**)

Where will it all end?

...

Project MK-Ultra

Project MK-Ultra, also called the **CIA Mind Control Program**, is the code name given to a program of experiments on human subjects that were designed and undertaken by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency and which were, at times, illegal. Experiments on humans were intended to identify and develop drugs and procedures to be used in interrogations in order to weaken the individual and force confessions through mind control. The project was organised through the Office of Scientific Intelligence of the CIA and coordinated with the United States Army Biological Warfare Laboratories. Code names for drugs-related experiments were **Project Bluebird** and **Project Artichoke**.

The operation was officially sanctioned in 1953 and ordered to be halted in 1973. The program engaged in many activities, including the use of U.S. and Canadian citizens as its unwitting test subjects. MK-Ultra used numerous methods to manipulate people's mental states and alter brain functions, including the surreptitious administration of high doses of psychoactive drugs (especially LSD) and other chemicals, electroshocks, hypnosis, sensory deprivation, isolation, verbal and sexual abuse, as well as other forms of torture.

The scope of Project MK-Ultra was broad with research undertaken at eighty institutions, including colleges and universities, hospitals, prisons, and pharmaceutical companies. The CIA operated through these institutions using front organisations, although sometimes top officials at these institutions were aware of the CIA's involvement.

Project MK-Ultra was first brought to public attention in 1975 by the Church Committee of the United States Congress and Gerald Ford's United States President's Commission on CIA activities within the United States (also known as the Rockefeller Commission). Investigative efforts were hampered by CIA Director Richard Helms' order that all MK-Ultra files be destroyed in 1973.

Aims

Its aim was to develop mind-controlling drugs for use against the Soviet bloc in response to alleged Soviet, Chinese, and North Korean use of mind control techniques on U.S. prisoners of war during the Korean War. The CIA wanted to use similar methods on their own captives, and was interested in manipulating foreign leaders with such techniques, devising several schemes to drug Fidel Castro. It often conducted experiments without the subjects' knowledge or consent.

The project attempted to produce a perfect truth drug for interrogating suspected Soviet spies during the Cold War, and to explore other possibilities of mind control. Subproject 54 was the Navy's top-secret *"Perfect Concussion"* program, which was supposed to use sub-aural frequency blasts to erase memory; the program was never carried out.

The project began during a period of what Rupert Cornwell described as 'paranoia' at the CIA, when the U.S. had lost its nuclear monopoly and fear of Communism was at its height. CIA counter-intelligence chief James Jesus Angleton believed that a mole had penetrated the organisation at the highest levels. The agency poured millions of dollars into studies examining ways to influence and control the mind and to enhance its ability to extract information from resistant subjects during interrogation. Some historians assert that one goal of MK-Ultra and related CIA projects was to create a 'Manchurian Candidate' style subject. Alfred McCoy has claimed that the CIA attempted to focus media attention on these sorts of 'ridiculous' programs so that the public would not look at the research's primary goal, which was effective methods of interrogation.

Scale of project

One 1955 MK-Ultra document gives an indication of the size and range of the effort. It refers to the study of an assortment of mind-altering substances described as follows:

1. Substances which will promote illogical thinking and impulsiveness to the point where the recipient would be discredited in public.
2. Substances which increase the efficiency of mentation and perception.
3. Materials which will cause the victim to age faster/slower in maturity.
4. Materials which will promote the intoxicating effect of alcohol.
5. Materials which will produce the signs and symptoms of recognised diseases in a reversible way so they may be used for malingering, etc.
6. Materials which will cause temporary/permanent brain damage and loss of memory.
7. Substances which will enhance the ability of individuals to withstand privation, torture, and coercion during interrogation and so-called "brain-washing".
8. Materials and physical methods which will produce amnesia for events preceding and during their use.
9. Physical methods of producing shock and confusion over extended periods of time and capable of surreptitious use.
10. Substances which produce physical disablement such as paralysis of the legs, acute anaemia, etc.
11. Substances which will produce a chemical that can cause blisters.
12. Substances which alter personality structure in such a way the tendency of the recipient to become dependent upon another person is enhanced.
13. A material which will cause mental confusion of such a type the individual under its influence will find it difficult to maintain a fabrication under questioning.
14. Substances which will lower the ambition and general working efficiency of men when administered in undetectable amounts.
15. Substances which promote weakness or distortion of the eyesight or hearing faculties, preferably without permanent effects.
16. A knockout pill which can be surreptitiously administered in drinks, food, cigarettes, as an aerosol, etc., which will be safe to use, provide a maximum of amnesia, and be suitable for use by agent types on an ad hoc basis.
17. A material which can be surreptitiously administered by the above routes and which in very small amounts will make it impossible for a person to perform physical activity.

Applications

The 1976 Church Committee report found that, in the MK-Delta program, "*Drugs were used primarily as an aid to interrogations, but materials were also used for harassment, discrediting, or disabling purposes.*"

Other related projects

In 1964, MK- Search was the name given to the continuation of the MK-Ultra program. The program was divided into two projects dubbed MK-Ofen/Chickwit. Funding for MK- Search commenced in 1965, and ended in 1971. The project was a joint project between The U.S. Army Chemical Corps and the CIA's Office of Research and Development to find new offensive-use agents, with a focus on incapacitating agents. Its purpose was to develop, test, and evaluate capabilities in the covert use of biological, chemical, and radioactive material systems and techniques of producing predictable human behavioural and/or physiological changes in support of highly sensitive operational requirements.

By March 1971 over 26,000 potential agents had been acquired for future screening. The CIA was interested in bird migration patterns for chemical & biological warfare (CBW) research; subproject 139 designated "Bird Disease Studies" at Penn State. MK-Ofen was to deal with testing and toxicological transmissivity and behavioural effects of drugs in animals and, ultimately, humans.

Experiments on Americans

CIA documents suggest that they investigated "*chemical, biological, and radiological*" methods of mind control as part of MK-Ultra. They spent an estimated \$10 million or more, roughly \$87.5 million adjusted for inflation.

LSD

Early CIA efforts focused on LSD-25, which later came to dominate many of MK-Ultra's programs. The CIA wanted to know if they could make Soviet spies defect against their will and whether the Soviets could do the same to the CIA's own operatives.

Once Project MK-Ultra got underway in April 1953, experiments included administering LSD to mental patients, prisoners, drug addicts, and sex workers— "*people who could not fight back,*" as one agency officer put it. In one case, they administered LSD to a mental patient in Kentucky for 174 days. They also administered LSD to CIA employees, military personnel, doctors, other government agents, and members of the general public to study their reactions. LSD and other drugs were often administered without the subject's knowledge or informed consent, a violation of the Nuremberg Code the U.S. had agreed to follow after World War II. The aim of this was to find drugs which would bring out deep confessions or wipe a subject's mind clean and program him or her as "*a robot agent.*"

In Operation Midnight Climax, the CIA set up several brothels within agency safe houses in San Francisco, California, to obtain a selection of men who would be too embarrassed to talk about the events. The men were dosed with LSD, the brothels were equipped with one-way mirrors, and the sessions were filmed for later viewing and study. In other experiments where people were given LSD without their knowledge, they were interrogated under bright lights with doctors in the background taking notes. They told subjects they would extend their "*trips*" if they refused to reveal their secrets. The people under this interrogation were CIA employees, U.S. military personnel, and agents suspected of working for the other side in the Cold War. Long-term debilitation and several deaths resulted from this. Heroin addicts were bribed into taking LSD with offers of more heroin.

LSD was slipped into deputy U.S. marshal Wayne Ritchie's drink of bourbon and soda. He had a bad LSD trip that culminated in his holding up the bar at gunpoint. Ritchie was fired and only decades later, in 1999, learned he had been the subject of secret drug testing. He was one of many test subjects.

At the invitation of Stanford psychology graduate student Vik Lovell, an acquaintance of Richard Alpert and Allen Ginsberg, Ken Kesey volunteered to take part in what turned out to be a CIA-financed study under the aegis of MK-Ultra, at the Menlo Park Veterans' Hospital where he worked as a night aide. The project studied the effects of psychoactive drugs, particularly LSD, psilocybin, mescaline, cocaine, AMT, and DMT on people.

The Office of Security used LSD in interrogations, but Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, the chemist who directed MK-Ultra, had other ideas: he thought it could be used in covert operations. Since its effects were temporary, he believed one could give it to high-ranking officials and in this way affect the course of important meetings, speeches, etc. Since he realised there was a difference in testing the drug in a laboratory and using it in clandestine operations, he initiated a series of experiments where LSD was given to people in "normal" settings without warning. At first, everyone in Technical Services tried it; a typical experiment involved two people in a room where they observed each other for hours and took notes. As the experimentation progressed, a point arrived where outsiders were drugged with no explanation whatsoever and surprise acid trips became something of an occupational hazard among CIA operatives. Adverse reactions often occurred, such as an operative who received the drug in his morning coffee, became psychotic and ran across Washington, seeing a monster in every car passing him. The experiments continued even after Dr. Frank Olson, an army chemist who had never taken LSD, was covertly dosed by his CIA supervisor and nine days later plunged to his death from the window of a 13th-story New York City hotel room, supposedly as a result of deep depression induced by the drug. According to Stephen Kinzer, Olson had approached his superiors some time earlier, doubting the morality of the project, and asked to resign from the CIA.

Some subjects' participation was consensual, and in these cases they appeared to be singled out for even more extreme experiments. In one case, seven volunteers in Kentucky were given LSD for seventy-seven consecutive days.

MK-Ultra's researchers later dismissed LSD as too unpredictable in its results. They gave up on the notion that LSD was "*the secret that was going to unlock the universe,*" but it still had a place in the cloak-and-dagger arsenal. However, by 1962 the CIA and the army developed a series of superhallucinogens such as the highly touted BZ, which was thought to hold greater promise as a mind control weapon. This resulted in the withdrawal of support by many academics and private researchers, and LSD research became less of a priority altogether.

Other drugs

Another technique investigated was the intravenous administration of a barbiturate into one arm and an amphetamine into the other. The barbiturates were released into the person first, and as soon as the person began to fall asleep, the amphetamines were released. The person would begin babbling incoherently, and it was sometimes possible to ask questions and get useful answers.

Other experiments involved heroin, morphine, temazepam, mescaline, psilocybin, scopolamine, cannabis, alcohol, and sodium pentothal.

Hypnosis

Declassified MK-Ultra documents indicate they studied hypnosis in the early 1950s. Experimental goals included: the creation of "*hypnotically induced anxieties*", "*hypnotically increasing ability to learn and recall complex written matter*", studying hypnosis and polygraph examinations, "*hypnotically increasing ability to observe and recall complex arrangements of physical objects*", and studying "*relationship of personality to susceptibility to hypnosis*." They conducted experiments with drug-induced hypnosis and with anterograde and retrograde amnesia while under the influence of such drugs. (Credit Wikipedia)

Where will it all end? All I know is that we're getting our water off-grid!

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Blind Leading The Blind!

Soccer Hooligans in the UK and Europe, as a group, are evil, mindless thugs each a willing participant in a common, futile cause. Violence for the sake of violence. They reap havoc in quite towns and villages across the land because someone, somewhere said it is the thing to do at a match. These people (if that's not too decent a tag to place on them) do not question that philosophy, they are merely brainless sheep ... no! Sheep are cool. **They are simply brainless!**

I know this because I used to have a pub, The Upside Down Flying Crocodile Bar, in a beautiful market town on the Welsh border. The bar was some five hundred years old, oak beams and full of history.

I didn't notice the graffiti tags EBF meaning English Border Front around the town prior to buying the bar. Turns out they were one of the most notorious firms in the country ... and their head quarters was a pub directly opposite mine. Well that wasn't a fun experience I can tell you!

Everyone has an overwhelming need to belong to a group; any group, and it matters not in certain situations, if that group's motivation is to terrorise.

Take one of these sad specimens out of the pack and as individuals they are, in my experience, weak, simple and pathetic. They gain their strength from their label and numbers and that's as far they are prepared to analyse their actions.

It was quite extraordinary because they actually do wear a label, it was a designer label. They all wore Stone Island gear ... how pitiful

If they were to question **WHY** they go out on a Saturday and commit thuggery; if they were asked to *examine* the reasons for mob disorder, they wouldn't have a clue other than "*it's a laugh*".

The pay off for the hollow, shallow yob with no personality of its own is the sense of security derived from belonging to a group of like-minded individuals. Even though the collective cause is negative the group as a whole all think the same way and usually follow a leader.

There are hundreds of groups across the world where the common cause has been diluted and in some cases lost. The sad fact is that many of the recruits simply want to belong.

According to the books, Charles Manson persuaded members of his cult to go out and slice open a pregnant Sharon Tate, a Hollywood star, killing her, her unborn child and friends. What's even more incredible is the reason for the crime.

The twisted cult followed Manson and believed in his bizarre doctrine. They never asked **WHY?** Charles Manson persuaded his followers that the end of the world, as we knew it, was nigh.

He preached that there would be all out war between the blacks and the whites. Eventually, the whites would win and Manson would come out of the desert where he had been in hiding to avoid the violence and take his rightful place as leader of the new order.

He told his followers, many of whom were impressionable girls from disturbed backgrounds, that they could reach paradise through a cave underneath Death Valley. A place of refuge where they could stay until black people, due to their 'innate inferiority', relinquished their power. He preached that when they all returned to Earth, *he* — Jesus Christ — would lead them as the fifth angel. The other four angels being The Beatles.

The problem he had was that the war would not start on its own. Manson claimed that the black people needed to be shown how to kill, as they were too stupid to work it out for themselves. Listening to The Beatles records he became convinced that the band were secretly sending him subliminal messages to instigate Armageddon ... so he obeyed, the followers followed!

Cult members took orders from Manson, went out and murdered totally innocent people *without question*. They killed white, affluent members of the L.A. Jet-Set and attempted to make it look like a racial attack by black people. The aim was to prompt retribution by the whites and so on and so forth, leading eventually, he predicted, to the annihilation of the black race.

Manson was a crazed maniac. It would appear that he preferred life inside institutions. At one point, as he was due for parole, with his aunt ready and willing to care for him, a teenage Charles was found sodomizing another boy with a razor blade held to his throat.

Manson was paroled aged nineteen and soon married a waitress who bore him a son, Charles Jr. He soon re-offended, however, and on his release from prison in California began a new career as a pimp.

His next crime was to con a young girl out of \$700 before drug-raping her roommate. For this he served time in a penitentiary in Washington ... Nice guy eh!!!

This is a man who wielded great manipulative power.

Thankfully, Charles Manson's plan failed. It failed because the authorities read right through the deception and saw it for what it was. A sick attack on good, innocent men and women. Yet, if you were a member of the cult (there were 30,000 of them apparently!) and you were on the *inside* looking out, the sermons made sense; **the cause justified the crime.**

No member thought to question what was taught. The frightening part is that these cults are still alive today in various guises and are stronger than ever.

The Place: Waco Texas

The Weapons: An enigmatic leader, religion, *Sticky Labels*, followers that do not ask **WHY?**

Waco is a lurid story about a cult that has lent itself to decades of sensationalist media coverage. Koresh was depicted as a single-minded genius exerting power over his fellow Branch Davidians via mind control which has become the defining story of the siege. It's the story of a maniacal and

apocalypse-minded cult leader, David Koresh, whose delusional stubbornness led to the deaths of seventy six people **who didn't ask WHY?**

A 1993 Texas Monthly story captures this mentality well:

For 51 days federal agents camped outside the compound, paralysed by their own ineptitude, while this notorious liar and con man was permitted to broadcast his incoherent message to the world. The authorities must have known that it was all a sham ... but Koresh had given them no choice. The feds were the hostages, the ones who were surrounded without hope. They kept assuring [the public] that they weren't about to be drawn into a firefight, then permitted exactly that to happen. ... What happened at Mount Carmel was not suicide; it was Holy War. Just as Koresh had prophesied.

The Place: Jonestown, Guyana

The Weapons: An enigmatic leader, religion, *Sticky Labels*, followers that do not ask **WHY?**

James Warren Jones (May 13, 1931 — November 18, 1978) was an American civil rights preacher, faith healer and cult leader who conspired with his inner circle to direct a mass suicide and mass murder of his followers in his jungle commune at Jonestown, Guyana. He launched the Peoples Temple in Indiana during the 1950s. Rev. Jones was ordained in 1956 by the Independent Assemblies of God and in 1964 by the Disciples of Christ. He moved his congregation to California in 1965 and gained notoriety with its activities in San Francisco in the 1970s. He then left the United States, bringing many members to a Guyana jungle commune.

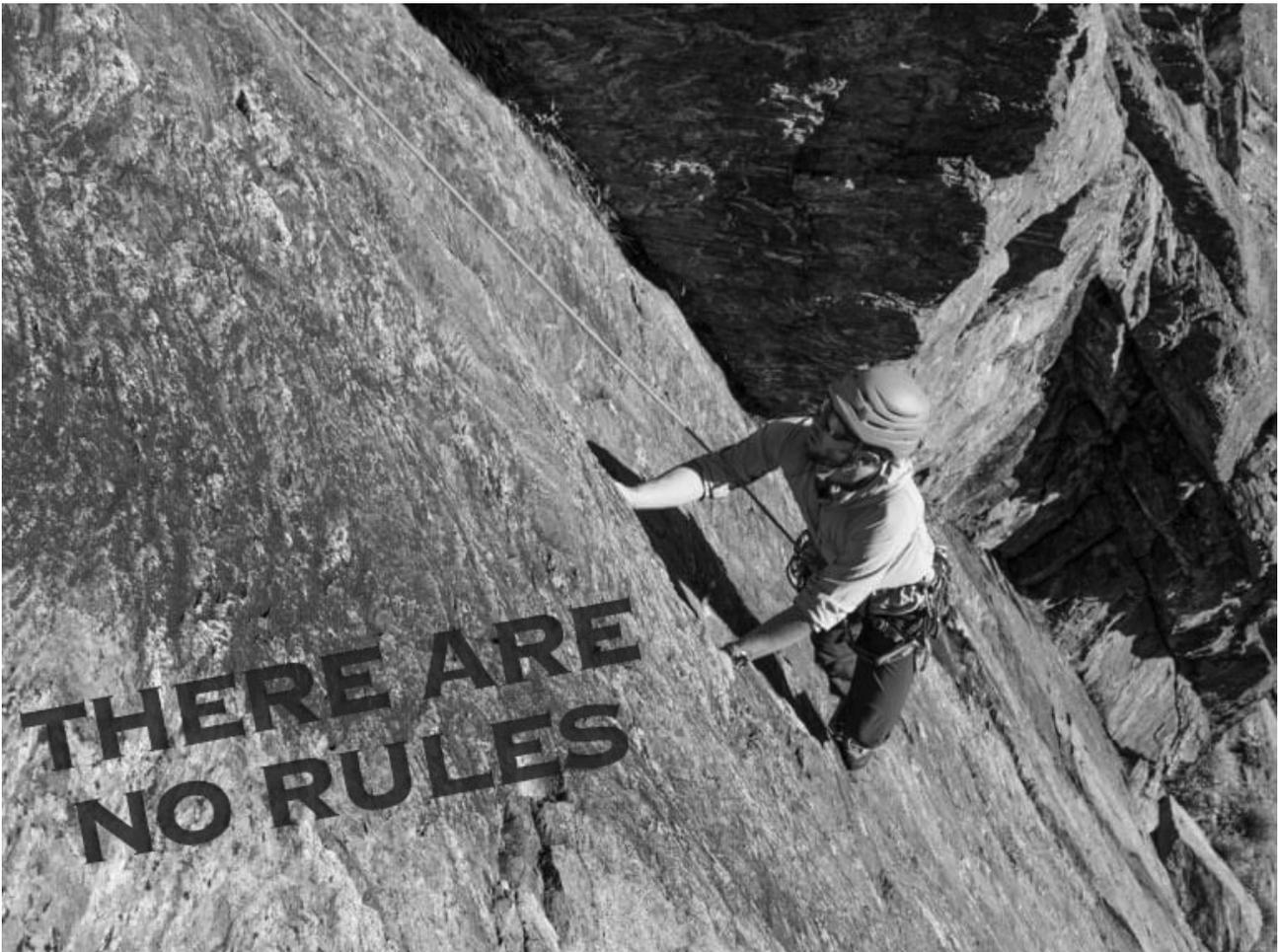
In 1978, media reports surfaced of human rights abuses in the Peoples Temple in Jonestown. U.S. Representative Leo Ryan led a delegation to the commune to investigate. Ryan and others were murdered by gunfire while boarding a return flight with some former cult members who had wished to leave. Jones then ordered and likely coerced a mass suicide and mass murder of 918 commune members, 304 of them children, almost all by cyanide-poisoned Flavour Aid.(credit Wikipedia)

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Rule #1

Stick to the rules, don't break the rules, break the rules, don't try to re-invent the wheel, be creative ...

There is only **ONE RULE** and here it is carved in stone for you:



There are no rules, only situations. You need to discover which ones are good for you.

You will only achieve this by asking **WHY** and in doing so, will ensure that conforming for the sake of it is but a distant memory. **YOU ARE NOT IGNORANT**

Success, real success in any endeavour demands more from an individual than most people are willing to offer ... but not more than they are capable of offering.

You are developing now into a stronger, more aware, confident person. When I suggest you do something, ask: '**WHY?**'

Open your eyes ... don't do it simply because ask.

If you ask the question and *then* agree that what I am asking is the best thing for you ... **Do it!!!**

If you ask **WHY** and come up with a better way ... **let me know!!!**

We are still preparing ourselves for the journey towards *Personal and Financial Freedom* at this stage. Lashing everything down ready for the imminent storm.



The only way of finding the limits of the possible is by going beyond them into the impossible.
Arthur C. Clarke

In The Beginning | The Omniscience Principle Part 17

Māori: *In the beginning* Ranginui (the sky) and Papatūānuku (the earth) were joined together, and their children were born between them in darkness. The Children of Heaven and Earth.

Men had but one pair of primitive ancestors; they sprang from the vast heaven that exists above us, and from earth which lies beneath us. Rangi and Papa, or Heaven and Earth, were the source from which, in the beginning, all things originated. Darkness then rested upon the heaven and upon the earth, and they still both clave together, for they had not yet been rent apart; and the children they had begotten were ever thinking among themselves what might be the difference between darkness and light; they knew that beings had multiplied and increased, and yet light had never broken upon them, but it ever continued dark. Hence these sayings are found in our ancient religious services: “*There was darkness from the first division of time, unto the tenth, to the hundredth, to the thousandth,*” that is, for a vast space of time; and these divisions of times were considered as beings, and were each termed a Po; and on their account there was yet no world with its bright light, but darkness only for the beings which existed.

At last the beings who had been begotten by Heaven and Earth, worn out by the continued darkness, consulted amongst themselves, saying, “*Let us now determine what we should do with Rangi and Papa, whether it would be better to slay them or to rend them apart.*” Then spoke Tumatauenga, the fiercest of the children of Heaven and Earth, “*It is well, let us slay them.*”

Then spake Tane-mahuta, the father of forests and of all things that inhabit them, or that are constructed of trees, *“Nay, not so. It is better to rend them apart, and to let the heaven stand far above us, and the earth lie beneath our feet. Let the sky become as a stranger to us, but the earth remain close to us as a nursing mother.”*

The brothers all consented to this proposal, with the exception of Tawhiri-ma-tea, the father of winds and storms, and he, fearing that his kingdom was about to be overthrown, grieved greatly at the thought of his parents being torn apart. Five of the brothers willingly consented to the separation of their parents, but one of them would not consent to it.

Hence, also, these sayings of old are found in our prayers, *“Darkness, darkness, light, light, the seeking, the searching, in chaos, in chaos;”* these signified the way in which the offspring of heaven and earth sought for some mode of dealing with their parents, so that human beings might increase and live.

So, also, these sayings of old time, *“The multitude, the length,”* signified the multitude of the thoughts of the children of Heaven and Earth, and the length of time they considered whether they should slay their parents, that human beings might be called into existence; for it was in this manner that they talked and consulted amongst themselves.

But at length their plans having been agreed on, lo, Rongo-ma-tane, the god and father of the cultivated food of man, rises up, that he may rend apart the heavens and the earth; he struggles, but he rends them not apart. Lo, next, Tangaroa, the god and father of fish and reptiles, rises up, that he may rend apart the heavens and the earth; he also struggles, but he rends them not apart. Lo, next, Haumia-tikitiki, the god and father of the food of man which springs without cultivation, rises up and struggles, but ineffectually. Lo, then, Tu-matauenga, the god and father of fierce human beings, rises up and struggles, but he, too, fails in his efforts. Then, at last, slowly uprises Tane-mahuta, the god and father of forests, of birds, and of insects, and he struggles with his parents; in vain he strives to rend them apart with his hands and arms.

Lo, he pauses; his head is now firmly planted on his mother the earth, his feet he raises up and rests against his father the skies, he strains his back and limbs with mighty effort. Now are rent apart Rangi and Papa, and with cries and groans of woe they shriek aloud, *“Wherefore slay you thus your parents? Why commit you so dreadful a crime as to slay us, as to rend your parents apart?”* But Tane-mahuta pauses not, he regards not their shrieks and cries; far, far beneath him he presses down the earth; far, far above him he thrust up the sky.

Hence these sayings of olden time, *“It was the fierce thrusting of Tane which tore the heaven from the earth, so that they were rent apart, and darkness was made manifest, and so was the light.”*

No sooner was heaven rent from earth than the multitude of human beings were discovered whom they had begotten, and who had hitherto lain concealed between the bodies of Rangi and Papa.

Then, also, there arose in the breast of Tawhiri-ma-tea, the god and father of winds and storms, a fierce desire to wage war with his brothers, because they had rent apart their common parents. He from the first had refused to consent to his mother being torn from her lord and children; it was his brothers alone that wished for this separation, and desired that Papa-tu-a-nuku, or the Earth alone, should be left as a parent to them.

The god of hurricanes and storms dreads also that the world should become too fair and beautiful, so he rises, follows his father to the realms above, and hurries to the sheltered hollows in the boundless skies; there he hides and clings, and nestling in this place of rest he consults long with his parent, and as the vast Heaven listens to the suggestions of Tawhiri-ma-tea, thoughts and plans are

formed in his breast, and Tawhiri-ma-tea also understands what he should do. Then by himself and the vast Heaven were begotten his numerous brood, and they rapidly increased and grew. Tawhiri-ma-tea despatches one of them to the westward, and one to the southward, and one to the eastward, and one to the northward; and he gives corresponding names to himself and to his progeny the mighty winds.

He next sends forth fierce squalls, whirlwinds, dense clouds, massy clouds, dark clouds, gloomy thick clouds, fiery clouds, clouds which precede hurricanes, clouds of fiery black, clouds reflecting glowing red light, clouds wildly drifting from all quarters and wildly bursting, clouds of thunder storms, and clouds hurriedly flying. In the midst of these Tawhiri-ma-tea himself sweeps wildly on. Alas! alas! then rages the fierce hurricane; and whilst Tane-mahuta and his gigantic forests still stand, unconscious and unsuspecting, the blast of the breath of the mouth of Tawhiri-ma-tea smites them, the gigantic trees are snapt off right in the middle; alas! alas! they are rent to atoms, dashed to the earth, with boughs and branches torn and scattered, and lying on the earth, trees and branches all alike left for the insect, for the grub, and for loathsome rottenness.

From the forests and their inhabitants Tawhiri-ma-tea next swoops down upon the seas, and lashes in his wrath the ocean. Ah! ah! waves steep as cliffs arise, whose summits are so lofty that to look from them would make the beholder giddy; these soon eddy in whirlpools, and Tangaroa, the god of the ocean, and father of all that dwell therein, flies affrighted through his seas; but before he fled, his children consulted together how they might secure their safety, for Tangaroa had begotten Punga, and he had begotten two children, Ika-tere, the father of fish, and Tu-te-wehi-wehi, or Tu-te-wanawana, the father of reptiles.

When Tangaroa fled for safety to the ocean, then Tu-te-wehi-wehi and Ika-tere, and their children, disputed together as to what they should do to escape from the storms, and Tu-te-wehi-wehi and his party cried aloud, *“Let us fly inland;”* but Ika-tere and his party cried aloud, *“Let us fly to the sea.”* Some would not obey one order, some would not obey the other, and they escaped in two parties: the party of Tu-te-wehiwehi, or the reptiles, hid themselves ashore; the party of Puuga rushed to the sea. This is what, in our ancient religious services, is called the separation of Ta-whiri-ma-tea. Hence these traditions have been handed down: — *“Ika-tere, the father of things which inhabit the water, cried aloud to Tu-te-wehiwehi, ‘Ho, ho, let us all escape to the sea.’*

“But Tu-te-wehiwehi shouted in answer, ‘Nay, nay, let us rather fly inland.’

“Then Ika-tere warned him, saying, ‘Fly inland, then; and the fate of you and your race will be, that when they catch you, before you are cooked, they will singe off your scales over a lighted wisp of dry fern.’

“But Tu-te-wehiwehi answered him, saying, ‘Seek safety, then, in the sea; and the future fate of your race will be, that when they serve out little baskets of cooked vegetable food to each person, you will be laid upon the top of the food to give a relish to it.’

“Then without delay these two races of beings separated. The fish fled in confusion to the sea, the reptiles sought safety in the forests and scrubs.”

Tangaroa, enraged at some of his children deserting him, and, being sheltered by the god of the forests on dry land, has ever since waged war on his brother Tane, who, in return, has waged war against him.

Hence, Tane supplies the offspring of his brother Tu-matauenga with canoes, with spears and with fish-hooks made from his trees, and with nets woven from his fibrous plants, that they may destroy the offspring of Tangaroa; whilst Tangaroa, in return, swallows up the offspring of Tane,

overwhelming canoes with the surges of his sea, swallowing up the lands, trees, and houses that are swept off by floods, and ever wastes away, with his lapping waves, the shores that confine him, that the giants of the forests may be washed down and swept out into his boundless ocean, that he may then swallow up the insects, the young birds and the various animals which inhabit them, — all which things are recorded in the prayers which were offered to these gods.

Tawhiri-ma-tea next rushed on to attack his brothers Rongo-ma-tane and Haumia-tikitiki, the gods and progenitors of cultivated and uncultivated food; but Papa, to save these for her other children, caught them up, and hid them in a place of safety; and so well were these children of hers concealed by their mother Earth, that Tawhiri-ma-tea sought for them in vain.

Tawhiri-ma-tea having thus vanquished all his other brothers, next rushed against Tu-matauenga, to try his strength against his; he exerted all his force against him, but he could neither shake him or prevail against him. What did Tu-matauenga care for his brother's wrath? he was the only one of the whole party of brothers who had planned the destruction of their parents, and had shown himself brave and fierce in war; his brothers had yielded at once before the tremendous assaults of Tawhiri-ma-tea and his progeny — Tane-mahuta and his offspring had been broken and torn in pieces — Tangaroa and his children had fled to the depths of the ocean or the recesses of the shore — Rongo-ma-tane and Haumia-tikitiki had been hidden from him in the earth — but Tu-matauenga, or man, still stood erect and unshaken upon the breast of his mother Earth; and now at length the hearts of Heaven and of the god of storms became tranquil, and their passions were assuaged.

Tu-matauenga, or fierce man, having thus successfully resisted his brother, the god of hurricanes and storms, next took thought how he could turn upon his brothers and slay them, because they had not assisted him or fought bravely when Tawhiri-ma-tea had attacked them to avenge the separation of their parents, and because they had left him alone to show his prowess in the fight. As yet death had no power over man. It was not until the birth of the children of Taranga and of Makea-tu-tara, of Maui-taha, of Maui-rota, of Maui-pae, of Maui-waho, and of Maui-tikitiki-o-Taranga, the demi-god who tried to deceive Hine-nui-te-po, that death had power over men. If that goddess had not been deceived by Maui-tikitiki, men would not have died, but would in that case have lived for ever; it was from his deceiving Hine-nui-te-po that death obtained power over mankind, and penetrated to every part of the earth.

Tu-matauenga continued to reflect upon the cowardly manner in which his brothers had acted, in leaving him to show his courage alone, and he first sought some means of injuring Tane-mahuta, because he had not come to aid him in his combat with Tawhiri-ma-tea, and partly because he was aware that Tane had had a page 7 numerous progeny, who were rapidly increasing, and might at last prove hostile to him, and injure him, so he began to collect leaves of the whanake tree, and twisted them into nooses, and when his work was ended, he went to the forest to put up his snares, and hung them up — ha! ha! the children of Tane fell before him, none of them could any longer fly or move in safety.

Then he next determined to take revenge on his brother Tangaroa, who had also deserted him in the combat; so he sought for his offspring, and found them leaping or swimming in the water; then he cut many leaves from the flax-plant, and netted nets with the flax, and dragged these, and hauled the children of Tangaroa ashore.

After that, he determined also to be revenged upon his brothers Rongo-ma-tane and Haumia-tikitiki; he soon found them by their peculiar leaves, and he scraped into shape a wooden hoe, and plaited a basket, and dug in the earth and pulled up all kinds of plants with edible roots, and the plants which had been dug up withered in the sun.

Thus Tu-matauenga devoured all his brothers, and consumed the whole of them, in revenge for their having deserted him and left him to fight alone against Tawhiri-ma-tea and Rangi.

When his brothers had all thus been overcome by Tu', he assumed several names, namely, Tu-kariri, Tu-ka-nguha, Tu-ka-taua, Tu-whaka-heke-tangata, Tu-mata-wha-iti, and Tu-matauenga; he assumed one name for each of his attributes displayed in the victories over his brothers. Four of his brothers were entirely deposed by him, and became his food; but one of them, Tawhiri-ma-tea, he could not vanquish or make common, by eating him for food, so he, the last born child of Heaven and Earth, was left as an enemy for man, and still, with a rage equal to that of man, this elder brother ever attacks him in storms and hurricanes, endeavoring to destroy him alike by sea and land.

Now the meanings of these names of the children of the Heaven and Earth are as follows:

Tangaroa signifies fish of every kind; Rongo-ma-tane signifies the sweet potato, and all vegetables cultivated as food; Haumia-tikitiki signifies fern root, and all kinds of food which grow wild; Tane-mahuta signifies forests, the birds and insects which inhabit them, and all things fashioned from wood; Tawhiri-ma-tea signifies winds and storms; and Tu-matauenga signifies man.

Four of his brothers having, as before stated, been made common, or articles of food, by Tu-matauenga, he assigned for each of them fitting incantations, that they might be abundant, and that he might easily obtain them.

Some incantations were proper to Tane-mahuta, they were called Tane.

Some incantations were for Tangaroa, they were called Tangaroa.

Some were for Rongo-ma-tane, they were called Rongo-ma-tane.

Some were for Haumia-tikitiki, they were called Haumia.

The reason that he sought these incantations was, that his brothers might be made common by him, and serve for his food. There were also incantations for Tawhiri-ma-tea to cause favorable winds, and prayers to the vast Heaven for fair weather, as also for mother Earth that she might produce all things abundantly. But it was the great God that taught these prayers to man.

There were also many prayers and incantations composed for man, suited to the different times and circumstances of his life — prayers at the baptism of an infant; prayers for abundance of food, for wealth; prayers in illness; prayers to spirits, and for many other things.

The bursting forth of the wrathful fury of Tawhiri-ma-tea against his brothers, was the cause of the disappearance of a great part of the dry land; during that contest a great part of mother Earth was submerged. The names of those beings of ancient days who submerged so large a portion of the earth were — Terrible-rain, Long-continued-rain, Fierce-hail-storms, and their progeny were, Mist, Heavy-dew, and Light-dew, and these together submerged the greater part of the earth, so that only a small portion of dry land projected above the sea.

From that time clear light increased upon the earth, and all the beings which were hidden between Rangi and Papa before they were separated, now multiplied upon the earth. The first beings begotten by Rangi and Papa were not like human beings; but Tu-matauenga bore the likeness of a man, as did all his brothers, as also did a Po, a Ao, a Kore, te Kimihanga and Runuku, and thus it continued until the times of Ngainui and his generation, and of Whiro-te-tupua and his generation, and of Tiki-tawhito-ariki and his generation, and it has so continued to this day.

The children of Tu-matauenga were begotten on this earth, and they increased, and continued to multiply, until we reach at last the generation of Maui-taha, and of his brothers Maui-roto, Maui-waho, Maui-pae, and Maui-tikitiki-o-Taranga.

Up to this time the vast Heaven has still ever remained separated from his spouse the Earth. Yet their mutual love still continues — the soft warm sighs of her loving bosom still ever rise up to him, ascending from the woody mountains and valleys, and men call these mists; and the vast Heaven, as he mourns through the long nights his separation from his beloved, drops frequent tears upon her bosom, and men seeing these, term them dew-drops. (Credit (Ko Nga Tama A Rangi — Tradition Relating to the Origin of the Human Race.))

Egyptians: *In the beginning*, the world appeared as an infinite expanse of dark and directionless waters, named Nun. The journey began with the creation of the world and the universe out of darkness and swirling chaos. Once there was nothing but endless dark water without form or purpose. Existing within this void was Heka (god of magic) who awaited the moment of creation. Out of this watery silence (Nu) rose the primordial hill, known as the ben-ben, upon which stood the great god Atum (or, in some versions of the myth, Ptah). Atum looked upon the nothingness and recognized his aloneness and so, through the agency of magic, he mated with his own shadow to give birth to two children, Shu (god of air, whom Atum spat out) and Tefnut (goddess of moisture, whom Atum vomited out). Shu gave to the early world the principles of life while Tefnut contributed the principles of order.

Leaving their father on the ben-ben, they set out to establish the world. In time, Atum became concerned because his children were gone so long and so removed his eye and sent it in search of them. While his eye was gone, Atum sat alone on the hill in the midst of chaos and contemplated eternity. Shu and Tefnut returned with the eye of Atum (later associated with the Udjat eye, the Eye of Ra, or the All-Seeing Eye) and their father, grateful for their safe return, shed tears of joy. These tears, dropping onto the dark, fertile earth of the ben-ben, gave birth to men and women.

These early creatures had nowhere to live, however, and so Shu and Tefnut mated and gave birth to Geb (the earth) and Nut (the sky). Geb and Nut, though brother and sister, fell deeply in love and were inseparable. Atum found their behavior unacceptable and pushed Nut away from Geb, high up into the heavens. The two lovers were forever able to see each other but were no longer able to touch. Nut was already pregnant by Geb, however, and eventually gave birth to Osiris, Isis, Set, Nephthys, and Horus — the five Egyptian gods most often recognized as the earliest or, at least, the most familiar representations of older god-figures. Osiris showed himself a thoughtful and judicious god and was given rule of the world by Atum who then went off to attend to his own affairs.

Osiris & Set

Osiris administrated the world efficiently, co-ruling with his sister-wife Isis, and decided where the trees would best grow and the water flow most sweetly. He created the land of Egypt in perfection with the Nile River providing for the needs of the people.

In all things, he acted in accordance with the principle of ma'at (harmony) and honored his father and siblings by keeping all things in harmonious balance. (Credit ancient.eu)

Greek: *In the beginning*, there was only Chaos, the gaping emptiness. Then, out of the formless void, sprang forth three more primordial deities: Gaea (Earth), Tartarus (the Underworld), and Eros (Love). Once Love was born, Gaea and Chaos — two female deities — were able to procreate and shape everything known and unknown in the universe.

Chaos gave birth to Erebus (Darkness) and Nyx (Night). Erebus slept with his sister Nyx, and out of this union Aether, the bright upper air, and Hemera, the Day, emerged. Afterward, feared by everyone but her brother, Night fashioned a family of haunting forces all by herself. Among others, her children included the hateful Moros (Fate), the black Ker (Doom), Thanatos (Death), Hypnos (Sleep), Oneiroi (Dreams), Geras (Old Age), Oizus (Pain), Nemesis (Revenge), Eris (Strife), Apate (Deceit), Philotes (Sexual Pleasure), Momos (Blame), and the Hesperides (the Daughters of the Evening).

Meanwhile, Gaea gave birth to Uranus, the Starry Sky. Uranus became Gaea's husband, surrounding her from all sides. Together, they produced three sets of children: the three one-eyed Cyclopes, the three Hundred-Handed Hecatoncheires, and the twelve Titans.

However, Uranus was a cruel husband and an even crueler father. He hated his children and didn't want to allow them to see the light of day. So, he imprisoned them into the hidden places of the earth, Gaea's womb. This angered Gaea, and she plotted with her sons against Uranus. She made a harpe, a great adamant sickle, and tried to incite her children to attack Uranus. All were too afraid, except the youngest Titan, Cronus.

Gaea and Cronus set up an ambush for Uranus. As he was preparing to lay with Gaea, Cronus castrated him with the sickle, throwing his severed genitals into the ocean. Uranus afterward; he either died, withdrew from the earth, or exiled himself to Italy. From the blood that was spilled on the earth due to his castration, emerged the Giants, the Meliae (the Ash Tree Nymphs), and the Erinyes (the Furies). From the sea foam that was produced when his genitals fell into the ocean, arose Aphrodite, the Goddess of Beauty.

Cronus became the next ruler. He imprisoned the Cyclopes and the Hecatoncheires in Tartarus and set the dragoness Campe to guard them. He married his sister, the Titaness Rhea, who bore him five children. However, Gaea and Uranus had both prophesied that Cronus would eventually be overthrown by one of his sons. So much like his father, Cronus maltreated his children, devouring each of them at the time of birth. Rhea was distressed by Cronus' treatment of her children and, just like Gaea before him, plotted against her husband. On the advice of her mother, when it was time to give birth to her sixth child, Rhea hid herself on Crete, leaving the new-born child to be raised by the nymphs of the island. To conceal her act, she wrapped a stone in swaddling clothes and passed it off as the supposed baby to Cronus, who, unaware of her intentions, swallowed it yet again.

The child was Zeus. Raised by the nymphs Adrasteia and Ida, and the she-goat Amalthea, he quickly grew into a handsome youth in a cave on the Cretan Mount Ida. When the time came, he left Crete to ask his future wife, the Titaness Metis (Wisdom), for an advice on how to defeat Cronus. She answered by preparing a drink indistinguishable from Cronus' favorite wine but designed to make him vomit for ages. Zeus disguised himself as the gods' cupbearer and, after a while, successfully slipped Metis' drink to Cronus. The plan worked perfectly: Cronus started vomiting and spilled out all of Zeus' five siblings, but only after throwing up the stone. Called Omphalos, or the Navel, the stone was later set up at Delphi by two eagles Zeus sent to meet at the center of the world. Overwhelmed with gratitude, Rhea's children — Hestia, Demeter, Hera, Hades, and Poseidon — recognized Zeus as their leader.

However, Cronus was still in command — and yet to be defeated. He was too old to protect himself from the attacks of his progeny, but he enlisted the help of the faithful Titans, who also feared the new generation of gods. This led to a decade-long war between the Titans and the Olympians, remembered by generations hence as the Titanomachy. Atlas became the Titans' leader and led his armies to many victories. At one point, it even seemed that Zeus would be defeated. However, at the advice of Gaea, he went to Tartarus and released the Cyclopes and the Hecatoncheires. In gratitude,

the Cyclopes provided Zeus with his signature thunderbolt; they also made a trident for Poseidon and a helmet of invisibility for Hades. The tables had turned.

However, as so many times before, the final victory would not be the result of brute force, but it would happen due to a cunning little trick, possibly devised by Prometheus, who deserted from the Titans' army beforehand. Armed with boulders, Hecatoncheires set an ambush for the Titans. At the right time, Zeus retreated his forces, drawing the Titans into the Hecatoncheires' trap. The Hundred-Handed ones started raining down hundreds of boulders, with such a fury that the Titans thought the mountains were falling down upon them. They ran away, and Zeus could finally consider himself the King of the Universe.

Zeus exiled the Titans who had fought against him into Tartarus. He made an exception with Atlas, though: being the leader of the opposing force, he was punished to hold the universe on his shoulders.

Zeus' power would be challenged on few occasions afterward. Just after the Titanomachy, his grandmother Gaea, outraged by the imprisonment of her children, issued forth one last child of her, the monstrous Typhon. He was so fearsome that most of the gods fled the second they saw him; however, Zeus didn't hesitate. He faced the monster and using the power of his lightning bolts, he was able to defeat it. Typhon was subsequently buried under Mount Etna in Sicily.

They say that you can still hear him growling under the volcano. And that someday in the distant future, he will return to challenge Zeus once again. (credit greekmythology.com)

Cherokee: *In the beginning*, the earth is a great island floating in a sea of water, and suspended at each of the four cardinal points by a cord hanging down from the sky vault, which is of solid rock. When the world grows old and worn out, the people will die and the cords will break and let the earth sink down into the ocean, and all will be water again. The Indians are afraid of this.

When all was water, the animals were above in Gälûñ'lätî, beyond the arch; but it was very much crowded, and they were wanting more room. They wondered what was below the water, and at last Dâyuni'sî, (Beaver's Grandchild), the little Water-beetle, offered to go and see if it could learn. It darted in every direction over the surface of the water, but could find no firm place to rest. Then it dived to the bottom and came up with some soft mud, which began to grow and spread on every side until it became the island which we call the earth. It was afterward fastened to the sky with four cords, but no one remembers who did this.

At first the earth was flat and very soft and wet. The animals were anxious to get down, and sent out different birds to see if it was yet dry, but they found no place to alight and came back again to Gälûñ'lätî. At last it seemed to be time, and they sent out the Buzzard and told him to go and make ready for them. This was the Great Buzzard, the father of all the buzzards we see now. He flew all over the earth, low down near the ground, and it was still soft. When he reached the Cherokee country, he was very tired, and his wings began to flap and strike the ground, and wherever they struck the earth there was a valley, and where they turned up again there was a mountain. When the animals above saw this, they were afraid that the whole world would be mountains, so they called him back, but the Cherokee country remains full of mountains to this day.

When the earth was dry and the animals came down, it was still dark, so they got the sun and set it in a track to go every day across the island from east to west, just overhead. It was too hot this way, and Tsiska'gîli', the Red Crawfish, had his shell scorched a bright red, so that his meat was spoiled; and the Cherokee do not eat it. The conjurers put the sun another hand-breadth higher in the air, but

it was still too hot. They raised it another time, and another, until it was seven handbreadths high and just under the sky arch. Then it was right, and they left it so. This is why the conjurers call the highest place Gûlkwâ'gine Di'gälûñ'lätiyûñ', "the seventh height," because it is seven handbreadths above the earth. Every day the sun goes along under this arch, and returns at night on the upper side to the starting place.

There is another world under this, and it is like ours in everything—animals, plants, and people—save that the seasons are different. The streams that come down from the mountains are the trails by which we reach this underworld, and the springs at their heads are the doorways by which we enter, it, but to do this one must fast and, go to water and have one of the underground people for a guide. We know that the seasons in the underworld are different from ours, because the water in the springs is always warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the outer air.

When the animals and plants were first made—we do not know by whom—they were told to watch and keep awake for seven nights, just as young men now fast and keep awake when they pray to their medicine. They tried to do this, and nearly all were awake through the first night, but the next night several dropped off to sleep, and the third night others were asleep, and then others, until, on the seventh night, of all the animals only the owl, the panther, and one or two more were still awake. To these were given the power to see and to go about in the dark, and to make prey of the birds and animals which must sleep at night. Of the trees only the cedar, the pine, the spruce, the holly, and the laurel were awake to the end, and to them it was given to be always green and to be greatest for medicine, but to the others it was said: "*Because you have not endured to the end you shall lose your, hair every winter.*"

Men came after the animals and plants. At first there were only a brother and sister until he struck her with a fish and told her to multiply, and so it was. In seven days a child was born to her, and thereafter every seven days another, and they increased very fast until there was danger that the world could not keep them. Then it was made that a woman should have only one child in a year, and it has been so ever since. (*Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, 1897–1898*)

Genesis: *In the beginning* God created the heavens and the earth. Now the earth was formless and empty, darkness was over the surface of the deep, and the Spirit of God was hovering over the waters.

And God said, "*Let there be light,*" and there was light. God saw that the light was good, and he separated the light from the darkness. God called the light "*day,*" and the darkness he called "*night.*" And there was evening, and there was morning — the first day.

And God said, "*Let there be a vault between the waters to separate water from water.*" So God made the vault and separated the water under the vault from the water above it. And it was so. God called the vault "*sky.*" And there was evening, and there was morning — the second day.

And God said, "*Let the water under the sky be gathered to one place, and let dry ground appear.*" And it was so. God called the dry ground "*land,*" and the gathered waters he called "*seas.*" And God saw that it was good.

Then God said, "*Let the land produce vegetation: seed-bearing plants and trees on the land that bear fruit with seed in it, according to their various kinds.*" And it was so. The land produced vegetation: plants bearing seed according to their kinds and trees bearing fruit with seed in it

according to their kinds. And God saw that it was good. And there was evening, and there was morning — the third day.

And God said, *“Let there be lights in the vault of the sky to separate the day from the night, and let them serve as signs to mark sacred times, and days and years, and let them be lights in the vault of the sky to give light on the earth.”* And it was so. God made two great lights — the greater light to govern the day and the lesser light to govern the night. He also made the stars. God set them in the vault of the sky to give light on the earth, to govern the day and the night, and to separate light from darkness. And God saw that it was good. And there was evening, and there was morning — the fourth day.

And God said, *“Let the water teem with living creatures, and let birds fly above the earth across the vault of the sky.”* So God created the great creatures of the sea and every living thing with which the water teems and that moves about in it, according to their kinds, and every winged bird according to its kind. And God saw that it was good. God blessed them and said, *“Be fruitful and increase in number and fill the water in the seas, and let the birds increase on the earth.”* And there was evening, and there was morning — the fifth day.

And God said, *“Let the land produce living creatures according to their kinds: the livestock, the creatures that move along the ground, and the wild animals, each according to its kind.”* And it was so. God made the wild animals according to their kinds, the livestock according to their kinds, and all the creatures that move along the ground according to their kinds. And God saw that it was good.

Then God said, *“Let us make mankind in our image, in our likeness, so that they may rule over the fish in the sea and the birds in the sky, over the livestock and all the wild animals, and over all the creatures that move along the ground.”*

So God created mankind in his own image, in the image of God he created them; male and female he created them.

God blessed them and said to them, *“Be fruitful and increase in number; fill the earth and subdue it. Rule over the fish in the sea and the birds in the sky and over every living creature that moves on the ground.”*

Then God said, *“I give you every seed-bearing plant on the face of the whole earth and every tree that has fruit with seed in it. They will be yours for food. And to all the beasts of the earth and all the birds in the sky and all the creatures that move along the ground — everything that has the breath of life in it — I give every green plant for food.”* And it was so.

God saw all that he had made, and it was very good. And there was evening, and there was morning — the sixth day.

Islam: In the beginning *“the heavens and the earth were joined together as one unit, before We clove them asunder”*. Following this big explosion, Allah turned to the sky, and it had been (as) smoke. He said to it and to the earth: *‘Come together, willingly or unwillingly.’* They said: *‘We come (together) in willing obedience’*. Thus the elements and what was to become the planets and stars began to cool, come together, and form into shape, following the natural laws that Allah established in the universe.

Allah created the sun, the moon, and the planets, each with their own individual courses or orbits. *“It is He Who created the night and the day, and the sun and the moon; all (the celestial bodies) swim along, each in its rounded course”*

“The heavens, We have built them with power. And verily, We are expanding it”.

Prophet Muhammad said: *“Nothing existed but Him, with nothing beneath Him and nothing above Him. Then He created His Throne above the water.”*

God first and nothing else. Then, God created the water and the Throne (Arsh). They were created independent of any angels and were created before the creation of the heavens and the earth. Prophet Muhammad said, *“There was God, and there was nothing else besides Him, and His Throne was over the water. He wrote all things in the Book (in heaven) and He created the heavens and the earth.”*

God says that he is the Lord of the Glorious Throne, because it is one of the foremost and most magnificent of his creations.

The Kursi is a Footstool that is like a stair to the Throne and God is above the Throne, yet nothing is hidden from Him.

His Kursi, the Footstool, alone has all of the heavens and the earth under it. The Prophet Muhammad said, *“The Footstool in relation to the Throne is no more than a ring of iron thrown into an open desert on earth.”*

God is not distant; He is with us wherever we may be. God tells us that He rose above His Throne, He tells us that He knows everything that goes in and out of the earth, everything that descends from the heaven and what ascends therein, in short, He knows the minutest details of everything. We know Allah is above His Throne, but He is Omnipotent and His knowledge encompasses everything.

The great angels that carry the Throne. They are huge magnificent creatures from the best of God's angels. On the Day of Judgement, God tells us there will be eight angels that will bear His Throne. The Prophet said, *“I was permitted to speak about one of the angels of God, the Almighty, the All-Powerful, who is one of the bearers of the Throne and (to tell you) that the distance between his earlobe and his shoulder is a journey of seven hundred years.”*

After the creation of the water and the Throne, God created the Pen. When the Prophet says that God created the Pen, he says that His Throne was settled upon water, that there was a layer of water under the Throne of God.

Allah is never “done” with His work, because the process of creation is ongoing. Each new child who is born, every seed that sprouts into a sapling, every new species that appears on earth, is part of the ongoing process of Allah's creation. *“He it is Who created the heavens and the earth in six days, then established Himself on the Throne. He knows what enters within the heart of the earth, and what comes forth out of it, what comes down from heaven, and what mounts up to it. And He is with you wherever you may be. And Allah sees well all that you do”.*

Allah's majesty and wisdom. *“What is the matter with you, that you are not conscious of Allah's majesty, seeing that it is He Who has created you in diverse stages? See you not how Allah has created the seven heavens one above another, and made the moon a light in their midst, and made the sun as a (glorious) lamp? And Allah has produced you from the earth, growing (gradually)”.*

Life Came From Water. Allah *“made from water every living thing. Allah has created every animal from water. Of them are some that creep on their bellies, some that walk on two legs, and some that walk on four. Allah creates what He wills, for truly Allah has power over all things”*

Human beings are a special act of creation. Human beings are a unique life form that was created by Allah in a special way, with unique gifts and abilities unlike any other: a soul and conscience, knowledge, and free will. The life of human beings began with the creation of two people, a male and a female named Adam and Hawwa.

Allah created Adam: “*We created man from sounding clay, from mud moulded into shape...*”. And “*He began the creation of man from clay, and made his progeny from a quintessence of fluid*”. Thus, human beings have a fundamental attachment to the earth.

“It is He Who created you from a single person, and made his mate of like nature, in order that he might dwell with her in love”.

From these two individuals, generations of human beings have inhabited the earth. “*Oh humankind! We created you from a single pair of a male and a female, and made you into nations and tribes, so that you may know each other (not that ye may despise each other). Verily the most honored among you in the sight of Allah is the who is the most righteous of you. And Allah has full knowledge and is well acquainted (with all things)*” . (Credit Quran)

Japan: In the beginning the world was a chaotic mass, an ill-defined egg, full of seeds. Gradually, the finer parts became heaven (yang), the heavier parts earth (yin). Deities were produced between the two: first, three single deities, and then a series of divine couples. According to the *Nihon shoki*, one of the first three “pure male” gods appeared in the form of a reed that connected heaven and earth. A central foundation was now laid down for the drifting cosmos, and mud and sand accumulated upon it. A stake was driven in, and an inhabitable place was created. Finally, the god Izanagi (He Who Invites) and the goddess Izanami (She Who Invites) appeared. Ordered by their heavenly superiors, they stood on a floating bridge in heaven and stirred the ocean with a spear.

When the spear was pulled up, the brine dripping from the tip formed Onogoro, an island that became solid spontaneously. Izanagi and Izanami then descended to this island, met each other by circling around the celestial pillar, discovered each other’s sexuality, and began to procreate. After initial failures, they produced the eight islands that now make up Japan. Izanami finally gave birth to the god of fire and died of burns. Raging with anger, Izanagi attacked his son, from whose blood such deities as the god of thunder were born.

Other gods were born of Izanami on her deathbed. They presided over metal, earth, and agriculture. In grief, Izanagi pursued Izanami to Yomi and asked her to come back to the land of the living. The goddess replied that she had already eaten food cooked on a stove in Yomi and could not return. In spite of her warning, Izanagi looked at his wife and discovered that her body was infested with maggots. The angry and humiliated goddess then chased Izanagi from the underworld. When he finally reached the upper world, Izanagi blocked the entrance to the underworld with an enormous stone. The goddess then threatened Izanagi, saying that she would kill a thousand people every day. He replied that he would father one thousand and five hundred children for every thousand she killed. After this, Izanagi pronounced the formula of divorce.

Izanagi then returned to this world and purified himself from the miasma of Yomi no Kuni. From the lustral water falling from his left eye was born the sun goddess Amaterasu Ōmikami, ancestress of the imperial family. From his right eye was born the moon god Tsukiyomi no Mikoto and from his nose, the trickster god Susanoo. Izanagi gave the sun goddess a jewel from a necklace and told her to govern heaven. He entrusted the dominion of night to the moon god. Susanoo was told to govern the sea. According to the *Kojiki*, Susanoo became dissatisfied with his share and ascended to heaven to see his older sister. Amaterasu, fearing his wild behaviour, met him and suggested that

they prove their faithfulness to each other by bringing forth children. They agreed to receive a seed from each other, chew it, and spit it away. If gods rather than goddesses were born, it would be taken as a sign of the good faith of the one toward the other. When Susanoo brought forth gods, his faithfulness was recognized, and he was permitted to live in heaven.

Susanoo, becoming conceited over his success, began to play the role of a trickster. He scattered excrement over the dining room of Amaterasu, where she was celebrating the ceremony of the first fruits. His worst offence was to fling into Amaterasu's chamber a piebald horse he had "flayed with a backward flaying" (a ritual offence).

Enraged at the pranks of her brother, the sun goddess hid herself in a celestial cave, and darkness filled the heavens and the earth. The gods were at a loss. Finally, they gathered in front of the cave, built a fire, and made cocks crow. They erected a sacred evergreen tree, and from its branches they hung curved beads, mirrors, and cloth offerings. A goddess named Amenouzume no Mikoto then danced half-nude. Amaterasu, hearing the multitudes of gods laughing and applauding, became curious and opened the door of the cave. Seizing the opportunity, a strong-armed god dragged her out of the cave.

The myths of the Izumo Cycle then begin to appear in the narration. Having angered the heavenly gods and having been banished from heaven, Susanoo descended to Izumo, where he rescued Princess Marvellous Rice Field (Kushiinada Hime) from an eight-headed serpent. He then married the Princess and became the progenitor of the ruling family of Izumo. The most important member of the family of Susanoo was the god Ōkuninushi no Mikoto, the great earth chief, who assumed control of this region before the descent to earth of the descendants of the sun goddess.

Before long, Amaterasu, the leader of the celestial gods — the gods of Izumo were known as earthly gods — asked Ōkuninushi to turn over the land of Izumo, saying that "the land of the plentiful reed-covered plains and fresh rice ears" was to be governed by the descendants of the heavenly gods. After the submission of Izumo, Amaterasu made her grandson Ninigi no Mikoto (*ninigi* is said to represent rice in its maturity) descend to earth. According to the *Nihon shoki*, Amaterasu handed Ninigi some ears of rice from a sacred rice field and told him to raise rice on earth and to worship the celestial gods. The grandson of the sun goddess then descended to the peak of Takachiho (meaning "high thousand ears") in Miyazaki, Kyushu. There he married a daughter of the god of the mountain, named Konohana-sakuya Hime (Princess Blossoms of the Trees)

When Ninigi's wife became pregnant and was about to give birth, all in a single night, he demanded proof that the child was his. She accordingly set fire to her room, then safely produced three sons. One of them, in turn, became the father of the legendary first emperor, Jimmu, who is considered to mark the watershed between the "age of the gods" and the historical age; but Jimmu's eastern expedition and conquest of the Japanese heartland was also a myth. (Credit Encyclopedia Britanica)

China: In the beginning the heavens and earth were still one and all was chaos. The universe was like a big black egg, carrying Pan Gu inside itself. After eighteen thousand years Pan Gu woke from a long sleep. He felt suffocated, so he took up a broadax and wielded it with all his might to crack open the egg. The light, clear part of it floated up and formed the heavens, the cold, turbid matter stayed below to form earth. Pan Gu stood in the middle, his head touching the sky, his feet planted on the earth. The heavens and the earth began to grow at a rate of ten feet per day, and Pan Gu grew along with them. After another 18 thousand years, the sky was higher, the earth thicker, and Pan Gu stood between them like a pillar 9 million li in height so that they would never join again.

When Pan Gu died, his breath became the wind and clouds, his voice the rolling thunder. One eye became the sun and on the moon. His body and limbs turned to five big mountains and his blood formed the roaring water. His veins became far-stretching roads and his muscles fertile land. The innumerable stars in the sky came from his hair and beard, and flowers and trees from his skin and the fine hairs on his body. His marrow turned to jade and pearls. His sweat flowed like the good rain and sweet dew that nurtured all things on earth. His tears flowed to make rivers and radiance of his eyes turned into thunder and lighting. When he was happy the sun shone, but when he was angry black clouds gathered in the sky. The fleas and lice on his body became the ancestors of mankind.

There are several versions of the Pan Gu story.

Up in Heaven the God in charge of the earth, King Gao Xin, owned a beautiful spotted dog. He reared him on a plate (pan in Chinese) inside a gourd (hu, which is close to the sound gu), so the dog was known as Pan Gu . Among the Gods there was great enmity between King Gao Xin and his rival King Fang. *“Whoever can bring me the head of King Fang may marry my daughter,”* he proclaimed, but nobody was willing to try because they were afraid of King Fang’s strong soldiers and sturdy horses.

The dog Pan Gu overheard what was said, and when Gao Xin was sleeping, slipped out of the palace and ran to King Fang. The latter was glad to see him standing there wagging his tail. *“You see, King Gao Xin is near his end. Even his dog has left him,”* Fang said, and held a banquet for the occasion with the dog at his side.

At midnight when all was quiet and Fang was overcome with drink, Pan Gu jumped onto the king’s bed, bit off his head and ran back to his master with it . King Gao Xin was overjoyed to see the head of his rival, and gave orders to bring Pan Gu some fresh meat. But Pan Gu left the meat untouched and curled himself up in a corner to sleep. For three days he ate nothing and did not stir.

The king was puzzled and asked, *“Why don’t you eat? Is it because I failed to keep my promise of marrying a dog?”* To his surprise Pan Gu began to speak. *“Don’t worry, my King. Just cover me with your golden bell and in seven days and seven nights I’ll become a man.”* The King did as he said, but on the sixth day, fearing he would starve to death, out of solicitude the princess peeped under the bell. Pan Gu’s body had already changed into that of a man, but his head was still that of a dog. However, once the bell was raised, the magic change stopped, and he had to remain a man with a dog’s head.

He married the princess, but she didn’t want to be seen with such a man so they moved to the earth and settled in the remote mountains of south China. There they lived happily and had four children, three boys and a girl, who became the ancestors of mankind.

The Legend of Tan’gun

The Wei Shu tells us that two thousand years ago, at the time of emperor Yao, Tangun Wanggom chose Asadal as his capital and founded the state of Chos’circon. Hwanin’s son, Hwanung, wished to descend from heaven and live in the world of human beings. Knowing his son’s desire, Hwanin surveyed the three highest mountains and found Mount T’aebaek the most suitable place for his son to settle and help human beings. Therefore he gave Hwanung three heavenly seals and dispatched him to rule over the people.

Hwanung descended with three thousand followers to a spot under a tree by the Holy Altar atop Mount T’aebaek, and he called this place the City of God. He was the Heavenly King Hwanung. Leading the Earl of Wind, the Master of Rain, and the Master of Clouds, he took charge of some

three hundred and sixty areas of responsibility, including agriculture, allotted lifespans, illness, punishment, and good and evil, and brought culture to his people.

At that time a bear and a tiger living in the same cave prayed to Holy Hwanung to transform them into human beings. The king gave them a bundle of sacred mugworts and twenty cloves of garlic and said, *“If you eat these and shun the sunlight for one hundred days, you will assume human form.”* Both animals ate the spices and avoided the sun. After twenty-one days the bear became a woman, but the tiger, unable to observe the taboo, remained a tiger. Unable to find a husband, the bear-woman prayed under the alter tree for a child. Hwanung metamorphosed himself, lay with her, and begot a son called Tangun Wanggom.

In the fiftieth year of the reign of Emperor Yao, Tangun made the walled city of P’yongyang the capital and called his country Choson. He then moved his capital to Asadal on Mount Paegak, a lso named Mount Kunghol, whence he ruled for fifteen hundred years. When, in the year kimyo [1122 BC], King Wu of Chou enfeoffed Chi Tzu to Choson, Tangun moved to Changdangyong, but later he returned and hid in Asadal as a mountain god at the age of one thousand nine hundred and eight.

The Lay of King Tongmyong

In the third year of Shen-ch’ueh of Han, in early summer, when the Great Bear Stood in the Serpent, Haemosu came to Korea, a true Son of Heaven. He came down through the air in a five-dragon chariot, with a retinue of hundreds, robes streaming, riding on swans. The atmosphere echoed loudly with chiming music, and banners floated on the tinted clouds. From ancient times men ordained to rule have come down from Heaven, but in daylight he came from the heart of the sky — a thing never before seen.

In the mornings he dwelt among men, in the evenings he returned to his heavenly palace. The ancients have told us that between heaven and earth the distance is two thousand billion and eighteen thousand seven hundred and eighty ri. A scaling-ladder could not reach so far, flying pinions could not bear the strain, yet morning and evening he went and returned at will. By what power could he do it?

North of the capital was the Green River, where the River Earl’s three beautiful daughters rose from the drake-neck’s green waves to play in the Bear’s Heart Pool. Their jade ornaments tinkled, their flowerlike beauty was modest — they might have been fairies of the Han River banks, or goddesses of the Lo River islets. The King, out hunting, espied them, was fascinated and lost his heart, not from lust for girls, but from eager desire for an heir. The three sisters saw him coming and plunged into the water to flee, so the King prepared a palace to hide in till they came back:

He traced foundations with a riding whip: A bronze palace suddenly towered, silk cushions were spread, bright and elegant, golden goblets waited with fragrant wine. Soon the three maidens came in, and toasted each other until they were drunk. Then the king emerged from hiding; The startled girls ran, tripped, and tumbled on to the floor. The oldest was Willow Flower, and it was she whom the king caught.

The Earl of the River raged in anger, and sent a speedy messenger to demand, *“What rogue are you who dares behave so presumptuously?”* *“Son of the Heavenly Emperor,”* replied Haemosu, *“I’m asking for your noble daughter’s hand.”* He beckoned to heaven: the dragon car came down, and straightaway he moved unto the Ocean Palace where the River Earl admonished him: *“Marriage is a weighty matter, needing go-betweens and gifts. Why have you done these things? If you are God’s own heir, prove your powers of transmogrification!”* Through the rippling, flowing green waters the River Earl leapt, transforming into a carp; the king turned at once into an otter that seized the carp before it could flee.

The earl then sprouted wings, flying upward, transformed into a pheasant; but the king was a golden eagle and struck like a great bird of prey; the Earl sped away as a stag, the king pursued as wolf. The Earl then confessed that the king was divine, poured wine, and they drank to the contract. When the king was drunk, he was put in a leather bag, set beside the girl in his chariot, and set off with her to rise to Heaven together. But the car had not left the water before Haemosu woke from his stupor and, seizing the girl's golden hairpin, pierced the leather and slid out through the hole, alone to mount the car beyond the crimson clouds. All was quiet; he did not return.

The River Earl punished his daughter by stretching her lips three feet long, and throwing her into the Ubal stream with only two maidservants. A fisherman saw them in the eddies, creatures disporting themselves strangely, and reported the fact to King Komwa. An iron net was set in the torrent, and the woman was trapped on a rock, a monster of shocking appearance, whose long lips made her mute. Three times they were trimmed before she could speak. King Komwa recognized Haemosu's wife, and gave unto her a palace where she might live. The sun shone in her breast and she bore Chumong in the fourth year of Shen-ch'ueh.

His form was wonderful, his voice of mighty power. He was born from a pottle-sized egg that frightened all who saw it. The king thought it inauspicious, monstrous and inhuman, and put it into the horse corral, but the horses took care not to trample it; it was thrown down steep hills, but the wild beasts all protected it; its mother retrieved it and nurtured it, till the boy hatched. His first words were: *"The flies are nibbling my eyes, I cannot lie and sleep in peace."* His mother made him a bow and arrows, And he never missed a shot.

Years passed, he grew up, getting cleverer every day, and the crown prince of the Puyo began to grow jealous, saying, *"This fellow Chumong is a redoubtable warrior. If we do not act soon, he will become trouble later."* So the king sent Chumong to tend horses, to test his intentions. Chumong meditated, *"For heaven's grandson to be a mere herdsman is an unendurable shame."* Searching his heart, he sought the right way: *"I had rather die than live like this. I would go southward, found a nation, build a city — but for my mother, whom it is hard to leave."* His mother heard his words and wept; but wiped her glistening tears:

"Never mind about me. Rather I fear for your safety. A knight setting out on a journey needs a trusty stallion." Together they went to the corral and thrashed the horses with long whips. The terrified animals milled about, but one horse, a beautiful bay, leapt over the two-fathom wall, and proved itself best of the herd. They fixed a needle in his tongue that stung him so he could not eat; in a day or two he wasted away and looked like a worn out jade.

When the king came around to inspect, he gave this horse to Chumong, who took it, removed the needle, and fed the horse well, day and night. Then he made a compact with three friends, friends who were men of wisdom; they set off south till they reached the Om, but could find no ferry to cross. Chumong raised his whip to the sky, and uttered a long sad complaint: *"Grandson of Heaven, Grandson of the River, I have come here in flight from danger. Look on my pitiful orphaned heart: Heaven and Earth, have you cast me off?"*

Gripping his bow, he struck the water: Fish and turtles hurried, heads and tails together, to form a great bridge, which the friends at once traversed. Suddenly, pursuing troops appeared and mounted the bridge; but it melted away.

A pair of doves brought barley in their bills, messengers sent by his mysterious mother. He chose a site for his capital amid mountains and streams and thick-wooded hills. Seating himself on the royal mat as King Tongmyong, he ordered the ranks of his subjects. Alas for Songyang, king of Piryu, why was he so undiscerning? Was he a son of the immortal gods, who could not recognize a scion of Heaven?

He asked Tongmyong to be his vassal, uttering rash demands, but could not hit the painted deer's navel, and was amazed when Tongmyong split the jade ring; he found his drum and bugle changed and dared not call them his; he saw Tongmyong's ancient pillars, then returned home biting his tongue.

Tongmyong went hunting in the west, caught a tall snow-white deer, strung it up by the hind feet at Haewon, and produced a great malediction: "*Let Heaven pour torrents on Piryu, and wash away his capital. I will not let you go till you help me vent my wrath.*"

The deer cried with great sounds so piteous they reached the ears of Heaven. And from the horrible music of the deer, a great rain fell for seven days, floods came like Huai joined with Ssu; Songyang was frightened and anxious. He had thick ropes stretched by the water, knights and peasants struggled to clutch them, sweating and gaping in fear.

Then Tongmyong took his whip and drew a line at which the waters stopped. Songyang submitted and thereafter there was no argument. A dark cloud covered Falcon Pass, the crests of ridges were hidden, and thousands upon thousands of carpenters were heard hammering there. The king said, "*Music from Heaven is for me preparing a great fortress up yonder.*" Suddenly the mist dispersed and a palace stood out high and splendid, where Tongmyong ruled for nineteen years, till he rose to heaven and forsook his throne.

Nuwa Makes Men

Nuwa is the goddess who separated the heaven from the Earth, creating the Divine Land (China). She is the original ancestor of the Chinese nation.

Nuwa had the surname Feng; she had the body of a snake, a human head and the virtue of a divine being. She is also known as Mixi.

Nuwa loved peace and delighted in making things. She moulded figures from the yellow earth and gave them life and the ability to bear children: this is how humanity was created. When demons fought a terrible war, they broke the pillars which held the heavens up. The firmament cracked open and the human world was put in mortal peril.

To save the lives of those she had created, Nuwa worked unceasingly, melting down the five-coloured stones to mend the breach. When the firmament was whole again, Nuwa, exhausted by her toil, lay down on the earth and was transformed into a vast mountain range. In this way, she nurtured the growth of the Chinese nation by providing a rich and fertile land.

A Brother And Sister Marry.

The ferocious God of Thunder was captured by Fuxi's father and imprisoned deep within a mountain cave. No one was allowed to visit him. Fuxi and Nüwa could no longer bear to hear the Thunder God's pitiable entreaties for water, but they dared not bring him any water. Eventually, the two of them shed tears which the god drank out of their cupped hands. The Thunder God was so strengthened by the tears that he burst out of his mountain prison. To repay Fuxi and Nuwa for their part in the rescue, the Thunder God pulled a long canine tooth from his mouth and gave it to them saying:

"In three days, mankind will suffer a terrible calamity. You may use this tooth to keep yourselves safe from harm."

Having said this, the Thunder God leaped into the sky and disappeared.

Three days later, the sky was filled with thunder and lightning. A tremendous storm broke out. Rain fell incessantly and the flood waters rose; huge waves swept across the earth and the entire human race was destroyed. As the flood began, the Thunder God's tooth transformed itself into a boat. Safe aboard this vessel, Fuxi and his sister rode the waves and drifted with the tides. Only when the waters had subsided did Fuxi and Nuwa realise that they alone had survived the desolation. When they had grown into adults, Fuxi and Nuwa became husband and wife in order to bear descendants and establish a new human race.

There were no men when the sky and the earth were separated. It was Nuwa who made men by moulding yellow clay. The work was so taxing that her strength was not equal to it. So she dipped a rope into the mud and then lifted it. The mud that dripped from the rope also became men. Those made by moulding yellow clay were rich and noble, while those made by lifting the rope were poor and low.

Nuwa Mends the Sky

In ancient times, the four corners of the sky collapsed and the world with its nine regions split open. The sky could not cover all the things under it, nor could the Earth carry all the things on it.

A great fire raged and would not die out; a fierce flood raced about and could not be checked. Savage beasts devoured innocent people; vicious birds preyed on the weak and old.

Then Nuwa melted rocks of five colours and used them to mend the cracks in the sky. She supported the four corners of the sky with the legs she had cut off from a giant turtle. She killed the black dragon to save the people of Jizhou, and blocked the flood with the ashes of reeds.

Thus the sky was mended, its four corners lifted, the flood tamed, Jizhou pacified, and harmful birds and beasts killed, and the innocent people were able to live on the square Earth under the dome of the sky. It was a time when birds, beasts, insects and snakes no longer used their claws or teeth or poisonous stings, for they did not want to catch or eat weaker things.

Nuwa's deeds benefited the heavens above and the Earth below. Her name was remembered by later generations and her light shone on every creation.

Now she was traveling on a thunder-chariot drawn by a two-winged dragon and two green hornless dragons, with auspicious objects in her hands and a special mattress underneath, surrounded by golden clouds, a white dragon leading the way and a flying snake following behind.

Floating freely over the clouds, she took ghosts and gods to the ninth heaven and had an audience with the Heavenly Emperor at Lin Men, where she rested in peace and dignity under the emperor. She never boasted of her achievements, nor did she try to win any renown; she wanted to conceal her virtues, in line with the ways of the universe. (Stories of Immortals)

Aztec: *In the beginning* of the world there was only darkness, void. Creation began when the dual Ometecuhtli (Lord of Duality) / Omecihuatl (Lady of Duality) created itself. This first god was good and bad, male and female, and gave birth to four other gods: Huizilopochtli, Quetzalcoatl, Tezcatlipoca and Xipe Totec . These gods created the world.

Coatlicue was impregnated by an obsidian knife and gave birth to Coyolxauhqui, goddess of the moon, and to four hundred sons, who became the stars of the southern sky. Later, a ball of feathers fell from the sky which, upon Coatlicue finding it and placing it in her waistband, caused her to become pregnant again.

Coyolxauhqui and her brothers turned against their mother, whose unusual pregnancy shocked and outraged them, the origin being unknown. However, the child inside Coatlique, Huitzilopochtli, the god of war and the sun god, sprang from his mother's womb, fully-grown and armored.

He attacked Coyolxauhqui, killing her with the aid of a fire serpent. Cutting off her head, he flung it into the sky, where it became the moon.

The first things created by Quetzalcoatl and Huitzilopochtli were fire and a half sun. They then undertook the creation of humanity by sacrificing a god whose blood drops on a mass of ground-up bones produced the first man and woman, named Oxomoco and Cipactonal respectively. The birth of each took four days.

After the creation of man, the gods continued creating the lords of the underworld, the heavens and waters, a crocodile-like water creature named Cipactli, and the rain god Tlaloc and his wife Chalchiuhtlicue.

When the initial creation was completed, a cycle of five suns followed which corresponded to five world ages, each one ending in destruction.

First Sun: The element of this first age is earth. Tezcatlipoca was chosen to be sacrificed to create an energy source for the planet, though he only managed to become a half sun.

During this age, a fight transpired between Quetzalcoatl and Tezcatlipoca. Quetzalcoatl was the victor, but Tezcatlipoca takes revenge by sending jaguars on Earth to destroy the giants. Thus came an end to the first sun.

Second sun: The element of this second age is air. Quetzalcoatl is in control in this era. Humans were created according to our current likeness but became corrupt. As a result, Tezcatlipoca transformed them into monkeys, and Quetzalcoatl sent hurricanes to wipe the monkeys out. There were survivors who, according to the legend, are current day monkeys.

Third Sun: The element of this age is fire and the god responsible for this era is Tlaloc, the god of rain and water. A fight ensued between Tezcatlipoca and Tlaloc when Tezcatlipoca stole Tlaloc's wife. Out of revenge, Tlaloc transformed all of humanity into turkeys, dogs and butterflies. Quetzalcoatl rained fire and ash down on the atrocities, causing the destruction of humanity for the third time.

Fourth Sun: The element related to this world age is water, and god chosen to reign is Tlaloc's sister, Chalchiuhtlicue. During this sun, Quetzalcoatl and Tezcatlipoca were filled with jealousy and brought the sun down. The population were turned into fish, and this age was ultimately terminated by a great flood.

Fifth Sun: This is said to be the age that we are currently in, and the god Nanahuatzin is responsible for it. The legend foretells that this era will end with earthquakes.

Norse: *In the beginning* before there was Earth (Midgard), there was Muspell, a fiery land guarded by the fire sword-wielding Surt; Ginnungagap, a great void, and Niflheim, a frozen ice-covered land. Muspell, a place of light and heat whose flames are so hot that those who are not native to that land cannot endure it.

Surt sits at Muspell's border, guarding the land with a flaming sword. At the end of the world he will vanquish all the gods and burn the whole world with fire. Beyond Muspell lay the great and yawning void named Ginnungagap, and beyond Ginnungagap lay the dark, cold realm of Niflheim.

Ice, frost, wind, rain and heavy cold emanated from Niflheim, meeting in Ginnungagap the soft air, heat, light, and soft air from Muspell. Where heat and cold met appeared thawing drops, and this running fluid grew into a giant frost ogre named Ymir. Ymir slept, falling into a sweat. Under his left arm there grew a man and a woman. And one of his legs begot a son with the other. This was the beginning of the frost ogres.

Thawing frost then became a cow called Audhumla. Four rivers of milk ran from her teats, and she fed Ymir. The cow licked salty ice blocks. After one day of licking, she freed a man's hair from the ice. After two days, his head appeared. On the third day the whole man was there. His name was Buri, and he was tall, strong, and handsome.

Buri begot a son named Bor, and Bor married Bestla, the daughter of a giant. Bor and Bestla had three sons: Odin was the first, Vili the second, and Vé the third. Odin, in association with his brothers, is the ruler of heaven and earth. He is the greatest and most famous of all men.

Odin, Vili, and Vé killed the giant Ymir. When Ymir fell, there issued from his wounds such a flood of blood, that all the frost ogres were drowned, except for the giant Bergelmir who escaped with his wife by climbing onto a lur [a hollowed-out tree trunk that could serve either as a boat or a coffin]. From them spring the families of frost ogres. The sons of Bor then carried Ymir to the middle of Ginnungagap and made the world from him. From his blood they made the sea and the lakes; from his flesh the earth; from his hair the trees; and from his bones the mountains. They made rocks and pebbles from his teeth and jaws and those bones that were broken.

Maggots appeared in Ymir's flesh and came to life. By the decree of the gods they acquired human understanding and the appearance of men, although they lived in the earth and in rocks. From Ymir's skull the sons of Bor made the sky and set it over the earth with its four sides. Under each corner they put a dwarf, whose names are East, West, North, and South.

The sons of Bor flung Ymir's brains into the air, and they became the clouds.

Then they took the sparks and burning embers that were flying about after they had been blown out of Muspell, and placed them in the midst of Ginnungagap to give light to heaven above and earth beneath. To the stars they gave appointed places and paths.

The earth was surrounded by a deep sea. The sons of Bor gave lands near the sea to the families of giants for their settlements. To protect themselves from the hostile giants, the sons of Bor built for themselves an inland stronghold, using Ymir's eyebrows. This stronghold they named Midgard. While walking along the sea shore the sons of Bor found two trees, and from them they created a man and a woman.

Odin gave the man and the woman spirit and life. Vili gave them understanding and the power of movement. Vé gave them clothing and names. The man was named Ask [Ash] and the woman Embla [Elm?]. From Ask and Embla have sprung the races of men who lived in Midgard. In the middle of the world the sons of Bor built for themselves a stronghold named Asgard, called Troy by later generations. The gods and their kindred lived in Asgard, and many memorable events have happened there.

In Asgard was a great hall named Hlidskjálf. Odin sat there on a high seat. From there he could look out over the whole world and see what everyone was doing. He understood everything that he saw.

Odin married Frigg, the daughter of Fjörgvin. From this family has come all the kindred that inhabited ancient Asgard and those kingdoms that belonged to it. Members of this family are called the Æsir, and they are all divinities. This must be the reason why Odin is called All-Father. He is the father of all the gods and men and of everything that he and his power created.

The earth was Odin's daughter and his wife as well. By her he had his first son, Thor. Might and strength were Thor's characteristics. By these he dominates every living creature. As all informed people know, the gods built a bridge from earth to heaven called Bifröst. Some call it the rainbow. It has three colors and is very strong, made with more skill and cunning than other structures. But strong as it is, it will break when the sons of Muspell ride out over it. The gods are not to blame that this structure will then break. Bifröst is a good bridge, but there is nothing in this world that can be relied on when the sons of Muspell are on the warpath.

The chief sanctuary of the gods is by the ash tree Yggdrasil. There they hold their daily court. Yggdrasil is the best and greatest of all trees. Its branches spread out over the whole world and reach up over heaven.

Science: *In the beginning* the universe expanded from a very high-density and high-temperature state, and offers a comprehensive explanation for a broad range of phenomena, including the abundance of light elements, the cosmic microwave background (CMB) radiation, large-scale structure and Hubble's law (the farther away galaxies are, the faster they are moving away from Earth). If the observed conditions are extrapolated backwards in time using the known laws of physics, the prediction is that just before a period of very high density there was a singularity which is typically associated with the Big Bang. Current knowledge is insufficient to determine if the singularity was primordial.

Georges Lemaître first noted in 1927 that an expanding universe could be traced back in time to an originating single point, calling his theory that of the "primeval atom". The scientific community was once divided between supporters of two different models, the Big Bang and the steady state, but a wide range of empirical evidence has strongly favoured the Big Bang which is now universally accepted. In 1929, from analysis of galactic redshifts, Edwin Hubble concluded that galaxies are drifting apart; this is important observational evidence for an expanding universe. In 1964, the CMB was discovered, which was crucial evidence in favour of the hot Big Bang model, since that theory predicted the existence of background radiation throughout the universe before it was discovered.

The known laws of physics can be used to calculate the characteristics of the universe in detail back in time to an initial state of extreme density and temperature. Detailed measurements of the expansion rate of the universe place the Big Bang at around 13.8 billion years ago, which is thus considered the age of the universe. After its initial expansion, the universe cooled sufficiently to allow the formation of subatomic particles, and later atoms. Giant clouds of these primordial elements (mostly hydrogen, with some helium and lithium) later coalesced through gravity, eventually forming early stars and galaxies, the descendants of which are visible today.

Astronomers also observe the gravitational effects of dark matter surrounding galaxies. Most of the matter in the universe seems to be in the form of dark matter, and the Big Bang theory and various observations indicate that it is not conventional baryonic matter (atoms). It is still not known exactly what dark matter is. More recently, measurements of the redshifts of supernovae indicate that the expansion of the universe is accelerating, an observation attributed to dark energy's existence. (Credit Wikipedia)

Evolution: It is a far more credible argument that we evolve. We see it played out at every Olympic games. Records are broken over and over. If we were not evolving there would be no point in records would there?

The alternative is creation from chaos. There's an argument that a storm blowing in the desert could not create a Boeing 747 (big aeroplane!). Natural selection greed and ambition takes chaos out of the equation.

Ever seen the Terminator II movie when the new, more advanced Terminator, the liquid metal, shapeshifting T-1000 is sent back in time to kill John to stop him from becoming leader of the human Resistance?

The T-1000 is composed of a mimetic poly-alloy, a liquid metal that allows it to take the shape of anything it touches. Though it cannot mimic complex machines such as guns or bombs, it can shape any part of its structure into long knives and stabbing weapons, it can also mimic the voice and appearance of anyone it desires.

The plot follows the usual pattern of Terminator movies. In this version the T-1000 peruses its quarry with fierce, emotionless vigour, chasing down John with remorseless determination. In the climactic battle Arnie just happens to steal a lorry full of liquid Nitrogen boils at $-196\text{ }^{\circ}\text{C}$.

After the usual Hollywood road race, Arnie predictably crashes the vehicle into a structure, which splits the trailer container offloading the cargo right over the T-1000 and freezes him on the spot. Unable to move, petrified in mid-step and now as brittle as glass Arnie fixes it with his one human eye, raises his sawn off shotgun blasts it to smithereens? The chances of that eh!

That would be the end of that but no ... the inferno created by the burning lorry warms and thaws the rudimentary pieces. Each sliver, shard and splinter liquefy to a mercury viscosity and ominously the pools are attracted to their neighbours, one flowing to the other, growing larger and more capable, each seeking out its component parts morphing until the ultimate Terminator is reformed.

Well apparently, that's what happens in nature. Every element seeking out a neighbour to become a better entity, an ultimate amalgamation formed from the sum of its parts.

So that hurricane swirling lawlessly in the desert is a fundamental constituent of the evolution of the 747, not the anarchic hand that prevents it. Without it the components could not find each other. The building blocks aren't clanging about in aimless contemplation; each is imbued with ultimate ambition. The driving force of natural selection encourages each to seek (if not consciously) a compatible partner, just like the fragmentalized T-1000.

So an atom of iron will find another and another till it finally creates a nut, because a nut is better and more useful than a bag of filings (in this case).

Other lumps of iron will form together and make a bolt because a nut with a bolt is better than a nut on its own. The bolt unless lucky (which happens) will need to go through a natural process of evolution. The bolts that form with threads counter clockwise to the nuts clockwise rotation will become redundant. A bolt without a nut that fits is no good for this purpose, that of holding together panels, instruments and furnishings of a plane.

The trial and error game plays out. The violent, raging hurricane does not exhaust, constantly fuelling, energy creating a medium in which the elements thrive and the howling, screaming winds stir the maelstrom. This process of trying to match the bolt to the nut will continue, form, grow, dismantle, reform, redesign, until eventually a successful bolt tries a new design. Now there are

number of clockwise and counter-clockwise threaded bolts. But bolts without nuts are no good for our cause. Once the dominant clockwise nut is established, then all the counter-clockwise bolts disassemble, become extinct and reassemble into clockwise.

So the bolts have ‘evolved’, addressed the issue and formed clockwise thread but those darn nuts have thrown a spanner in the works ... they evolved too, not wanting to wait for those slow-to-develop bolts to get their act together.

The original clockwise thread was a badly engineered affair. The machining was loose and sloppy and over time the nuts formed crisp tight, uniform metric (metric because it’s better than that stupid imperial measurement!)

Clockwise thread ... the frustrated old bolt having formed an *imperial* Clockwise thread.

Back to the drawing board!

And the great news is that after a number of attempts a metric bolt is formed that exactly fits the thread and rotation of the metric nut. The process could easily have played out the other way round. The bolt formed first but a nut and bolt finally *are* because the final product is better.

So this is not chaos, it is evolution through greed and ambition, the driving force to be bigger and better.

And so the process goes on and if the wind blew long enough then ‘yes indeed-e, Jim-Bob’ A fully formed 747 would evolve from the dust ... except it would now be an Airbus 380 because it’s bigger and better!

...

The Myths of Man

So! Here’s the million dollar question: *Is it faith in the unknown or the attempts to explain it ... do we believe in the God, prophets or Gods, or are we driven by the stories drafted by man?*

Now I know the next part may make some feel uncomfortable and wearing their *Sticky Label* will mindlessly direct a certain amount of irrational animosity toward me ... **GOOD!**

Over the next few paragraphs I’m going to implore you to put beliefs, prejudices and convictions to one side. I am going to ask that we take a step back and simply, objectively ask insightful questions ... ***question what we have been taught since we could walk.***

What were you taught as being the way of the world?

It’s easy to make you eat something that looks and smells like shit ... just put a *Sticky Label* on it!

DELICACY

Without the label you wouldn’t dream of popping that sheep’s eye in your mouth ... with the label attached, you scoff it down and to your surprise, you find it tastes like shit!

But you don’t know until you try it. And that’s what I’m clumsily trying to say ... ***try it and then make the decision.***

After we've asked the questions, if you still feel that your principle is the way things are, and it makes you feel happy, then so be it. **But ask the questions.** If the teachings, doctrine and dogma do fall short and don't stand up to closer scrutiny, clear them out of your head ... don't retort with that ubiquitous, cop-out answer: "*God works in mysterious ways*" — *It doesn't* and your beliefs may be fundamentally flawed.

I also need to clarify that when I talk about 'religion' and 'faith' I am making reference to *The Myths of Man*. These are tangible and a small selection have been reproduced above. I do not question our desire to seek solace in something we can't explain, even if it's something as tangible as life and the energy that runs through all things.

In my experience, and I am not judging here it's merely an observation. If some put as much faith in their own abilities as they do into the various scriptures, they would be far, far stronger. We do not need the crutch of **Man's** interpretations of Gods to lean on.

Religion is a by product of the survival mechanism. To use Richard Dawsons example of the Kamikaze moth navigating by the moon. The rays from the moon are straight but the rays from a candle aren't, setting up a diminishing orbit until it flies into the flame.

Some thank their God when things go well, and forgive them when bad times prevail ... *Some won't.*

I believe that not having all that one could wish for is not the **will of Gods**, it's not destiny, bad luck is not stalking , Karma isn't taking revenge for what we did in past lives, the mother-in-law hasn't got it in for us, and the black cat that crossed our path didn't cause a voodoo, black-magic curse!

YOUR problems and frustrations are of your own making and God isn't going to get you out of the rut.

The sooner you get into this mind set and become unilaterally *accountable*, the sooner things will settle down.

Let's indulge our deep, deep desire to unravel the supernatural. It gives comfort and brings joy and contentment to many millions all over the world ... **but let's not for one second confuse that with the desires, greed and avarice of malignant men, and never, ever underestimate their influence upon your life.**

YOUR LIFE AND DESTINY ARE IN YOUR HANDS.

I am fully aware that I am forging into contentious territory now and what I am about to write is purely my own conclusions derived from questioning *my* place on this Earth.

I am not religious and never have been. That does not mean to say that I don't believe in, or choose to put a *Sticky Label something*.

I went to a Christian school and painfully endured Religious Studies. However, as long back as can I remember (aged five or six) I *questioned* the stories. I was probably the biggest pain in the arse for teachers: "*questions, questions, questions, for God's sake Tranty, why don't you just shut up?*"

I remember getting into all sorts of trouble for not preying. I would sit bolt-upright in assembly and look over the entire *flock*, heads bowed and thinking that they probably no clue as to what they were actually preying for. Blindly and ignorantly repeating verbatim the head's monotone recital of *The Myths of Man*.

I would wonder why they would just *obey* and prey when the authority figure instructed, yet not know what they were preying to, or for. Even then, at that tender age, I felt strongly that we shouldn't be *forced* into acceptance of these teachings.

I felt that they were stories and myths not written by gods. Nothing more real than King Arthur and The Knight's of The Round Table or Atlantis! Although some scholars would say these did exist ... ***who knows!***

I came across two men arguing outside of a DIY store. Two perfectly normal looking, middle aged men. I had a second take as I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I found a spot within ear shot and listened further.

One would make an argument starting with "*and the bible says...*" the other would rebuke this and come back with a counter argument. And so this went on getting more and more heated. The the one guy actually turned and said "*yes, but I know more about the bible because I go to church every Sunday*". They were coming to blows over who was more knowledgeable about a book ... ***and that's how wars start!*** It makes no sense. Would they have had the same argument about Harry Potter?

The *stories* about the great flood and Noah's Arc were great to a child, but they were just that ... **stories!** I couldn't understand why they were been taught as **FACT**. All other subjects were based on *current and correct thinking* at the time and based on contemporary research, not folk law. I really did question **WHY** we were taught this stuff.

I'm not actually sure what it says in the bible about Noah because I haven't read it but that's the point. My knowledge is based on a teacher's interpretation and a bit of Wikipedia, which I now pass on as fact, ***Chinese whispers***. As far as I understand, Noah was given forward knowledge of a great flood that would cover the world, more than fifteen cubits deeper than the highest mountain ... That'll be a fifteen cubits over twenty eight thousand feet then! And where did all the rain come from anyway?

He gathered together in one place all the animals from every continent and managed to corral them into a great boat. That's some feat in itself, hence the saying '*it's as hard as herding cats*.' The great storm came and drowned all the *unworthy* souls as Noah, *the worthy* and chosen one, floated around the globe until the waters subsided. He was allowed to bring his sons. God says to Noah, "*But I will establish my covenant with you, and you shall come into the ark, you, your sons, your wife, and your sons' wives with you*"

Now this is where it get's awkward for God because according to my sources, Noah had to go into the local village to drag his son from the tavern where he'd been drinking and whoring for a month. Absolute proof that it's not what you know, it's who you know and Noah was one of the elite. '*Noah was a righteous man and walked with God*.' What made Noah so '*worthy*'? Did he not commit a single digression in his life, not a single twinge of envy, never once did he covet another man's wife? Not a lazy day of sloth, not a single gluttonous meal, never once did he raise his voice in anger?

I know how much hay our horses eat, you'd be surprised. I know how much my cows shit in a day ... A lot! According to the legendary David Attenborough, the savanna would be knee deep in shit if it wasn't for the humble dung beetle. Each year we lose a number of chickens to the hawks. There would be carnage in that boat as predators devoured prey. The lions would eat the wildebeest, the alligators the deer, the hyenas would fight with the wolves that had brought down the Elk. The stoats would eat the birds, the snakes would eat the stoats. The bears would use the rabbits to wipe their arse and the rats would fuck their way to a plague, eating everything including the wiring. The

beef wouldn't last a week because Noah was partial to barbecued Sirloin and Mrs Noah would have the lamb ready by Sunday with a jar of mint sauce.

The story isn't even unique. It appears to be based on the earlier Greek myth know as Deucalion's Flood, which incidentally is far more feasible!

Zeus, dressed as an old traveller dropped in to visit the fifty sons of Lycaon. Zeus was already not a happy chap as one of the sons, Lycaeus, has sacrificed a boy to him. In reprimand, Zeus transformed him into a wolf and had his house struck by lightning. At the meeting, the sons had the affront to serve him up a stew of sheep and goat offal. Now Zeus was bad tempered at best and an utterly wrathful at worst. In reprimand he turned them all into wolves and not being satisfied with that, he let loose a great flood on the earth with the intention of wiping out the entire race of man. However, Deucalion, King of Phthia got wind of this from his father Prometheus and built himself an ark. It was obviously smaller than Noah's as he only had room for wife! The South wind blew, the rain fell and the rivers roared down to the sea which rising with astonishing speed washed away every city of the plain to the coast; until the entire world was flooded but for a few mountain peaks (not as deep as Noah's flood which covered Everest), and all mortal creatures seem to have been lost. The ark floated for about nine days, give or take, and came to rest on a mountain.

Deucalion hopped off the boat and as you can imagine, was a tad upset at Zeus. He offered a sacrifice, which is a bit of a hole on the story as the flood had clearly drowned everything. Discounting that Deucalion asked that man be restored.

It appears that Zeus by this time had calmed down and was beginning to think that destroying every living thing because he didn't get a pork chop, was probably a bit of an overreaction. Not wanting to lose face he sent down Themis who said to Deucalion "*Shroud your heads and throw the bones of your mother behind you!*". Deucalion didn't actually have those to hand so he and his wife Pyrrha threw rocks instead, which immediately sprang up as men and women depending on who threw them.

The books written by man are full of this ridiculousness. Not even David Blain could part the seas. He could however turn water into wine with a trick bottle and some sleight of hand and if he wanted I'm sure he could work out how to feed five thousand people with some bread and cheese. Dynamo can walk on water, he did it on the river Thames and lots of people saw too. The ten plagues of Egypt could be true, I saw it on the Discovery Channel. Joshua didn't stop the sun, no one can stop the sun, it's just too big! Was there a resurrection or did the Big Man have a twin brother?

... *And wars are fought over this!!!*

My son keeps getting into trouble for asking the same awkward questions. Not because I have taught him to do so, simply because he seems to have inherited that part of my personality ... he asks about Santa and the Tooth-Fairy too!

I remember a little witch-dwarf woman from the underworld, the deputy head, taking me aside and threatening me with detention if I didn't prey. I told her that I made no trouble, I sat and attended as I should but nothing, nothing she could say or do would force me to say words I didn't believe were true. So after a good whipping I was sent back to class nursing my reddened flesh!

I do believe in good and bad luck to an extent, I don't believe it's dished out from on high. I do believe in having moral values and leading your life respecting others and I do believe in leading life to the full. I do believe that some things happen for a reason, a modicum of fate, and that good things can only come from the bad things that happen ... I don't believe my life is mapped out and I'm merely a flea following a path set out by an all-powerful entity.

This is what I believe based on my own limited time here and one thing's for sure, I don't need a prophet, preacher or clairvoyant to tell me what I should or should not do, or believe. And certainly I don't accept that the rewards for my efforts in this world will lead me to a better place when I die ... ***I believe that I'll be rewarded right now for the good things I do!***

All this does not mean that I am right or that my thinking could change tomorrow. I'll deal with that when the time comes and make my excuses if I have to!

It merely means I do not believe in something I find unfeasible. I do not believe in tenets that have been developed by man because (a) something cannot be explained by rationale and (b) because other mortals receive a direct Earthly benefit from my devotion.

I do not look to another man's theory and embrace it, simply because I'm too confused, dumb or ignorant to explain events, the weird and wonderful and nature for myself. I just can't explain why some things are what they are and am content with that.

And as a tolerant and open-minded person I would not think less of anyone who had questioned their beliefs, questioned their creation story and found contentment in the answers ... ***so long as they did the questioning!***

After all, that particular version may well be the right one and what is written *could* well be the way of the world ... I wouldn't know, because until proven otherwise, I believe that my way is the right way!

Are you religious?

If so, what is your religion? Where have your beliefs come from? Your parents, your community, your teachers and school, Government policy, a book written many years ago based on myth and legend ... ***or is there real tangible, substance to your faith?***

Do you follow that religion because it's a social requirement of whatever tribe you associate with or because you truly believe it is the answer to the very life that courses through you?

...

The Greek

Imagine for a moment that you were born a native of that warm and ancient land, thousands of years ago, Greece!

You were raised in the majestic mountains near Olympus enjoying wine, Tzaiki and olives and an intimate relationship with Mother Nature! (Sounds fun!)

You were taught that all things and all the elements have their own Gods and their gifts to your world are sacred.

This is YOUR world.

Your boundaries are demarked by the shimmering Ionian and Aegean seas.

One day you ask that immortal question: WHY?

Why do I believe the myths? Is this actually the way things are? Does Zeus wield Godly power over all things mortal? Does Poseidon dwell in the ocean's depths? Do we navigate Styx to a better place when we die and should we fear Hades ... and if we could set Persephone free would winter be such a cold and dark time?

You look around and begin to question your faith.

Do you come up with this answer? *“What I have been taught by my family, my friends, my ancestors, my peers, my race, my tribe; what we have all believed these years is wrong ... it's all wrong!”*

The real answer is that there are no such things as the Gods, there is no need to place in such high regard the land, for the land was created for us in seven days and seven nights. There is only one God and he will have a son who will die on a cross and” ... NO!

You are an ancient Greek living hundreds of years before a guy gets crucified and changes the lives of millions for the rest of history. You would not come up with this answer because that doctrine does not even exist on the Earth at your time.

Your religious beliefs are formed by what you have been taught all your life by other people!

The Greek myths are a Greek's interpretation of how we came to exist. They are a Greek's attempt to explain the inexplicable and even though there is no rationale to those stories, the religion was strictly adhered to, without question and even adopted by the Romans ... Who eventually slaughtered non believers.

So when you begin to ask questions, more questions arise and the fabric of the world you have created about yourself begins to look a little worn.

Ironically, if you study art history, even the face most widely recognized as Jesus is said to have been taken from the famous statue of Zeus at The Temple of Zeus. I've even seen theories that the name Jesus is derived from Zeus 'Je' Zeus ... **Who knows!**

The point is, that all we believe and hold so dear is a thin as egg-shell and cracks at the slightest tap ... **it has to be questioned.**

Our beloved image of Santa Claus, the fat, bearded chap in a red costume comes to us courtesy of a Coca Cola advertising campaign in the 1930s.

At the beginning of the 1930s, the burgeoning Coca-Cola company was still looking for ways to increase sales of their product during winter, then a slow time of year for the soft drink market. They turned to a talented commercial illustrator named Haddon Sundblom, who created a series of memorable drawings that associated the figure of a larger than life, red-and-white garbed Santa Claus with Coca-Cola.

Coke's annual advertisements featuring Sundblom-drawn Santas holding bottles of Coca-Cola, drinking Coca-Cola, receiving Coca-Cola as gifts, and especially enjoying Coca-Cola, became a perennial Christmastime feature which helped spur Coca-Cola sales throughout the winter (and produced the bonus effect of appealing quite strongly to children, an important segment of the soft drink market). The success of this advertising campaign has helped fuel the legend that Coca-Cola actually invented the image of the modern Santa Claus, decking him out in a red-and-white suit to promote the company colours or that at the very least, Coca-Cola chose to promote the red-and-white version of Santa Claus over a

variety of competing Santa figures in order to establish it as the accepted image of Santa Claus' ... they did a great job eh!

I always thought the image of Santa I grew up with had been handed down over hundreds of years ... I was devastated when I discovered it was yet more manipulation by *The Machine*.

As a humble God-fearing Greek living your life, you had no contact with other religions and no clue as to their beliefs. So as far as you're concerned, your religion was the right one and the way of the world.

If each religion is not mans attempt to explain the unexplainable and impose a set of values upon others, why are there so many religions, and why are they so radically different?

Whose story is the right one?

Roman Catholics, Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims, The Scientologists? And in most cases why is each religion so vehemently trying to convert the other to *their* way of thinking? They can't all be right and why are there so many of them?

Apparently there are over four thousands religions and that's not including the denominations.

The world's 20 largest religions and their number of believers are:

1. Christianity (2.1 billion)
2. Islam (1.3 billion)
3. Nonreligious (Secular/Agnostic/Atheist) (1.1 billion)
4. Hinduism (900 million)
5. Chinese traditional religion (394 million)
6. Buddhism 376 million
7. Primal-indigenous (300 million)
8. African traditional and Diasporic (100 million)
9. Sikhism (23 million)
10. Juche (19 million)
11. Spiritualism (15 million)
12. Judaism (14 million)
13. Bahai (7 million)
14. Jainism (4.2 million)
15. Shinto (4 million)
16. Cao Dai (4 million)
17. Zoroastrianism (2.6 million)
18. Tenrikyo (2 million)
19. Neo-Paganism (1 million)
20. Unitarian-Universalism (800,000)

Whose story is the right one? I don't know and if I'm being honest, don't care! I have asked my questions and come to my own conclusions; I don't subscribe to the Myths of Man.

What I do know is this: I have more faith in MY own ability to influence MY life than any of the myriad of Gods out there.

...

The Earth is Flat ... *Isn't it?*

At one time people thought the world was flat and if you walked too far you would fall off. Believe it or not, some people still believe this to be the case! "*The facts are simple,*" says Charles K. Johnson, president of the International Flat Earth Research Society. "*The earth is flat.*" Probably thinks we're all nutters too!

Anyway, This is was what people believed (or in spite of the advancements in science, still believe); it was their way of seeing the world. It was a mind-set adhered to because everyone in the community was taught it to be true, so all saw it that way and consequently no one ventured further than the edge of the settlement.

It took hundreds of years before someone asked **WHY** and ventured out to see if, what they had been taught all their life, was true. To their amazement they discovered that if they kept on going the precipice (horizon) kept getting further away, and eventually they arrived at where they began — in one piece ... *mad eh!*

...

Life After Death

I am not writing this to generate hostility or make enemies! I am simply asking questions and exploring. I am sharing my thoughts with the sole intention of lighting touch paper, to set off the fireworks; to promote open and questioning thinking. You should ask your own questions and draw your own conclusions.

At what point do you pass over to the other side?

The moment you die?

Does your soul continue to age? Do you continue to live a life in the afterlife? Do you continue to deteriorate and decompose or do you remain the person that passed through from life? Do you continue to learn? Do you keep getting wiser like the immortals in the great film Highlander, or do you all get reset to say, age thirty by default?

If I was to die as a shrieking, screeching three-month-old baby, am I destined to spend the rest of eternity dribbling, shitting and farting?

If I were to lose my beloved twenty five year old wife in a car accident, should I live happily for the next forty years secure in the knowledge that one day we would be reunited on the other side?

What a deal!!!

I pass over having sowed my oats, living the life of lives and outliving my welcome on Earth only to be reunited with my young woman who's obviously waited for me, still in her prime and sexy knickers! Am I destined to live eternally as a wretched old man trying to keep up with my virile, slinky, babe?

And what about Wifey's deal!!! Sounds like a story out of 'Tales From The Crypt.'

Do you argue and have domestics in the afterlife and if so what about? Do you still have money worries and if not, if we are all equal, how has the ruling entity solved the problems associated with a communist state?

Do they have busses and coffee shops, do they have Porsches and Ferraris!

If life after death is so perfect, how do they make it so?

Use your imagination and think about how perfect could a life possibly be?

It's very difficult to come up with what is readily available, right here, in your life now! And as we've already explored in the happiness verses success section ... **paradise is a constantly changing concept.**

Problem is, with this perfect life we're all promised is that you have to be dead to answer these questions.

I'm not trying to belittle the beliefs of millions of people, honestly. I'm just putting forward a different point of view.

Einstein references The Observer in his theory of Special Relativity:

In special relativity, an observer is a frame of reference from which a set of objects or events are being measured.

When the observer changes position a set of objects or events have a different measurement ... ***it all depends on the observer!***

The USA is a superpower. Sail just a few miles into the Pacific and that entire continent dips below the horizon (*unless you're a Flat Earth subscriber*) and no longer exists in your world.

The maps we produce here in New Zealand put New Zealand in the centre because they were getting pissed off with map makers not even featuring us ... really cool and it's a totally different perspective.

Ask the questions and if you still believe in life after death and you feel I've missed something, then that's all I ask.

I'd love to be wrong, especially with the questions I've just posed. I truly would love there to be a good life after my demise ... I don't want to die, and end up as dust, I sincerely don't. I don't want to miss my childrens' lives and I would give up everything if I could spend the rest of eternity with my family as happy as we are at this time.

Bollocks! ... I'm starting to well up now!

...

Time Travel

Will they will invent time travel?

If they invent time travel in the future, some time in the next hundred billion years ... ***then why, oh why isn't it here now?***

Because the guy from the future would be traveling around time as it exists and he'd be visiting us, we'd see it in our lives now. Plus, if one person invents it, others will follow and the whole order of things will be shot to piecessssssssssss..... ooooragghhhhhh..... sorry, I just went off into a time warp type thing and just met myself?

So ask the questions, questions that will set you free.

...

Sins of Man

Many of the world's richest people believe in a God or Gods, therefore, how do they reconcile breaking those sins which *man* set out? Is the answer to simply repent on the death bed?

Pride is excessive belief in one's own abilities, that interferes with the individual's recognition of the grace of God. It has been called the sin from which all others arise. Pride is also known as Vanity.

Envy is the desire for others' traits, status, abilities, or situation.

Gluttony is an inordinate desire to consume more than that which one requires.

Lust is an inordinate craving for the pleasures of the body.

Wrath is manifested in the individual who spurns love and opts instead for fury. It is also known as Anger.

Greed is the desire for material wealth or gain, ignoring the realm of the spiritual. It is also called Avarice or Covetousness.

Sloth is the avoidance of physical or spiritual work.

I truly believe it is impossible to cultivate success and not indulge in a little lust, envy or greed. From my limited education I believe that most religions preach some form of dictate along the lines of '*achievement is a sin*'.

I suppose the ubiquitous answer to transgressing and attaining wealth is that "*God works in mysterious ways!!!*"

I don't apologise for my cynicism, these are my opinions ... read them ... make your own judgments ... ***and don't ever judge me for mine.***

I do not subscribe to *The Myths of Men* as you know. Partly (maybe naively) because from what I've seen, those on their pedestals and lecterns preach that it is the *right thing* to have very little, to be subservient and be humble. To do as ordered, without question and that "*if I say you've sinned, you've darn well sinned*" regardless of whether your very life is endangered by obeying. (reference to contraception and HIV). All whilst these *Masters of Manipulation* live very comfortably, thank you very much ... ***have you seen inside Vatican City lately?***

See through the smoke and mirrors and embrace your new religion, that of I.

The Omniscience Principle suggests that it is a wholly good thing to have **Pride** in one's own abilities.

It is fine to look at others' possessions and **Covet** the same for yourself.

There is nothing wrong in considered consumption. If you go back to basics, man only *requires* food, water and shelter!!!

Enjoying the *pleasures of the body* is bloody lovely!

And get **Angry**, it's the fuel of ambition. The '*desire for material wealth*' is the whole point isn't it! We can't do good without it. Something the church is actually aware of as it hands round the donations platter!

And do not, under any circumstances, confuse **Sloth** with the freedom to do what you want, whenever you desire.

HYPOCRISY ... It's is the greatest sin of all.

I read the 'Little Green Book' by Wallace D. Wattles, a bible for an impressive list of breathtakingly wealthy, self-made people. Mr Wattles has a pretty open mind when it comes to understanding his faith and what is required from him to stay in good favour. I have noticed that people interpret their bibles in many different ways. The Koran being a case in point in this modern world and the Christian bible has been twisted to justify a whole host of thoroughly despicable acts.

Quotes are extracted to justify actions: 'Turn the other cheek' or an 'eye for an eye' ... *which is it?*

It's one thing to punch a bully for bullying ... it's a whole other level, bombing innocents for bombing innocents.

Wallace goes on to say: '*Do not covert another man's possessions for you can have anything you want for yourself.*

Get rid of the idea that God wants you to sacrifice yourself for others, that you can secure his favour by doing so. **God requires nothing of the kind ... MAN does!**

What *it* wants is that you make the most of yourself, for yourself and for others.

And, you can help others including the Earth and all its flora and fauna, because they're all inclusive ... by making the most of yourself in any way possible.

You can make the most of yourself only by getting rich. '*Thus, it is right and praiseworthy that you should give your first and best thought to the work of acquiring wealth.*'

Now that's the kind of religious doctrine I like!

Not the double standards dished out by millionaire prophets, The **Masters of Manipulation**: "*Yes, give up yourself and all your worldly belongings to my God and as a thank you he'll not throw you in a pit of hellfire, dammed for all eternity when you die.*"

There is nothing quite like living in poverty when those who preach it and leach off others live as kings. I have yet to see a vicar living on the breadline on the 12th floor of a tenement block. Vicarages are, on the whole, pretty desirable properties. Flick through the cable channels and listen to the almost maniacal words of those celebrity preachers: "***be subservient, do as the good lord (man) asks, give it all up to the lord (me)***". They don't leave their extraordinarily extravagant churches on a donkey is all I'm sayin'!

If there is a God or Gods, **I promise**, he/she/it/they would be more than happy for you to get rich and use that wealth for the good of the Earth he/she/it/they went to all that trouble to create. Wealth, drive and ambition are not sins and anyway, how many worldly possessions do you have to have before you're considered greedy?

Is there a specific dividing line between where avarice (my translation for which is ambition) begins and wanting to be comfortable ends?

...

Waiting for God

As far back as I can remember, I have carried with me a very vivid picture. It's a dread that spurred me on to become a high achiever. Maybe if you are in a rut, if an ever-decreasing comfort zone is still strangling you, think about this:

During a study of old folk 'waiting for God' a question was put to them:

"Is there anything you regret doing in your life?"

99% of them answered: *'No!'*

Then, delving a little deeper it emerged the pensioners, without exception conceded:

"It was not the things they had done that tormented them ... it was the things they HADN'T done!"

The vision that I carried with me during my former years and what propelled me into action was this:

I could see myself several decades in the future waiting to die. I would be sat in my favourite old and threadbare chair, in front of a small fire, in a not too comfortable room, in a damp and run down not too desirable house, feeling not too contented.

The grandchildren would be gathered close by and as I pulled up the blanket on my lap and drew on my old pipe, one of them asked: *"Tell us the story of your life, Grandpa"* ...

Silence! Nothing!

The scene pans to a parched and dusty desert, the wind is whistling and the tumbleweed, tumbles by. I have no stories, no adventures, and no escapades to share. Not a single great moment to tell. The children looked up expectantly as a tear wells in my eye ... ***PHHHUUUUURRRRRRRRR!!!***

Get that thought out of my head now!

And that's it!

That vision scared the pants off me. It haunted me for years, and even explained a re-occurring nightmare I had as a child.

All would be dark. Screams were pushed out by exhausted lungs. I stood all alone, dwarfed in a cavernous cave as fluid, granite boulders like lava blobs in a lamp, floated all around.

The feeling of pure, cold sweat panic that accompanied the dream, I later discovered, was **the fear of being a nobody**; of never being noticed, of not achieving a single damn thing in my life.

I have made damn certain that in several decades time, when the grandchildren gather in my comfortable room, in my comfortable house; when I'm feeling full of beans and I pipe up: "*OK, who wants to hear about my adventures?*", those kids are going to groan: "*Blimey Grandpa, not another one — give us some peace?*"

I am going to fight with every cell that is me, with every joule of energy I possess. I am going to ensure that I have the best life I can carve; the best life I can achieve. I am going to look back in years to come and smile to myself content in the knowledge that my only one regret is, ***that I couldn't pack more in!***

If I could ask you to do just one thing in your life, just one, it would be this:

Please, please, please ensure you do the one thing you most want to do.

Just do it, and do it as soon as you can!

No excuses, no procrastination, just do that one thing you have always wanted to do, for tomorrow you could be wiped from the face of this beautiful place ... life is so short and how sad it would be if you never did that one single thing.

Once it's achieved, everything else afterwards is a bonus.

I had done most of the crazy, wild things I wanted to do by the time I was twenty five.

Everything I do now is a bonus!

I have seen the mountains, the deserts, and the oceans. Once you've seen a perfect beach, jaded water lapping upon mother of pearl sand, framed by emerald palms, beaches don't get any better — just different.

A beautiful lake, is a beautiful lake, is a beautiful lake!

Once you've bathed in one and enjoyed its magnificence, all the others are a bonus. Once you've swum with whales and dolphins, the next time is just a bonus. Once you seen a West End show the others are a bonus. Once you've had a great relationship the rest aren't any better — just different.

But ensure you do it first time round; do the one thing you most desire today and you'll have no regrets tomorrow.

"When I have loads of money I'll..."

How many times have you said or heard that? ... What if you fall ill before you become rich?

How many times have you seen or have known of someone working a whole life, planning and waiting for the day they retire, only to keel over the day before they were due to collect their pension?

Please, if you truly want to be free, commit to it with body and soul now, today, for tomorrow may never come.

DO SOMETHING GOOD!

The first thing that you will want to do will most probably be a selfish act!

No problem! They generally are. Let's get that out of your system because all other selfish acts will be a bonus.

May I ask that **The Second** thing on the list is something **Good**, something altruistic. Plant a tree, say Hi to a homeless person ... ask if there's anything you can do to help ... you may be surprised. Help a stranded whale, pop into the local youth centre.

The second thing you do will most probably have very little affect on anything at all but 1. it'll make you feel good and that affects all other things you do and 2. It might make more of a difference than you thought!

Yes, we are building a future where happiness is a constant companion ... we are most definitely not sacrificing the present to do so.

YouTube is full of get rich gurus with get rich formulae. One features a guy talking from a lectern. He says: "*Work your fingers to the bone and remain poor and miserable for life ... when you die you'll have all the wealth you desire.*"

It doesn't have many views and the comments are less than polite!

YET!...

The Machine's formula: Be miserable, work your fingers to the bone for fifty years and enjoy ten (if you're lucky!!!)

And then there's the life plan set out in *The Myths of Man* subscribed to by millions: **Work your fingers to the bone. Be poor and humble for a lifetime and you'll be rewarded when you die.**

There is a bright and shining line between *The Myths of Man* and our faith.

Be happy with your God if you have one. Question *The Myths of Man* and all the wordy bullshit that mortals contaminate that solace with.

If you view all the things that happen to you, both good and bad, as opportunities, then you operate out of a higher level of consciousness.

Work for a lifetime contributing to the good of the nation and whichever policy happens to be pulling in the votes; work for a lifetime living just above the poverty line. Work for forty years ravaged with discontentment, and as a reward you will be able to live happily ever after on a state pension (which even this they are trying to take away!)

Stay in the job or poor business if you need the income ... *for the short term.*

Use it as a **stepping-stone**. Look upon it as a **short-term** solution to a much bigger, vivid, extensive picture.

There is no excuse for underachievement.

**No one is stuck in a rut, because ruts have walls.
It's up to the individual to choose when to climb out!**

...

The New Religion: /

religion /rɪˈlɪdʒ(ə)n/ *noun* Our definition: **A pursuit or interest followed with great devotion.**

Consider this: *The Omniscience Principle* is another book by man written not to confine you, to label you, to associate you with a tribe. **It is a book by man written to set you free.**

The Omniscience Principle is another choice and details a philosophy that asks us to grow and be better and more considerate humans. It's the religion of knowledge and freedom. It's the religion of money and it's ability reward you in this life.

It's OK to be rich, it's good to be free and not have the social burdens shackling you down.

It's a religion of self-confidence and belief in your own abilities. You are quite capable of telling right from wrong. You do not need a nanny state or false prophet or false guru to lay down strict rules and regulations to follow and punishments to endure if you don't. You are wise enough and able enough to lead your life free of the social conditioning rammed down your throat from birth.

Money is good; cash is king and you don't need to die to see paradise ... It's here, now, right outside your front door (or a short drive away). Mother Earth, the lakes, the mountains, precious moments. Watching your children playing on the newly laid lawn you've been able to afford because of your hard work. Watching the birds settle in the trees you planted on the baron land created others more selfish than you.

Paradise is the joy and warmth you feel when you fall in love for the first time; untainted, unconditional love. It's the sunset, the moonrise, the misty colourful bow. It's the exuberant, blissful times spent with good friends. It's dancing, it's laughing, it's crying and arguing ... and making up! It's winning a race or finally achieving a goal you've climbed the Twelve Steps to reach.

It's rain on a cloudy day; it's thunder and lightening, it's the pure adrenalin rush of sailing through a storm hundreds of miles offshore. It's the towering, singing waves crashing into a shingle beach; it's the stars, the planets and the milky way on a cloudless night. It's whales and dolphins; it's lions and tigers, it's life in the undergrowth ... *it's patterns in the white sand you make with your toes on a golden day as the newly hatched turtles race to the shore.*

Heaven is the smell of your unborn child, that infant smell a mother carries; tears shed as it takes its first breath.

How can life in another place be any better?

And if your life is bad now, you're in a place you don't want to be, then do something about it because when you take a little action you'll discover almost instant gratification.

I don't believe in life after death and if there were, it wouldn't be a better place, a better life than this life now.

I is a real religion based on actual, Earthly experiences, facts and rewards and you have control over how you practice it. Live your life the way you feel is right, **not** how others would have you live it.

If you feel that you need more than one partner and those partners are happy with that, it's not a bad thing. After all, we are animals and it's not a natural human state to live with one partner forever. The fact that you do, against your instincts, is due to the social codes laid out for you by others. No wonder there are so many unhappy people and divorces.

If you want to live in a warm, happy *conventional* marriage, that's fine also, it all depends on what your inner voice wants, **the one that doesn't lie**. The one that says "*no, not really*" as your physical voice is saying "*yes*" when your partner in your failing relationship asks if you still love them!

Do whatever makes you happy in your relationship. You won't be turned away at the pearly gates if you go against *The Myths of Man* because there probably aren't any and you certainly won't live in eternal damnation if you masturbate!

The only statute I'd like to suggest is that you stick to is this: **To always strive for very best you can do in anything and everything that you do.**

There is no place for badness in *I* and since you are setting your own boundaries you'll all interpret that differently. I'll leave that up to you but am confident that we all know the difference between **right and wrong**.

Go spread the word; share *I* with others and you'll be rewarded right here, right now.

...

The Blasphemy Debate

I am a lover of truth, a worshipper of freedom, a celebrant at the altar of language and purity and tolerance. That is my religion, and every day I am sorely, grossly, heinously and deeply offended, wounded, mortified and injured by a thousand different blasphemies against it. When the fundamental canons of truth, honesty, compassion and decency are hourly assaulted by fatuous bishops, pompous, illiberal and ignorant priests, politicians and prelates, sanctimonious censors, self-appointed moralists and busy-bodies, what recourse of ancient laws have I?

None whatever. Nor would I ask for any. For unlike these blistering imbeciles my belief in my religion is strong and I know that lies will always fail and indecency and intolerance will always perish.

I don't think we should ever allow religion the trick of maintaining that the spiritual and the beautiful and the noble and the altruistic and the morally strong and the virtuous are in any way inventions of religion or particular or peculiar to religion. It's certainly true that you could say the Christ who said "*Let him who is without sin cast the first stone*" — that's a wonderful thing to have said.

Anyone who said that would earn a great deal of respect and interest, you'd say that's one of most beautiful phrases ever, ever uttered. But there is no, absolutely no monopoly on beauty and truth in religion. I suppose one of the reasons that I'm so fond of the Greeks, and one of the reasons that the great radical poet Shelley wrote his *Prometheus Unbound* was that he understood that if you were to compare the Genesis myth, which has, which had bedevilled our culture, the Western European

culture for a very long time indeed, for two thousand years, it was essentially a myth in which we should be ashamed of ourselves.

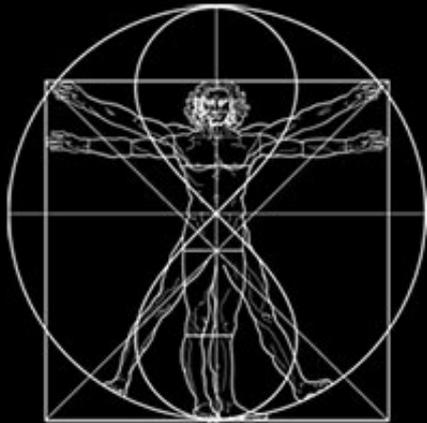
God says: “*Who told you you were naked?*” What possible reason have we to believe that we are naked or that if we are naked there is something to be ashamed of, that what we are and what we do is something for which we should ever apologise, we should apologise for our dreams, our impulses, our appetites, our drives, our desires, are not things to apologise for. Our actions, sometimes we do apologise for and we excoriate ourselves for and rightly, but that’s the Genesis myth. The Greek myth of Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven and who gave to his favourite — his favourite mortal: man.

In other words what the Greeks were saying is that we have divine fire, whatever is divine is in us, as humans. We are as good as the gods. The gods are capricious and mean and foolish and stupid and jealous and rapine and all the things that Greek mythology show us that they are, and that’s much better it seems to me. For that the gods punished Prometheus and chained him to the Caucasus and vultures chewed away at his liver everyday as it regrew because he was immortal of course. Shelley quite rightly understood and interestingly his wife of course wrote Frankenstein as the modern Prometheus, understood that that mythological idea, that champion of a real humanity and a real humanism, as we’ve come to call it, is that we are captains of our soul and masters of our destiny, and that we contain any divine fire that there is, divine fire that is fine and great.

I mean it’s perfectly obvious that if there were ever a God he has lost all possible taste. You’ve only got to look. Forget the aggression and unpleasantness of the radical right or the Islamic hordes to the East, The sheer lack of intelligence and insight and ability to express themselves and to enthuse others of the priesthood and the clerisy here, in this country, and indeed in Europe, you know God once had Bach and Michelangelo on his side, he had Mozart, and now who does he have?

People with ginger whiskers and tinted spectacles who reduce the glories of theology to a kind of sharing, you know? That’s what religion has become, a feeble and anaemic nonsense, because we understood that the fire was within us, it was not in some idol on an altar, whether it was a gold cross or whether it was a Buddha or anything else, that we have it.

The fault is in our stars, but also the glory is in us not in our stars. The glory — anything — we take credit for. What is great about man and we take blame for what is dreadful about man, we neither grovel or apologise at the feet of a god, or are so infantile as to project the idea that we once had a father as human beings and we therefore should have a divine one too. We have to grow up... (Credit Stephen Fry — a very clever bloke!)



THE MAGGOT

Grab a sky hook and the world will spin below you at 11,000 mph

The Maggot | The Omniscience Principle Part 18

Mine burrowed unnoticed under the scalp, gnawed through the skull, chomped the membrane and tunnelled deep into my consciousness. It fed voraciously upon nourishing matter and healthy thoughts.

Crawling through the cells, devouring and consuming as it went. A trail of masticated flesh and detritus in its path.

I'm not alone, there's a plague of them. **Most people have one; *most don't know it!***

Mine got in when I was only nineteen and by the time I had discovered its intrusion, and done something about it, immeasurable damage had been done.

YOU almost certainly have one.

You probably won't know it's there. You won't feel its swollen body flexing, you won't feel the jaws closing, you won't hear the vessels parting as the creature burrows, you won't smell the fetid meat. **If you have a maggot, you've got a problem ... *a real problem!***

When I first left England many moons ago, I went to work in Tenerife, one of the Canary Islands, selling timeshare!!!

Whoooooaahh ... wait ... before you click away and vow never to read another word written by me again ... I was young, I was just a boy who could see no future as an Advertising Art Director living in London.

I'd left glorious Cornwall where I trained for the big city, lured by bright lights, long lunches and a promising career. After six months of interviews, dogsbody positions, having ideas stolen and living in a broom cupboard (honestly), I became rather disillusioned.

Timeshare was my first job and I didn't know any better ... *I'm sorry!!!*

I went to work abroad lured by an advert placed in a Sunday paper, which merely read:

How Would You Like to Earn £1,000 (\$1,500) per Week, Working on a Beautiful Tropical Island in 300 Days of Sun?

Who wouldn't?

I answered the ad, got the job after promising to cut my long Heavy Rocker hair; I packed my bags and caught the next flight out. I was gone from the smog faster than a rat up a drainpipe!

I arrived in the sun and to my surprise, all the hype was true! We were met at the airport and were immediately handed keys to company cars. We raced like maniacs to the town and were given more keys to our apartments which were set around our own communal pool.

I thought I'd died and gone to heaven!

Those were great times, young, free of the grind and earning awesome money. There were several hundred of us on the island working for various companies and the stories ... Well! That's a script for a future movie!

After a couple of years I was head-hunted and moved on to Lanzarote. I was promoted to a management position and given a ridiculous, tax-free salary with a company car thrown in!

That was thirty years ago when you could buy a house for a year's wages. I was in my prime, full of testosterone and on a mission. This was my first job and I honestly thought I would never want for anything again ... *ever!!!*

One evening, I was drinking with a bunch of friends and colleagues on the balcony overlooking the pool, one eye on the bikini-clad mermaids. One of the lad's mother was visiting, had joined us for a tippie and was also enjoying the relaxed atmosphere ... one eye on the hard-bodies!

Later that evening the conversation turned to astrology, horoscopes and predicting the future. One of those conversation that turned to 'beer bollocks' once the liqueur started flowing!

My argument was that it's all a complete load of bull, that you could read any star sign on a given day and it would have some tortuous, convoluted relevance to your life ... any life in fact!

The secret to good horoscope writing is to ensure complete ambiguity for a prediction and to ensure the advice is vague. That way, anyone reading will always find a situation that will fit their circumstances.

'Today you'll meet someone wearing purple' ... well blow me, if I didn't meet someone wearing purple socks!

If clairvoyants are that bloody perceptive, why don't they give a prediction like: *'The FTSE will drop 100 points today, but rise 150 tomorrow, today's a good day for snapping up a few cheap shares!'*

Eventually, my friend piped up: *"My mom has a gift, she can read people's future; all she needs is something personal from you."*

Now, this lady was in her late fifties I would say, greying a little, with no particular attributes, just a regular, everyday mother ... who shouldn't have had one eye on the hard-bodies.

"Is that true?" I asked.

Apparently, she had done this reading thing many times before with amazing accuracy, note the use of the word *'apparently!'*

Anyway, I was intrigued, had nothing to lose, so I gave her a ring I used to wear, one which had some sentimental value at the time.

I won't bore you with the details, but she sat on that balcony on that cloudless, balmy night, rubbing the ring (no that's not a sex thing!) and describing the pictures that appeared spontaneously before her eyes. She did this for around an hour.

We had never met before and no meaningful conversation about my past had taken place yet her accuracy was stunning. Clairvoyants usually ask leading questions which will steer their predictions but she had not.

She described things that at the time I didn't recall so dismissed her ramblings. She asked if the name Coxon meant anything ... it didn't!

Days later I began remembering the events that she had recited. She'd mentioned a name that wasn't quite right, she'd said Coxon. At the time this meant nothing to me and it wasn't until a couple of days later it clicked. The person who had given me the ring some years previously was named Poxon.

How in the reign of Spotted Dick would she have known that???

She'd demonstrated incredible insight ... ***BUT ... that wicked, evil, sorceress also planted my maggot.***

That night she said something to me; something that drove so deep. A single passing comment that bore but a second on the breath and that would have a profound affect on my life.

In just one fleeting sentence, in a single moment, she introduced the maggot into my brain. A collage of trivial words floated on the cool sea air and meant nothing to her ... ***it almost crippled me!***

Here is that sentence in all its infamous glory:

"You will always be comfortable, but you will never be a millionaire."

That's all she said!

A simple sentence that would eat away at me for years.

Here lay the contradiction, she was so right with everything else she had said, extraordinary accuracy, that if she knew what she did about the past, why couldn't she be as precise about the future?

Before she said those heinous words, I had been convinced that I would retire by the time I was thirty. I thought I was going to lead a jet-set life enjoying all the trappings wealth could bring. I felt I was well on my way already.

It wasn't to be!!!

A few months later the company I was working for closed down and eventually the money dried up. Well it didn't actually close down, it was part of an elaborate scam involving some very serious gangland characters ... and that's another movie script!

That was it, I was never to earn good money again until I had dealt with ***The Maggot***.

From that day forth, every time things did not go well, I would console myself by saying: "*That's the way it's meant to be; it's my destiny.*" Therefore, that's the way it always was!

I could not break free of the tethers that hold back success because that woman had convinced me I never would. I got so twisted up inside. I knew I ought to be successful; I knew I had the desire, the ambition, the drive, but "*why should I bother?*" The good things were never going to come my way ... ***The Maggot*** was chewing up and spitting out any logical arguments to the contrary.

It got so bad at one point I convinced myself that I was possessed by badness and even considered getting exorcised by the local preacher! A relative had me believing for a while back then, that it does happen; evil spirits can occupy a living body ... ***and I was well and truly squatted!***

I had assured myself that *bad luck* was my bedfellow, it tore me apart and made me darn miserable at times.

On a ***conscious*** level, I wanted everything money could buy, deep down I believed with unequivocal certainty ... ***'I would never be a millionaire!'***

It's not what that woman said which held me back, it was how **I** interpreted it.

It took many years but once I understood that it was not destiny, which was holding me back, but my own attitude to circumstance, the change in me was significant and immediate.

That very moment things started to change. I instantly stopped blaming my failures on outside forces because I now realised they had absolutely nothing to do with my success. What I learned was that I can't blame my shortcomings on anything, or anyone except myself and especially a few words slurred on a drunken evening.

It's easy to give in to ***The Maggot*** and fall short ... it's bloody easy to find excuses for failure. An excuse however, that's an outside influence; a third party ... ***it's us looking beyond for somewhere to place the blame for your failures.***

And it's a huge issue in society today ... BLAME CULTURE.

It's cheap, nasty, it's a cop out ... it's **ALWAYS** someone else's fault. Fuck me, it's like dealing with children!

In response to concerns that volcanic ash ejected during the 2010 eruptions of Eyjafjallajökull in Iceland would damage aircraft engines, the controlled airspace of many European countries was closed to instrument flight rules traffic, resulting in the largest air-traffic shut-down since World War II. The closures caused millions of passengers to be stranded not only in Europe, but across the world. With large parts of European airspace closed to air traffic, many more countries were affected as flights to, from, and over Europe were cancelled.(Credit Wikipedia)

Now imagine being the bloke that had to put his moniker on the document that assured the world '*It's OK to fly*'.

White Island just off the North Island of New Zealand went off recently and killed some people. It was terrible, granted and within moments, *they*, we're pointing fingers and looking for somewhere to place the blame. Volcanoes burp, tours had been taken on the island for thirty years but this was someone's fault and they were going to pay. They even blamed the tour guides and adventure tourism on the state news.

And it's getting worse! I know it's a terrible thing to say, but I often feel we need something *significant* to refocus the mind; something like another war, something to really be concerned about!

All this bickering, trivial, irrelevant drivel ... Really?

The plain truth is that once you've discovered *The Maggot*, exorcised it, then what is there left to blame?

Everyone has a maggot ... some are infested. Everyone can reach back into the deepest recesses and find at least one.

Often, someone we admire secretes it there. We tried to live up to our idol's expectations and couldn't. Maybe we tried desperately to impress them in some way and were dismissed casually.

I remember asking the school's top girl to go out with me on a date, she just sneered and laughed! And knocked any flicker of confidence out of me in an instant. I went back to heavy metal, my mates and left *girls* till another era!

Actually, she did me a great favour as I saw her recently and phew! ... Let's just say in my chauvinistic way that she hadn't blossomed!!! Isn't it strange how those you considered as being most attractive at school often let themselves go and the ugly ducklings often become swans? *Is it because the ducklings try harder?*

Anyway, I digress ... again!

The most innocuous occurrences can plant *The Maggot*.

We rarely understand why we let a casual remark have such a dramatic effect on us. Maybe it's the subconscious looking for an *excuse* to stay in the comfort zone, who knows ... *Who cares?*

So long as you look for it, find it, and deal with it!

I once knew a man who loved to write. He loved creating elaborate pictures from words and his stories were inspiring. His problem was, that he had lousy handwriting. One day, he proudly presented his best ever work to the English teacher who promptly gave him a 'D'.

The teacher told the lad, wrongly, that until he improved his handwriting, he would never be able to write ... ***He never wrote another story!***

The teacher had planted such an enormous maggot that this person became a chef so as to avoid writing. It wasn't until middle age when he was having other, unrelated problems and was talking them through, did he finally realise the damage ***he had let that teacher do*** to his life.

He broke down in tears. After a period of time he came to terms with what had been said in the past and how much he had let it hold him back. It wasn't what the teacher had said, after all, he only wanted to encourage the child to improve his handwriting ... ***it was how my friend had interpreted it.***

He had taken it as a personal attack and used this apparent deformation as an ***excuse*** not to do well in other areas. Once he came to terms with the problem the weight finally lifted and he began to write beautiful stories again. The excess baggage he had been carrying all those years was cast off, ***The Maggot*** died.

I have seen a similar scenario played out with my own son. He is really intelligent (well just look at his genes!) and loves writing but his handwriting is appalling. I have watched in horror as his new teacher has knocked the stuffing out of his confidence ... just because his writing is messy.

As far as I'm concerned, it's what the words ***say***, not how they're presented. Who gives a flying fuck if his writing is not up to scratch when his stories are first rate, after all, who writes with those old fashioned, pen things anyway?

The irony of all this was that when we'd get his report we'd have to try and decipher and best guess the headmaster's comments as they are totally illegible.

My son has moved on. Fortunately he's blossomed and has developed an excellent grounding in ***I***. He didn't let those teachers hold him back, he understands ***The Power of The Maggot***. He's just graduated with merit from his journalism course and works for us as a content writer. Love him!

Once I realised that it was ***me***, and once I understood it was ***my own*** superstitions and self-destruction that was preventing me from succeeding and not some misguided karma; once I crushed my maggot ... The sun came out, the light came in ... and I took one more step towards freedom.

Take some time out today, now, this moment. Find a quiet place for reflection. Walk though the corridors of your existence. Open the doors, look in the cupboards. Explore the darkest corners and seek out any malignant maggots ... I'm sure you'll find one and when you do, ***put a fucking great big hobnail boot on it.***

...

Running Through Treacle

You've had that dream; the one where Chimera, the fire-breathing, three-headed monster with one head of a lion, one of a snake, and another of a goat, lion claws in front and goat legs behind, and a long snake tail, is hunting you down and you can't run ... your feet are stuck in muck.

You're being hunted by a crazed, axe-wielding maniac and you can't run away.

You've had a dream like that haven't you?

That's a *Maggot!*

Most people have a reoccurring nightmare during their early years and many seem to be along this theme.

Mine used to scare the pants off me! I'll describe it for you now but nothing I write can convey the absolute, overwhelming, intense fear that accompanied the scene. The dream itself wasn't that frightening. It was the feeling of pure, raw terror, which would leave me paralysed and shaking in cold sweats.

I would be sat in a large cave in the middle of a barren place nowhere in particular. I would look out and the sky would be ebony, only the ivory stars shone bright. Eventually, everything would be black. Suddenly, I'd be out of body and looking in on myself in the cave only now the cavern was set in a large boulder floating aimlessly in space.

Then out of the dimness more asteroids would float in and pass by; they were huge and pulsed slowly. There was nothing remarkable in the picture, in fact, looking back now it was quite a beautiful vision, but panic would accompany those rocks, all-consuming, riveting dread. I would zoom in, as dreams do, and find myself back in the cave, inside my body and would try to scream ... but no sound would utter from the flexed diaphragm or pass my dry lips. Panicking, I would fill my lungs and exhale with all my strength ... no sound!

I was helpless, isolated. The more I tried to call out, the larger the cave would become, bigger and bigger. As it grew, the more insignificant I would become and the weaker and less audible the sound would be, if it were to ever leave my body.

This is the point where I would wake.

This nightmare would visit two or three times a year and haunted me throughout puberty and into my early twenties.

One night, in a moment of enlightenment and completely out of the blue, the mystery of this visitation was unraveled.

What was it that had frightened me so through childhood and teens?

It was a specific event in my life that sparked illumination and a degree of understanding.

I have explained that I used to earn good money selling timeshare and that it all went tits-up. During the better times on a trip to England, I dropped in on a couple of old friends. During that visit they took me to see a new machine that had just come over from the States with a view to cashing in on Christmas which was just round the corner. They were all excited about it and they considering getting one for themselves and setting up in business but wanted an investor so as to cover more outlets.

The machine was called The Classy Wrap and the business model suggested it be placed within a concession at a department store. It would wrap gifts within an inflated balloon ... lovely!

We spent a while watching the operation and my friends were jumping around like mad dogs.

"Gotta get one now!!!"

But something wasn't right.

It occurred to me that there was a fundamental flaw in the set-up. It took around five minutes to wrap a gift, and there was only so much you could charge for that service (Point Zero). The whole concept was extremely restrictive. I came up with the idea of *creating a product* which could be knocked out much more quickly and at a premium!

As Christmas was just around the corner presents were high on everyone's agenda.

I came up with the notion of Teddy Bears in Balloons.

I thought it would be so exciting for the kids to get a quality toy encased in a balloon. First, there would be the wonder as it was visually appealing. Then would come the inevitable: "*How the heck did that get in there?*"

When the balloon was popped the confetti inside would burst into a great display, a paper firework. The public agreed and we couldn't make them fast enough!

Incidentally, Teddies in balloons are still around so if you ever see them, you'll know who invented the concept!

We organised a concession at the top of the escalators from New Street train station in Birmingham. That shopping centre was one of the busiest in the UK.

Anyway, long story short!

We it did very well and I truly felt I was my way ... *again!*

One night, at the end of that week I couldn't sleep, I was buzzing with excitement. I was in a great mood and everything seemed to be rosy; I'd made a killing and life was fine.

One night, after a particularly profitable day and quite unexpectedly, the devastating feeling I experienced during my nightmares rapidly enveloped me, all consuming ... I sat there bewildered for a while because this time I was awake and for the first time I had an element of control over the emotion.

I sat like this for a short time, confused and searching for a reason. I found I could let the feeling build and then push it away. I did this for a while, letting the fear build to ever greater levels, then pushing it away.

Why, why did this keep happening; what is this crazy dream about?**It came to me.**

I've heard plenty of stories from people who say they were touched by God, Jesus or a prophet ... this was the closest I have ever come to a religious experience!

In an instant, I could see with absolute clarity the mystery of the nightmare. It was finally exposed, laid bare. Out of the raven's back, I understood what the nightmarish apparition meant:

Running through treacle and my floating boulders genre of dreams are maggots revealing themselves.

My nightmare was all about not wanting to be inconsequential and worthless.

It was an inherent **dread of not achieving**. I'm positive the *fear of failing* was something I may even have been born with! That successful week brought it all out. That small boy floating around in his cave, a non-entity whom no one could hear ... *valueless!*

The fear was born from not wanting to be isolated and unnoticed during my life. Success would change all that. And as I say, the astonishing thing for me is that it had been within me for as long as I could remember.

I have never had that nightmare since that day. Understanding it enabled me to cope with it and control it. Whenever the feeling of panic shadowed me, I simply brushed it away ... it was only a few months later though that I found myself on that balcony in Tenerife, unaware that an even more influential maggot was being secreted by a witch!

Yes, I now understood the dreams but it would be some years later that I would realise they were maggots. I'm no expert but I would say with some confidence that the running through treacle dream translates into the conscious as a titanic desire to not want to be held back.

You struggle to achieve and the world is conspiring against you. Everything turns to marshmallow. If you have a burning passion to become free then this is your subconscious' way of drawing you back into the comfort zone.

“You'll never become a millionaire!!!”

What idiot said that, and what a load of bollocks.

Your maggots may be well hidden and you will have to search long and hard to find them, but I'm sure that if you look deep enough you'll find at least one. When you do, destroy it, exterminate it, terminate it, get it out of your system ... *the release is truly empowering.*

...

Compound Debt

Unfortunately for us, the world's financial institutions *also* want a chunk of our lives; they've built empires on us. They've amassed vast wealth on the backs of the *little people*.

Big finance takes; corporations have gotten extremely rich (nothing wrong with that), and given very little back ... *lots wrong with that!*

They harness the miracle of compound interest to lock us into **Compound Debt**.

I have touched on this briefly in other modules but I want to illustrate just how tight a stranglehold Big Finance has on the little people. It's not new or particularly sensational for me it sobering when you see it written out.

Breaking open the jaws of the **Debt Trap** and pulling the bloodied limb out is fundamental and an integral part of our development. So let's just take some time out here, even if you're a maths genius ... which I'm not!

I'm slightly dyslexic and incredibly numberlexic! This section helped me so I can only assume it'll help others get their house in order.

We need the help of Big Finance to grow ... BUT, it's a dangerous path we tread. So many overextend lured by false hope and big dreams.

Grow, grow, grow, bigger, faster ... *build your house of cards and if the ground shakes run like hell.*

The bank overdraft is the first welcoming door to open in a corridor of doors. Doors open to reveal yet more corridors of doors. Some of those doors will be wide open, some ajar, others locked closed with a sign ... **Do not open this door.**

And of course, as soon as you put a sign like that on a door, it's human nature to want to open it. These are their traps and the more doors we open the deeper into the labyrinth we venture.

This labyrinth is not dissimilar to the one was designed by Daedalus for King Minos of Knossos on Crete which contained the ferocious Minotaur.

When Minos was vying with his brothers for kingship, he prayed to Poseidon to send him a snow-white bull as a sign of the god's blessing on his cause. Minos was supposed to sacrifice the bull to Poseidon but, enchanted by its beauty, decided to keep it and sacrifice one of his own bulls of far less quality. Poseidon, enraged by this ingratitude, caused Minos' wife Pasiphae to fall in love with the bull and mate with it. The creature she gave birth to was the Minotaur which fed on human flesh and could not be controlled. Minos then had the architect Daedalus create a labyrinth which would hold the monster.

Since Minos was hardly interested in feeding his own people to the creature, he taxed the city of Athens with tribute which included sending seven young men and maidens to Crete every year who were then released into the labyrinth and eaten by the Minotaur. Daedalus' labyrinth was so complex that he, himself, could barely navigate it and, having successfully done so, Minos imprisoned him and his son, Icarus, in a high tower to prevent him from ever revealing the secret of the structure. (credit ancient.eu)

Enter the Debt Trap labyrinth at your own risk, for deep in the maze The Minotaur waits....

I'm going to focus on my Bank, one of the biggest, a worldwide organisation, although it could be any bank in any part of the world. They are all much of a muchness, always have been and always will be. And until there is a fundamental change in their business models I can't foresee having to rewrite this section any time soon.

I want to expose this particular bank's horrendous overdraft charges, although in reality it really doesn't matter what the figures are or how they're presented. Banks will have a projection for income and profit; they will manipulate the charges to meet it. I have noticed that they'll increasingly draw attention to a *great new service* whilst introducing *stealth charges* elsewhere. Sounds like a government doesn't it?

This particular bank, and they're not alone, have introduced what can only be described as a **fining system**: I was instantly charged £20 (\$30) each time I strayed over my agreed overdraft limit. Even if it's by £1 (\$1.50). It is quite possible to get caught several times a month £60 (\$90).

Let's look at an average personal overdraft of £1,000 (\$1,500).

Now if you stay at around that £1,000 (\$1,500) level the bank charges an average 18% interest on the debt ... yes 18% APR!

Remember, that was the first open door in the corridor of door that I'd breezed through, lured by riches and false hope!

Annual Percentage Rate (APR). It is the rate of interest we pay on a borrowed sum over a year. Your country will have the same thing but may be called something different.

Generally, law requires loan companies to disclose the APR when they advertise a rate. Typically the APR is found next to the rate.

The APR is a very confusing number to us little people!

Even mortgage bankers and brokers admit it is confusing. The APR is designed to measure *the true cost of a loan*. It creates a level playing field for lenders. It prevents lenders from advertising a low rate and hiding fees.

If life were easy, all we need do is compare APRs from the lenders/brokers, pick the best one and you would have the right loan. Right? Wrong!

Different lenders calculate APRs differently! So a loan with a lower APR is not necessarily a better rate. The best way to compare loans I'm told is to ask lenders to provide you with a good-faith estimate of their costs on the same type of program (e.g. 30-year fixed) at the same interest rate. If it's a mortgage then delete all fees that are independent of the loan such as homeowners insurance, title fees, escrow fees, attorney fees, etc. Now add up all the loan fees. The lender that has lower loan fees has a cheaper loan than the lender with higher loan fees.

Confused?

That's the idea!!!

Although the overdraft in question had an APR of 18% my bank printed a **monthly** interest fee figure on my statement which in our example equated to 1.5%

Average Joe thinks: *"Oh! That's not too bad, 1.5% for borrowing a grand, I'll have a bit more of that if I can." ... I did the same until I discovered the truth!*

I like to think that I'm not a stupid man and the overdraft charges don't need much working out. But life gets in the way and I really, really hate numbers!

What Average Joe and I didn't see was that it's 1.5% **per month**. We'll pay a sickening £180 (\$225) over a year for a measly £1,000 (\$1,500).

That's just the beginning!!!

Average Joe will always have trouble servicing an overdraft of £1,000. Just when he seems to be getting ahead, making a dent in the loan, something crops up. It always does, always will and it always knocks him back to the overdraft limit.

And the **Dept Trap** jaws tighten. Most months we go over the limit. Banks make it easy to overspend and rely on this ... *Bingo!*

A **computer automatically**, and eagerly prints off and posts out a derogatory letter:

Dear wicked, depraved, degenerate customer,

We are at our wits end with you!

Yet again you have mismanaged your affairs so inadequately as to allow your borrowing from the bank to exceed your agreed overdraft limit by \$1.50/£1.00 and have strayed into **unauthorised** overdraft territory. You're going to have to be charged at the very least \$30/£20 **admin fee** this time and hopefully we can charge you a couple more times this month.

Yours greedily
The Bank

ADMIN FEE!!!

What's all that about then?

How much does it cost for a bloody computer to print off a letter?

Although the anonymous sender of the letter will appear to be upset that Joe and I strayed into *bad customer* territory, the manager is positively jumping for joy: ***"Yahooooooooooooooooo! Let's party, another sucker bites the dust."***

Has this happened to you or someone you know?

What a stupid question! Of course it has!!!

To make matters worse I was charged 18% interest **on that fine** because it had been added to my overdraft taking me even deeper into debt. **It goes on ...** I was charged a much higher rate of interest on the money borrowed over my limit.

This is rapidly becoming particularly difficult month having to cope with the added burden of fines **plus** interest ... **PLUS** ... I didn't notice that the person I wrote a cheque to last month didn't present it. A couple of weeks passed before it was deposited, by which time the unauthorised overdraft fee had been added to my account, taking me back to the limit and, whoops, there are insufficient funds to cover the debit ... ***here we go again!***

That'll be £20/\$30 unauthorised overdraft fine **plus** another £20/\$30 for writing a rubber cheque!!!

Each time a fee is added or I stay in the overdraft, I was been charged 18% or more, on everything. **It's like trying to swim the Baring Straits in lead boots!!!**

The remarkable power of **Compound Debt** is deployed by **The Machine** to hold us down as surely as gravity grips us to this Earth.

As we stray ever deeper into debt, the charges levied by the institutions for servicing them, compound ... the more we owe, the more we have to find for borrowing it.

And this is just a simple example!

Debt Traps are camouflaged and set at every turn within the Labyrinth waiting for a heavy foot to trigger, driving iron teeth into soft muscle.

I drafted a letter to the **Manager of Extortion** at my bank.

Dear Bank Manager (Names withheld to protect the guilty!),

I'm getting really fed up with this charging system. It appears as though it's in place to pounce on you at any moment. The second you step over the mark the system takes \$30/£20, thank you very much.

Take a look at my account and it'll confirm that on the morning of the 1st there were sufficient funds to keep me in the agreed overdraft. I go online the next morning and see the account is overdrawn so immediately transfer money to bring me back in line BUT YOU'VE FINED ME!!!

It appears that if you go over your limit during the night, rectify it the next day the bank still take a fine! Not only is this fee an extortionate levy but is totally unfair.

It can take at least a day for everything to go through an account and unless you monitor it several times a day you're going to get stung! You should have at least a 2–3 days to give you chance to get money paid in. Maybe it's time to shop around for a new account eh?

Food for thought ... If the bank keeps this fining system in place it is quite possible that I'll get caught/fined several times a month \$100/£60

Over the year you could take from me \$1,080/£720 in fees PLUS interest = @ \$1,300/£850 PLUS interest on the \$1,500/£1,000 overdrawn balance on my account of @ \$300/£180

Let me ram all that home for you — THAT'S OVER \$1,500/£1,000 CHARGES ON A MEASLY \$1,500/£1,000 OVERDRAFT, 100%APR!!!

Is that really fair?

Regards

Mr Well 'n' Trulyfleeced

Read those last paragraphs again.

See what I mean?

And yes! I did send that and I did get some fees refunded. That's just a very lose example and the figures aren't actually that accurate, the amount you'd pay is probably more! You'll find the biggest banks across the world have similar charges, they just come under different guises.

It gets still worse!

Most people have credit cards.

Ha! Got you again. 26% (average) on the card and 18% on the overdraft.

Get a consolidation loan at a lower interest rate to clear off the card and the overdraft.

Bad move — *why?*

Because as soon as we see the overdraft and card cleared we relax a little, and before long we owe a grand to the bank, another to the credit company plus two more to the company that consolidated the first two debts.

We are paying extortionate amounts of interest on the debts and because we are paying interest on interest, the debt just keeps on growing. We are toiling away just to pay the charges, fines and interest and fines and interest and charges!

All this wouldn't be so bad if *they* paid a reasonable interest rate on credit balances. Try getting more than a couple of percent on \$75K/£50K deposited with the high street banks! (At the time of writing. Regardless, interest paid is always significantly less than debit interest).

At the beginning of this section I wrote that it '*made me sick how these institutions take and give nothing in return.*'

At the time of writing and with those fining levies I've just described being charged for those who borrowed money and strayed into overdraft, the interest *paid* by the very same banks on a credit balance for the same account was ... wait for it ... **0.4%**

That's nought point fucking four poxy percent APR!!!

They pay us \$6/£4 per year for every grand we deposit with them ... those same people would potentially charge us \$1,500/£1,000 to borrow that grand.

You would be absolutely amazed if you added up the money you pay out over your lifetime just to service the average overdraft.

See how out of your control life can be, yours, mine, Average Joe and 99.9% of the nation,

Notice how I include myself in there also because although I don't use credit cards regularly and have reserves of cash, I do have accounts to run households and businesses. I do make the occasional purchases through credit cards for convenience ... *and I still get stung occasionally!*

Can you see how much of a hold *The Machine* has over us. It turns my stomach. Remember, there are tens of thousands of people all over the country, all being fed on by corporate parasites: "*You are a cog and if we have our way you will always be a cog.*"

They're not going to have it their way are they?

Compound debt!

Companies spend \$billions in order to trap us ... BUT ... that unequivocally does not mean people can turn round and blame them if they pas through unlocked doors!

We all have choices and people *choose* to get into debt ... no one forces them!

I've lost track of the amount of programmes I've watched where some snivelling, weak-willed, numb-nut is drowning in their own self pity because the companies ... *wait for it!* ... "*Gave them too much credit!!!*"

“They shouldn’t be allowed to keep lending when people can’t afford the repayments.”

Dickheads playing the Blame Game! ... Shouldn’t borrow the fucking money if they can’t afford it!!!

There are lobby groups set up to *force* the credit/banking industry to act responsibly!!! *Why should it?*

If they can lend money and make obscene interest on it, then good luck to them. The lobby groups ought to educate people that it’s just plain stupid to borrow what they can’t afford, it’s just plain dumb to pay masses of interest ... And it’s just ridiculous to blame others for their own failings.

One *we* stop stepping in traps the companies will have to take notice and change policy.

They are the fly fishermen with a irresistible lures. We are the trout; the magnificent trophy to be stuffed, mounted and hung up to gloat over ... if we allow ourselves to be!

Debt is particularly hard to escape and ironically, the more you make, the more you want to borrow, but if you keep one thought at the forefront of all thoughts when considering a purchase with loaned money you’ll get ahead:

IT’S NOT YOUR MONEY!!!

That’s bold capital letters, underlined for good measure. How can I make it any clearer?

No more!!!

You can escape the *Debt Trap* by planning for the future. It’s not fun because you have to forgo some of life’s pleasures in the short term in order to have much greater ones in the future.

I know *The Omniscience Principle* if full of contradictions — for instance, I am a great believer in living life to the full, living for the moment and here I’m suggesting you hold back. I am also an advocate of balance you can’t live a full life on false hopes and dreams.

For what seems like an eternity I drove the crappiest cars you could imagine because that’s all I could afford. Truly ... and yes I was embarrassed, and yes it didn’t make me feel good, and yes they kept breaking down, and yes, I hated every one of them ... but they were my old bangers, bought and paid for.

I could have taken on a loan and bought a nice car, I could have wilted under the pressure heaped on me by friends: *“You can’t drive that wreck — look what I’m driving!”*

“Yea, and how much interest are you paying on the loan?”

Unless you get a great deal, the average car loan is around 8%-15%, sometimes higher!

What an expensive car!

Loads of juicy interest coupled with ugly depreciation. And don’t forget, this is often another lump sum borrowed on top of those already mentioned!

Not for me thanks!

I too had a leg gripped tightly in a *Debt Trap*. Fortunately, I never managed to let loans get out of control. Slowly, very slowly I began to get ahead. Slowly, I paid off those crippling debts. Slowly, I got to a point where I could drive the cars I wanted because, and only because, I wasn't being sucked dry by the leaches.

At the time of writing in the particular mortgage-free house I'm in (because I have a few), I look out of the window and there is a Mercedes, Porsche 911 RS Lightweight and a Toyota Land Cruiser LC4 sat on the drive, and I owe not a penny for them ... my friends are still busy servicing those car loans taken out on average, everyday motors!

Yes, I think about depreciation but if you want the good things in life you just have to accept this as a fact ... but I still look for the very best deal on a purchase ... that extends to importing my cars if I have to.

From now on, **The Miracle of Compound Debt** is going to other people's problem. Cast off those lead boots and swim, the tide is turning and you can bath in its flow!

This is going to be so difficult, I know, I've been through it.

And I know I sound like your nagging old Grandad, yip, the one who'd just come through a World War!: *"If you can't afford it, you're not going to have it ... SIMPLE!"*

Uncomplicated and straightforward as that and if you can't break free from the shackles of **Compound Debt** now ... *you'll never be free.*

If you are being suffocated by compound debt and wish to escape, your task is written here: Simple as 1,2,3,4

The words will appear in black and white. I can do no more than that. Some of you will follow the blueprint ... some of you will know better!

1. Cut up any credit cards you have. That includes store cards and anything that will have an interest levied. If you are the sort of person who generally pay off their cards on time and only occasionally pay interest ... Cut them up!

It's not your money; it's too easy to borrow and you **will** get sucked in one day — **GUARANTEED**— such is the power of **Compound Debt**.

2. I know it's hard to survive in the 21st Century without plastic so phone the bank, tell your manager you've cut up your **credit cards** because you no longer wish to use their money and pay extortionate interest for the privilege, and ask them to issue you with a **DEBIT CARD**.

This is a card which has all the versatility of a credit card but only allows you to spend what's in your account. It **debits your money** and you pay no interest fees for that. If you run out of cash then you have to find a way to top it up but the beauty of a debit card is **you're in control**. You then need to work on reducing the debts but at least you've halted the decline.

IF YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO GO OUT ON FRIDAY NIGHT AND DRINK BOURBON, STAY IN AND DRINK HORLICKS!

Your country may call debit cards by another name but explain the principle to the account manager and you'll get what you want.

If not then rely on a cash card, a cheque book and guarantee card ... **BUT FLING THOSE CREDIT CARDS IN THE DEEPEST, DARKEST HELL HOLE YOU CAN FIND.**

That goes for store cards and all those type of credit traps also!

3. Get a printout of all the standing orders, direct debits (automatic money transfers) on your account.

Cancel anything that is not *absolutely vital* to your everyday existence unless you can afford it without borrowing.

Even if it means making new offers to reduce payments to creditors, *cancel everything*.

This step is vitally important, I don't give a flying fuck as to how much you earn ... **I do this exercise several times a year** and always discover debits that should be cancelled or erroneous payments that shouldn't have been taken. And it's all relative, the more you earn, the larger the payments!

We're soon going to be playing the credit game and dealing with the large institutions on your terms.

Your aim is to get out of the quagmire of red overdraft and bask in the freedom of black credit.

4. Get your last 12 month's bank statements. Study the outgoings and identify any onerous and unaccounted payments that went out, or payments for items you couldn't afford.

Take steps to recoup that money and ensure it doesn't happen again. Also, make sure the things you shouldn't really have bought don't get purchased again ... until it's your money you're spending.

I religiously check my statements every month; it's the first thing I do when I receive them. You can guarantee there's always something that crops up which shouldn't be there. I highlight them with a highlighter pen — honestly — If you look back through the binders there's loads of lime green stripes. Where you see them there's always a story and nine times out of ten it's where I have had to get some money back!

I probably claw back enough money over a six month period to clear a £1,000 overdraft!!!

You must check always ... even if you aren't in a debt situation.

It never ceases to amaze me the number of people who get their monthly statements and bin them ... they throwing money in that bin alongside.

I'll let you into something I keep close to my chest here. I have hundreds of payments hit my account for subscriptions that I'm sure the person just hasn't bothered canceling. I know they don't use the services because I've checked some accounts and can see the log in activity ... *but they keep paying?*

I've got some going back several years!

Occasionally, I get someone write and moan that we've taken money '*without authorisation*' and "*how should we be allowed to do that!!!*"

Bollocks I Say!!!

You requested that we provide the service, you requested that we take regular payments — if you don't want it then simply cancel like everyone else — **BUT DON'T BLAME ME WHEN YOU JUST HAVEN'T BOTHERED TO KEEP ON TOP OF YOUR FINANCES. WE'VE SIMPLY HONOURED OUR AGREEMENT IN GOOD FAITH!**

Getting out of debt is like sitting in a bath; this is no ordinary bath, it's a money bath. It has lots of cash taps and even more holes through which it flows out. You're trying to turn the money taps on to full whilst leeches are busy pulling out the plugs. At this stage our aim is to Superglue as many plugs in place as possible ... **Compound Debt** is the waste hole that you're plugging today.

What's the point of building multiple streams of income if it's all running down the drain faster than you can top it up?

Do you want to be Totally Personally and Financially Free?

Do you really?

Come on then.

...

Be Your Own Hero!

Picture the person you most admire. The person you would seek out above any other for advice.

The person you would most like to be (apart from you!).

It can be anyone from Donald Duck to Richard Branson to Mother Theresa, Ghandi to General Custer, Hercules to Donald Trump. Visualise in full 8K their face, their posture, their voice. Feel their charisma.

Write down the qualities that so impress you:

The Person I Most Admire is:.....

Now each time you encounter a problem ask yourself:

- How would my hero tackle this?
- How would this person surmount this barrier?
- What would this person say at this time?
- How would they act?

Be stronger than the person you would most like to be!

Be better than the person you most admire.

Be a bigger person than your hero...YOU CAN BE!

...

Reality Check

Ask yourself this: *“How far am I along MY road to success?”*

It's some time now since you decided to step out and each of you will at vastly differing stages of development. Some will have taken on board the opportunities, put into practice the training and be well on their way to building a better life.

Others will have just read the book!!!

The biggest problem I have these days is that I find it extraordinarily difficult to convince some that the philosophy of *I* works. I mean I've demonstrated it, tested it, and proven that *The Omniscience Principle* is a route to Total Personal Freedom and that we are all capable of acquiring Financial Freedom .. *some simply won't accept it.*

I started my business from zero, squat, sweet fuck all — I have built my organisation **with far less than what you have access to right now**; I have taken and survived bigger knocks than you'll probably encounter!

Yet, I have a solid, reasonably successful business and a good life ... *some won't!*

The systems we explore should be treated with gravity. If I charged £10,000 (\$15,000) consultation fee to set out what I write here, then maybe that would be the incentive needed for some to give it the credit it well deserves.

Just because readers are not risking large sums of money does not make this information cheap ... *the complete opposite is true.*

This is more powerful and potentially rewarding than anything you are ever likely to encounter again.

I've suggested that you set up an Internet business and made a bloody good case for doing so. If you have a conventional business, ensure there is an online side. If you have an online business examine the model.

I love the Internet ... it's by no means easy but the pros just cannot be ignored.

Would you seriously consider setting up a conventional business with a few dollars a month and a couple of customers ... well would you?

We recently undertook a survey of so called Internet Entrepreneurs, an information gathering exercise. We surveyed 30,000 people.

Two of the questions were as follows:

- a. What annual income would you expect from your Internet business?
- b. What would you be prepared to invest in getting it started?

The average answer to question a. was: @\$100,000 per annum

The average answer to question b. ranged between: \$100 and \$1,000!!!

I was shocked!

If you suggested this in the real world to any businessman, advisor, bank manager or financial consultant you'd be laughed out of the door.

Absurd as those answers may be it is possible to make huge returns on investment with an Internet business. Certainly the guy who expects to invest \$100 is living in cloud cuckoo land, but taken seriously an online business will pay off when you duplicate what has been proven to work.

I watched a fascinating programme on the party plan, sexy lingerie giant Ann Summers recently; a massive success story headed by a woman called Jacqueline Gold.

This is what her website says about her: *'The woman responsible for bringing sex to the high street and liberating thousands of women between the sheets'*

Jacqueline Gold, Chief Executive of Ann Summers and Knickerbox, is one of Britain's most successful businesswomen and an inspiration to thousands of women (voted the 2nd Most Powerful Women in Retail by Retail Week, one of Britain's top 10 most powerful women by Cosmopolitan, top 12 women by Good Housekeeping Magazine, one of Britain's 100 Most Influential Women by the Daily Mail, Business Communicator of the Year 2004, and was made a new entry in Debrett's 'People of Today' 2005 for her contribution to British society). She heads an empire that is run by women, for women.

Jacqueline is the charismatic boss of one of Britain's most extraordinary business families. With a gross annual sales turnover at over £155 million, Ann Summers ranks as one of the most successful and profitable private companies in the UK. The parent company Gold Group International incorporates property and publishing interests, Gold Air International (a luxurious executive airline), and Birmingham City Football Club. The combined family fortune is estimated at £515 million.

At the age of 21, working as a junior in her father's business, Jacqueline saw the potential of selling sexy lingerie and sex toys to women in the privacy of their own homes. Working her way through the ranks of the company Jacqueline was made Chief Executive in 1987, and quickly transformed Ann Summers into a multi-million pound concern. Ann Summers now boasts a sales force of over 7,500 women as party organisers, and has 123 high street stores in the UK, Ireland, and Channel Islands and two in Spain. Future plans include further outlets in the UK and worldwide. Whilst the recent takeover of Knickerbox has added another 16 stores in the UK to the group, plus 7 franchises in Iceland and Greece.

In the programme, Jacqueline decided to go back to the floor and assess her company from the distributors' viewpoint; she went to one of her own sales parties. She worked extremely hard and gave a great presentation to twenty five people, eventually generating sales of several hundred pounds.

The next day, and feeling quite pleased with herself she met with the organisers of the party — ordinary, everyday housewives — the backbone of her multi-million pound empire. It was great because in front of the cameras the housewife totted up Jacqueline's commissions for the evening's sales:

Profit for the evening = nothing, zilch, nada!

She had a **minus balance** with her own company and she discovered that it would take her several more parties before she broke even!

Yet people work this business!

I did some quick calculations and worked out that on that first day Jacqueline could have walked away with @£200 (\$300) free and clear from that party if she'd have been promoting an online product ... that's not taking into account repeat business!

The income for a distributor in Ann Summers is pitiful compared with what the Internet offers and this scenario is played out the world over within thousands of different organisations.

You will build your own business and I suggest you have an Internet presence BUT, whoever said it is going to be easy?

Who the hell said that everything was going to come your way if you simply '*start an Internet business?*' Where did I write that this was going to be a walk in the park?

What makes some think that this is any easier than conventional business ... Who said that?

Nothing comes easily in this life; success is a rare and elusive thing.

Some sincerely believe that by doing the *absolute minimum* they can get away with that they will secure *Personal and Financial Freedom* ... Do you think that way???

Yes, the odds are now stacked heavily in your favour because you have in your hands everything needed to achieve everything you ever wanted ... BUT it ain't going to happen on it's own!

Some will be a little disappointed with progress so far and will be saying to themselves: "*Well, I read the book and have paid my money to acquire the tools...why isn't it working for me?*"

If you are thinking this way, you are not alone!

I hear that same question everyday and frankly, there's no comfortable answer.

YOU are the reason it's not working for you!

Take two builders Derick and Clive. Give each of them the same tools and building materials.

Why is it that the culmination of Derick's efforts is this:



Whilst Clive manages this:



What's the difference?

Nothing really! Well, nothing to write home about; nothing that's worthy of a mention on the national state run news. Simply that Derick decided he wanted to build a shack ... *so he did!*

And Clive a magnificent mansion...

So he did!

Same tools, same physical attributes, same raw materials.

One was prepared to set their goals far higher than the other.

One was prepared to work far harder than the other.

One had much bigger dreams than the other.

One took their task more seriously than the other!

Every practitioner of *I*, has the same tools.

Some will build shacks, which is fine if they want a shack **BUT** don't ever dare to complain and blame others if that someone is you and you wanted a castle but ended up with a shack.

Some will dream of the castle and, using those same raw materials available to everyone, go on to build one ... metaphorically speaking!

There are two wildly different attitudes you can wake up with in the morning:

1. What is the day going to bring. What bit of good luck is coming my way, **what are people going to do today to enhance my life?**

2. *What am I going to do today to enhance my life?*

Small difference ... *world-changing difference!*

That slight change in attitude will change the world. A small change in you now will have massive consequences in your future.

If I was just a couple of degrees out in my navigation when I set off across an ocean, that small deviation at the beginning could have been catastrophic at the other side. If a marksman is a few millimetres off his aim, by the time the bullet has traveled some distance it's yards off bull's-eye when it hits.

Just because you are getting all the tools you need to achieve ***Personal and Financial Freedom*** absolutely does not guarantee that you will achieve it.

Having the tools and using them does!

If you are not enjoying the level on income you had hoped for don't even think of blaming me, or ***The Omniscience Principle***, or lack of this and lack of that. You'll be expecting me to come round to your house, bring you breakfast and a give you a bed-bath next!

YOU are the change you wish to see in your life; *YOU have the tools, YOU are the one who has to use them.*

You have to decide if you want a castle or a shack.

If something is not happening for you and you need help, reach out.

If you need help and are sitting there *hoping* that someone will call you and cursing the Universe for it not doing so, then curse away!

The Universe has no idea what you want unless **YOU** make the move.

I'll write it again in big, fat, bold capital letters: THIS IS NOT EASY.

If you don't accept that and are expecting huge cheques to just start flowing, then reality is going to be an unwelcome guest.

Nothing potentially this rewarding is easy... And the quicker you come to terms with that and embrace the paradigm, the more relaxed and at ease you will become. Take each day as it comes, work the systems, apply them to your life and your business. **This road is a long, but a straight and safe one.**

Treat *I* the respect it deserves, put in the time and most importantly the effort.

Treat your life with the same reverence as if you were setting up your own conventional business ... indulge it, and you will reap the rewards.

“Anyone who has ever struggled with poverty knows how extremely expensive it is to be poor.”

This month, take some time to evaluate your progress. Decide if you are on course. Re-read all the training you have so far. Decide whether you are on target and moving closer towards your goals, or are deviating. If things are not going as well as you would like, don't sit there worrying about it. This is the month to adjust your direction. Do what it takes, but get on track.

When a rocket travels to the moon it is *OFF* course 90% of the time.

Ground control and the astronauts are constantly making adjustments along the way in order to land on rock moving at 3,683 kilometres per hour.

Now is the time to make your adjustments.

...

Always Do The Very Best You Can Do in Anything And Everything You Do!!!

The Omniscience Principle ... My life in all its intricate detail and the systems, methods and paradigms I've learned from The World's Masters of Wealth.

You have everything I have used to become as free as can be ... *Everything*.

I *hope* (weak and insipid word) I've fulfilled my promise and that I haven't let you down. You now have at hand your life blueprint; your map to wealth and freedom ... ***how you use it is up to you!***

I never judge (well sometimes!) and have no preconceived ideas as to what you should do with the information I have shared with you ... so long as you do use elements of it in parts of your life and that you've begun digging the footings for your new empire 'within' ***The Machine's*** organism.

It took me six years to write the first version of this; six long hard years! And as I was doing so, life took off and life was good. I then threw it on the virtual stack of other stuff I've done and proceeded to do battle as the wise words faded into the fog that gradually settled.

Some ten years on, I rediscovered ***The Omniscience Principle***.

I reread it with fresh eyes and was surprised at how relevant it still was in my life. As I opened the old folders and clicked open, moth-eaten HTML documents, I found it impossible to stop. It quickly became my therapy; a far more powerful antidote to poisoned waters I'd sipped in recent times. More powerful even than the antidepressants I'd resorted to. The rush of cortisol began to numb and the taste of metallic saliva faded when bad news landed in Thunderbird. Greyscale turned to CMYK Colour, 480p became Full HD. My skies cleared, fit for a Turner painting. The dog's bark stopped piercing so deep, the overhead plane's nauseating grind now a whimper and warm waters now give a comforting embrace. I've wandered the menacing, haunted forest blighted by curse "*The wrath of heaven and the vengeance of hell shall fall upon this place*" and beaten a path to its edge where the dappled light flickers ... I'm in a good place now...

And so I set out to fill in the gaps. Over the last few months, over Christmas and the New year I've been unable to quell my enthusiasm.

I talk to myself on the toilet and I mumble in the shower. I have elaborate and intimate conversations with myself in the early hours of dawn; delightful, inspirational, marvellous and remarkable conversations. I'm constantly scribbling my thoughts in the old, recycled Filofax, lest I forget an anecdote or noble word ... and no! I've not become a weirdo ... I think!

The Omniscience Principle doubled in size with the benefit of many and varied unpleasant experiences.

Several months on I feel utterly fucking energised. I feel reborn, I feel I've grown great scales of impenetrable dragon armour. The power of ***I*** glowing within is electric, *50,000 Volts*; I feel nothing but joy and even love! My seething, venomous hate for some has even diminished and that's one thing I did not expect!

But this does not mean I've finished. From this point forward I will keep adding and building as I experience new adventures and discover more 'life systems'.

Always Do The Very Best You Can Do in Anything And Everything You Do!

Only you know what you feel comfortable with and what you feel is right and wrong. Don't forget, you have to live with yourself for this short time on Earth and account for yourself, if we're lucky, for many years after that!

Mr T, as he shall be known, had a bit of a reputation with the sad parents at my kid's school, those who had nothing better in their lives except *other people's* lives. Nice enough chap but because he

didn't seem to work, termite parents began to talk. Mr T obviously had wedges of cash but was never really seen to do anything!

Whispers and gossip pegged him as everything from a cartel drugs dealer to a dodgy property developer. Anyway, I got talking to him at a sports day and it turned out he'd made his money from the Internet!

He'd generally keep this to himself, as he'd become fed up with trying to explain exactly how you make a fortune from thin air!

I got on really well with Mr T and invited him over to see if there was any common ground where we could make a few quid together.

It soon became clear as we talked that we had both taken very different paths to wealth and actually, there was very little, in fact nothing, we could do in the way of a joint venture. Mr T had mad a lot of money from the Internet, an awful lot, but clearly was not proud of the way he'd made it.

I soon discovered that the reason for not revealing how he made his Internet millions was because he'd **NOT** done the very best that he could do!

He'd set up money games, dodgy e-currencies and pyramid schemes. He ripped a small fortune out of them. Mr T would keep paying back the money into the systems until the time was right to close them down and walk with the cash. Apparently, the irony was that people would build up their winnings and never draw them down ... *So Mr T helped himself!*

Be master of your petty annoyances and conserve your energies for the big, worthwhile things. It isn't the mountain ahead that wears you out — it's the grain of sand in your shoe.

The point of all this is that Mr T had made his money but it had not brought the freedom. Mr T couldn't spend it freely because it was dirty, he lived in constant fear of The Knock! ... *AND he was ashamed of what he'd done!*

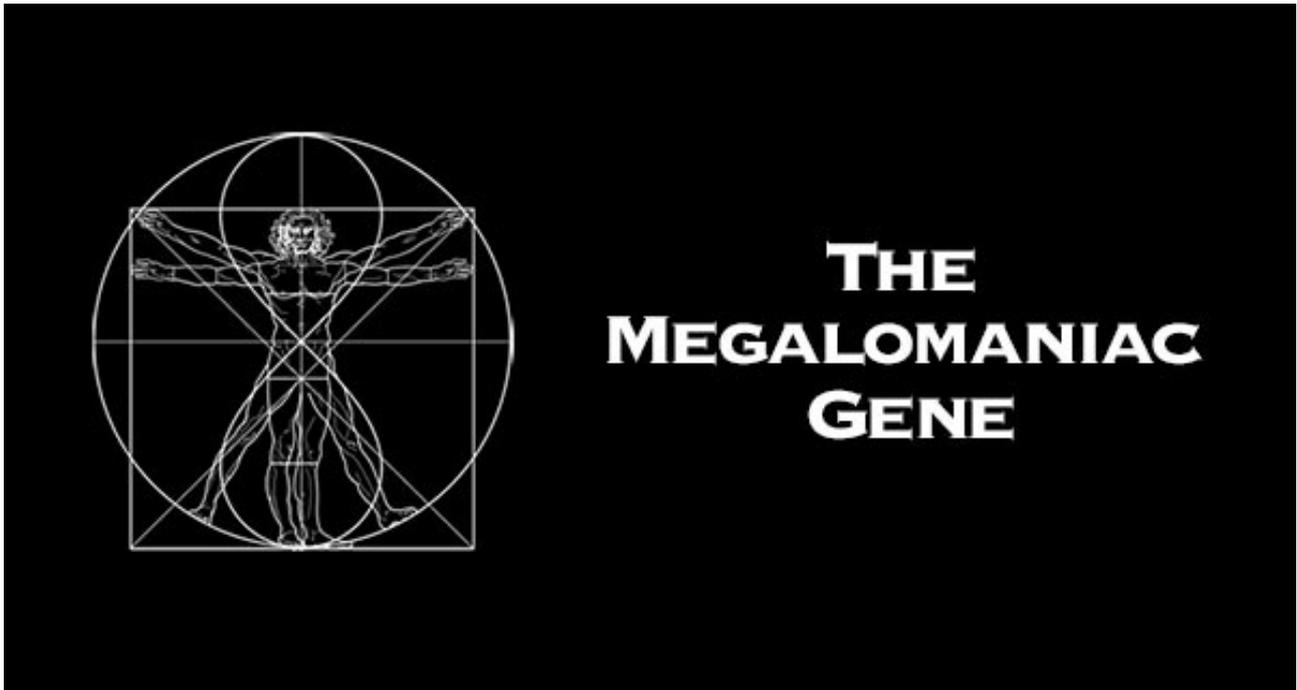
Call it Karma, call it the will of the gods, call it what you like ... it is negative energy and it pays back with interest. Mr T has now spent that cash and is himself in a dark and lonely place.

Now if you look at it from Mr Ts POV: *"These people deserved to be taken for a ride. They were greedy and it serves them right for being so stupid."*

I for one wouldn't disagree. **The point is that no matter how it's justified ... it's how YOU feel deep inside that matters!**

And when you don't feel good then **The Aura of I** dims and the Universe fades around you.

Always do the very best you can do in anything and everything you do ... You'll never have occasion to question yourself.



He that will write well in any tongue must follow the council of Aristotle: To speak as the common people do and to think as wise men do

The Megalomaniac Gene | The Omniscience Principle Part 19

The Machine's Most Deadly Weapons

According to the great and wise Wikipedia, Humans began their migration out of Africa some 1.75 million years ago. By 150,000 years ago we'd spread across the entire African continent.

We settled in the Fertile Crescent some 10,000–15,000 years ago, a crescent-shaped region in the Middle East, spanning modern-day Iraq, Israel, Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, Egypt, and Jordan as well as the southeastern fringe of Turkey and the western fringes of Iran with some authors including Cyprus.

This area became the fields and gardens for humanity as we learned to farm. Prehistoric seedless figs were discovered at Gilgal in the Jordan Valley, planted some 11,400 years ago. Cereals were already grown in Syria as long as 9,000 years ago. In addition to cereals, legumes including Peas, Lentils and Chickpea were farmed in this region.

We learned to domesticate animals including cattle, sheep, goat, domestic pig, cat, and goose. We began drinking milk which helped us survive in areas with poor water.

Hemmed in by the cold climates to the North and South, we spread East and West.

Around 40,000 years ago we'd reached Australia, Asia and Europe. Migration to the Americas took place 20,000 to 15,000 years ago. By 2000 years ago humans had established settlements in most of the Pacific Islands.

We made numerous attempts to build civilisations starting with Mesopotamia then Egypt and included The Mayans, Greeks, Romans, Ottomans, Mongols, Chinese, Japanese, Norte Chico, Aztecs, Indus Valley Civilisation, Jiahu, Aboriginal Australians, Inca, Babylonia, Assyria, Hittite, Phoenicia, Carthaginian, Iran, Persia, Parthian, Sassanid, Kerma, Kush, Macrobia, India, Indus, Nanda, Maurya, Shunga, Chola, Gupta, Shang, Zhou, Qin, Han, Jin, Sparta, Macedonia, Hellenistic, Seleucid, Ptolemaic, Dacian, Scythia, Sarmatia, Xiongnu, Hunnic ... To name but a few!

ALL failed ... Then man discovered oil!

At first it came from the heads of innocent wales. Then it came from the ground. The first oil had actually been discovered by the Chinese in 600 B.C. and transported in pipelines made from bamboo but this is something the West were not to discover at the time. Colonel Drake's heralded discovery of oil in Pennsylvania in 1859 and the Spindletop discovery in Texas in 1901 set the stage for the new world oil economy.

Humans flourished, no longer constrained by nature.

Populations exploded ... And here we are today, wallowing in the great fat mess we've created over the last few hundred years.

When we began this journey we evolved, if you accept Darwin's theory (which I tend to), through a mechanism know as **The Survival of The Fittest**.

The gene pool was continually strengthened with stronger and stronger genes because the strongest of the tribe got to spread his strong seed within strong women.

It was through the process of continually adding to the gene pool that fuelled our growth. Certain tribes would flourish because theirs were stronger then their neighbours and so we developed, stronger and stronger. However, the Alpha male, who wasn't always the brightest, would protect and nurture the pack until he was no longer the strongest and a more youthful, stronger usurper would dethrone him.

Now according the the great and wise Tranty Boy (me!), somewhere along this timeline something awful happened.

There was a mutation in the genes of a particular tribe member resulting in the creation of ***The Megalomaniac Gene***.

This particular tribe member was by no means the strongest or even the smartest of the group **but** he understood the powers of propaganda, manipulation and indoctrination.

He began his climb to the throne by creating a mini tribe, **within** the tribe. He gave those accomplices **Sticky Labels** and a new set of values more inline with his. He began a campaign of destabilisation planting seeds of doubt and mistrust. These manifested into new feelings of anger, resentment and rage towards other elements of the tribe which the usurper had labeled with different titles.

This ultimately saw the tribe turn in on itself. Brother turned on brother, sister on sister, man on woman and child.

The usurper did not partake in this civil war, he simply sat back and waited. He waited and waited until the the strong had wiped out the strongest. He boded his time until the the now leaderless tribe needed a new leader and as the head of his *sub-tribe* he took the throne.

From that point forward man began its steady decline, it began to *devolve*. The now dominant usurper, with his army, would reach out and spread his rancid seed and *The Megalomaniac Gene*.

It flourished, spreading like a defiant virus.

...

The Narcissist

Narcissus (/nɑːrˈɪsəs/; Ancient Greek: Νάρκισσος Nárkissos) was a hunter from Thespieae in Boeotia who was known for his beauty. According to Tzetzes, he was a Laconian hunter who loved everything beautiful. Narcissus was proud, in that he disdained those who loved him, causing some to take their own life to prove their devotion to his striking beauty.

One day Narcissus was walking in the woods when Echo, an Oread (mountain nymph) saw him, fell deeply in love, and followed him. Narcissus sensed he was being followed and shouted "*Who's there?*". Echo repeated "*Who's there?*" She eventually revealed her identity and attempted to embrace him. He stepped away and told her to leave him alone. She was heartbroken and spent the rest of her life in lonely glens until nothing but an echo sound remained of her. Aphrodite, the goddess of revenge, noticed this behaviour after learning the story and decided to punish Narcissus. Once, during the summer, he was getting thirsty after hunting, and the goddess lured him to a pool where he leaned upon the water and saw himself in the bloom of youth. Narcissus did not realise it was merely his own reflection and fell deeply in love with it, as if it were somebody else. Unable to leave the allure of his image, he eventually realised that his love could not be reciprocated and he melted away from the fire of passion burning inside him, eventually turning into a gold and white flower.

Narcissism has a Label: Official criteria for Narcissistic Personality Disorder NPD:

- grandiose sense of self-importance
- preoccupation with fantasies of unlimited success, power, brilliance, beauty, or ideal love
- belief they're special and unique and can only be understood by, or should associate with, other special or high-status people or institutions
- need for excessive admiration
- sense of entitlement
- internationally exploitative behaviour
- lack of empathy
- envy of others or a belief that others are envious of them
- demonstration of arrogant and haughty behaviours or attitudes

Narcissism is the pursuit of gratification from vanity or egotistic admiration of one's idealised self image and attributes. This includes self-flattery, perfectionism, and arrogance. The term originated from Greek mythology, where the young Narcissus fell in love with his own image reflected in a pool of water. Narcissism is a concept in psychoanalytic theory, which was popularly introduced in Sigmund Freud's essay *On Narcissism* (1914). The American Psychiatric Association has listed the classification narcissistic personality

disorder in its Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM) since 1968, drawing on the historical concept of megalomania.

Narcissism is also considered a social or cultural problem. It is a factor in trait theory used in various self-report inventories of personality such as the Millon Clinical Multiaxial Inventory. It is one of the three dark triadic personality traits (the others being psychopathy and Machiavellianism). Except in the sense of primary narcissism or healthy self-love, narcissism is usually considered a problem in a person's or group's relationships with self and others.

The Machine ... the Ultimate Narcissist.

...

The Scream Lobotomy

“SSSCREEEEEEEEAAAMMMMMMMM!!!!!!

WWWWWWWWAAAARRRRRRRAAAGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

SQUEAL, RANT RAVE...”

Not subtle I know, but we learn to get our own way right from the moment we burst out into this new and exciting world!

My youngest has just developed **The Scream Lobotomy**, the most piercing of screams; a screech so penetrating it bores right through the skull through the frontal lobe and on into the deepest corners of the thalamus.

Fingernails across the blackboard doesn't even register on this scale!

She's already an expert at bringing to play this most wretched *shriek till I get what I want* tactic. She'll use it whenever she wants something, anything, even if it's simply some attention!

And as she grows, she'll become better and more skilful and adept in the **Art of Manipulation**. I know, I've got three kids and even at the age of five, eight and one, they are excellent at misdirection, competent psychologists and just plain bloody clever at getting exactly what they want!

But being older and wiser I feel I have their measure and as parents we use yet subtler and more sophisticated methods to get what *we* want.

And if you're not yet a parent you've got all this to look forward to!

Yea, greeeeat!!!

Bringing up kids is a constant battle of the wits. When my other daughter plays up, I threaten to take away her favourite toys, but this is how damn clever they are, even at five. She will know when she's in trouble and go and cuddle a toy that she's not at all bothered about losing!

I'd been punishing her for weeks when my wife spotted me taking the frayed, tatty yellow rhino out of her room. My smug missus took great pleasure in pointing out that I'd been thoroughly and royally duped by my slick daughter and that the real prize was her Barbie doll!

Women! ... They learn to play us like fish even before they can talk :) (Joke! ... it's a joke!)

Problem is for us men is that *they* have the power and know it! If I play up or stray out of line, I don't get sex for a week!!! (Joke! ... it's another joke!) So as you can imagine, I'm always on my best behaviour, a model husband (*yea!*).

We are all playing this game throughout our lives and it's mostly harmless and often fun.

But... ***The Machine* has taken this game to a whole other level.**

The Machine has, over the last five thousand years or so, developed an armoury of the most deadliest of deadly weapons. And one thing's for sure, **they are being used against you every minute of every hour.** They are launched from bases across the globe in a ferocious, inexorable assault, twenty four hours a day, seven days a week, three hundred and sixty five days a year.

And like the subtlest killers, you don't see them coming.

They say it's the truck you don't see that runs you down. ***The Machine*** is a invisible juggernaut of biblical proportions, crushing and demolishing as it rumbles inexorably on. Because the fortress has had so much time to groom its assassins and they have always been one step ahead of our development, we are like lambs to the slaughter.

In the Art of War by Sun Tzu, it is said that '*battles are won and lost not on the battle fields but in the operational headquarters*'. We are setting out our campaign strategies, laying plans that will outmanoeuvre a most formidable enemy.

Make no mistake, business is a battle, beating your demons is a fight, achieving personal freedom ... Well, that's all out war.

The ultimate goal for ***The Machine*** is control; ultimate control on an epic scale. To have everything bagged and tagged, To slap dirty, gurt, great big ***Sticky Labels*** on everything, to exert management of every cell and every atom and every living thing. Hell! The very building blocks of life itself ... ***And that's no exaggeration!***

The Machine is out to control the birds and the bees, the land and the trees, all creatures great and small. The weather, the oceans, the movement and migration of every moving entity. **Space, time and the universe ... and little old YOU!**

Control is exercised under a number of guises using a multitude of illusions, from the covert and subtle all the way up to the downright blunt. A myriad of lies and a plethora of distortions, half-truths, deceptions and fabrications...

Just look at where we're heading now as a '*civilised society!*'

There are so many references to George Orwell and his prophecies of doom and gloom these days it's astonishing! There's even a bloody programme called Big Brother and the irony is, that it's trash so absurd as even George could not have predicted.

Imagine a future where we'd all be forced, by sentence of death, to carry tracking devices with us at all times. That every waking hour is stalked, traced, monitored and stored in powerful databases to

be recovered by any number of agencies at any given time. That a tiny electronic chip would carry our whole life on it; that face recognition cameras would watch us relentlessly. That every communication we make, our calls, our faxes (whatever they are) our emails would be intercepted and if just the wrong set of keywords were typed or spoken or thought, it would trigger a whole rake of responses.

What if I wrote that cash would become illegal, that your bank manager and the shop assistant would become your enemy not be your friend. That staff would be forced, by sentence of death, to report any *unusual* activity by you to **The Machine**.

That the *Free World* our forbears gave the ultimate sacrifice to protect would become police run. That you couldn't write material such as you're reading without fear of stun bombs and smoke canisters smashing through your window as Men in Black drop in through the roof lights on rope to take you and your *subversive* material to a *safe place* ... somewhere like Guantanamo for the antagonistic!

That you'd no longer be able to go to your accountant for tax advice. That if he saw you make a personal call from your office and noticed it on your return as a *business* call, for fear of death, he'd be obliged to report you to the **The Machine**.

That to visit your solicitor would mean taking your identity cards on each occasion, even if you had been with them for the last twenty five years. That they'd have to record your every visit and record notes as to what you talked about. Records that could be looked at by agents of **The Machine** at will.

That big business would merge, amalgamate and become bigger and evermore powerful. High streets would become obsolete and be replaced by shopping malls that were replaced by mega-hyper, out of town, shopping centres. Shopkeepers would be squashed like insects as cashless Amazon supermarkets with face recognition software autonomously watched through cameras that followed your every move and logged your habits.

That countries would unite to become bigger and more powerful unions. That the world would become One World. That Royalty would become nothing more than an expensive tourist attraction.

That eventually just a few, massively powerful people would run the world.

If I wrote that a couple of decades ago as a 'vision of a nightmare future', people would have enjoyed it as a quaint bit of fiction ... yet it's not a vision of the future any more, it's not the stuff Sci-fi writers dream up is it?

It's not the future ... It's OUR TIME right here, right now and we call it PROGRESS!

It's fucking here, right here, right now and it's getting worse by the day ... apart from the death part!

They did it; they finally achieved world domination!

Took a few thousand years and a few world wars but **The Machine** has finally evolved and come of age.

It's no joke!

At present **YOU WILL GO TO JAIL** if you step out of line and I'm sure the death part is only a short time away ... either that or they'll develop a system to drain all your bodily fluids in to a

blender to be mixed in with a cocktail of obedience drugs ... oops, oh yea, they developed that one years ago. They don't even bother with the transfusions, they simply pump the stuff through the water system! ... *or is that paranoia?*

...

World Domination

All sounds a bit daft really doesn't it? Anyway, who give a toss ... None of it affects the likes of little old you and me does it?

These days conspiracy theories abound and *cranks (Sticky Label)* see a profusion of strange things in strange places. Apparently, there are *secret societies* and *funny hand shakes*.

The word 'conspiracy' will be defined in the context of a scheme: to act in harmony toward a common end.

If you tell a lie often enough and loud enough, it becomes truth ... Question that lie and be Labeled a conspiracist.

Alchemists conceal in order to baffle the vulgar. I exist for the sole purpose of penetrating the veil.

Take **The Illuminati** for instance. (Don't type that in Google for heaven's sake!)

No other secret society in recent history with the exception of Freemasonry has generated as much legend, hysteria, and disinformation as The Illuminati.

Briefly, the background of the Bavarian Illuminati puzzle is this: On May 1, 1776, in Bavaria, Dr. Adam Weishaupt, a professor of Canon Law at Ingolstadt University and a former Jesuit, formed a secret society called the Order of the Illuminati within the existing Masonic lodges of Germany.

Since Masonry is itself a secret society, the Illuminati was a secret society within a secret society, a mystery inside a mystery. In 1785 the Illuminati were suppressed by the Bavarian government for allegedly plotting to overthrow all the kings in Europe and the Pope to boot. This much is generally agreed upon by all historians. Everything else is a matter of heated, and sometimes fetid, controversy.

It has been claimed that Dr. Weishaupt was an atheist, a Cabalistic magician, a rationalist, a mystic; a democrat, a socialist, an anarchist, a fascist; a Machiavellian amoralist, an alchemist, a totalitarian and an 'enthusiastic philanthropist.' (The last was the verdict of Thomas Jefferson, by the way.)

The Illuminati have also been credited with managing the French and American revolutions behind the scenes, taking over the world, being the brains behind Communism, continuing underground up to the 1970s, secretly worshiping the Devil, and moperly with intent to gawk (whatever that means!).

Some claim that Weishaupt didn't even invent the Illuminati, but only revived it. The Order of Illuminati has been traced back to the Knights Templar, to the Greek and Gnostic initiatory cults, to Egypt, even to Atlantis. The one safe generalization one can make is that Weishaupt's intent to maintain secrecy has worked; no two students of Illuminology have ever agreed totally about what the *inner secret* or purpose of the Order actually was or is.

There is endless room for spooky speculation, and for pedantic paranoia, once one really gets into the literature of the subject; and there has been a wave of sensational exposes of the Illuminati every generation since 1776. If you were to believe all this literature, the damned Bavarian conspirators were responsible for everything wrong with the world, including the energy crises and the fact that you can't even get a plumber on weekends.

Good eh!

The Illuminati transcends all religions and politics. It's now run, apparently, by an elite group of powerful men ***who control the world***; a society hell-bent on world domination.

And if you believe what you read or hear on Netflix documentaries, the plot thickens.

The Illuminati is run by the true elite, the richest of the rich whom many also belong to another sect called Skull & Bones.

Nobody is quite sure whether The Illuminati and Skull & Bones are one or if the secret societies themselves have fallen victims to globalisation. The organisations have merged to become evermore powerful, Freemasons, Skull & Bones, The Illuminati, secret government departments, The Bilderberg Group. Representatives of the Western political, financial and corporate elite.

These shadowy Top Dogs cruise their lands in bulletproof limousines meeting in the afternoons for cream teas at luxurious and isolated Hotels. The discussions they engage in, and the consensus' they reach, will influence the course of Western civilisation and the future of the entire planet. The meetings will take place behind closed doors in total secrecy, protected by a phalanx of armed guards.

All Bilderberg discussions are conducted in absolute secrecy. To guarantee solitude, the Group customarily books an entire hotel in a secluded location. The hotel is protected by a tight security grid of heavily armed guards from the U.S. Secret Service, various European secret service agencies and the local police.

Although some reporters and many media owners are present at these meetings, you will hear nothing about the Bilderberg in the news. According to the Bilderberg's press release,

Participants have agreed not to give interviews to the press during the meeting. In contacts with the news media after the conference it is an established rule that no attribution should be made to individual participants of what was discussed during the meeting.

Any attempt to delve further into the topic of secret discussions is rebuffed with a well rehearsed statement: I cannot comment officially on whether this is a conference of the Bilderberg group ... This is a strictly private non-governmental conference, one of a series of such meetings. Their purpose is to discuss most informally and confidentially topics of current concern to the democracies of Europe and America.

Bilderberg proponents argue that this cloak of secrecy is vital to ensuring an honest and vigorous debate!

Some of the delegates are politicians, but everyone is staying here privately. It inspires frothing at the mouth of conspiracy theories, but the purpose of the privacy is to allow delegates to have a frank and constructive debate and get to the heart of things knowing that they are not going to be reported.

Of course, this secrecy also guarantees that the vast majority of the world's citizenry is kept completely in the dark regarding Bilderberg deliberations, even though the consensus of the Group may affect national and international government and commerce.

The extremes to which the Bilderberg goes to achieve this level of secrecy raises serious suspicions about the Group's motives in the minds of many.

Critics of the Bilderberg say:

The Group perceives itself as being supra-governmental. Indeed, Bilderberg founder Prince Bernhard himself once said, "It is difficult to re-educate people who have been brought up on nationalism to the idea of relinquishing part of their sovereignty to a supra-national body."

It is said that The Group cohesively manipulates global finances and establishes rigid and binding monetary rates around the world.

The Group selects political figures whom the Bilderberg determines should become rulers, and targets those whom it wants removed from power.

Rather than pursuing an agenda which would work to solve global health, energy, environmental and agricultural problems, the Group pursues an agenda which guarantees the propagation of its own power and the enrichment of its members, at the expense of human rights and political and environmental degradation worldwide.

As Bilderberg critic Tony Gosling wrote, *"One cannot help but be a little suspicious when priorities for the future of mankind are being considered, by those who have real influence over that future, in total secret."*

It's like going to the opticians to get your eyes tested! The future of the business relies on their selling glasses ... If they don't find a problem with your eyesight they don't sell glasses.

It's like going to the hearing clinic to get your ears tested! The future of the establishment relies on their selling hearing aids ... If they don't find a problem with your ears they don't sell hearing aids.

It's like commissioning a damp proofing company to test for damp in the home...

There is said to be a vast pool of *secret* organisations:

The Grang, The Red Men, Knights of Maccabees, Catholic Knights, Druids, Elks (Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks), Foresters, Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, Job's Daughters, Knights of the Golden Eagle, Knights of Columbus, Knights of Malta, Knights of Pythias, Knights Templar, Ku Klux Klan, Modern Woodmen of America, Moose (Loyal Order of Moose), National Ancient Order of Hibernians, National Grange, Odd Fellows, Order of Owls, P.E.O. Sisterhood, Rosicrucians, Shrine, United Order of the Golden Cross, Woodmen

It is said that nothing happens in the world without the blessing of **Skull & Bones** ... *Nothing*. We're led to believe it is the vote of the people that determines the outcome of elections?

Liam H. Russell, along with fourteen others, became the founding members of The Order of Skull and Bones. The secretive Order of Skull and Bones exists only at Yale in the USA. Fifteen juniors are *tapped* each year by the seniors to be initiated into next year's group. Some say each initiate is

given \$15,000 and a grandfather clock. Far from being a campus fun-house, the group is said to be geared toward the success of its members in the post-collegic world.

The family names on the Skull and Bones roster roll off the tongue like an elite party list: Lord, Whitney, Taft, Jay, Bundy, Harriman, Weyerhaeuser, Pinchot, Rockefeller, Goodyear, Sloane, Stimson, Phelps, Perkins, Pillsbury, Kellogg, Vanderbilt, Bush, Lovett and so on.

William Russell went on to become a general and a state legislator in Connecticut. Alphonso Taft was appointed U.S. Attorney General, Secretary of War (a post many Bonesmen have held), Ambassador to Austria, and Ambassador to Russia (another post held by many Bonesmen). His son, William Howard Taft ('87), is the only man to be both President of the United States and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Secrets of the Tomb: The Order flourished from the very beginning in spite of occasional squalls of controversy. There was dissension from some professors, who didn't like its secrecy and exclusiveness. And there was backlash from students, showing concern about the influence 'Bones' was having over Yale finances and the favouritism shown to Bonesmen.

In October of 1873, Volume 1, Number 1, of *The Iconoclast* was published in New Haven. It was only published once and was one of very few openly published articles on the Order of Skull and Bones.

From The Iconoclast: We speak through a new publication. because the college press is closed to those who dare to openly mention Bones ...

Out of every class Skull and Bones takes its men. They have gone out into the world and have become, in many instances, leaders in society. They have obtained control of Yale. Its business is performed by them. Money paid to the college must pass into their hands, and be subject to their will. No doubt they are worthy men in themselves, but the many, whom they looked down upon while in college, cannot so far forget as to give money freely into their hands. Men in Wall Street complain that the college comes straight to them for help, instead of asking each graduate for his share. The reason is found in a remark made by one of Yale's and America's first men: "Few will give but Bones men and they care far more for their society than they do for the college..."

Year by year the deadly evil is growing. The society was never as obnoxious to the college as it is today, and it is just this ill-feeling that shuts the pockets of non-members. Never before has it shown such arrogance and self-fancied superiority. It grasps the College Press and endeavours to rule it all. It does not deign to show its credentials, but clutches at power with the silence of conscious guilt.

To tell the good which Yale College has done would be well nigh impossible. To tell the good she might do would be yet more difficult. The question, then, is reduced to this — on the one hand lies a source of incalculable good — on the other a society guilty of serious and far-reaching crimes. It is Yale College against Skull and Bones! We ask all men, as a question of right, which should be allowed to live?'

Apparently, Skull & Bones, Freemasons, Globalists and anyone else with a few quid and shed loads of influence meet up, get drunk and dance round the fire naked whilst 'Worshipping the Owl' at the occult playground of the global elite, a place called Bohemian Grove. (I imagine that's a sight—Trump and Boris, or whoever happens to be in power when you read this, warts and all, Y fronts and sock braces!).

Bohemian Grove is described as perhaps the ultimate 'back room', in which world and domestic policy is agreed upon in the bizarre environment of drunken frivolity, heterosexual and homosexual prostitution, and satanic deity worship. This is the global elite that have their fingers on the nuclear launch codes!

The power of the Freemasons in the UK was brought chillingly into public view in recent times when they put on a show for the public. The point was to demonstrate that they were a thoroughly good bunch of chaps who did a lot for charity.

This public display of arrogance, elitism and power backfired spectacularly!

The ceremony was on the scale of a royal coronation!

This was something that shocked the country and I'm sure most people, despite all the myth and legend surrounding the group, could never have suspected just how powerful it was. Maybe that was the *real* objective of the pageant.

They'd taken a lot of flack in recent years so flexed their muscles as if to say "*so ya wanna mess with us eh!!!*" Judges, policy makers, police and governors, champions of industry, the aristocrats, right the way into the very heart of The Royal Family. And I'd bet a pound to a pinch of shit, that was just the tip of the iceberg.

Apparently, there are signs everywhere of this New World Order everywhere!

In Your Face: The Globalists', Masters of Terror, their Language is Hidden in Plain View

Fascinated by symbolism and numerology, the globalists' favourite tactic is to leave blueprints to their plans 'hidden in plain view.' From messages delivered to the masses through the media and films to Time Warner's all-seeing eye. We are repeatedly reminded by The Global Elite themselves that they are controlling us and are omnipresent.

World leaders from American Presidents to British Royalty have been photographed proudly flashing 'the sign of the devil'. Architecture around the globe is laid out to represent their occult icons or structured based on occult numerology (like the pyramid Mitterand had constructed at the Louvre, which is made of 666 pieces of gold glass).

Take a look at the back of a dollar bill, **The All Seeing Eye is watching you!**

'Paranoid cranks' claim: You can't turn on your television or visit any world capital without being confronted by the occult symbolism of the global elite.

The all-seeing eye is the elite's favourite symbol. It represents the eye of Lucifer seeing all and is usually atop a pyramid, the symbol for a top-down command and control system of compartmentalisation.

There are websites dedicated to these theories and I love em! Just do a Google on conspiracy theories.

Now a quick interjection and another word of warning!

We are by no means *Masters of I* ... and as such we take everything we read on the Internet and ask **WHY** in the first instance. We then treat it **ALL** with absolute skepticism ... *Until or if, we can see it, touch it, feel it, do we give it any gravity ... and even then we must keep eyes eyes wide open*

So with the above warning in place we continue. Watch the news (if you have to!), and you'll see the whole thing being played out. Take a look at the *Elite* next time there's a G8 summit or other governmental meeting.

Now all of this is a riddle wrapped in a mystery wrapped inside an enigma ... and that's what it's supposed to be. **Keep us on the back foot and misdirected with diversion.** The puppet presidents of late certainly do a great job eh! We're all so wrapped up in the rantings of Trump or the ramblings of Boris that we are blinded to the **State of The Nation**.

And all of this matters not a jot in your life ... we don't get distracted. It's all a game and designed to exhaust us of our life's energy.

Is there a Global Elite? Of course!

Can we do anything about it? Of course ... *ignore it!*

If there's any doubt as to who is running the world, we simply need to do what Scotland Yard and the FBI do when tracking down elusive criminals ... *follow the money!*

Watch where it is going and more importantly, where it's not! ... World domination and globalisation are actual, tangible issues.

The Machine, through technology and a bit of old fashioned bullying, has advance and metamorphosed into its present form, a behemoth, a colossus.

And as for the Orwellian Big Brother, it all seems a bit lame now! I can't wait to see what the future holds!

...

It's in Our Genes

They've now gone and mapped the human genome; identified all of the 20,000–25,000 genes in human DNA.

Although the Human Genome Project is finished, analysis of the data will continue for many years.

Taken from the project site. Project goals were to:

- identify all the approximately 20,000–25,000 genes in human DNA
- determine the sequences of the 3 billion chemical base pairs that make up human DNA
- store this information in databases
- improve tools for data analysis
- transfer related technologies to the private sector
- address the ethical, legal, and social issues (ELSI) that may arise from the project.

An important feature of the HGP was the federal government's long-standing dedication to the transfer of technology to the private sector. By licensing technologies to private companies and awarding grants for innovative research, the project catalysed the multi-billion-dollar U.S. biotechnology industry and fostered the development of new medical applications.

Which basically translated into plain English is **“your fucked mate!!!”**

Attempts have already been made by insurance companies to access your most sensitive information. They figure that if you are more 'genetically susceptible' to cancer, then they have every right to bump up the premiums!!!

It won't be long before a Biotech company isolates the ageing gene, maybe they already have! Imagine the pensions crisis if we all live forever "*there can be only one!!!*" (my little joke from the highlander for those unfortunate enough to have not seen it!). Where along the **The Road to Tyranny** will that take us?

Now there's tracking our DNA.

Twenty years ago it was a simple job to knock off that twat of a neighbour with an iron bar when they allowed their dog to foul your newly manicured garden. Whack them over the head, give em a few kicks for good measure and bury them in the compost for the bugs to do their work.

Who in the name of Eric Idol would have thought that just twenty years on, they'd be able to test the flake of skin from under the victim's finger nails lodged there as he grabbed you on the way down, and say with 'absolute certainty': "*ere — that's the fella wot did it right there officer!*"

Forces around the world a busy sampling everyone of us and databasing our DNA. I know, I've recently have mine stolen by force! (not for murder :)

One of my properties backs onto open fields and is rented to inbred retards, the kind that have nothing and will never be of value, even as compost. They caused a few problems over a period, which aren't worth mentioning, but they really got to me!

How often have I wished we could sort it out like they used to. Simply gallop over the hill on my trusty steed, draw my broad sword and fix the issue with a hefty swing aimed at the back of the head. In Japan a samurai was legally allowed to give you a swift chop with Katana if you insulted them. "*That'll learn em!*"

But in this day and age you can't. You are not even allowed to tell them to "*fuck off!!!*". It's known as a public order offence. These cretins come to my home, to my land, cause problems, I tell them to "*take a hike*" and get arrested!!! **The Machine** in all its ominous, sinister, menace, working away like clockwork keeping us little people ticking ... tick, tock, tick, tock.

I was detained and my DNA was taken as 'procedure'. Now although I was treated like a common criminal all the charges were eventually dropped.

I think someone, somewhere saw sense and realised that this was a load of hogwash ... **OR was there more to it?**

You see, it's an *unacceptable invasion of privacy* to simply go out en-mass and take the populations DNA, so is **The Machine** is doing what it does best, dragging us off the streets and taking it anyway?

If I was more cynical, I'd say there was a policy of arresting anyone for just about anything in a effort to create that perfect database. To have us all DNA tagged?

If that wasn't the case then why don't they destroy your records if you've done nothing wrong?

If you'd told all the murders and rapists who committed their *undetectable* crimes twenty years ago, that they would all be living in fear of The Knock right now thanks to *advances* in DNA mapping, they'd have thought you nuts back then!

I believe that the time is not too far away when they'll be able to trace who was at a crime scene just from the microscopic molecule traces left in the air. And as that technology advances they be able to follow it like a Bloodhound to where that person is hiding.

The Media will get to work and it'll quickly become accepted as a great *crime and terrorist deterrent*.

DNA trace tracking will get pushed into the public domain under the propagandist title: **Protecting The Innocent ...** And although we'll all know that it's a crock of shite and has nothing to do with terrorism, it'll get brought in anyway.

There'll be no need for identity cards as we'll all have our DNA tagged. Massively powerful computers the size of mobile phones will not only be able to identify you at the border, they'll tell the agent where you've just come from. Not only that, they'll, know what you've eaten, where you visited, where you spent your last evening and who with; they'll know where you've been and what you've done ... *they'll know what you've been doing since birth!*

Sound nuts???

Now all this isn't fiction, it's inevitable.

I wrote that only fifteen years ago and as I did, I did so with a wry smile. '*Of course this is an Orwellian vision*' and was a bit of sensationalism kinda thing ... *I thought!*

Microscopic DNA traces!

No need!!!

Fingerprint recognition came and was outdated in the beat of a pounding heart. We now have facial recognition so powerful it's built into the latest phones that contain GPS that tracks our every move. We have Gait Recognition that monitors the way we walk which is as unique as a fingerprint. We have biometrics and eye scanners to register us as we cross borders. Our satellite cameras are so powerful they can read a newspaper from space.

Our every move online is stored in vast databases along with every monetary transaction. We are filmed a hundred times a day by CCTV. There really are eyes peering at you in dark rooms in far away places.

Zuckerberg, himself one of the elite, is so paranoid he'll place sticky tape over the camera on his devices.

Microscopic DNA traces ... Ha, fucking ha!

No need!!!

Sad, but true. We are probably the last generation that'll stand any chance of real freedom. It's going to get harder and harder ... *time to head for the hills?*

Well no!

Having said all that, there will always be a place for those who don't want to be bagged and tagged. I became *I* by not conforming and finding a place *within The Machine's* systems. It's not perfect but it'll do nicely, thank you.

To become a *Master of I*, we need to become *Masters of Balance ... now that's not easy!*

Balance?

There is the balanced side to the DNA scenario. If my child was molested, I would want the police to be able to search a national database for the vermin ... *and then hand him over to me and the boys!*

...

The Munitions Store

The North Wind boasted of great strength. The Sun argued that there was great power in gentleness.

“We shall have a contest,” said the Sun.

Far below, a man traveled a winding road. He was wearing a warm winter coat.

“As a test of strength,” said the Sun, “Let us see which of us can take the coat off of that man.”

“It will be quite simple for me to force him to remove his coat,” bragged the Wind.

The Wind blew so hard, the birds clung to the trees. The world was filled with dust and leaves. But the harder the wind blew down the road, the tighter the shivering man clung to his coat.

Then, the Sun came out from behind a cloud. Sun warmed the air and the frosty ground. The man on the road unbuttoned his coat.

The sun grew slowly brighter and brighter.

Soon the man felt so hot, he took off his coat and sat down in a shady spot.

“How did you do that?” said the Wind.

“It was easy,” said the Sun, “I lit the day. Through gentleness I got my way.”

The North Wind and The Sun Aesop's Fables

The point is? *This is how The Machine works. The coat was coming off one way or another!*

You have read this far because of your inbuilt fight; your burning desire to break free. It's this instinctive drive that'll carry you forward into this uncertain future and you'll create your life ... one way or another.

Throughout *The Omniscience Principle* I have touched on many areas of the power struggle. I'm now going to get right to it and explore the munitions store.

***The Machine* has an arsenal of weapons and many faces including, not restricted to:**

- Image Manipulation
- Sense of Fair Play
- Sense of Duty
- Honour
- Sacrifice
- Altruism
- Lies
- Misdirection
- Misinformation
- Guilt
- Fear
- And of course, Force

Facets

- The Media
- Social Media
- News
- Newspapers
- Radio
- Religion
- Politics

Scary eh?

I know some of this won't be sensational or even a revelation but when you see it all written down like this it graphically demonstrates the forces pitted against you.

I simply avoid much of it ... I don't watch the news or read newspapers, I don't vote and never have. I don't get involved in credit or money games. I record TV and fast forward the ads. I watch films but am aware that there's a 'sell' somewhere ... I am always looking for the motive behind a request, searching for the catch and asking **WHY?**

...

The Media

The Media is a Pimp and *The Machine's* most powerful weapon.

The Media is the conduit for **The Message of The Machine**. It turns and grinds pumping stuff out, all kinds of stuff, a tsunami of stuff, every millisecond, of every second, of every minute, of every hour of every day.

At one time news was transmitted by runners and men on horseback. The only way a leader would know that the marauding hoards approached would be when the panicking scout came galloping in. The bells would ring and the city would shut down. Gossip and rumour would spread.

The Romans would publish notices on alba boards which only the elite could read. This would then be disseminated throughout the lower classes via gossip and rumour.

In later years news the state delivered its message through the town crier. A well dressed man with a bellowing voice would ring his bell “*hear ye, hear ye...*” and the message would spread via gossip and rumour.

As time went on and more people learned to read, newspapers became evermore popular. Middle and upper class would consume the message and it would be repeated and diluted via gossip and rumour.

In the 1830s Samuel Morse revolutionised long-distance communication via the telegraph.

In 1895 Marconi invented the radio. The state was now able to deliver **The Message of The Machine** directly into the homes of families of all classes as they huddled round to eagerly consume. The message was diluted, repeated and caused many a domestic quarrel and drunken brawl.

Although generally credited to John Logie Baird in 1927 Philo Taylor Farnsworth, a 21-year-old inventor developed the television. The message now entered our lives in black and white from a cathode ray tube, which would be turned off at the end of a session of propaganda and indoctrination.

Now the message is delivered directly to us though the 42" LCD in every room. The desktop the computer and the mini computer. The radio playing on the garage forecourt, in car media centre, out car billboards. The soccer match, the football match, the baseball and ice hockey match. It's delivered to LCD screens on the fridge. It's on a drink cup and a food wrapper. The wrist watch and Google glasses. In the High street, on the Low street and in the Mall. On the side of trucks, on the back of cars. At the music festival and at the opera. Via Opera, via The Kardashians and via The Glitteratti. Via Twatter, Faceplant and Instagoogole. On trains overground and on the Metro underground. On planes in the sky and in the taxi on a ride. On the clothes we wear and on the accessories *they* wear. On Father's Day, on Mother's Day and in the Christmas message. Via 4G now 5G, Via 1080p now, HD. Via the heads up display in the retina and the audio feed in the cochlea implant... And the phone that's not a phone; the phone that's a super computer!

And the message spreads via gossip and rumour.

The Media never sleeps and we are continually receptive. The smart phone is a clunky distraction, a blockage in the conduit. According to Elon Musk (who's quite a clever bloke!) *they* are already working on ways to take it out of the delivery system. Ideally, **The Media** would plug straight into our flesh and neurones ... And I wonder how long it will be before this paragraph becomes reality.

We never switch off!

“Hi, my name's Derick and I'm an alcoholic...”

“Hi Derick and welcome to the group today. What makes you think you're an alcoholic?”

“I can't get through a day without alcohol. It's the first thing I reach for as I wake, I drink throughout the day, it's the last thing I sip before I sleep. If I do not have alcohol close by I go into panic mode, I get cold sweats and start to feel ill. I simply cannot live without my alcohol fix.”

Now substitute Alcohol for Media!

We used to go on holiday to relax ... now we panic if we are not connected to the live stream.

The Media has one sole function ... to sell you something.

Now that's not as simple as at first it may seem.

The obvious manifestation is the blunt instrument delivering those infernal intrusion adverts. ***“Buy This Shit Now, Today”*** ... *or miss out and die and descend through Dante's Nine Circles of Hell into a pit of lost souls where you will exist in eternal torment...*

A film is only shown on the TV to get in the adverts out. The bigger the blockbuster, the more expensive the advertising slot. In this new age of 'commercial offal', TV shows are created around the revenue from premium rate lines.

Did you know that the average person is exposed to around sixty one trillion advertising messages a day .. didn't know that one did you???

The Media in all its forms is integral to **The Machine's** growth. Watch the films, enjoy the soaps, laugh at the comedies ... But watch out for the subtle sell and **The Hidden Message**.

The Media is The Machine's most powerful weapon.

Earlier, in **The Road to Tyranny**, we explored how **The Machine** will employ state run media as a means to fulfil the agenda and it's only a matter of circumstance as to what message is delivered at the time.

In times of peace and calm it delivers a never ending stream of drivel and some stuff we actually enjoy. Some of us like drivel, some of us like more thought provoking material like The History Channel or Midsomer Murders.

Everything, every single thing we don't see with our own eyes and experience for ourselves, everything we know about the world is formed by **The Media**.

If there was an invasion by aliens over the hill, how would you know about it?

More importantly, how would you ever know if the reports are correct? You have no idea what went on over the hill because **you** weren't there ... yet all opinions from that point forth are based entirely on the report. It's translated into fact, communicated to others ... ***and that's how fights start!***

The Chernobyl disaster was a nuclear accident that occurred on Saturday 26 April 1986, at the No. 4 nuclear reactor near the city of Prip'yat in the north of the Ukrainian USSR. It is considered the worst nuclear disaster in history and is one of only two nuclear energy disasters rated at seven, the maximum severity, on the International Nuclear Event Scale, the other being the 2011 Fukushima Daiichi nuclear disaster in Japan. The initial emergency response, together with later decontamination of the environment, ultimately involved more than 500,000 personnel and cost an estimated 18 billion Soviet rubles—roughly US\$68 billion in 2019. Radiation levels set off alarms at the Forsmark Nuclear Power Plant in Sweden, over 1,000 kilometres (620 mi) from the Chernobyl Plant.

It was kept secret!

Russia felt their power came from the perception that they were all powerful and an accident like this would be seen as weakness. So it was hushed up. It's only because radiation was detected around the world that it finally came out.

Nobody knows how many people died and are still dying as a result. It is alleged that the Russians regularly alter the Wikipedia page so how do we know?

Those living only a couple of miles away knew nothing because they simply could not see it with their own eyes. Even the ministers and scientist tasked with putting out the fire and cleaning up the mess had to decipher coded messages and crack secrets hidden by the state.

The Media delivers *everything*; every word, every sentence, every article, every blog, every report, every Jpeg and png, every MP4, every line of HTML, every pod and newscast, every line in a movie, TV show or Netflix production. A Spotify song, a Wikipedia entry, and the world at our fingertips via the newest of Gods: Google ... *Everything* that forms tribal identity. It moulds our very thoughts. Our image, our personality, everything that we are, how we act and how we treat others ... **it's all delivered in glorious technicolor by The Media.**

New acronyms are created each year.

FOMO: Fear of Missing Out

My God it's a battle! I know all this shit and still get sucked in. It's the overwhelming and paralysing pull of a black hole.

Right before rediscovering *The Omniscience Principle* I was going through a bad time, a really bad, murky, foggy time. I would mindlessly scroll through the sponsored ad impregnated, self-indulgent, look at me, look at what I got, look what I'm doing and look at my fucking dinner, posts ... and it would get me even more down.

It's crap isn't it? Stupid, banal, worthless garbage ... yet powerfully magnetic and hypnotic!

Hate and spite delivered in movies and on reality television transposes straight into social media feeds from where it bursts free. Digital dickheads sit alone and in silence, transfixed in a false world. They bash nasty, vindictive, venomous words on their keyboards directed at others for no particular reason whatsoever. Opinions are formed based entirely on others' opinions and spewed out across the ether.

Other's respond and virtual brawls break out ... rage, malevolent, vengeful and totally unnecessary rage.

Friend turns on friend ...

It all played out in the recent Brexit debate. I saw threads that were entirely shocking. We see it at elections and during any major event. The social media world explodes. Friends turn on friends based entirely on what they've been fed.

There's much talk about the Cambridge Analytica scandal that factored into President Donald Trump's 2016 campaign. While Cambridge Analytica claimed it had only collected thirty million Facebook user profiles, Facebook later confirmed that it actually had data on up to eighty seven million users, with seventy million of those people from the United States.

Biased adverts were targeted at certain *Sticky Label* wearers. Friends turn on friends based entirely on what they've been fed.

But this couldn't be true could it? We couldn't be that manipulated ... Could we?

Let's ask **WHY?**

Would Zuckerberg's **King Maker** platform be tolerated by *The Machine* and be *allowed* to remain independent?

At this stage in the development of *I*, you are well positioned to answer that for yourself!

My beautiful daughter has recently graduated in Adventure Tourism. What a course! Fantastic and life changing. She's currently progressing from Grade 2 to Grade 3 certification in her job as a white water rafting instructor on the magnificent Buller River. She took Wifey and I out recently, what a day.

Now the point to this is that I saw another analogy ... Yes! Another one!!! ... When the rafters need a rest or need to take time out before riding the next section, they have a technique.

The ionised, pearlescent water is unstoppable in its quest for the sea. Tumultuous, towering walls of white crashing and smashing. Thunder beats the chest and ferocity hammers the rocks. Yet in this mayhem, the guide can always spot an area of tranquility ... the river creates small havens in the form of back waters and eddies. The guide can easily navigate to these and as you enter, all goes calm.

We are looking for eddies in the mayhem of a Grade 5 rapid we call *The Media*.

...

Reciprocity

reciprocity/rɛsɪˈprɒsɪti/noun noun: reciprocity

The practice of exchanging things with others for mutual benefit, especially privileges granted by one country or organisation to another.

Reciprocity is an incredibly strong emotion and used by marketers to yield impressive results.

It's also used by *The Machine*.

Reciprocity is developed and woven into **relationships**, sometimes without participants knowing that is what they are doing. With awareness, it can become a robust, healthy feature. **Reciprocity** requires people to be invested in their **relationship**. **Reciprocity** means that people reward kind actions and punish unkind ones. The **theory** takes into account that people evaluate the kindness of an action not only by its consequences but also by the intention underlying this action.

I prefer the phrase "*You reap what you sow*"

On the first level reciprocity is transparent. Provide something of value and we reward the giver with trust.

On the second level, reciprocity is not so transparent.

Tell a lie often enough and loud enough and it becomes the truth.

Reciprocity takes into account that people evaluate the kindness of an action not only by its consequences but also by the intention underlying this action.

Create a hero and we align ourselves with that figure or object returning our trust and all that follows ... Create a villain and...

Let's start with a thoroughly clumsy attempt to manipulate the theory by the New Zealand government or more specifically The Department of Conservation (DOC).

They have recently launched a campaign to save the Kea, an incredibly intelligent mountain parrot. This is a thoroughly commendable cause and we thank them for that. In return DOC receive our approval, love, hugs and kisses via the concept of reciprocity.

DOC do not mention that it was NZ Government policy that wiped them out by putting a bounty on their heads. Kea are one of the most intelligent birds on the planet.

The kea's notorious urge to explore and manipulate makes this bird both a pest for residents and an attraction for tourists. Called "the clown of the mountains", it will investigate backpacks, boots, skis, snowboards, and even cars (most commonly the rubber areas e.g. window frames), often causing damage or flying off with smaller items. Kea have been kept as pets before being protected.

Now a section of New Zealanders have an extraordinary way of dealing with wildlife which I simply do not understand. They justify wholesale slaughter, by way of *sport*, by labelling their quarry **PEST**. They shoot thousands of migrating Canada Geese and ducks in '*the shoot the fuck out of anything season*' because '*they eat the grass*'. The same for mountain goat, deer and others. Get labeled a *pest* and that's certain extinction in New Zealand ... **Just ask a Maori!**

Kea bother sheep, it's simply what they do. Now the irony is that Kea are native, sheep are not. Sheep have commercial value, Kea do not. In this case of twisted policy it is the native that is labeled a **PEST**.

The answer? Wipe the motherfuckers off the face of the planet!

Together with local councils and run holders, the New Zealand government paid a bounty for Kea bills. It was intended that hunters would kill Kea only on the farms, but they hunted them in national parks and in Westland.

An inquisitive Kea would jump on a rock, a cunt would shoot it. Its friend would then jump up to see where the friend was, a cunt would shoot that. More than a hundred and fifty thousand were killed in the hundred years before 1970. The Kea population was reduced to around three thousand for no particular reason whatsoever.

When the citizens discovered this, the **Law of Reciprocity** states that people *punish* unkind actions ... they voiced their disappointment and withdrew approval, love, hugs and kisses.

DOC drops tons of a lethal poison called 1080 each year in the national parks. According to reports, they drop enough to kill the entire human population many times over. It's delivered from the air killing virtually everything on the ground ... **WHY?**... I have no idea and they don't enter into honest and open debate.

When the citizens realised this the law of **Reciprocity** means that people punish unkind actions ... and they voiced their disappointment.

In response, *they* dethrone, deplatform and stick a *propagandist* label on anyone that speaks out about 1080 poison.

...

Heroes and Villains

On the second level, reciprocity is not so transparent.

As I said, I never watch the news or read the papers. In fact, I could never see the attraction in reading 'yesterday's news' and am surprised that papers stay in business in this up-to-the-second environment.

The news we're fed has very little to do with *keeping us informed*.

The news they want us to consume ... Now that's delivered by clean cut, attractive and well spoken puppets. It is framed with the weather, sport, and interjected with *other* stories of interest.

Other stories of interest are carefully selected and screened for the most sensational. The more emotive a headline story, the more people will tune in or buy the papers ... ***the more money flows!***

always remember to ask: WHY?

Is the news we consume delivered through state run media manipulated via a central news agency that controls it?

Next time you can be bothered, flick between channels at 6.00pm ... same news, same format, same time line, same old, same old. Yet all claim to be independent. If they *were* in competition, then surely they'd all show different news; surely they'd all be trying to find the *best* news story?

There is so much happening on a daily basis throughout the world of actual Global importance, yet we get Cherry Picked, tidbits of garbage and drivel designed to hold our attention in a predetermined way. Not too scary, but scary enough to keep us on edge.

Who really gives a fuck about the latest celebrity getting frisked *too enthusiastically* at the airport? ... ***No! really???***

It's becoming harder for *The Machine* to hone it's message because we can see a story play out via the internet by simply viewing two sides of the same story.

The truth is now destabilised with a new *Sticky Label*:

FAKE NEWS

Strategically throw that out and who knows what to believe!

The second level is about creating heroes and villains.

We can never underestimate the power of **The media**. It is the voice through which *The Machine* gets out its message.

The Media has the power to sell you a can of Heinz ... *or to generate mass hysteria and genocide.*

Surprisingly, not all men from Persia have big, bushy beards, wear head scarves, drive Toyota pick ups with 50 caliber machine guns mounted to the flat bed, are terrorist and belong to The Taliban or ISIS or whatever organisation is in the cross hairs at the time.

Heroes and villains ... People reward kind actions and punish unkind ones.

When we see a terrorist printed on the target in a shooting range or attacking the latest Hollywood action hero, we repay that action with an unkind one.

Hollywood propaganda and subliminal messages. Much of what we believe to be true and historical fact is simply a false picture dreamed up and edited in a Hollywood cutting room.

The Titanic didn't really hit an iceberg at all, nice story though. It was a giant marshmallow that did no damage and the ship actually spent many profitable years plying the oceans and is now leased by the Moldavian Government and is running as a ferry in The Baltic Sea ... *or is it?*

Our childhood was spent playing Cowboys and Indians.

Surprisingly, Red Indians were not *evil, murderous, devil dogs (Sticky Label)* that raped and scalped their way to virtual extinction. They were farmers, hunters and gatherers defending their ancient and ancestral lands from invading *Heroes (Sticky Label)*

They were not savage barbarians who would fling arrows at any passing peace-loving, God-fearing wagon driver. They lived in abject fear of the new world Colonists massacring their way to the gold fields; on *their* mission to steal land they desired, rape native's in their tipis, kill all buffalo and generally plunder any resources to be found.

The image of *bad* Indians and *good* cowboys is simply a **Media Fantasy** ... it was called the Wild West for a reason and real history will show the Indians to be good and strong, whilst the explorers were the exploiters.

The Heroes didn't even fight the Indians in fair battle ... they gave them blankets impregnated with smallpox!

During Pontiac's uprising in 1763, the Indians besieged Fort Pitt. They burned nearby houses, forcing the inhabitants to take refuge in the well-protected fort. The British officer in charge, Captain Simeon Ecuyer, reported to Colonel Henry Bouquet in Philadelphia that he feared the crowded conditions would result in disease. Smallpox had already broken out. On June 24, 1763, William Trent, a local trader, recorded in his journal that two Indian chiefs had visited the fort, urging the British to abandon the fight, but the British refused. Instead, when the Indians were ready to leave, Trent wrote: "*Out of our regard for them, we gave them two Blankets and an Handkerchief out of the Small Pox Hospital. I hope it will have the desired effect.*" (credit history.org)

Some think 'Braveheart' the movie was a documentary! That William Wallace really did have a strange Aussie accent and that Robin of Sherlock was a bloody yank!!!

Homer Simpson isn't really president, The USA is run by someone far more comical!

They say that if the spectrum of light that is visible to us were the keys on a piano, and that if the known light we can't see were keys that extended either side ... *the keyboard would reach the sun!*

We go blind each time we move our eye for a fraction of a second.

Peer into the dark, see what lays in the dimness ... See The Message.

...

Blowing Smoke in The Mirror

The older you get the sicker and more twisted the world appears ... *Nothing is fair, nothing is good anymore.*

I used to think it was just me, but if you talk to the older generation you understand that very little stands for anything at all anymore. Except you, your life and your family and a few close friends. Even friends pass by as camels in the sand throughout life.

They do say that if you can count, on one hands your true friends — and I mean those that would do anything for you — you've enjoyed a better life than most.

I thought I had tons of friends but over the years, as my situation changed, I was let down. I still have good friends but few that I could absolutely, unequivocally rely on.

Friends often become your fiercest enemy as you become more successful. Even family members will try to hold you back and belittle your efforts.

You have to be prepared for all this ... *I wasn't!*

It's a well-worn cliché that money breeds contempt and jealousy. Something I would never have believed when I was sailing round the world broke but rich in life — but you'd better believe it ... ***it's true alright!***

You change and so do the people around you. It is inevitable, ***collateral damage*** and the price we pay for freedom. Growing exponentially truly sorts granite from sandstone. The granite rocks remain firm, unbreakable, uncompromising as the sandstone turns to sand on the breeze.

The one consolation I suppose is that the sandstone was always going to crumble at some stage and no one wants to build their empire on powder. (unless you're a drug dealer!!!)

I used to think that governments must obviously be good things. After all, weren't they elected by the people, for the people and if the majority of society wanted something, it must be for the general good ... ***mustn't it?***

I used to worry about doing the ***right*** thing but have now come to realise that **The Right Thing** is defined by what you feel comfortable doing. We all know what is right and what is wrong and so long as you're doing **the very best you can do in anything and everything you do ... *you shouldn't go wrong.***

You'll rise above those afflicted with the dominant **Megalomaniac Gene** ... ***leave them to their dirty games and tricks.***

I've always said that if you put your head above the trenches you'll get it shot off: Irwin Schiff, author of The Federal Mafia being a case in point.

He claimed Income tax is Illegal in the US!

Irwin claimed to provide extensive and irrefutable proof of how federal judges and the Dept. Of Justice lawyers knowingly violate the law in order to convict defendants (Illegally) charged with income tax crimes. And why only misstatements of law ever come from the bench at such trials.

Since the income tax was repealed in 1954 when Congress adopted the 1954 Code, it is clear that federal judges in conspiracy with U.S. Department of Injustice prosecutors have been illegally and criminally prosecuting people for crimes that do not exist in connection with a tax that nobody owes.

Is he nuts!!! Even if he was right does he think he'd win his point?

Study the Constitution! Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislatures, and enforced in courts of justice.

- Abraham Lincoln

Irwin Schiff was back in jail again for the third time, not because he was wrong, and not because he'd broken the law, but simply because he will not shut the fuck up about what tax law really and truly states.

Schroff hadn't discovered a *loophole*. It's the law he claims. Now I have no idea what the following means in terms of actual tax law but this was the case he based his freedom on.

Several dozen people went to the trouble of deciphering the entire United States Tax Code (IRC or Title 26) within the last ten years or so. In order to determine the taxable income FROM WITHIN THE UNITED STATES, as a UNITED STATES CITIZEN. There are four or five different cross-references within the IRC that say you must look at Title 26, Section 861. Curiously, the only listed sources within Section 861 are all foreign based sources, and say nothing about the earned income of an American Citizen at all!

Even more curiously, the IRS and the courts apparently insist that you NOT look at Section 861, when that is the very section a Citizen must use, according to the law itself. Not only that, but the court will not allow a plaintiff or a defendant to use Section 861 as an excuse for not paying income tax.

Many tax professionals look to the 16th Amendment to say that's why all American Citizens must pay income tax on their earnings. The phrase 'From whatever source derived' is very misleading. What the 16th actually did was to keep the federal income tax within its boundary as an excise tax, which is what it is, an excise tax. Since all American courts are in agreement with that, the 16th is actually moot. It doesn't matter whether the 16th was really ratified or not, as there are many who say it was ratified illegally.

All United States Law, including its tax law, must be in harmony with the United States Constitution, or else it is unconstitutional. The income tax is an excise tax, and therefore it must be applied uniformly throughout the United States, like fuel taxes and tobacco taxes are. It is **not** applied uniformly.

This means that, while under the IRC, you may have taxable income, but under the U.S. Constitution, which trumps the IRC, your taxable income is exempt — free from tax. So while the federal income tax itself is legal within its own jurisdiction, the way in which it is applied today, against the American people at large, is not. That's another problem with it: It's legal within the jurisdiction of the United States, which DOES NOT INCLUDE ANY STATE.

You will notice that Washington, D.C. itself is located outside any of the 50 States. The Founders set it up that way for good reason. Each State's jurisdiction is separate from one another, and from Washington, D.C.'s jurisdiction as well.

And of course, if you should dare to bring any of this up with your local tax advisor, Congress critter, or anyone whose subsistence depends upon income tax, you'll get most anything from silence to song & dance to outright threat, and absolutely WILL NOT get any straight answers from anyone.

There is so much more that you shouldn't mention for fear of death! Here's just a snippet I found in a few minutes Googling!

George Bush, Skull & Bones and the JFK Assassination

Rodney Stich's book *Defrauding America* tells of a 'deep-cover CIA officer' assigned to a counter-intelligence unit, code-named Pegasus. This unit 'had tape-recordings of plans to assassinate Kennedy' from a tap on the phone of J. Edgar Hoover. The people on the tapes were "[Nelson] Rockefeller, Allen Dulles, [Lyndon] Johnson of Texas, George Bush and J. Edgar Hoover."

Could George Bush be involved in the JFK assassination?

The War on Drugs: An Intellectual Fraud

Before the Vietnam War, the Golden Triangle was run by French Intelligence and Corsican mobsters. After the French bailed out and America moved in, the triangle was run by U.S. intelligence, with aid from Sicilian mobsters.

Monika Jensen-Stevenson, a 60 Minutes producer, quit her job after the CBS news program refused to air the story she had uncovered relating to the covert drug trade. Her book, **Kiss The Boys Goodbye**, details how our intelligence community used the apparatus of the POW/MIA governmental agencies as a cover for the trafficking of opiates from the Golden Triangle.

Also, there has been much speculation as to the use of the off-shore rigs, pipelines and other assets of Zapata Offshore being used for narcotic trans-shipments.

Narcotics such as cocaine and heroin cannot be manufactured without the precursor chemicals. One of the largest makers of these precursor chemicals is the Eli Lilly Company of Indianapolis, Indiana. The Quayle family is a large stockholder, and George Bush has been on the Board of Directors. Eli Lilly is also the company that first synthesised LSD for the CIA.

911, Pearl Harbor.

USA and allies didn't want to enter wars so staged an attack on itself to create villains. There's enough on the Net for me to skim over 911 other than to say to me, the towers and Trade Centre 7 look suspiciously like controlled demolitions.

The London Bus Bombings.

UK and allies didn't want to enter the wars so staged an attack on itself to create villains.

Saddam

Who was that old guy they hung? Looked like an old farmer to me!

Hitler

Who was that man and woman found dead in the bunker at the end of WWII *by the Germans?* ... Certainly didn't look like the man and Eva Braun as the German propaganda machine ... sorry, I mean radio, claimed.

Did he end up in Argentina with the entire Nazi regime? Or did he move to Kansas and become a military adviser to the USA?

And the guys who built the V2 rockets to reign down death on London ... Well they really did go and work for NASA.

Prince Harry

I didn't think Prince Charles had a ginger gene?

Good eh! I can't understand why people get so wrapped up in this conspiracy stuff.

Of course there are conspiracies; of course there are secret agencies and hit men and cover ups. Of course there's power struggles and a lot of bad people who'd be happy to see us all thrown into a pit of hellfire ... *so what!*

Get a life and get on with living it!

By now you'll have a solid grounding in **I** and be preparing for the rest of your life. It's like passing the driving test; the certificate is merely a piece of paper that allows us onto the highway ... and to *begin* learning how to drive!

When yacht owners used to trust me with their expensive toys, they weren't interested in my *bits of paper*. What was important to them was my Sea Mileage Log. **How much ground I'd covered in the real world.**

I would often get newly qualified Yacht Masters on the boat. You could tell them a mile off as they walked down the quay in their yellow gum boots and Navy blue sailing jumpers, despite it being a hundred degrees!

They'd cluelessly fumble their way round the deck, barking orders at their friends and families!

After many years spent on deck you develop an instinct for the layout. If you unexpectedly hit a swell from a passing boat, your hand automatically and magically finds the nearest rigging stay. You check your balance and smirk a wry smirk as *Mr Knowitall Yacht Master* ends up on his arse in the cockpit.

I've got my **Life Mileage Log** and much ground has been covered. Owners would trust their yachts to me, clients their lives ... ***I never let them down.***

You have trusted me to deliver answers because I boasted that: '*I had walked the walk.*' I have now shared with you all I have and can give. There should be something here for you and I would hope (weak and insipid word) I've inspired you to go it alone and become an advanced driver of life.

You'll fully understand now that people aren't equal; few have what it takes to even set out on the journey to ***Personal and Financial Freedom***, fewer still go on to achieve it ... ***which is a thoroughly good thing.***

It's a crime that success breeds contempt from those who'd wish it for themselves but are not prepared to do a thing about it. It's a crime that ***The Machine's*** manifesto is to steal from the rich and redistribute it among the weak, pathetic, lazy and inept. It's a crime that it achieves this through coercion, fear and downright violence ... ***It's a crime that the tribe is no longer led by the strongest for the good of the tribe.***

Now you understand that the most important things in your life are your well-being and the happiness of those closest to you ... and that this can only be achieved through a degree of material wealth ... ***then nothing else matters does it?***

The worker termites will carry on working, ***The Machine*** will grind on, and nothing will change if you break free because you are one of the elite ... the world will remain a bitter twisted place in which you'll have created ***your own*** sanctuary.

By now you'll be well on your way to personal freedom. You must become emotionally and mentally free ***before*** you can become wealthy. You cannot do this whilst ***The Machine*** maintains its stranglehold on you through its weapons of mass indoctrination and manipulation.

The Machine is a Ponzi, ***The Machine*** is a pyramid scheme, ***The Machine*** is a hierarchy of ever more powerful Megalomaniacs ... ***Puppets are dancing on every level, whilst others pull the strings from above.***

Whilst The Machine wields the power, YOU are powerless ... lack of power leads to lack of wealth and freedom in all its forms ... lack of freedom leads to poverty and depression ... depression saps you of energy and motivation ... lack of energy and motivation leads to malignant things ... and The Machine rumbles on.

But YOU'VE developed a great fat pair of shears! You've cut the puppet strings and that umbilical that sucked you dry.

Like a newborn baby, you can now breath with your own lungs, you can develop your vision; the bones that support your flesh will grow thick and strong, you'll mature, blossom and flourish ... ***and like a newborn, occasionally shit yourself!***

You'll now be acutely aware of just how out of control your life was before we met.

Now, like He Man ... "You have the power!!!"

Knowledge leads to power ... power leads to wealth ... wealth leads to freedom in all its forms ... freedom leads to happiness ... happiness leads to increased energy levels and more time to create more wealth in all its forms...

Unfortunately, the only thing missing from this equation is health, which we have little control over ... but, the good news is, it's an undeniable statistic that the affluent generally enjoy better health. They enjoy better food, they enjoy a healthier lifestyle, they have less stress and if things do go wrong, they can afford better healthcare.

So I really can't understand why so few do strive for the ultimate goals of Wealth, Power and Freedom.

Maybe it's because *The Machine's* weapons are now so sophisticated, so accurately targeted and honed. Maybe the myth that it's greedy and antisocial to be elitist, has become so ingrained as to have **ALL** the termite workers thoroughly brainwashed?

There's nothing wrong with an elitist system; after all, universities exclude much of the population from their institutions considered too stupid to waste resources on ... *that's elitist isn't it?*

The **Elitist Myth** is utter hog shite!

It's truly empowering to be one of the elite. You are respected; people talk about you, you develop supreme confidence. There's nothing like the buzz of waking in your own life!

And you know it's true!!! ... When people describe others it'll generally be along the lines of: "*you know so and so, the fat one with the one legged dog!*" or "*poor old Harry, you know Harry, he lost his job last year when the building was sucked into a parallel universe, the one whose wife ran off to Goa with the transvestite gardener!*"

Now, it's a different story when people describe the successful: "*You know, Mr Money King ...The Millionaire*" ... am I right? Of course I am! And there's always an undertone of awe in their voices.

When I used to walk into a room people would greet me and have a laugh and joke, usually at my expense. Now, when I leave or enter, people glance and whisper: "*that's Mr Money King he's the one I was telling you about ... sexy too!!!*"

People just can't help talking about the successful, they want to be around them, they want some of their life, their charisma; they want the keys to their yachts, their super-cars, their villas ... **but do absolutely fuck all about it.**

As you grow, you'll begin to bath in the light: And it is only advice because as a practitioner of **I ... there are no rules.**

I did begin to create rules ... I looked to the great Baz Luhrmann for to start with:

Ladies and Gentlemen of the class of '97:

Wear sunscreen. If I could offer you only one tip for the future, sunscreen would be it. The long term benefits of sunscreen have been proved by scientists whereas the rest of my advice has no basis more reliable than my own meandering experience. I will dispense this advice now.

Enjoy the power and beauty of your youth; or never mind. You will not understand the power and beauty of your youth until they have faded. But trust me, in 20 years you'll look back at photos of yourself and recall in a way you can't grasp now how much possibility lay before you and how fabulous you really looked. You are not as fat as you imagine

Don't worry about the future; or worry, but know that worrying is as effective as trying to solve an algebra equation by chewing Bubblegum. The real troubles in your life are apt to be things that never crossed your worried mind; the kind that blindsides you at 4 PM on some idle Tuesday

Do one thing every day that scares you

Sing

Don't be reckless with other people's hearts; don't put up with people who are reckless with yours

Floss

Don't waste your time on jealousy; sometimes you're ahead, sometimes you're behind. The race is long, and in the end, it's only with yourself

Remember the compliments you receive; forget the insults. If you succeed in doing this, tell me how

Keep your old love letters. Throw away your old bank statements

Stretch

Don't feel guilty if you don't know what you want to do with your Life. The most interesting people I know didn't know at 22 what they wanted to do with their lives. Some of the most interesting 40-year-olds I know still don't

Get plenty of calcium

Be kind to your knees, you'll miss them when they're gone

Maybe you'll marry, maybe you won't

Maybe you'll have children, maybe you won't

Maybe you'll divorce at 40

Maybe you'll dance the funky chicken on your 75th wedding anniversary

Whatever you do, don't congratulate yourself too much, or berate yourself either. Your choices are half chance; so are everybody else's

Enjoy your body. Use it every way you can. Don't be afraid of it, or what other people think of it. It's the greatest instrument you'll ever own

Dance, even if you have nowhere to do it but in your own living room

Read the directions, even if you don't follow them

Do not read beauty magazines; they will only make you feel ugly

Brother and sister

Together, we'll make it through

Someday our spirits

Will take you and guide you there

I know you've been hurting

But I've been waiting to be there for you

And I'll be there just helping you out

Whenever I can

Get to know your parents; you never know when they'll be gone for good

Be nice to your siblings; they are your best link to your past and the People most likely to stick with you in the future

Understand that friends come and go, but for the precious few you
Should hold on

Work hard to bridge the gaps in geography and lifestyle, because the older you get, the
more you need the people you knew when you were young

Live in New York City once, but leave before it makes you hard

Live in Northern California once, but leave before it makes you soft

Travel

Accept certain inalienable truths: prices will rise, politicians will philander, you too will get
old — and when you do, you'll fantasise that when you were young prices were reasonable,
politicians were noble and children respected their elders

Respect your elders

Don't expect anyone else to support you

Maybe you have a trust fund, maybe you have a wealthy spouse; but you never know when
either one might run out

Don't mess too much with your hair, or by the time you're 40, it will look 85

Be careful whose advice you buy, but be patient with those who supply it
Advice is a form of nostalgia. Dispensing it is a way of fishing the past from the disposal,
wiping it off, painting over the ugly parts and recycling it for more than it's worth

But trust me on the sunscreen

Brother and sister
Together, we'll make it through
Someday our spirits
Will take you and guide you there
I know you've been hurting
But I've been waiting to be there for you
And I'll be there just helping you out
Whenever I can

Everybody's free
Everybody's free
Oh, yeah
Don't you fear

I was quite pleased with that as a start to my set of rule for my new religion and then I started on the
next section in my scriptures by decreeing that it was OK to have seven wives ... but Wifey put a
stop to that before the ink had dried ... I explained that I was very happy with just one and that I
would never cope with six more but saw her point and so I gave up altogether! Leaving just the one
rule ... ***there are no rules***

I do have some top tips though: Don't eat yellow snow, plant your onions in the spring and always,
always close the toilet lid when you flush. After dropping in a fluorescing liquid and flushing with

the lid open, researchers found that under UV light small droplets glowed and had spread some fifteen feet away ... **Including the toothbrush!**

That rancid seed spread by the first Megalomaniac has spread to every corner of the globe, to every race, to section of society. Of course it's mapped in *your* genome.

The secret is to know where it sits, to be balanced, to be Ying and Yang, hard and soft ... be proud but not a narcissist.

Stay grounded; enjoy it, but understand this: Dickheads, harlots and members of **The World of Scum** are unavoidable. They'll stab you in the back without the slightest provocation, they will try to derail you ... **YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!**

Yes, there's a lot of admiration and 'up talk' when discussing the elite but this is nothing compared the evil Green Demon. There is an army of mercenaries who are not part of the system but that have been terminally wounded by bullets and ammo. Yes, they want your life but **would like nothing more than to see it come crashing down around you like the twin towers.** You see, many people have become collaborators, tools of *The Machine*.

...

Stockholm Syndrome

Stockholm syndrome is a term used to describe the relationship a hostage can develop with their kidnapper.

The Stockholm syndrome is a psychological response sometimes seen in a hostage, in which the hostage exhibits seeming loyalty to the hostage-taker, in spite of the danger (or at least risk) in which the hostage has been placed. Stockholm syndrome is also sometimes discussed in reference to other situations with similar tensions, such as battered woman syndrome, child abuse cases, and bride kidnapping.

A strange phenomenon is exhibited by hostages and kidnap victims whereby they begin to develop an empathy with their incarcerator. It has been known for captives to eventually see the kidnapper as a victim too! It's the kidnapper's predicament or cause that is to blame for the stand-off and hostages have even been know to aid their jailers.

Millionaire heiress Patty Hearst, after having been kidnapped by the Symbionese Liberation Army in February 1974, helped rob a bank with the group two months later. She was arrested in September 1975, and her unsuccessful legal defence was that she suffered from Stockholm syndrome and was coerced into aiding the SLA. She was convicted and imprisoned for her actions in the robbery, though her sentence was commuted in February 1979 by President Jimmy Carter, and she received a Presidential pardon from Bill Clinton in January 2001.

Daily Express journalist Yvonne Ridley was captured in Afghanistan by the Taliban in September 2001 and held for 11 days. During this period she promised an Imam that she would study Islam if she was allowed to return to London. Ridley became a full convert to Islam in the summer of 2003 and espoused strong Islamist views, describing moderate Muslims as "*house slaves*".

Japanese were abducted to North Korea during the late 1970s and early 1980s. After five of them were allowed to return to Japan in October 2002, they exhibited behaviour of submission to the North Korean regime and, given that the regime would not allow their North Korean-born children

to join them in Japan right away, attempted to go back there to join them; however, their Japanese families, seeing this as symptoms of brainwashing, restrained them.

This is the situation as is: ***The Machine is the hostage taker.*** The vast majority of the populace are kidnap victims ... many have developed compassion for '**The Cause**' and become willing participants in the crime.

Whenever there's more than three days of sunshine in the UK, the water companies impose a hosepipe ban. They recently set up a hotline for people to inform on their decadent and sinful neighbours if they should dare to water their daisies ... ***and the fuckers do!***

Neighbours ring up and dob in their fellow citizens '*because they're wasting precious water.*'

What the water companies fail to reveal is that most of the **wasted** water is lost through the leaking, hundred-year-old pipes that the bastards have failed to replace in order to keep the profits up and investors happy.

One company alone loses a million, million litres a day ... enough to fill three hundred and seventy Olympic-sized swimming pools!

The point being that the victims were blindly **complicit** in the crime and blindly accepted the lies and deceit spewed by the water companies.

AND THAT IS THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Work hard for a lifetime; give up your freedom to service a lifetime of debt ... Obey ***The Myths of Man*** and attend our church on a regular basis ... failure to do so will result in an eternity of pain and suffering ...

Blindly obey laws; all sorts of laws. It matters not that many of the laws are complete bunkum ... ***'The Law's The Law!'***

"Die for your country because your country needs you!"

Give up your life in ill-conceived battles or campaigns dreamt up by the incompetent to benefit the few.

Pay your taxes, all of them, every last solitary penny to politicians who arrogantly consider it their money to do with as they wish.

Be controlled by the media in all it's forms. Suck up the message of doom spiced up with a little fear and terror for good measure.

Be controlled by money.

Obey the law and religious fervour.

Be controlled by The Image the indoctrination would have you aspire to; be a model citizen. Be misdirected and deceived by the illusions created by the great and omnipotent ***Machine***.

Control is an applied by con artists to extract value from the willing under a multitude of lies and false hope. Your value is a commodity to be traded against false rewards.

Your value to *The Machine* is real and tangible, no different from any other service or product. The more services that can be harvested from you, the more valuable you become.

The Machine wants your:

- Time
- Work
- Effort
- Loyalty
- Kudos
- Support
- Complicity
- Docility
- Worship
- Sacrifice
- Money...

... And this is all extracted under false pretences.

...

The Pharaoh Principle

Pharaoh's Principle maintains that people will generally take the line of least resistance throughout their lives, because it's simpler and easier to do so.

Pharaoh's Principle shows that it is in the nature of people to follow the herd.

The Pharaohs of old built their empires, great wealth and staggering wonders of the world on the backs of slaves who would willingly give up their short time on Earth because they believed they were working for the God of Rah!

Although having said that this has now changed and scholars now think the slaves were well paid ... who knows and let's not get distracted!

Even back then *The Machine* was developing and evolving; tuning its weapons and tempering the blades!

THIS IS NOT THE WAY OF OUR WORLD!

We are taking back **The Control** ... We are letting go of the guiding hand that led us up the garden path! We are removing the controls placed on our lives from the day we took our first sip of O2.

We are intimate with **The Game**; the tricks, the illusions and the weapons of *The Machine* and it's time to use them for our own benefit.

The most important and dangerous weapons are:

...

FEAR

That dark place where bad memories sit ... In this uncertain world, we all live in constant fear of the next terrorist attack ... *should we!*

Just how big is the threat? If you believe *The Machine's* propaganda you'd think there was a deranged psychopath hiding under every bush with rucksacks full of ricin, anthrax and radioactive waste. There is a threat granted, but whether it's from a bunch of people who just want to kill us all because we don't share their views or it's *The Machine* itself, is something we'll never know.

What we can see in plain view is the spin and exploitation of the horror being milked on a global scale. Though acts of the most vile and cowardly nature, on the grand scale of things, bombings, maiming and killings appear to be fairly rare.

The Media reports troops being sent home in troop boxes on a horrifying scale. There must be bad people out there? Who knows! On the face of it the world looks to be facing a terrible threat.

Many atrocities have a motive, such as the long-standing Israeli Vs Palestine war. One side is accusing the other of stealing lands and making illegal occupations. I don't know the facts and have little desire to make an in depth study due to the 'selfish' (weapon) fact that it has no bearing on my life ... but there does seem to be genuine issue there.

When England was in occupation of Northern Ireland the IRA bombed their way to the negotiating table. Whatever the rights and wrongs, there was a *justification* in the minds of the perpetrators.

As far as I am aware, 9/11, 7/7 and other high profile heinousness acts of violence (weapon) seem not to have such a clear motive ... other than to spread fear and hysteria.

It's working!

Some do believe the misinformation and half-truths.

The fear of the *inevitable* is key. The bombs never need to go off, so long as they create enough perception of the *impending* catastrophe.

Fear comes in many guises. The fear of violence will often be enough to achieve the aim. Then there's the fear of non-acceptance, the fear of disapproval, the fear of being weak or the fear of an eternity spent with the Devil for our sins. The fear of debt or failure ... *the fear of losing a favourite toy!*

Fear is a powerful weapon and used to achieve many goals.

...

Guilt

A widely used weapon on many levels:

Guilt from *The Machine*: "If you don't pay your taxes, all of them, every last cent, the old will die, the young will perish from scurvy and the country will descend into an anarchic hell-hole."

Guilt from partners: "Oh, it's alright for you to go out tonight with all your friends, drinking, having fun and generally causing havoc!"

My friends are all busy, I'll just stay in on my own and get fat eating popcorn and chocolate and drinking Coke and it'll all be your fault for leaving me in on me own and when you return and find me hanging by me neck from the rafters it'll all be your fault and ..."

Religious guilt: *"Don't sin. Don't violate the codes of conduct. The code of conduct is determined by God. Colloquially, any thought, word, or act considered immoral, shameful, harmful, or alternative might be termed sinful"*.

Don't masturbate because some stuff old fart somewhere in the passage of time deemed it to be a sin, and if you do, be prepared to face the wrath ... Nothing wrong with a good old wank in my book! Well not in my book exactly!

Apparently, there's nowhere in the Bible that says it is a sin but what do I know or care!!!

There's the guilt of not doing enough around the house. My wife is forever hovering under my feet when the floor's spotless just to prove a point. I have to regularly remind her that I've worked bloody hard to be able to sit around on my butt drinking beer and watching the TV all day ... *and anyway, her place is barefoot and pregnant in the kitchen!*

Then there's the guilt that is generated when they show those poor starving kids in Africa on a charity commercial just as you sit down to eat. Breaks my heart, and the *guilt trip* unfortunately doesn't work on me.

I have a problem with charities in that I have no guarantee my money will a) go to the kids and not some despotic dictator or official and b) get spent wisely.

\$billions upon billions went out to Asia after the Tsunami ... how much actually got to the people who were affected?

Well let's listen to someone who has half a clue:

Henrietta Ashby went to help Sri Lanka's victims.

In Sri Lanka the Tsunami hit claiming the lives of 35,000 people and destroying more than 80,000 homes.

I left England with hopes of working to re-build some of the country's houses. Just before Christmas I returned having built only one shop — and with my eyes opened to the problems that dog aid work.

Exactly how much of the \$3bn/£1.64bn that was pledged to Sri Lanka in aid has been embezzled by the government of Mahinda Rajapakse is unclear, but only 1,126 homes have been rebuilt since the Tsunami — with the cost of building a basic house said to be only around \$2,500/£1,400.

Despite this, aid agencies have struggled to import materials. Oxfam was made to pay \$1m in import duty for its vehicles; containers filled with clothes and other items were detained in Colombo on demand of 30 per cent import duty...

...But regardless of the added confusions, one fact remains. For the past year, thousands of self-sufficient, skilled people have been reduced to a state of poverty. In the same period, it is estimated that the Sri Lankan government has received enough aid money to rebuild the whole country twice over.

I became really cynical when at the boatyard one time, this young kid in his early twenties pulled up in a brand new Lotus Elise (British sports car) to speak to one of my mates — about £30ks worth of sports car — after he left I asked the inevitable question: “*What’s he do for his money then?*”

It turned out he was a manager for Oxfam!

Africa has had so much help and is still struggling. The guilt trip doesn’t work on me ... you make up your own mind, after all, you’re free now!

Don’t drive gas-guzzling 4x4s because they damage the environment!

So let’s explore this particular *guilt* trip shall we? I couldn’t find figures for the USA but then, as the current President seems to be not that interested in global warming they may make embarrassing reading! Not the people’s fault I might add!

So this is what I could find, it may be correct, probably not!

It has been estimated that Britain contributes around 2% of the world’s man-made ‘greenhouse gas’ emissions. Of which 12% are from all transport (Aircraft 7%, Public Transport 2.5% and Cars 2.5%).

It is the cars bit that I am interested in. Of all the cars sold in Britain last year, just 7% are from the 4x4/SUV category. But this includes all 4x4 vehicles inc Fiat Pandas and so on. If I estimate that 4% of 4x4’s are the hardcore gas guzzlers that the Lentilistia object to so strongly, it would seem fair don’t you think?

So these anti-4x4 extremists who waste their time trying to rid the country of 4x4s in the name of the environment crying “*oh won’t somebody please think of the children*” are, in fact targeting (wait for it)...

4% (number of gas guzzling 4x4’s) of which 2.5% (percentage of emissions that cars are responsible for) of which 2% (Britain’s contribution to greenhouse gas emissions) of man-made emissions.

That’s 0.002% of global, man-made emissions!

Now we must consider that the overwhelming majority of greenhouse emissions are natural: Volcanoes, cow farts, the carbon cycle, Lentilists exhaling methane and Co2 from all the cycling that they do and so on. It’s estimated to be between 60% and 80%, so let’s call it 70% for argument’s sake.

So, a quick recalc, to work out the 4x4’s impact on total global, man made emissions = 0.002 percent (Total Global emissions for Gas Guzzling 4x4’s) of 30% (Stuff that we could change) of total emissions.

That’s 0.00066% recurring

Just in case you don’t understand I shall recap...

4x4 Gas Guzzlers are responsible for 0.00066% recurring of Global Greenhouse Gas emissions.

Hmmmmmmmm!!!

Plastic and Packaging ... *Evil me!*

The modern lightweight shopping **bag** is the invention of Swedish engineer Sten Gustaf Thulin. In the **early** 1960s, Thulin developed a method of forming a simple one-piece **bag** by folding, welding and die-cutting a flat tube of **plastic** for the packaging company Celloplast of Norrköping, Sweden

Now, my home is full, my food is contaminated, my kitchen is full, my bins are full, the entire world is covered in plastic and I didn't ask for it! And *The Machine* will lay the blame and guilt on me!

Surely, it's cheaper to not have all the plastic, common sense ... ah sorry, I almost wrote *common sense* would dictate it ... but of course, that would be an utterly stupid thing to write.

As token gesture *they* banned the bags, yet our eco-bags are rammed to overflowing with plastic and plastic and more plastic. Plastic that has to go out in plastic recycling bags and then on into plastic recycling bins that are made of plastic. It's automatically tipped into the recycling truck once a week on a Friday to be taken to the plastic recycling centre where it's crushed into one ton plastic cubes to be shipped to China who no longer want our plastic because they have too much plastic of their own, so it sits; it sits in great plastic recycling mountains that no one is recycling. And the air is full of plastic carried by the wind and it's dropped into oceans full of plastic to wash up on plastic laden beaches so remote that no one will ever go to clean up the plastic. Plastic is cleaned up *they* claim. It is put in plastic bin liners, thrown into the holds of plastic ships to be returned to the plastic mountains sitting at ports bursting with mountains of plastic waiting to be recycled.

You're the fucking idiot giant toy chain with your plastic toys secured by a thousand plastic ties, packaged in plastic boxes ... ***Don't lay that guilt on me.***

Fucking stop it, stop it now, we cannot do our part because we are sinking in corporate generated plastic!

I don't want my *helpful*, probiotic, antibiotic, macrobiotic, microbiotic, good-for-digestion, good-for-bowels, good-for-nothing drinking yogurt delivered in a plastic sealed, plastic pot, sealed again with plastic screw cap, all wrapped in fucking plastic.

I don't want my biscuits individually wrapped in plastic, placed in a plastic tray, wrapped in plastic and bundled together with a second tube of biscuits all wrapped in a final plastic sleeve.

Fucking take it off and get rid!

You're the fucking idiot Big Business, Corporate Giant. The rich are getting richer whilst the poor are getting sicker ... ***Don't lay that guilt on me.***

You're the fucking idiot Mega Supermarket chain that killed the humble shopkeeper and took away our choices ... ***Don't lay that guilt on me.***

I want to buy artisan food and creams in environmentally friendly bamboo pots. I want to try snake oil remedies. I want to buy a locally, hand-made ornaments crafted with love and care, not mass produced by machine in some far off land, built with wood exported and then reimported to my country. I want to try exotic foods from around the world sold from a haphazardly built caravan. I want to buy cheese sliced from the wheel and handed over in brown paper ... I don't want genetically modified, pasteurised, homogenised, depersonalised and genericized, bastardised, tasteless, faceless, preserved and dyed chemicalized, '*cheese*', suffocated and osmosized by

plastic. All those amazing things we see in the market that can *only* be bought in the market on a Sunday morning because globalisation has forced them from the High Street.

I didn't ask for it! ... I don't want it ... the dirty, filthy, fucking mess IS NOT OF MY MAKING.

I am more than happy to have misshapen tomatoes and dull, de-waxed apples in a recycled paper bag. I don't want perfectly monetised and profitised fruit leached with chemicals; I don't want traces of thinning agents designed to drop fruit from the tree because fruit pickers are too expensive ... I don't want thinning agents on my food that are likely to drop my balls. Toxic food stuffed in toxic plastic. I want my veg naked! I don't want salad sliced and diced by machine in a plastic bag because housewives are too fucking lazy to slice lettuce. I want ham off the bone, not off the shelf, vacuum packed in plastic. Milk in glass bottles, delivered by the milkman who probably shagged my mom! Bacon off the pig, beef off the cow, lamb on the shank wrapped in yesterdays state run news.

How about it we all go into our fridges, take all the useless and unnecessary packaging off and dump it on the supermarket's door ... bounce that guilt back where it belongs ...

But don't ever, ever dare lay that guilt on me!

My bloody great size 18 Carbon footprint ... *Evil me!*

Am I to blame for the pollution in the world?

I recycle what I can when I can, I stay clean where I can, I try to make wise choices and do all I can to be good to the world. I've gone solar ... I'll go electric car once they've figured it out and a three hundred mile journey doesn't take two days because there are no fast chargers. I plant trees, as many as I can as men with chainsaws cut theirs down. I didn't build the jets that keep a million people permanently in the sky and blast out 7% of global greenhouse gases. I didn't build the dirty factories in China, India and the USA (to mention a few). I didn't set fire to Notre Dame, The Amazon or Australia. I didn't ask for my food to be shipped in a diesel ships, I didn't ask for it to be trucked in a diesel truck and I didn't ask to travel on a diesel train to buy it. I didn't fill the fridge, my air con and my graffiti spray can with CFCs.

Granted, we have a few cows and they do fart ... *Yet I am the one with the Carbon Footprint.*

... Don't lay that guilt on me.

as we know, there are known knowns; there are things we know we know. We also know there are known unknowns; that is to say we know there are some things we do not know. But there are also unknown unknowns — the ones we don't know we don't know.
(Rumsfeld)

This classic garbage from Rumsfeld applies wonderfully to the climate change debate.

I have no clue whatsoever as to what to believe. A few years back I read the book *Six Degrees: Our Future on a Hotter Planet*.

It details some radical and scary stuff. It got me worried, so worried I went online and researched it. I could find nothing to refute the catastrophe we were facing. I honestly got so worried I began

reading shit on becoming a prepper. I was ready to pull the kids out of school and begin building the wall.

Then I found another side to the debate.

Apparently, fed up with being held to ransom by striking coal miners in the 1980s Maggi Thatcher tasked her *agents* with finding a solution. That solution was nuclear power. To discredit coal, a campaign was penned to render it dirty and harmful in the eyes of the nation. The plan worked. The Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change was formed, coal was out nuclear was in and the dirty, black faced, unionist miners were left on the slag heap. In 1983, Britain had 174 working pits, but by 2009 there were only six and Climate Change has gone on to become a business of the elite.

My carbon footprint! ... *Don't lay that guilt on me.*

...

Lies, Lies, More Lies and Misinformation

That's right, simple, downright and dirty, rotten lies!

The sort of stale, festering, steaming shite that flows with wanton abandonment from a politician's every orifice.

But we're not just talking politics here. People lie with such ease. I'm far from perfect but one of my qualities, or some would say most embarrassing afflictions, is my bluntness. If you ever meet me you'll see what they mean. I say it how it is and if people don't like that, then it's something *they* need to deal with.

Many questions require not an honest answer, but an answer the person doing the asking *wants* to hear. When I tell my missus that the dress she's spent the last hour and fifty minutes carefully selecting, by trial and error, from her vast wardrobe of unworn garments no longer fits properly, she gets the right hump!

People lie for all sorts of reasons. It's generally with a lie that is constructed in such a way as to be most effective in *conning* some value from us.

Then there's misinformation often justified in *bolstering the cause*. In other words, if lies and half-truths achieve the objective quicker or more easily than the plain old truth, then that's reason enough to use them.

Everybody *bends* the truth, whether about Santa Claus, the tooth fairy or how nice that new haircut looks.

We understand what Mark Twain meant when describing how Tom Sawyer's God-fearing auntie, suspecting he had lied to comfort her and fortified herself with the thought: "*It's a good lie — it's a good lie — I won't let it grieve me.*"

But public life is a whole different matter.

"I... did... not... have... sexual... relations... with... that... woman!!!" ... he lied.

Obviously, old Billy Boy wanted to keep his job and the public's support .. a no brainier really ... wouldn't the truth and an apology have been a more honourable (weapon) approach?

“Saddam is just FORTY FIVE minutes away from launching an attack...”

We all know there was an alternative **motive** for dropping several hundred billion dollars worth of ‘Shock and Awe’ onto the heads of Bin Laden’s crew ... uh, hum cough, sorry ... mothers and fathers, aunts and uncles, babies, brothers and sisters ... Could the subsequent invasion have be oil? **Who knows!**

The politicians now predictably blame **The Media** for *misreporting* the case for war. And so it goes round and around and around, in fat square circles.

We clearly see a pattern of behaviour by public figures playing fast and loose with the **facts**; seeking to justify **lies** by claiming **a greater truth**. **The Machine’s** mouthpiece might concede that *they* got the *odd detail* wrong about Saddam’s weapons of mass destruction, but insists that what matters is **a greater truth**; that the *“dirty, rag-head, terrorists have been eliminated and the war was just”*.

Incredibly, 9/11 was *“a great day to bury bad news”*, according to one politician.

But the weasels that front **The Machine** are only the tip of a huge crapberg.

This is a glorious free country. Work hard, play hard, be an individual. Rise as far as your talents will allow; be all you can be. We will encourage this. Every child will get a fair education in this wonderful, free society, so get out there and achieve

Roughly translated:

...you are tool in the collective. Your highest moral duty is to sacrifice most of your earnings to the needy. We will enforce this with violence and you will be battered and imprisoned if you disobey.

Your money will be taken away and given away to despotic overseas regimes to buy votes and favours. Your life-efforts will be looted and redistributed to the shiftless and indolent.

You will be spied upon to ensure your compliance. Attempt to hide your money from your brothers and you will be branded a criminal to be hunted down. You should rejoice in this and feel good about your contribution...

Is this not the plain, unvarnished truth?

...

Honour

Duty and Fairness.

Your country needs you!

It is a most **honourable** man that is to sacrifice his life for **The Cause**.

How the fuck can that be?

What fucking benefit is that person going to receive? ... ***A twenty-one gun salute!***

Try using that one on the families of the boys returning home in coffins.

You can bet your last dollar that the fucker who thought that one up did it from the comfort of some bombproof bunker, deep in some anonymous mountain in the heart of some anonymous state!

Not all people are honourable so this weapon does not always work. In an attempt to leverage more power from the weapon of **Honour**, it is often coupled with Guilt.

“If you are not an honourable person then you’re a bad person. Think about the greater cause ... it’s your duty”

There is surprisingly, nothing in the dictionary that states exactly what you have to do in order to be an ‘Honourable Person’ other than to adhere to another set of rules and expectations:

honour /ˈɒnə/ *noun*

1: the state of being honoured [syn: honour, laurels] [ant: dishonour]

2: a tangible symbol signifying approval or distinction; an award for bravery [syn: award, accolade, honour, laurels]

3: the quality of being honourable and having a good name

What in the name of all that is human, is honourable about getting your friggin’ head blown off in some far off land, on the orders of some fuck-whit who heard via a thread of Chinese whispers, that a group of badly trained insurgents with a couple of rocket launchers posed a threat to humanity?

Honour, duty and fairness are weapons that interchange, merge and weave, depending on the situation.

Honour is subjective and only your ‘intuition’ will dictate what you feel is honourable and fair. I personally feel there’s far more honour in providing for and protecting my family, than leaving them to fend for themselves whilst I go off on a shoot to kill mission orchestrated by a stranger.

And I’m not just talking wars here. You could be imbued with a sense of duty towards a fellow criminal because he honourably kept his mouth shut about your involvement in the bank heist. Then honour among thieves would prevent you telling all you know about the rape you watched him commit.

Watch out for this honourable weapon ... it’s a sneaky little critter!

...

Sacrifice

This is taken to the ultimate extreme as young people indoctrinated by *The Machine’s* weapons, lies, fear, guilt, sense of honour and misinformation, martyr themselves for **The Cause**.

This is nothing new. **The Divine Wind** was a most hellish weapon the Japanese came up with in the world War.

Kamikaze refers to suicide attacks carried out by Imperial Japan’s military aviators against Allied shipping towards the end of the Pacific campaign of World War II, by crashing their planes into warships. Air attacks were the predominant and best-known aspect of a wider use of — or plans for — suicide attacks by Japanese personnel, including soldiers carrying explosives, and boat crews

Since the end of the war, in 1945, the word kamikaze has often times been applied to other varieties of attack in which the attacker is sacrificed in the process. This is a wider variety of suicide attacks, in other historical contexts. Examples of these are the proposed use of Selbstopfer aircraft by Nazi Germany and various suicide bombings by terrorist organizations around the world

To go on a Kamikaze mission and *sacrifice* oneself was considered the ultimate *Honour!*

The only people to ever gain from sacrifice are those requesting it from others!!!

While commonly perceived that volunteers signed up in droves for Kamikaze missions, it has also been contended that there was extensive coercion, peer pressure and an implied *sense of duty* involved in recruiting soldiers for the sacrifice. Their motivations in *volunteering* were complex and not simply about patriotism or bringing honour to their families.

Special ceremonies were often held, immediately prior to kamikaze missions, in which pilots, carrying prayers from their families, were given military decorations (lot of good they were as they ploughed into the nearest hundred thousand tons of *enemy* steel). Such practices honoured and legitimised the suicide missions.

With the passing of time, some of those who survived the Kamikaze raids have become critical of the policy.

Saburo Sakai, a Navy Ace:

Kamikaze is a surprise attack, according to our ancient war tactics. Surprise attacks will be successful the first time, maybe two or three times. But what fool would continue the same attacks for ten months? Emperor Hirohito must have realised it. He should have said ‘Stop.’

Even now, many faces of my students come up when I close my eyes. So many students are gone. Why did headquarters continue such silly attacks for ten months!

Fools!

All those men lied that all men volunteered for kamikaze units... They lied.

Well spotted Sherlock! ... Of course they bloody lied ... Suicidal sacrifice is most definitely **NOT** honourable ... *It's plain fucking stupid!!!*

And it's obviously all Hirohito's fault because he didn't say “*Stop!*”

It's got naff all to do with good termites jumping in their planes because King Termite said: “*It was an honour to do one's duty!!!*”

He didn't stop all those Kamikazes because for those ten months he and his war council were too busy dreaming up other honourable ways to send termites to their death.

Who is the enemy anyway?

Millions upon millions of termites have been sacrificed across history because a few powerful men couldn't sit round the table over a few beers and sort out their differences over land, oil, ethnic origin or simply which **Divine Entity** created man!

If the termites asked **WHY** and simply refused to be **Automatons of Compliance** then *The Machine* would have to find a way to resolve issues.

...

Altruism

altruism /ˈaltruːɪz(ə)m/ noun: **altruism** disinterested and selfless concern for the well-being of others.

Altruism holds that the purpose of man's life is **NOT** their own happiness ... *A truly good person will always put others first!*

Err, hello! ... Would the person who came up with that one just happen to be at the head of the queue for your favours?

"If a man is to discover real happiness it is through helping others." True enough, but Old Tranty Boy, he say: *"Help your bloody self first and then help others if it is possible and of your choosing!"*

When the oxygen masks drop during an aircraft emergency or a yacht is in danger of sinking, we are taught to help ourselves first ... for if we are busy treading water, how can we possibly help others?

Altruism holds that the purpose of a man's life is to serve others; become a sacrificial animal to anyone who feels they have a right to a piece of you. Your reward for this philanthropic generosity? A place in heaven or a **Certificate of Honour** for doing your civic duty handed out by **The Priests of Altruism!**

A true altruist will not be granted pride in a job well done for Pride is a Sin; there is **NO** reward, not even satisfaction.

True good people will never put themselves before others, they never think of what they want as that would be selfish!

What a waste of a good life!

...

Image Manipulation

A crucial element of tribalism and *Sticky Labels*.

We've all seen the photoshopped models on the front of Vogue and are aware that in real life they too have spots, blemishes, saddle bags and muffin tops, or wear an ill fitting skin suit that clings tightly to a skeleton. We're wise to that one ... so why do they continue to manipulate photos?

Because it's sells!

We're wise to it, we know this isn't real life, but we still consume and we still strive to buff up and be the guy with impossibly ripped (*airbrushed*) abs on the front of Men's Health or to party with the party girl in our favourite Instacrap stream.

Image manipulation is not just about the blunt tool wielded by the graphic designers. Image is holistic and is pumped down the media conduit in an avalanche of propaganda.

Everything we aspire to be is **manipulated** to an extent. As soon as we scribble out a **Sticky Label** and slap it on our forehead, we instantly build a mental picture and as we think in pictures we pull one from the mental library which best fits what we're trying to be.

And it's not just how we look, it's every facet of the thing we aspire to be.

The academic will be meek, humble and socially awkward and be found in the quiet corner of the library reading books that only academics find interesting. In their lunchbox will be an apple and cucumber sandwiches with the crusts cut off. Their hair will have a greasy shimmer and their tortoiseshell rimmed glasses will hold a smear. A man will wear a tweed suit and loafers, a woman, a tweed skirt and loafers ... A UFC fighter, more flamboyant I think!

A rapper will swagger in Nike, wear a gold grill, gold chains round their neck from which hangs a gold knuckleduster. Gold rings on their fingers and bells on their toes. They drive a gangsta ride with gangsta wheels and gangsta blacked out windows, which kinda defeats the object because the whole point is to be seen! They talk in a rhythmic language that no one understands supplemented with sign language no one understands. More often than not they hate the world and wanna 'pop a cap' in the arse of anyone, for no particular reason whatsoever ... **The weather girl, not so much!**

Generally, the driving force behind **Image** is money for the creators of it, great fat wedges of it.

Paradoxically, you cannot be conventional **AND** be an individual. Few people have the confidence to set trends so we look to others for inspiration. We are force-fed a daily barrage of icons. Few people are happy with the way they are and by promising contentment when **conforming** to a particular stereotype **The Machine** bleeds a will.

Fashion by its very definition is ephemeral, fleeting, of the moment. Image-makers are forever striving to create the new black ... we are forever chasing it.

We cannot live in this modern world without image and do enjoy creating an it for ourselves. It ensures approval and acceptance from our tribe. We just need to keep one eye open; **it can be a powerful weapon.**

Which brings me onto another of **The Machine's** weapons:

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Approval

The need for approval varies from person to person.

The most insecure are at greatest risk from their enemy. When the antagonist discovers this weakness they will fully exploit it to master them.

The desire for approval. It's a powerful instinct and yet another stitch in the extraordinarily complex tapestry of our identity. As soon as we scribble out a **Sticky Label** and slap it on our forehead, we instantly seek the approval of other like-minded **Sticky Label** wearers.

The need for approval will force people to act in ways they normally wouldn't do. The teenager sticking a bloody great ring through their nose and hoops in their ears because fellow Grungeites from the Tribe of Grunge wear a bloody great ring through their nose and hoops in their ears reckon it's cool!

Approval is wielded by **The Machine** on many levels: *'Fit in and you'll be rewarded with a shit load of approval.'*

Do as **we desire**, your reward is our **blessing** and if that means dragging people from their homes in Africa, chaining them side by side in the holds of ships bound for the cotton plantations to slave for megalomaniacs, then so be it ... you'll get all the approval you desire!

On a personal level, the desire for approval and finding it lacking, can be utterly debilitating.

I was a volunteer firefighter for a number of years here in New Zealand. When we trained to fight forest fires we were taught to keep **one foot in the black**. *The black* was burnt ground and a place to retreat if the wind turned and the fire changed direction towards you. As the ground was already burned, it would not burn again.

Once we step out of our comfort zone we put **one foot out of the black**. We leave the safety and security of the burnt ground and begin to forge our way towards fresh land.

These are frightening and anxious times because you know fire is burning somewhere ahead. You are alone in the smoke and making decisions that you are not used to making, even though you've trained for this very scenario.

You not only seek the approval of others, you positively crave it, if only to confirm that you are doing the right thing. And when it doesn't come, it's confusing and upsetting.

There will be many times in your new life when you seek approval ... and it is not given!

I talk about balance. **Rejection** sits in the opposite tray to approval on the scales.

Rejection is a bad, bad MOFO!

Just before I rediscovered **The Omniscience Principle** I was in a bad, bad place. Every day, I would reach out in a hundred different ways. Each morning I would apprehensively turn on the computer, wait nervously as it fired up and wallow in the mire as no **approval** was found.

Rejection is primal and an excruciatingly strong emotion. It's apparently a throwback to cavemen and do with being kicked out of the tribe when it was a matter of life and death. It's most closely associated with physical pain. The constant rejection I was receiving in my quest for approval hurt, it really, really hurt.

But as I began to understand what was going on, I began to train my mindset. I now treat rejection the same way as the entire journey.

The cure is simple ... If you don't want to experience rejection, keep both feet in the black!

The key is to believe in the strength of *I*; to have the confidence to walk further from the black, that burned and desolate wasteland. Keep an eye on the wind and an ear for the fire ... *You'll be OK!*

We all seek and enjoy approval from others. I get a real kick out of receiving emails that stroke my ego but now I don't *need* that praise in order to feel good any more.

We all enjoy a long cool beer but once we crave one we're an alcoholic!

...

Force

The bluntest, crudest MOST EFFECTIVE weapon.

Should all others fail, *The Machine* will simply fall back on this tried and most trusted nuclear warhead!

On a personal level “*you will comply*” or your doors will be kicked in at some ungodly hour; you'll be pulled off your partner right on the money shot and be dragged, cuffed and battered to the waiting Black Maria (It's a police car!).

Black Maria: a police vehicle for transporting prisoners. ORIGIN mid 19th cent: said to be named after a black woman, Maria Lee, who kept a boarding house in Boston and helped police in escorting drunk and disorderly customers to jail.

Then there's force used by others to extract whatever they desire, be it your wallet, your body for sex or your car and valuables.

Force, or more often the *fear of force*, will be used by the playground bully to extract favours; to get the weaker to do his homework or hand over their lunchbox.

A brother may be restrained in a mental institution because a psychotic relative wants an early inheritance. A father will get tied up in the bath and waterboarded until he signs the paperwork granting early access to the trust fund.

Dare to air more radical views, and I'm not talking about the real extremist stuff, just talk that's not on *The Machine's* agenda of acceptance, and be dragged off without trial for as long as *The Machine* desires.

This happens, it happens every day.

Tommy Robinson is an odd sort. He leads a life that I just cannot fathom. When I say it's not a good idea to pop your head out when someone is firing at you with a machine gun, it's for good reason. Tommy Robinson runs into the street and does a jig, waving his arms and beating his bared chest like a manic chimp whilst wearing a hi viz jacket and shouting “*shoot me ya bastards*” at the top of his voice!

He is an extreme case with often extreme views. He was recently jailed for expressing not so extreme views whilst reporting on a Muslim gang of child rapists outside of their trial. Now as it congruent with the philosophy of *I*, I have no idea of the ins and outs but from what I watched and what appears to be the most truthful version, he was grabbed by the police, taken from the steps and whisked into court. From there he was instantly convicted and thrown in a jail that housed many of

these convicted gangs. He was sentenced due to 'reporting restrictions' despite his claim that he only was repeating the reports in mainstream media (*The Machine*) from that morning.

And force was applied to Tommy in other ways. It's called **Deplatforming**

The Media is a weapon, it's the delivery conduit. Deplatforming entails taking away the voice. We see it all the time. If mainstream media does not report it and the voice is taken away as the social media channels close ranks, then there is no voice. It matters not if that voice is shouting the truth. If it is not on the agenda, *it's not going to be heard.*

Tommy had millions of followers on Faceplant, Twatter and CrapTube. One night, in the dark of the night deplatforming agents went to work and deplatformed Tommy ... *Ouch!*

Social media was built by **The People** ... **WE** created the world's largest corporations. **WE** built these platforms. **WE** choose to see what we want to see. **WE** choose to subscribe to those we want to hear.

If we want to hear what Tommy Robinson or any one of the multitude self publicists has to say, it is **OUR** right ... As is it our right to **UNSUBSCRIBE** if we don't want to hear it!

The Machine will wholeheartedly disagree and say that we **NEED** protection ... it matters not to us as we keep our heads tucked safely behind the concrete walls!

There are a thousand Guantanamos throughout the world and I have no idea if the people held there are crazed maniacs or just innocent family folk who were trying to protect their loved ones from the onslaught of real weapons, bombs and bullets ... it's something we'll never know. But one thing can be reliably assumed, these places hold a myriad of people who where either in the wrong place at the wrong time or said the wrong thing to the wrong person.

Don't get me wrong, there are filth who do deserve all they get and worse, but *The Machine* cleverly twists their threat to flex it's muscles and control the innocent.

Should an oil rich country for instance, decide not to comply with *The Machine's* will, there's ever increasing degrees of force available to bring to the *negotiations* ... oops! I did it again ... *persuasions!*

The Machine will deploy troop termites with impunity. It will drop bombs from drones flying at sixty thousand feet; bombs of the most devastating kind with homely names like Daisy Cutter or MOAB (Mother of All Bombs) ... bombs that often miss their intended targets. It can pretty much do as it likes and *spin* its way to justification.

Success is a journey of choice. Be sure to make wise decisions and select authentic, positive people that sincerely respect your journey. People that desire to see the journey you have chosen to be one of happiness, love, fulfilled dreams, and manifested hopes.

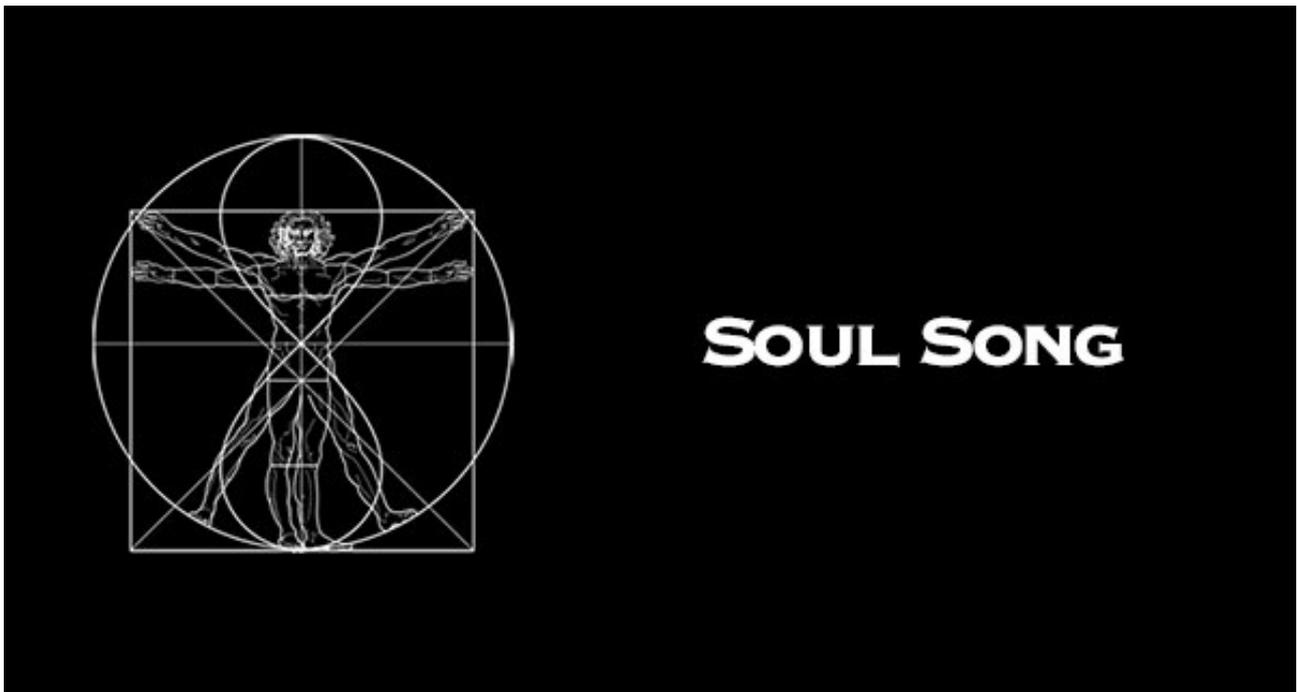
Force is the most effective and controversial weapon, which is why it's often used as a last resort ... *but as that last resort, it will be used!*

Having ranted and pontificated for that last hour or so you'd be forgiven for thinking that I really am the paranoid, insecure outcast you suspected!

I'm not, and despite all I've written, in my experience the world isn't all bad and on the whole you're left to get on with your own thing.

My advice to you now is to keep on doing more of the good and productive things, keep growing stronger and free. Enjoy life, don't take it too seriously and **NEVER GIVE UP**.

Simple eh!



When ordinary people decide to step out and be part of something big, that's when they become extraordinary.

Soul Song | The Omniscience Principle Part 20

The Vitruvian Man | Italian: L'uomo vitruviano; originally known as *Le proporzioni del corpo umano secondo Vitruvio*. *'The proportions of the human body according to Vitruvius'*

Drawn in ink on paper by Leonardo da Vinci in about 1490 represents ideal human body proportions. Its inscription in a square and a circle comes from a description by the ancient Roman architect Vitruvius in Book III of his treatise *De architectura*. Yet, as it has been demonstrated, Leonardo did not represent Vitruvius's proportions of the limbs but included those he found himself after measuring male models in Milan. While the drawing is named after Vitruvius, some scholars today question the appropriateness of such a title. The image demonstrates the blend of mathematics and art during the Renaissance and demonstrates Leonardo's deep understanding of proportion. In addition, this picture represents a cornerstone of Leonardo's attempts to relate man to nature.

Encyclopaedia Britannica online states, "Leonardo envisaged the great picture chart of the human body he had produced through his anatomical drawings and Vitruvian Man as a *cosmografia del minor mondo* (cosmography of the microcosm). He believed the workings of the human body to be an analogy for the workings of the universe."

According to Leonardo's preview in the accompanying text, written in mirror writing, it was made as a study of the proportions of the (male) human body as described in Vitruvius' *De architectura*, which reads:

For the human body is so designed by nature that the face, from the chin to the top of the forehead and the lowest roots of the hair, is a tenth part of the whole height; the open hand from the wrist to the tip of the middle finger is just the same; the head from the chin to the crown is an eighth, and with the neck and shoulder from the top of the breast to the lowest roots of the hair is a sixth; from the middle of the breast to the summit of the crown is a fourth. If we take the height of the face itself, the distance from the bottom of the chin to the under side of the nostrils is one third of it; the nose from the under side of the nostrils to a line between the eyebrows is the same; from there to the lowest roots of the hair is also a third, comprising the forehead. The length of the foot is one sixth of the height of the body; of the forearm, one fourth; and the breadth of the breast is also one fourth. The other members, too, have their own symmetrical proportions, and it was by employing them that the famous painters and sculptors of antiquity attained to great and endless renown.

Similarly, in the members of a temple there ought to be the greatest harmony in the symmetrical relations of the different parts to the general magnitude of the whole. Then again, in the human body the central point is naturally the navel. For if a man be placed flat on his back, with his hands and feet extended, and a pair of compasses centred at his navel, the fingers and toes of his two hands and feet will touch the circumference of a circle described therefrom. And just as the human body yields a circular outline, so to a square figure may be found from it. For if we measure the distance from the soles of the feet to the top of the head, and then apply that measure to the outstretched arms, the breadth will be found to be the same as the height, as in the case of plane surfaces which are perfectly square.

I have taken Vitruvian Man as the centrepiece image for *The Omniscience Principle* to represent **Perfect YOU**.

Cantered upon the spot where I feel the soul lies, is the symbol for infinity to represent the **Infinite Power of YOU**.

...

KA MATE

Kikiki! Kakaka! Let your valor rise! Let your valor rage!
Kauana kei waniwania taku tara We'll ward off these haunting hands
kei tarawahia, kei te rua i te kerokero! while protecting our wives and children!
He pounga rahui te uira For thee, I defy
ka rarapa ketekete kau ana the lightning bolts of hell
To peru kairiri mau au e koro e! while my enemies stand there in confusion!
Hi! Ha! — Ka wehi au ka matakana, O God — to think I would tremble
ko wai te tangata kia rere ure tirohanga to a pack of wolves seeing fear, or running away,
ngā rua rerarera because they would surely fall in the pit of shame
ngā rua kuri kakanui i raro! Aha ha! as food for the hounds who chow down in delight!
 Oh, what in the name...?

Ka mate, ka mate! ka ora! ka ora! 'Tis death! 'tis death! 'Tis life! 'tis life!
Ka mate! ka mate! ka ora! ka ora! 'Tis death! 'tis death! 'Tis life! 'tis life!
Tēnei te tangata pūhuru This is the hairy man
Nāna nei i tiki mai whakawhiti te rā Who summons the sun and makes it shine
Ā, upane! ka upane! A step upward, another step upward!
Ā, upane, ka upane, whiti te ra! A step upward, another... the Sun shines!

These are the immortal words of the Haka called out to opposing teams at the start of every New Zealand All Blacks game.

New Zealand is a tiny place at the *top* of the world with a population the size of a small town, yet they dominate world rugby and have done so for over a hundred years. They have a 77% winning record in test match rugby, and are the only international men's side to have secured more wins than losses against every opponent since their international debut in 1903.

The Haka is an institution and loved by fans of all sides across the globe. But, most are entirely misinformed. Most think the Maori dance is performed to intimidate the opposition, it's not.

The Haka is performed to stir the soul, to ignite passion and to get the body to release that intangible energy ready for the battle ahead. When you watch an All Black in that moment you see the look in his eye, you see the veins pop and the pupils dilate. The quivering energy is whipped into a tumult of ions as the cyclone roars through their bodies creating one, indomitable mass.

This energy runs through all things. When harnessed within the body it pushes us on to great and surprising feats. In the East it has been recognised for thousands of years and is known simply as Qi (pronounced chi). In the West it has been known about since the seventies and was introduced to us as The Force in Star Wars!

Now I'm just an ordinary guy from a dreary carpet town in the middle of England. Factories and hard drinking, low paid working men. I grew up street fighting, smashing windows in derelict buildings and stealing milk from terraced house door steps ... Think Peaky Blinders!

I'm not proud of my background and left the town as soon as the opportunity presented itself. When I look inside I'm not proud of the person I nearly was ... but I scrubbed up.

Now I say this because I'm forging into the realms of what I would normally feel is the domain of weirdos! This isn't the stuff of everyday men (and ladies). When I see someone sitting on a rock, legs impossibly crossed and humming like a fucking fat bubble bee, I do think, what a nutter!

So yes this is weird-ish, not weird at all to many yet it is the missing element from our journey so far.

If I've done my job you should be prepared in mind and body for a better life ... but the crucial part of the trifecta is the soul.

An impossibly difficult concept to grasp, something that has been vigorously debated since man barbecued his first pterodactyl ... *So I'm going to give it a go!*

...

Qi

Qi (*Pronounced chi*) can be most likened to the energy we summon when we need to fight or run to the hills.

In traditional Chinese culture, qi 氣 (also spelled: chi or ch'i) is a generic word for energy. In Japanese, it is called ki, and in Korean, gi. Qi can be thought of as the sum of all physiological activities responsible for the life of the organism. Qi is often translated as flow of energy, life energy, or life force. A more literal translation of qi is breath, or vapour.

In Hindu it's known as *prana*. In the Pacific islands, Maori and in Hawaiian culture *mana*. In the West, the closest concept is that of vitality or *psi*.

Qi is present in everything and everywhere

The Chinese view qi as a universal energy that pervades the cosmos. As such, qi expresses itself differently in inanimate soul-less objects. Qi is found in the sun, water, the weather. It is found in Earth as well as outer space.

I have been doing various martial arts since my twenties and harnessing qi is at the core of every one I've studied. Every time you go to the gym you start a session with differing volumes of energy. Sometimes you have a great session and everything flows, others you just can't get started! It's all a matter of generating a bit of qi.

When you hit the heavy bag and qi is dim, your body is stiff and awkward. It's an effort to generate any power, it's mechanical and laboured. No matter how hard you *want* to hit it, you only every get seventy percent power at most.

Over the years I've learned to cultivate and harness qi, it's not difficult. You just summon something similar to adrenaline. But qi isn't adrenaline, it's a much calmer, controllable energy and it seems to come from what I'm going to call the soul.

When qi is flowing you can achieve surprising things. You hit the heavy bag and there is no effort. As the great Bruce Lee would say, "*be like water*". Muscles do not tense, the fist is loose yet it flicks effortlessly out like a striking snake and the bag buckles. With qi and no effort I can drive the fist deep into the leather at one hundred and ten percent power.

Qi also differs from adrenaline in that it does not dissipate quickly. Adrenaline is sprayed out by the adrenal gland in bursts. It courses throughout the body in an hectic rush and leaves one quite tired as it dissolves. Adrenaline is red and angry. Qi is cool and runs like a babbling stream.

Qi is controllable energy, we must learn that brute force rarely works. Admittedly, the first adrenaline fuelled punch will come at you with one hundred and ten percent power. These are the ones fighters avoid or deflect, you don't want to get hit in the first few seconds. But a trained fighter will know that when adrenaline is running, the law of diminishing returns also applies.

Force requires large volumes of energy, it's sapping. The first punch will come in at one hundred and ten percent but as heart rate rises, body mechanics begin to slow. Punches become less powerful and much less accurate. Soon the punches will only be ninety percent power. As the heart rate goes up, body functions slow. Fifty percent increased heart rate, fifty percent diminished body mechanics. This applies all the way up the scale until the fighter can not even lift a fist.

Watch the UFC. A guy making their debut as he walks through the crowd to his favourite walk on music. He is pumping so much adrenaline it's coming out of his ears. He paces the ring back and forth, back and forth, like a crazed rhino. Bruce Buffer revs him up till it's almost impossible to contain himself.

The bell rings, the guy races cross the octagon, hammer fist cocked. He launches at his opponent from many feet away, swinging a blow Thor would be proud of.

A millisecond before it connects, the opponent flicks out a perfectly aimed counter and Mr Angry slumps in a bloodied and bruised heap on the canvass. The new guy was full of adrenaline, the veteran had mastered qi.

Qi requires much less brute force to operate, It feels like you're a marathon runner, not a sprinter. Qi operates on eighty percent energy but produces one hundred and ten percent output. If we could bottle it, it would power the world!

Man is the most enduring animal on the planet. He can maintain a pace no other animal can match. There is a barefoot race with a centuries old history where contestants will run down a horse over a long period. There are hunter gatherers in Africa that simply run their prey down until it falls over with exhaustion.

Once the rodeo bull has thrown his rider twenty feet in the air, that raging ton of muscle, brawn and sinew will turn on a dime and seek to penetrate flesh with horn. The unenviable job of the rodeo clown is to stop that. The bull is a maelstrom of violence, bucking, kicking, tearing out at anything.

The clown is qi.

A bull will rage in tight circles around an axis. At that axis is the safe zone, the eye of the storm. The clown will stay focused and controlled. He is able to manage a beast that is magnitudes of strength more powerful.

So now we know what qi is. What has it got to do with Mind Body and Soul?

I knew you were going to ask that!

OK, now I'm no psychologist, I'm trying to make sense of intangible, imponderable things and apply them to life because they have a dramatically positive affect on it. I make no claim that it'll work for everyone. All I can confidently say is that this works for me and I think I've managed to make some sense out of it all. If we can take something from qi it would be that ***we can't force things*** to happen in our lives. We can only do the best we can do whilst trying to maintain that energy level.

This has been the source of my misery.

I'd set goals and do all I could to ***force*** them. The fates, Clotho (the Spinner), Lachesis (the Alloter) and Atropos (the Inflexible) pushed back, I pushed harder, my energy drained. I pushed harder, my motors skills waned, my concentration weakened. I pushed even harder, the fates pushed back. The deadline quickly approached, my efforts increased, my output faded. I slowed, the fire in my belly become heavy soot ... ***and I become assiduously comprehensively and cripplingly depressed.***

Maintaining momentum at a controllable pace, it's difficult as life takes over, shit happens and things rarely go to plan. Our first step is to put fuel in the belly, stoke the fires of qi. We're not looking for an inferno that quickly eats the coal, we need a slow burn. Like a tender beef brisket - **Long and slow!**

...

Soul Song

The Pacific Maori have a rich and beautiful culture that was almost wiped out by ***The Machine***. They talk about Mana:

It is honour. To have mana is to have great authority, presence or prestige.

It is respect. Mana instils reverence and admiration. Mana respects others too.

It is power. A person with mana is spiritually powerful, influential and courageous, yet humble.

For some, mana is a legacy, handed down by generations of tupuna (ancestors). For others, it is bestowed on them for their great words and deeds.

Mana is who we are as a people and as a nation: it embodies our culture, our history, our beliefs. Mana is sacred. It is complex. It touches the very soul.

Some years ago I read a book called *The Healing Codes*.

Numerous health experts say that the number one killer on the planet is stress. Most physical and nonphysical health problems have long-term, physiological stress as their origin. In fact, the Centres for Disease Control estimate that 80% of all health care dollars are spent on illnesses related to stress.

The premise is that our entire body retains stress in the form of bad experiences and memories.

The Healing Codes activate powerful healing centres that can allow the body to heal itself of almost anything. They do this by removing the stress from the body, thus allowing the neuro-immune system to take over its job of healing whatever is wrong in the body.

There are a lot of claims in the book, many of which I worry about. Steve Jobs (Apple) was a clever man who thought he could cure himself of cancer with carrot juice. That didn't work out too well.

Reliving stress makes a lot of sense and the technique outlined for eliminating it intrigued me.

Memory, now that fascinates me. I've come to believe that there is nothing that we see here and do that is not painted on the canvas of our mind. I believe that there is no such thing as bad memory, just bad recall.

I think we record every second of every day in full HD.

Wait! Think about it.

Why do we rarely watch a film more than once? Because the second time round we recall every scene, every note of music and almost every word spoken.

Now spend a few moments and open the door to the room of memories. Each of us manage that room differently. Some will have theirs neatly organised. The vast warehouse will be lined with filing shelves, like the ones you see in museum vaults. There will be a librarian in tweed and loafers who will know the exact shelf of any file you want to retrieve. Those are the people who reel off *what* they were doing and on what dates with ease...

Open my vault! It's like a teenager's bedroom. I don't think in straight lines, I think like molten glass.

Pull out the file of a house you used to own. You can walk through every door, into every room, see every object, open every cupboard and see what's inside. You can do that as far back as you can remember and when memory fades, it's not because it's not there, it's just harder to retrieve. I think this is to keep us sane!

Hop into an imaginary car and think of a journey. Take a ride to town. You can recall every single picture of that journey, you can recall every junction, house, even tree on the way, you are Google

Street View. You can remember people you saw on that journey. You can remember every shop and you can walk into each and see what's on each shelf.

Now expand. You can drive out of town to far away places. The map is in your vault and all the pictures, experiences smells and distractions. You can build this picture with astonishing clarity and grow it ever larger ... *we do remember everything*.

Within those memories are all the bad ones. This is what The Healing Codes touch on and their technique is designed to rid us of them.

I read the book and gave it a go ... it worked, kinda. But for me this was the start of something entirely different.

The technique requires that we focus on bad memories in order to lessen their effect throughout the body. For me, I don't like this, for me the very action of recall brings negativity flooding back. The technique does claim to lessen their effect but I'm not convinced.

Anyway, it matters not because this isn't about a specific technique to rid us of stress, it's a about ***Soul Song***. When the soul is in tune, stress and bad memories are banished by default.

The Healing Codes technique is not unlike Omnipotence I introduced you to earlier. It requires that we enter a meditative state and that we explore our body and mind. We're supposed to dig out the bad memories that cause stress and therefore ill health and banish them.

In going through this process I would often drift and my attention would often settle on the source of my qi. I would mentally explore the source and would just listen to my body. Over time I stopped bothering with the bad memories and focused more on the good and the source of the good feelings they created.

As I listened more intently, I began to notice that there is a background hum, a resonance, a frequency vibrating out to all extremities that affected the way I was feeling at that time. It seemed to emanate from my core, from a place that has no anatomical name but is deep within. Depending on the musical note being played, the source of the melody moved. It can sit anywhere from below the sternum to above the groin.

Tune in ... See what you think!

The ***Soul Scale*** can range from a deep bass note of depression sitting low and near the bowels of shit and piss or it rises to a frantic high of anxiety and fear near the heart.

Somewhere in between is the sweet, warm note of.

I'm right aren't I?

I think that note differs in us all but there is a frequency that we can play within that sets us right.

We often mock meditation, because let's face it, it's a bit weird! We'll place our finger tip on our thumb tip and go: "Oooooommmmmmm" .

Om is actually a thing.

Om (Aum or Om or ॐ) is a sacred sound and a spiritual symbol in Indian religions. In Hinduism, it signifies the essence of the ultimate reality, consciousness or Atman. More broadly, it is a syllable that is chanted either independently or before a spiritual recitation in

Hinduism, Buddhism, and Jainism. The meaning and connotations of Om vary between the diverse schools within and across the various traditions. It is part of the iconography found in ancient and medieval era manuscripts, temples, monasteries and spiritual retreats in Hinduism, Buddhism, and Jainism.

In Hinduism, Om is one of the most important spiritual symbols. It refers to Atman (soul, self within) and Brahman (ultimate reality, entirety of the universe, truth, divine, supreme spirit, cosmic principles, knowledge). (Credit Wikipedia)

I read a bit about Om but could not find anything about the actual sound. That doesn't mean there is nothing, it just means I didn't look very hard!

Weirdly, when I make that sound it seems to be the resonance I'm looking for. A note is produced that sits in the warm, sweet spot just above the navel. I say it differs for each of us because we are built differently. A petite lady will have a higher sweet spot than a bassy Sumo Wrestler.

Do the Om thing and see how it feels for you.

The aim with *Soul Song* is to get that resonance echoing within every cell of our body. When the soul is singing all is good within, and when all is good within, all is great in your world.

The soul ... well, I call it the soul, I don't really have a clue what it is but it seems to reside at the epicentre of *I*.

I don't feel my soul is in my head, it's doesn't appear to be in my heart or in my feet. The ball of energy in my belly just feels right and that's what I'm calling my soul.

When my soul is singing it has a note, it's the mesmerising, primal rhythm of the aboriginal didgeridoo. It has a viscosity, that of extra virgin olive oil and it has a weight much less than when it is heavy. It has a light much brighter than when it is dim and it has colour that is the heart of the sun.

When I started the Healing Codes technique it would be but a matter of minutes before my mind wandered. I would force the issue but force doesn't work. **Qi is to force what Ying is to Yang.**

So I gave up and would simply drift. I'd let my body take over and do exactly what it wanted to do. There's an imperceptible force as slight as gravity. Place two magnets together with opposite poles and you get the idea. Place your palms together with a gap of three inches or so and concentrate on the space between, move them apart slowly, then together but not touching. There is an energy there that compresses and fades, just like the opposing forces of the magnets.

So now we know what we're looking for, let me share my technique.

It's important to understand that it's not specific. The technique I share will get you started and it's important to treat this as just that, a starting point.

In the *Philosophy of I* we must be individuals, we do not follow blindly.

Once stuff starts to happen it is imperative that you listen to your own body, go with it and try to force *nothing* upon it.

When I first started this I would have a mind full of words and instructions from the book. Not much would happen. I'd do a bit of a meditation thing and get up feeling either refreshed or ready for a nap!

My issue with meditation is that it requires us to clear the mind, this very action makes that nigh on impossible!

So don't!

Earlier, I gave you a technique for sleeping if or when you can't. It required making up a word. This jams up the mind and stops it wandering. It worked great for me for a while and then not so much. I would get flustered and frustrated making up words!

So I gave up!

One night I'd lay awake for an hour making up nonsense when I simply said ***'fuck it!'*** *"I'm not going to go to sleep. Body, do whatever you want you cantankerous bastard..."*

I decided I wasn't going to ***try*** to get to sleep any more and opened my eyes. I looked up at the darkness and my eyes began to close ... bit like when you drop off trying to watch porn. When they began to close I tried to open them and stay awake ... I was asleep in minutes! And this works for me, always.

My point is, that trying to ***force*** the mind into a meditative state is an oxymoron. As soon as you give up and ***go with the flow***, weird and wonderful things can happen.

As you start to let your body do what it wants, it may want to do weird things ... or nothing at all!

My muscles will tighten and relax often in waves from my neck to my feet. My stomach can tighten, often aggressively causing mild convulsions and my feet to raise or my torso to sit up off the ground. I sometimes want to fold my arms embracing my body or open them embracing the Universe. Breathing can be shallow and weak or it can be powerful and deep. Warmth can glow in my chest or in the groin (which is great!). The frantic bead of champagne can be felt throughout or sometimes it's flat as old beer.

I have no idea what is going on inside but I've experienced deep emotions also, spontaneously bursting into tears and embarrassingly ejaculating. Now I wish I hadn't shared that!

We are all different and we will all experience different things ... what is important is to just go with it and force nothing.

We're looking to hit a note that resonates joy. I believe this releases a mild version of energy, not unlike qi but it's definitely different. It does not dissipate. Once we set the soul singing she continues to do so for the day and the more I hit the note, the longer the effect.

For me there was no manic, world-changing event and ***Soul Song*** alone will not change the world. Add everything together in ***The Omniscience Principle*** and change must surely come your way. My change has come from within and has coloured my aura which others see and by the law of reciprocity, good will flow my way.

I will not become a raving happy lunatic because the balance of life will always see to that. My simple goal is to be able to live on and above the happiness line.

...

Tune in

So when you're ready, set aside around fifteen minutes, find a quiet place and comfortable spot where you are able to spread like our Vitruvian Man.

Lay on your back and get calm for a couple of minutes. Try to think of calm thoughts but it's not essential. Don't force a thought. If a thought comes that you want to change just *guide* it to where you want to go. We don't want an argument with the inner voice!

Now place the tip of the thumb on the tips of the index and middle fingers, as if you're holding something, cross your legs in an impossible way and go "oooooooooooooooooooo"

Ha! Only joking ... do the first bit: Place the tip of the thumb on the tips of the index and middle fingers, as if you're holding something.

We're going to start with the head. There are four points we're going to concentrate on.

1. The centre of the forehead known as the third eye.
2. The temples
3. The side of the jaw
4. Under the chin

Lift up your arms and point the fingers to the centre of the forehead a couple of inches away. Earlier, we practiced feeling the magnetic resistance between our palms. This is what we're looking to feel between our fingers and our forehead.

Imagine a gentle shower of light from all parts of the spectrum falling from your fingers. Think sprinkling salt on a steak (or tofu :) Nothing more than a gentle breeze of energy ebbing over your skin. You may feel nothing so just imagine it. *Don't think, just feel and see.*

Move the hand slowly closer to your forehead and away, feeling for that magnetic resistance. I find an area a few inches away where it's not too strong or not too weak.

At times I envisage static sparks of electricity reaching out from finger tips like those emitted from a Van Der graaf machine. Others it feels more like a soft shower of pure mountain water.

After a minute or two, do the same at the temples.

Move onto the sides of the jaw bone.

And move under the throat.

It is often at this point muscle in other parts of the body will convulse. I think of the buttercups we used to pick in the field as kids and raise under our chin. I see the buttery glow of light there.

Now repeat this for a second time focusing on the energy and bows of light pouring from your fingers.

Once you get to the throat for the second time open your hands and move down past your chest to the place where the soul sits. Move your open palms over your body feeling for a change in the 'hum'. The heart beat is pushing blood through the vessels, the electric is powering nerves and neurones, the immune cells are moving through bone.

Listen for the hum and try to feel where the note is coming from. It's like tuning an antique radio. A turn to the left, the signal fades, a turn to the right it fades. Set it in the middle and it sings or raps or plays heavy metal!

When the note is low it appears to come from the lower part of the torso, tune up the scale. Too high and focus is sharpened, adrenaline leaks and the heart quickens a beat, tune down the scale a little.

In your open hands imagine the sun, a bedazzling ball of warmth and light. Push it into your belly and let it float out. Feel the interchange of energy rushing in and out of your soul to your hands.

The didgeridoo, olive oil, the light and the colour of **YOUR** soul.

Feel the pulsing ball in your hands. Move the fire and light up and down your torso.

Keep your palms open and feel the flow between them and your body. Don't let it stop at the skin, it must penetrate deep.

Slowly work your way up with your open hands to the top of the head.

Move across the scalp, focus on the magnetic resistance between carpals and skull. Let the light and energy penetrate the top of the head to the point where it meets the spine.

Now move your hands over to the nape of the neck and slowly close them upon it. Now you'll feel the warmth of those hands.

Feel the energy within them and let it flow down the spine. The circuit is now complete. The energy is flowing across the body, from the soul up over the scalp, down the spine and back into the soul.

If at any time your body wants to do something else, just let it. There are no rules to this. It'll also let you know when it's had enough.

And that's it Folks!

That's how I tune in. After I do this I feel refreshed and revitalised. I am also aware of the warm glow inside. It's the glow of joy, of happiness and of love. If I feel it slide lower during a stressful day I just focus and give it a little mental nudge. If the furnace gets too hot because some dickhead I don't feel love for has pissed me off, I throw a little mental water on it to cool it back in place.

...

Mindfulness of /

In the early days you may need to tune in several times week with *Soul Song*. Generally, life takes over and your body resets back to default quickly.

There is a proven technique practised all over the world developed to help us appreciate the relationship between our thoughts, feelings and physical sensations and the outer world. From Hinduism and Buddhism to yoga and, more recently, non-religious meditation. People have been practicing **Mindfulness** for thousands of years, whether on its own or as part of a larger tradition.

Mindfulness was popularized in the East by religious and spiritual institutions, while in the West its popularity can be traced to particular people and secular institutions. Mindfulness involves

acceptance, meaning that we pay attention to our thoughts and feelings without judging them, without believing, for instance, that there's a right or wrong way to think or feel in a given moment.

Mindfulness means paying attention to what is presently occurring, with kindness and curiosity.

We might be paying attention to a thought, a feeling, physical sensations, other people or the environment around us, but to be mindful means to give the present moment our full attention, without distraction. It asks us to clear our mind, something I've never been able to do!

Mindfulness gives our over-taxed brains a chance to rest and refresh. When we notice what is happening in our bodies, our minds may momentarily 'empty' of repetitive, intrusive thoughts, only to fill up again with an awareness of physical sensations, sights, sounds, smells and tastes.

Thoughts will continue to come and go, and mindfulness helps them do so without us getting caught up in them. While over-thinking about what happened yesterday, and what may or may not happen tomorrow, we may be missing the important moments that are happening right now. Mindfulness gives us the mental strength to direct our attention to where it needs to be. (Credit: Mindfulness Education NZ)

The way it is practised in the West is that we just take time out during our busy day, just a few moments to sit back and clear our mind, absolve ourselves of the stresses we endure. It also suggests that if we are feeling negative thoughts, that we focus on them in a non judgemental way ... ***For me, this is entirely counter-intuitive!***

As ***Soul Song*** needs fifteen to twenty minutes, it's not practical to practice it during the working day. You may have had a particularly bad one and your tone may be pounding like an annoying drum and bass riff.

I look to *The Mindfulness of I* for help.

S.T.O.P. (see relevant chapter)

Sit back for a second, look inward. What do you see, what can you feel? Are your temples pounding? Is there pressure behind the eyes? Is the bile in your stomach churning? Can you feel the septic cortisol in your veins? Close your eyes, what colour do you see?

If all is good then take a few second and enjoy your note. If it's playing the beautiful, sustained Bb in Bach's Prelude in B-flat minor then you're good to go ... bathe in it for a moment and get back to achieving those goals!

But you'll more often than not be stopping because you're about to blow your top! There's always a cretin eh!

Now is the time to accept those feelings ... now is the time to banish them.

Slow down for a moment, think about your breath and slow the lungs. Now, exploring with your mind concentrate on the torso. What tune is your soul playing? Now is the time to tune it up.

This should only take a matter of minutes!

Hold the sun in your hands and run it over your navel area (preferably while no one is looking!). If the bass is low, tune it up, push the glow inside to its position in the centre of your body. If the note

is high and you're in panic mode, lower the note. Listen for the harmony, the celestial violin A harmonic that opens Mahler's Symphony No. 1. 'Titan' ... Let it settle in place for a moment.

It's **important** *not* to focus on what it was that was bothering you, but to focus on the radiance. We do not want to subconsciously associate our song with any negative thoughts. We're not trying to banish them because in doing so, we have to think on them and this has a negative affect.

In meditation we're taught to breath in the light and breath out the black smoke. Now I can't argue with several thousand years of history, all I can say is what I know and that this does not work for me. The moment I blow out dark smoke, I picture the associated sad and foul images as my brain thinks in pictures. Each time I blow out the smoke the pictures float out too and each time I do it, it reinforces that picture; a plume of black smoke carrying a thousand bad memories. I try to balance it by breathing in the good thoughts but all I've done is set up conflict and it's simply a matter of the day as to which one is dominant.

By tuning in on *I*, we focus on the light, the melody, the internal opera. ***By default, negativity is banished.*** We need the subconscious to be our friend and partner in this relationship. Don't give it an inch or it **WILL** take a mile and many unsanctioned liberties.

The ***Mindfulness of I*** helps us focus **unilaterally and intimately** on the affinity we're feeling at that moment. We don't even give the shit a second thought. As the cascading scales and chords make the most beautiful music, we too, rise.

Now we're back on track, in a better place, we can get back to work and life with renewed vigour.

I would love to hear your thought on this. Leave a comment on the website.

TheOmnisciencePrinciple.com

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Love Life!

There are two people in my life that I look to for life lessons.

One is my neighbour. He's a crazy Italian (aren't they all! :)). He's run various businesses his whole life and now retired. He's so passionate about everything and has a thousand stories to tell. He loves his food (don't they all!) and his garden. I've given up trying to be the chef when I invite him and his lovely wife round for a BBQ because I'm an English man and as the world knows, we're hopeless on the grill. I actually think I'm not half bad but Gino will always be better.

Each year we have so much fruit from his Garden of Eden that we can't eat it all. Now Gino is on the wrong side of eighty years old, yet you can't hold him down. He never stops and always has at least ten projects on the go. Each day he takes a twenty kilometre ride on his bike to the beach.

He grew up in a poor part of Italy during austerity after the war. He was so poor that he got shot in the arse by a neighbour with rock salt for stealing grass out of their garden for his rabbit. He struggles yet refuses to let Father Time confine him. He says it's hard work and gets harder with each passing year. He does not count his years down and thanks life for each year he lives. I can see that when his counter runs down and he passes, he will go knowing he refused to give in to old age.

The other person I look at is a relative. He is a few years younger than Gino. He had a job, took early retirement and now lives on a reasonable pension. He does nothing, is passionate about nothing, he won't put a burger on the BBQ because he burns them. In fact I think he burns them on purpose so that he's never asked to man the grill. He has stories but will never speak of them because he had a rather unpleasant job and I imagine the stories are not all that pleasant. To fill the void he consumes the news, not all news, just bad and sensational news fills the awkward silence with it.

When he comes to visit he's wearing the pallid skin of death. Our summer sun knocks that back but his aura remains resolutely grey. We give him jobs which he does reluctantly and encourage him in all the ways we can. We tried to get him on a bike so that he could join Gino but he made a hash of that, probably on purpose. We tried to get him to go for a daily swim in the pool but I've yet to see him in there.

And each year I watch as the flesh falls from his bones. He shakes and shuffles and is always seen catching flies as he snoozes on the sofa. It's a sad thing to see. I look to this person as a lesson in how not to live ... or should I say *exist*.

The only thing that separates these two people is *attitude*. One is living life, the other is waiting to die.

For the soul to sing it needs the pathways of the body to be clear. Soul energy can't flow if the arteries are blocked. When a person has high cholesterol, they take pills for we all know that if the blood can't flow, it puts pressure on the heart and we die. The invisible soul energy network is the same but we can't take pills ... *We adjust our attitude!*

We do this by taking a proactive approach and we do this with exercise.

Now I'm not going to bang on about the importance of exercise because you will know. Exercise of any description is essential. Some will be crazed manics, hitting the gym for sweaty sessions several times a week, others will go for country walks on a weekend.

You make your choices. I have found that when I don't exercise, *Soul Song* is knocked down an octave or two. It's not a physical thing because I'm no less fit than I was yesterday, I'm just not as onto it. Energy levels drop in general, my attitude is not so positive, everything feels more laboured and I feel the energy network is not flowing as it should.

I strongly advise doing something, anything, at least several times a week.

Because I have followed the *Philosophy of I*, I am now relatively free. I am writing this at 9.00am in the morning. When finished I'll go and have my shit, shower and shave and then hit my gym. I don't go mad. I'll do a ten minute run on the treadmill, maybe hit the bag or lift some weights. Later I'll pop out on my mountain bike. If it is indeed Cortisol that's sitting in my body, a good set of combos on the heavy bags defiantly clears it.

I'm getting on a bit now so I just do what I feel comfortable with, enough to get the blood pumping, my lungs cleared and the soul energy network flowing. I can feel the difference when I sit back down to work. My soul is singing and my attitude to life and the shit I have to deal with is better. I am certainly much fitter and positive than I was at forty, when I'd put *The Omniscience Principle* on the shelf.

I remember standing on the sideline of the rugby pitch watching my son and thinking “*I feel old*”. My back would ache and I looked on through a dull aura.

Now I’ve talked about aura and I don’t want this to come over as some hippy, trippy shit. I’m grounded with both feet and am definitely not wearing a new age, happy-clappy label. What I’m trying to do is describe the best way I can, how the things around us are affected when we are glowing or are dim. When your partner is in a bad mood you can often feel it before you walk into the room. Your alarm triggers and you brace your self for the inevitable. After all, we are animals. Although our senses have become dulled with modern life, we still operate on a chemical level.

Conversely, when your partner is glowing, you sense it and are down to your underwear before you get into the room in anticipation of the inevitable!

I have a stretch routine also that I combine with *Soul Song* that will be available on the website. You can look forward to watching an old man with a bad back do a form of Yoga .. a sight to look forward to eh!

The last weapon you need to deploy against Old Father Time is diet. Again, there is so much out there with regard to diet that I have no need to go into it. When we’re fat on the outside, we’re fat inside too. That yellowy grease envelops all our organs. We know a Macci D dripping with fat and plastic cheese is not good, we know cabbage is! Bit of a bugger it’s not the other way round but that’s just the way it is. A bad diet clogs everything, a good one doesn’t ... ***Enough said!***

I fast one or two days a week. You can find information on this, it’s called the five and two diet. Basically, because I fast, it means I can eat what I like on other days. I find it easy and it works for me. It doesn’t work for all. For me I like the theory behind it. Fasting puts the body into a different mode. It gives it an opportunity to work on itself. We’re not designed to have a constantly full stomach. Lions are sedentary after a kill. They sit there with full guts. An antelope can walk right by and the lion will simply give it a nod and a wink!

When our gut is empty, the body sets itself up for the kill.

The best advice I can give is to be like Gino! Without exercise and a decent diet, your attitude is compromised. When your attitude is compromised you’re on your way to an early, inevitable appointment with the boatman for a trip up the river Styx.

...

You Are Magnificent and ... *YOU ARE INVINCIBLE!*
You now glow, your soul is singing!

You have built a reactor core in your belly, nuclear fusion is generating energy, which not even boron can extinguish. You are Iron Man with your own Arc reactor. You need to make constant adjustments to keep it running at optimum levels. Do that and like qi, you have enduring, inexhaustible power.

Just one warning! Like with all superheroes, there is a weakness: Her name is Stress

STRESS IS KRYPTONITE.

Your body comes with a sprinkler infrastructure designed to put out fire. Water does not flow through the plumbing but Cortisol.

When that shitty email comes in, or that crappy phone call or the bailiffs arrive or the fucking neighbours send round the council, the body flicks the switch and pours Cortisol over everything.

I could feel it, it flowed like bitchumen, thick, black tar clogging everything. The clouds would gather below my navel, my soul, like a harvest moon would dip. The network of steel in my head would rust and clog and nothing could pass freely. Serotonin would no longer uptake between receptors. Pressure would build, my temple veins would pound. My heart would beat harder against the resistance, dum dum, dum dum, dum dum ... bile would boil and I would taste the metallic iron oxide on my tongue.

Stress, she is your most formidable opponent ... And you? YOU are magnificent!

To keep the fusion reaction going we need to protect it and for that we do as the medieval knights did. We go to Italy!

Why Italy?

Because they made the best plate armour in the world and we're going to commission you the very best ever forged. We commission heavy armour for men, lighter, more agile for ladies ... with lots of accessories and a matching Italian handbag :)

Your gleaming golden armour will be resplendent. A bejewelled helmet of dazzling splendour, a gorget, pauldrons with gardbraces, besagews, couters, vambraces, a back and breastplate with a fauld, tassets and a culet, a mail skirt, cuisses, poleyns, greaves, and sabatons ... and gauntlets with which you'll crush your enemy.

We'll need weapons!

A formidable broadsword crafted in the forges of Hephaestus. Carbon steel folded a thousand times and honed to a surgeon's edge. The pommel, a diamond from the heart of Tambora. The handle wrapped in the skin of Fenrir. The quillion from Excalibur. A foible sharper than the claws of the Nemean lion. A blood grove to sate the Chupacabra.

A talking Sharur mace, smasher of thousands.

We need a shield; one made from vibranium and adamantium.

Stress will always pick the battle and often the low ground. When Stress casts her wicked gaze across the open fields she will notice the gentle rise to the foot of the Hill of Tara. Atop you'll sit upon your mount Haizum a white, winged, flaming horse able to fly swiftly from one cosmic plane to another in a second. As Stress looks on, Haizum will rear proudly, you radiate vivid streams of incandescence, with Helois at your back you roar in defiance.

You will fall down upon Stress with formidable vengeance. Her concussive blows will glance from your plate. Her fists will beat upon your shield. You will swing your great sword and smasher of thousands with controlled qi. You will fix Stress in your steely gaze through the closed visor. You will anticipate her arcing, overhand swing and deftly adjust as it passes wildly by. You will counter, reaching swiftly out to close your golden gauntlet tightly on the throat of Stress crushing it until the stale stench of putrid flesh no longer passes on her breath.

But not every fight will go your way, you will falter, you will misjudge, you will be caught by a low blow or well timed counter.

When you lose, you have lost the battle, not the war. You must go back, sharpen your weapons, polish the golden mail ... **and fight again.**

...

The Philosophy of I

Now you are naked, stripped bare.

The baggage of life and the smog of society are gone, they are but fading memories. You are entirely free to see the astonishing person looking back in the mirror, to see who you really are. The weapons of *The Machine* bounce off your armour. Dogma and indoctrination are deflected by your shield. Coercion, control and manipulation are slain with your sword.

This is what *The Philosophy of I* is all about.

It is mind and mindfulness, it is true focus. It is looking inward, not out, exploring our very soul and finding our *true* character, not the one that we're taught to cultivate. Inside, deep inside we are good people. We are vulnerable and often scared. We can be lost, rejected, dispossessed and without identity. We can be lacking self-love, assurance and fortitude. We can be confused and often lack focus, lack direction, lack motivation. We can be angry, spiteful, hurtful and are often ignorant. And we can be kind and considerate and inspirational.

There is nothing we can do about the past; we do not know what the future holds. All we have is **this moment**, this very second in time, space and the universe ... **and that's a truly empowering thing.**

Now we live in and embrace the moment, victims of nothing. The noise, the pressure, the stress, the eternal, back-breaking grind; it is all distilled down to the simplest and most formidable of things ... **I.**

Now you will see through flawless diamond your richness, your magnificence. You will rebuild, you will nurture a smarter you, an impregnable you, a confident, true, tenacious and humble you!

And above all, a worthy you.

***The Philosophy of I* ... WILL** imbue you with infinite strength, the power to move the very ground beneath your feet and hold the heavens above.

Yes indeed ... YOU ARE AWESOME!

...

The Great Filter

The great filter theory explores the question of why we appear to be alone in the Universe.

It states that there is an evolutionary hurdle of epic size we have already overcome or one that is ahead that we must jump. It supposes that all life evolves by colonising its planet then moving on to the neighbouring planets and out into the galaxies. It supposes that because this hasn't happened there is a filter preventing it.

If the filter is behind us and we have triumphed, then we could well be alone because no other organism has managed to get to our stage of development.

Unless there is a filter ahead. In that case all life in the universe reaches that hurdle and fizzles out. If the filter is in front of us then we are doomed. That filter could be rogue drones, WW III, super-virus...

The great filter theory however, supposes that we *must to keep growing* to evolve.

BUT there is the *third* option!

That we don't need to keep spreading like cancer. That we learn to coexist in a better environment, we break free of *The Machine* and its indoctrination of greed, growth bigger, better. Moving on to other planets more greed, more growth...

What happens if we stop growing and evermore ambitious targets aren't met ... *nothing!*

We reverse the last hundred and fifty years of debauchery and **STOP ...** be content.

Africa, the continent arrogantly labeled *Third World* by megalomaniacs. The *Developed* world look down their noses at the land of their ancestors. Tribes in Africa have lived in peace and harmony or chopping up their neighbours since the first ape stood up. Only the strong survive. Yes, most don't live in air conditioned, concrete and glass towers with satellite TV but if the world taps run dry and the supermarkets run bare ... *guess who will manage and cope!*

My third option proposes that civilisations on other planets are smarter or more advanced or ... *fucking woke up!*

They reached the tipping point on their Goldilocks planet and reacted to their guaranteed inhalation. They started to look after their Earth and tended it as Eden. Maybe they managed to control their greed, maybe they managed to find alternative ways to resolve their differences, maybe they learned to turn hatred into respect, maybe men learned to stop sticking their cocks in anything with a smile. Maybe, just maybe they got together on a group chat and said: "*You know what, fuck this grow grow grow, let's not fuck the universe, let's just all learn to get on and sort the god damn fucking mess here?*"

And maybe, just maybe each member of their New World learned that they actually know very little about bugger all and that they most probably are not right!

We're a hateful, spiteful, poisonous race of beings right now and it's a thoroughly good thing if the filter is ahead of us. *If it isn't and we've moved past it, then look out Universe.*

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What Now?

Personal and Financial Freedom will mean different things to different people. Now I know there is no such thing as total freedom and wealth is not all about money. As a practitioner of *I*, you will know what it means to you.

All along I propose that we be selfish whilst remaining respectful, in order to grow. We need to work on ourselves, not to be an ignorant narcissist but in order to make better choices in the long term.

We can't help others until we can help ourselves.

Elon Musk is an extraordinary and weird individual. He is also a shining example of what a high-performance individual and *Practitioner of I* can achieve.

Elon became very wealthy, very quickly and says it's never been about the money. His vision of wealth is sorting the shit out in the world. Electric cars to clean up the pollution. The hyper-loop could get the shit off the roads. Free internet across the globe to raise the standard of living and education to resolve population explosion. *'Give a man a fish and he'll eat for a day, teach him how to fish and he'll eat every day'*

If the original Tesla had support for his visions we would all have been driving electric cars powered by free WiFi electric, this entire century. Thanks to big business and in part JP Morgan and Thomas Edison, we've endured a century of absolute and unprecedented destruction.

Nikola Tesla not only invented AC current in competition with the inferior DC current of Edison, he further worked out how to deliver it via WiFi. He could light build hundreds of feet away. He took a loan from JP Morgan's Bank to build huge transmission towers and developed a grand plan to power the entire USA for free!

That didn't sit well with the megalomaniacs, his funding was pulled, his towers demolished and he died destitute in a hotel room.

Thankfully, Mr Musk got wealthy and free and is now able to follow the dream.

The world has cancer. Watch a tumour grow on the body. It spreads from the centre turning everything to death. Zoom out to space, speed up time, just a little and watch a city grow. The Earth's cancer is concrete and glass and us.

Humans are reactive by nature. It's not until they see the tsunami on the horizon that they start to run.

And we have learned absolutely nothing from the past.

Easter Island or Rapa Nui as it should be called, in the Pacific is a treeless, barren place where once stood great forests of palms.

The popular theory states that the natives cut down all the trees to transport the iconic moai statues. *They* now say that the islanders killed all the gulls for food — no guano, no fertiliser, no more trees. The truth is, that no matter what the story, the place is barren and this is repeated across the Pacific and across the Planet.

El Mirrador in Guatemala is a massive two thousand year old Mayan city, the size of Los Angeles. Long abandoned and consumed by jungle. Through the lens of archeology we can see the entire history from beginning to end. We can see what they did right and what they did wrong.

What they did wrong is known as **Conspicuous Consumption of Resources ... *sound familiar?***

The lime plaster that covered the floor of their city was the engine of their own demise. Deforestation meant clay seeped into their growing fields and poisoned their agriculture. The more they tried to prevent it the faster it accelerated.

I could fill volumes with examples of what we've done and are doing. ***There's no point because you already know!***

Greed is a peculiarly human affliction. Are you the cancer or the cure?

Enough is enough! Only the free can set us free ... *are you on board?*

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Write Your Own Epitaph

You're dead!

You're wandering the earth scaring the crap out of those psychic types who wish they hadn't developed the gift of vision. You stumble upon a graveyard. You thought you were having a bad dream when suddenly you see something that slams home the gravity of your predicament. **You come across your own grave, and at that moment you realise you truly are walking dead.**

Eventually, you calm down and take solace beneath an ancient yew.

Look at the headstone. What does it say?

What would you want to see carved in that prehistoric granite?

Take a few moments now and project yourself forward to the end of your life. Look back over your adventures, encounters, and achievements.

What would you want that epitaph to read?

Here lies the body of an ordinary person who led an ordinary life, who dearly wished they'd been an extraordinary person who'd led an extraordinary life!

Or

Here lies a person who died with no regrets!!!

This is your gravestone. What will the inscription read?

YES!

Really. Write down what you would want it to read.

Here Lies The Body of: YOU, who did what with their life?

At some point, you have to make a decision; boundaries don't keep other people out, they fence you in. Life is messy; that's how we're made. So, you can waste your live drawing lines or you can live your life crossing them.

Read it! That's the life you want! NO REGRETS!

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Something to Remember

Whenever I go to the bathroom in a public toilet I wash my hands thoroughly ... *Others don't!!!*

Bathroom doors generally open inwards and so I pause for a second before I grab that handle.

On the inside of that handle is the stuff and grime of a thousand unwashed hands. I do not let my fingers sink into the slime, I either pull down my sleeve or use the hem of my jumper.

Now you will never look at a bathroom door handle the same way again and each time you see that vision, you'll remember where you heard it and how I did all I can to make your life better.

Thank you for stepping out with me ... Let's do something good!

P.J. Tranter

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