

# CONTACTEE

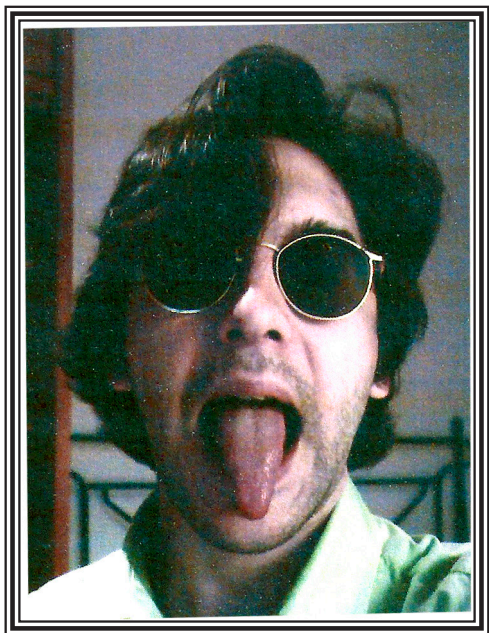
MIKEL SAIZ











Mikel Saiz

presents

C O N T A C T E E

Author, original idea, illustrations, photos, text,  
investigation, cover and edition:

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C O N T A C T E E

Mikel Saiz

Autobiography of a contactee human being.

No names, no surnames.

No publicity.

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# 1

## Preexistence

*“No fetus is asked if it wants to be born”*

I don't remember anything before my first memory as a baby. The world existed before I was born and with my birth the world and its vision would change, with thousands of new cartoon characters thanks to my special, attractive and charismatic cosmogony.

## 2

### Sperm

*“A human being fits inside a sperm”*

I don't remember anything before I was born or from my sperm stage. I also don't remember anything about the inside of my mother's womb or my birth. Nothing is known about the origin of life or how life travels and is generated from generation to generation.

### 3

## Fetus

*“The sin of having children  
can only be forgiven by the child himself”*

I do not remember seeing fried eggs or anything similar inside my mother’s womb during my evolutionary process from sperm to fetus. Although there was a great painter of humanity who claimed or invented seeing those eggs.

I remember hearing my mother say that a nun in the midst of an evil act when my mother was pregnant with my being forced her to stand on a chair to clean something on a height. I do not believe in the pity, benevolence or kindness of nuns, due to the deprivation of sexual activities and their string list of prayers.

## 4

### Birth

*“To exist is something impossible to understand”*

*“The inhabitants of the most delirious,  
decadent, insane, conceited and cursed city  
in the entire world are born wherever they want”*

*“Normal would be nothing, therefore  
to exist is an anomalous miracle”*

I was born in a hospital room in a beautiful and dirty city, the most delirious, decadent, insane, conceited and cursed in the entire world. It was May 1, 1985, after the young Savior of the cross, at twelve o'clock and ten minutes at night, at the same time that a dog was barking, according to a relative. I was baptized in a beautiful church. I was given a name and eight surnames that all end with the letter “z”.

The lucky date of May 1st has given the best version of tests of intelligence and importance. To give an example of such an outstanding and famous day, I add that a long time ago on that day a private and secret club was formed with the wisest, most intelligent, talented and enlightened people in the world.

It was also the birthday of an important exorcist with 100,000 exorcisms behind him and his cross. On May 1st there were two important television premieres; one of a world-famous yellow marine character and another premiere of a reptilian invasion of the earth with the intention of feeding on humans, hidden under a skin of human appearance and false friendliness. This May 1st also celebrated the death of a famous comedian. And of course May 1st is the holiday of the worker, so necessary and honorable for anyone born on any other day of the year.

Since I was born I have always lived in houses very close to large, beautiful and old churches.

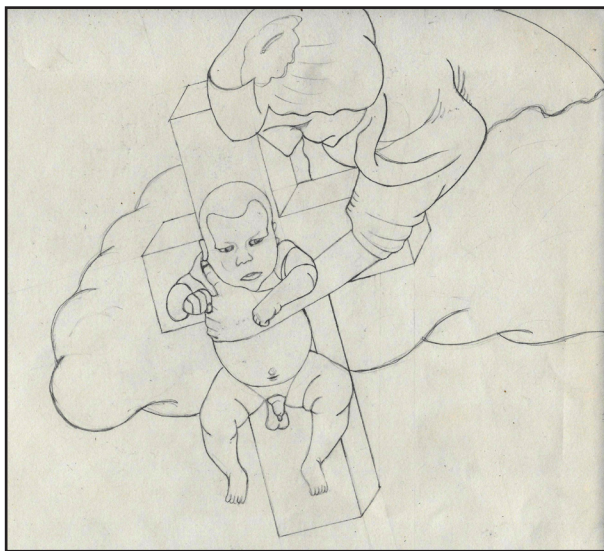
As a cursed poet wrote about birth:

*When, by a decree of the supreme powers,  
The Poet appears in this world weary,  
His mother frightened and full of blasphemies  
Clenches her fists towards God, who takes pity on her:  
- "Ah!" I regret having given birth to  
a whole nest of vipers,  
Rather than suckling this poor mockery!  
Cursed be the night of ephemeral pleasures  
In which my womb conceived my atonement!*

I have known someone in this same case, but in reverse, where the one who is born is the one who curses his own mother for giving birth to him, without any kind of forgiveness and complete hatred; someone who despises existing and does not wish to continue living.

I don't remember anything about the eternity before I was born. I had been without body and mind for an eternity until I was born, without permission, without explanations, without memories.

I have always felt a great closeness to the young Savior of the cross, because we share the same name as our parents.





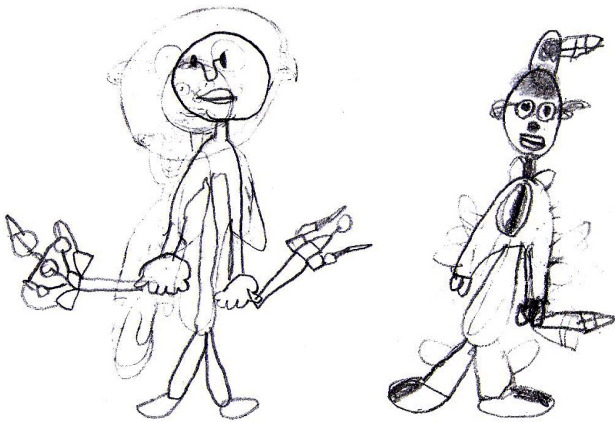
## 5

### First memory

*“No baby is asked if he wants to grow up”*

My earliest memory of life is sitting on a potty-toilet with wheels and a decorative duck head. I was in a nursery, with other children. I was about two years old. I also have memories of that nursery; when I was going to be delivered to the nursery, I remember being driven in my parents' car and I remember the view from the back seat of the car's interior of the place of destination and arrival. I do not remember anything before this event, although a very important, famous, old and deceased painter wrote that he could remember seeing fried eggs during his stay in the stage inside the mother's womb; intrauterine eggs. I also do not remember anything from my time of the new and definitive session of the new generation and regeneration of spermatozoa inside the scrotal sac of my father, because the semen is generated, expelled and regenerated again. I was the fastest of my generation, regeneration, session, remittance and promotion. I was born a homo sapiens, I was a gifted child with high abilities, then prodigious, then a talented young genius, to end up on the threshold of becoming an enlightened and contacted adult.

Although, perhaps, my earliest memory may actually have been seeing the universe above me, when I was in my baby's crib with a planetary toy hanging over my crib.



Drawings made at the age of six featuring a futuristic structure still unknown to current science.

## 6

### **Childhood memories**

As a very young child, I was already a true genius and was able to memorize everything at a glance. I could recite the alphabet backwards and I could also do puzzles backwards, without the image visible. My abilities for all branches of knowledge were full and outstanding, so much so that at a school meeting of parents with teachers to identify prematurely gifted children, my mother saw me recognized and identified, but my mother did not dare to say it, they simply asked to raise a hand in such cases, at that very moment of my mother's shame was when I was condemned to the cave of vipers, salamanders, scorpions, spiders and vipers of society and the educational field.

In a classroom of average, minor and weak intelligences, I finished my outstanding children's drawing exercise, when in the queue of children to the teacher's table to hand in the drawing, a nearby classmate had shit himself, because it smelled like pure shit and the teacher wrinkled her lips and frowned, suspecting from the bad smell that he had shit himself. I felt like I was not where I belonged.

My great outstanding childhood masterpiece went unnoticed by the teacher who was more concerned with figuring out who was shitting themselves than with her pedagogical activity.

I hate evil childhood as much as all the evil that some children of weak and lesser intelligence have towards others of superior intelligence. Thus I remember some childish ear-pullings that I received from some stupid child. I have seen their insults, their malice, their aggressiveness, their stupidity, their ugliness, their violence, their uselessness, their clumsiness, their foolishness, their... Just as some other special children like me are angelic.

In a children's play at school I had to play an alien. I got that role because I had already shown to have a bold and special personality that was different and different from the others. A very good and affectionate friend baptized me with the name "Txituitu" for the acting performance.

When I was a teenage school pupil, I received a strong slap with an open hand from the terrible History teacher. The reason for the slap was due to some boring and uninteresting lesson from the subject, since I got up from my seat and loudly proclaimed myself as a Messiah. While my classmates laughed out loud at my intervention, I sat satisfied and remained silent, while the mediocre, violent and aggressive teacher approached me asking me to laugh, to assure his superiority and position as a pedagogical teacher and rational adult.

I didn't laugh over the laughter in the background and the sound of the slap against my face silenced my audience, all my classmates cowering. I must have hurt some stupid sensibilities on the subject, because the slap hurt and sounded like it. He was an absurd teacher from a very expensive private school, with no religious or political ideas. This character taught History as well as Fine Arts, both in the same way, halfway between mediocre and pathetic and terrible. This same teacher caught me on another occasion putting a ball of paper in my mouth that was a note in the middle of a History exam.

I was a teenager who had been unfairly, abusively, enviably and negligently failed my science subjects at school, when on one occasion I looked at myself carefully in a mirror and for a moment I thought if perhaps I could be a boy with Down syndrome hidden all my life by family and teachers, or maybe it had not been diagnosed. I was amazed by my failures and inside and far from any strange syndrome there was a gifted, brilliant, prodigious, highly capable, divine, illuminati and contacted little boy. Proof of this is my natural talent and the very simple academic tests at school that I passed, solved, expanded and improved without any effort, always with a slight effort and annoying critical thinking due to my great artistic and intellectual superiority, plus the addition of the beautiful and gorgeous face of a genius accompanied by a slender and well-proportioned body.

My whole being exudes intelligence and beauty. Perhaps I am a new being with a new syndrome of maximum intelligence far above the evolutionary scale, who enjoys his gloating illness and virtue of which I am the only witness and sick by friendliness, grace and the work of God.

From the age of three until I was eighteen I travelled to and from school by bus. The school had a fleet of eight buses. One afternoon I fell asleep on the bus on the way home from school, much to the worry and fright of my mother. I woke up surrounded by elderly people believing that the children who had been travelling with me had aged and that I had suffered a time-space jump. To my mother's delight and joy, I was safely recovered from the experience.

I remember a bad boy who would bite others and cut them with scissors. There are many bad children. In another case, they made fun of another child for being an orphan. Another was laughed at for his micropenis and in another, in the naked changing rooms, they all pissed on him because his eyes were too far to the side towards the temple and they called him wasp eyes.

As a child, once again "number one", I was the first to lead the celebration of the Three Wise Men's Christmas parade. The first one, on the public street, throwing candy left and right, flying through the air on both sides of the route.

As a child, I used to play ghost hunting with a friend in his dark house with a flashlight. This same child would hide in the closet with a naked toy doll and proceed to rub himself against it.

I once stood on a giant television and it fell on me. I think that was my first death and resurrection. I also think I was resurrected when a train ran over my back, because I was crushed against a wall with the train moving behind me.

In the town square I would earn kisses from my friends who were a bit older than me. I would earn kisses by going to a store to buy candy and bringing them.

We were kids when a friend and I wanted to throw a chicken sinew thread from the scholar dining room to another friend. But my friend betrayed me and threw it to me.

As a child, I believed I was descended from a princess from a cartoon film in which seven achondroplastics appeared. My ancestors were seven more siblings. There is also a connection between the cartoon and the relative from another film.

As a child, apart from inventing the laptop, I was also a great hacker and once in class, with my latest model watch I would turn off the television while the teacher couldn't explain it to him with a stunned look on his face.

## First dirty tricks

My parents adored my piss and feces with all the paternal and maternal love of their beloved son, in an alchemical way, transforming the most vile and innocent material into pure love. So much so that my father used my dirty diapers to fertilize the family fruit trees, specifically an immense apple tree of reineta apples.

I remember walking with my mother down a crowded street while I was shouting out loud: “poop, fart, butt, pee”.

I was in my childhood at school waiting in the queue of children to get on the bus that took them home when, very cleverly, discreetly and nervously, I pretended to drop a ball of child poop on the floor, which ran down my underwear until it peeked out from the bottom of my pants. Nobody noticed, except me, who expelled the ball and felt and saw it peek out from my leg until it fell to the ground.

I remember seeing a mother on the street smear her hand on her little boy’s bottom and give the boy’s nose a sniff.



## 8

### Costumes

My first costume was imposed. They turned me into the orange fruit, a three-year-old little boy in a fruit costume in a school musical about dancing fruits. I didn't find it ridiculous, embarrassing, or humiliating. And speaking of oranges, on the other hand, I will never forgive the violence received, like when when I was a teenager someone threw me an orange strongly in the face from afar.

Another childish and imposed costume was the entire school class converted into a pirate invasion. All the same, with an eye patch, a headscarf and a harquebus.

In the same line of authoritarian school imposition was being the wearer at a children's dance, where everyone wore a black beret, being the wearer of a red beret, the only one and first among all, as always, standing out and being the "number one".

Being a child and already free to dress up as I liked, I decided to transform myself into an old woman, with a gray wig with a bow, cane and a pillow on my back as a buffalo hump.

Once again as a child I became a gnome with only a simple accessory of a long, pointed red hat.

As a child, I also transformed myself into a recently historical and famous dictator with a small square moustache under my nose. To do this, I bought a very realistic and very suffocating latex mask. I wore the jacket of the uniform for my first communion celebration with a political symbol embroidered by my nanny. I carried a harmless plastic toy knife that retracts and a cheap black plastic pistol. The costume was a real success and all the children at the school party, popularly dressed as military soldiers with weapons and camouflage uniforms, paraded with me at the head and giving my orders during the course of the party. As a child, and thanks to the family home library, my good taste and my curiosity, I was always many years ahead of the school curriculum, always learning about Nature and Universal History well ahead of time. That is why I have such a costume, since in a candy store I discovered such a latex mask and decided to choose it for the Carnival party.

## Academic life

Until I was eighteen, my school curriculum has always been correct, remarkable, and more than remarkable, outstanding. My handwriting is always beautifully insulting, enviable, admirable, beautiful and deeply intelligent and creative in its form and content, like some old romantic mad scientist poet. The educational system never graded a single one of my admirable and legible commas.

My academic life was going in an outstanding way, my handwriting was perfect from the beginning and my mental mathematical calculations as a child were fast and automatic, my memorization was instantaneous, and my corrections to the teachers of any subject were multiple. It didn't matter the language, my command was genuine, whether it was Spanish, Basque or English. Also my elocution and my ability to understand and read arrogant and haughty, as perfect as it was offensive and insulting to the viewer.

When I was five years old, my parents dressed me up in a white karate suit with a white belt to entertain me with some extracurricular activity. I attended only once, the first class, because of my disagreement as a special child, since it was a violent sport and did not require any mental activity.

My extracurricular activities were ultimately the most mentally stimulating for me, I chose English, drawing and ceramics. Nice, fun and stimulating activities for such a universally special child.

I have never been a fan of land sports, but my teenage afternoons were spent soaking in an Olympic-sized pool at a sports center, training alongside other minnows in swimming. I was slow, lazy, and not at all competitive. Often the coach would send me alone to another, smaller pool because I slowed down the pace of the other minnows. I remember my body as a young, muscular, professional athlete with great nostalgia. The sexuality of the bodies of the little female fish that circulated around the pool lanes were breaststroke, submerged, crawl, butterfly and backstroke, while my imagination unleashed countless and innumerable fantasies. I was also a water polo player, being a swimmer with a divine body, face and intelligence, but a very bad swimmer, the coach chose me as a goalkeeper, an activity that merely involved submitting and shaping the body through the resistance and endurance technique of floating and raising the body with the arms raised to defend the goal. I confess that I have never scored a goal in soccer, a basket in basketball or a goal in water polo in my life.

The evolution is as follows; first, the child begins with the awakening of intelligence, being a gifted child with high abilities, standing out above the rest of the other contemporary children in the advancement and progress of learning, logic, mental calculation, reasoning, memorization, creativity, imagination, drawing, the acquisition of new skills, calligraphy, narrative, elocution, good diction, beautiful reading aloud and even music, composition, dance, choreography and theatrical acting. All of this is a simple game for the privileged and prematurely contacted child, without having to be annoying or difficult, a diversion.

After the stage of giftedness, one continues to evolve naturally. The next phase is that of child prodigy, where a child begins to choose to improve the technique and mastery of his vocation and natural talent for its perfection and development.

One then becomes a genius, with total control over the chosen talents and gifts, in order to carry out one's individual task and vital mission. None of this is of any use if one is not really a person contacted by a superior intelligence in the quality of being and continually demonstrating that one is an "illuminati." None of this can be achieved if one has habits of consuming toxic substances, such as tobacco, alcohol or any type of drug.

Being an “illuminati” carries with it a great responsibility and concern for important matters such as aesthetic quality and crucial content, all to become a Universal legend.

From the age of three to eighteen I went to an expensive and prestigious school. I was studying a baccalaureate in natural and health sciences with the subjects Physics, Chemistry and Mathematics, but in that school there was not even a sad Chemistry laboratory or a sad test tube. On the other hand, in a free public evening school there was a huge Chemistry laboratory full of test tubes, tools and chemical elements.

Having made a mistake in the type of baccalaureate, I chose the natural and health sciences modality by mistake. I failed the subjects of physics, chemistry and mathematics, with the result out of ten of a one, a two and a three simultaneously. Although in reality I did not fail, because my remarkable grades were failed out of malice and I was unable to do anything or have any help nearby to defend my answers.

I was eighteen years old when I passed all the university entrance exams perfectly, except for the “physics” exam, thinking that by leaving that exam completely blank I would still pass the entrance exam with a very good grade and be able to access a private university paid for by my parents.

But the mediocre and boring teachers did not allow me to emerge heroically from such a feat and gave me the best negligent gift in world history: the impossibility of accessing the University to study something like Journalism or Audiovisuals, thus financially ruining my family and turning me into an “illuminati” artist. In the “physics” test I left the exam completely blank, when on the way out and pursued by a professor responsible for order in the room, he recommended that I write at least one letter and that in that way I would be able to add more points to my average grade, which I ignored with an overconfidence of passing with minimum limits in order to be able to enter one of the best and most expensive universities in the country. My calculations were correct, but the banal and authoritarian pride of the examiners made me fail the childish entrance exam.

I was taking the university entrance exam at eighteen years old when I don't know what I was thinking, maybe that I had already calculated a passing grade in all the subjects to be able to access a private university, and it occurred to me to leave the exam for the “physics” subject blank. On my way out, a teacher in charge of the exam came up behind me to tell me to put anything, and that way I would get at least one point to calculate the average grade. I left that place leaving the exam blank, but those teachers wanted to put their arrogance before mine, and so much so that they gave me a big fail, thus saving my family the huge sum of money of paying for a private university.

The history of humanity took a new direction, changing a journalist for an intellect and talent of a writer, cartoonist and editor of “illuminati” rank and status. Once again because of a misunderstood or omitted letter, in this case the letter “E” for “energy”, it would have been a terrible failure for all of humanity, because if a simple vowel had been written on that exam, a universal genius would have been lost, distracted from issues other than the development of his genius. Thanks to envious teachers, time and energy put everyone in their place, but they could do nothing, writhing in envy at my enviable and beautiful handwriting, even that of a simple vowel like the letter “E”. Or to put it another way. I was suspiciously and paranoidly suspended for a mere tenth. That is, if I had written on the sheet of paper a simple letter like “E”, for example, corresponding to the childish and absurd formula of the theory of Relativity, corresponding to “energy”, I would have entered the university and the evil of the devil would have followed its plans, but the devil, in trying to truncate and change my destiny, did me an immense favor by maliciously manipulating examiners who, thanks to them, advanced my training process as an “illuminati” artist. It turns out that by filling out the test with any nonsense I would add up the points that I despised, and would change the zero grade for a minimum of one point.



I once attended a theology conference where the lecturer called himself “doctor” three times in less than a minute. The minute I was in it, I was quick to escape from his vanity, his arrogance and his little or no contribution to the field.

My opinion on education is that it is, in many cases, a den of thieves and unqualified liars, with cobwebs, vipers, scorpions, and salamanders. This is the opinion of a contactee, of course, not like any other mortal. Nevertheless, it is still a pitiful fraud.

I have met many teachers in primary, secondary and university studies who have little computer skills, are outdated and obsolete. The worst thing is when these people are in their field of specialization.

At school, I was reading a newspaper in the middle of class. The teacher told me: “I don’t want to see that there,” and I replied: “Well, don’t look at it.” I was sent out to the hallway as punishment.

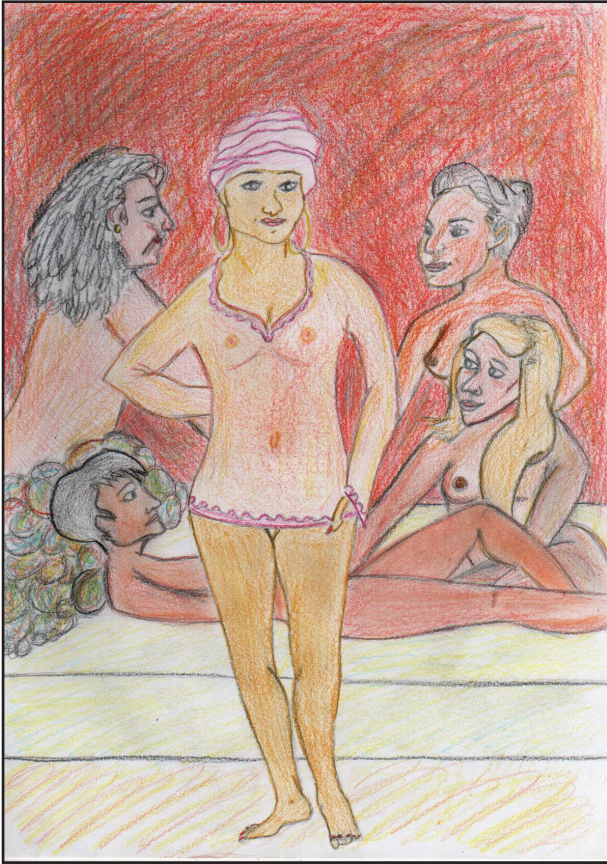
As a child, I was watching a comedy at home on TV at night. The next day, during a lesson on sexuality and human anatomy, I had a fit of laughter because I remembered a scene from the film. I was sent out into the hallway and my parents were warned that I was behaving childishly and that I needed to grow up.

At school there was a math teacher who communicated in clichés, as if he had no thoughts, only numbers and fictitious calculations. He made fun of anyone who became a poet, and so he said goodbye, adding that in the future some of us would be the bosses of others, and vice versa.

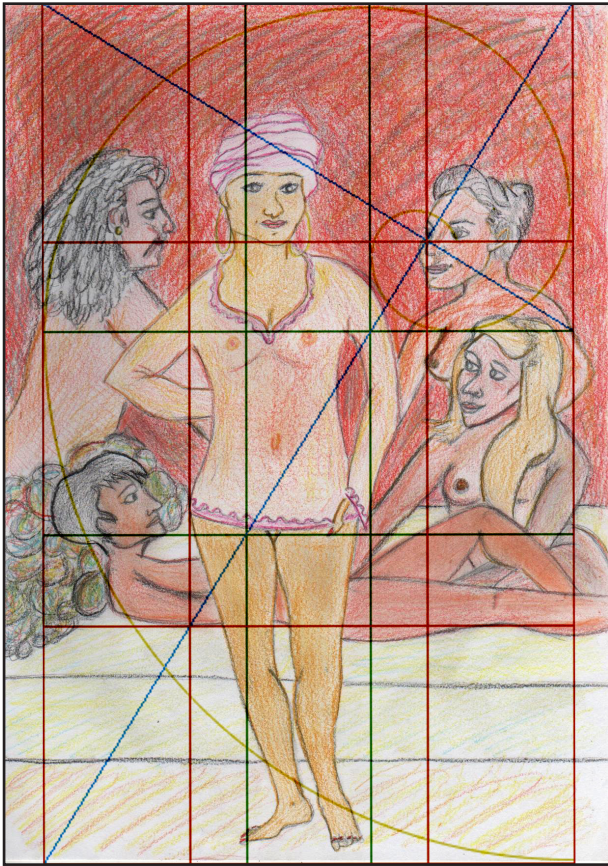
I was taking a Basque language course when a fellow actress was making fun of a classmate who could barely write three words in a row in half an hour. While the actress could barely write a line in half an hour, I was able to write two pages straight in half an hour, with beautiful handwriting and excellent narrative without spelling mistakes.

An older gentleman once advised me about teachers: examine them yourself.

I was studying art when, during a drawing exercise, I created the following image directly from my imagination. The teacher in charge of evaluating the activity gave me a question mark (?) as the grade resulting from the exercise. My image subjected to divine proportion demonstrates the great question of my artistic ability and talent, so brilliantly incomprehensible to the observer.



Drawing of the mind with questioning evaluation.



Drawing of the mind with questioning evaluation subjected to divine proportion.

## Natural talent

*“God communicates with us every second,  
which makes it difficult to keep up with him”*

*“Important things have to be written”*

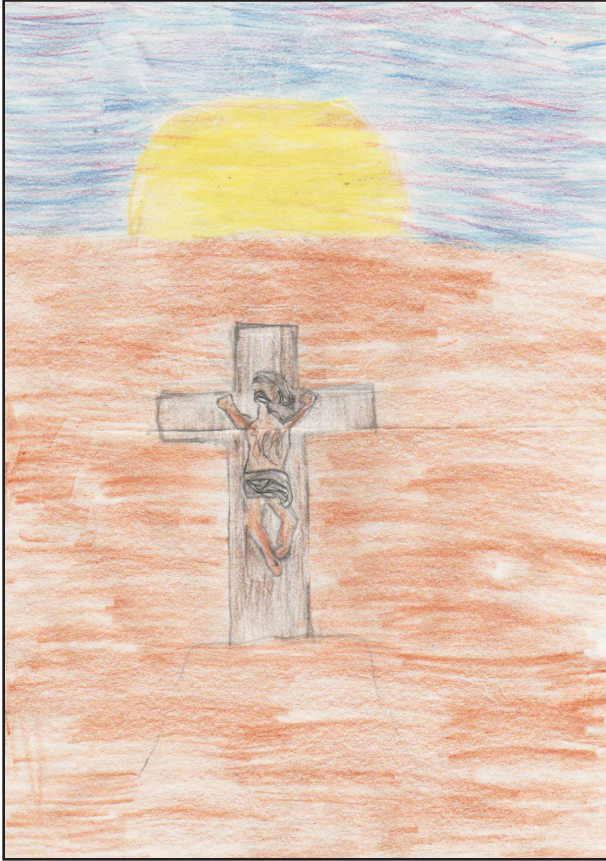
*“It is absolutely necessary that the moment  
you sit down in front of your easel to paint your  
picture, your painter’s hand is guided by an angel”*

*“God is to blame for everything”*

*“Even if God is a lie,  
I will continue to believe in Him”*

My childish genius used to wonder every day in math class when we would see the inside and electronic behavior of a simple and cheap scientific calculator. That day never came and never will come because that circuitry and its understanding from scratch does not exist for anyone. Even as a child I was always an eidetic and ideatic genius.

At the age of eight, in the kitchen of a relative's rural village home, there was a young wooden Savior hanging and crucified on the wall. I was alone and wrapped in my childhood belongings when I took out the Savior and placed him on a piece of paper and on a mountain with my colorful paints. I discovered how to represent in my imagination the luminous flashes of the Sun, the cerulean horizon, the vast sand of the desert and a stormy and voluntary representation of the sacrifice of the Savior on an altar for the forgiveness of the entire sinful human race. I was already talking to God and asking Him if the Savior was so good, why did He receive such a cruel and brutal punishment. As I grew older, I wondered if perhaps this man was a child rapist, a cannibalistic torturer and a blood drinker, deserving of such punishment. A thought that must be analyzed, matured, assimilated and immediately rejected; because this sacrifice of God was to be replaced by the forgiveness of our mortal sins, as an act of full and total love.



First drawing and conversation with God at 8 years old.

In my youth I painted a stain with a single brushstroke of blue on a small piece of paper and six or more automatic and different images appeared, very well defined and sharp, as if by magic.





A mathematical genius with a moustache, a mocking and reptilian tongue sticking out, crazy hair, a pipe and chalk in his hand said that a person who had not made his great contribution to Science before the age of thirty, would no longer do so. It is true that myself, thanks to my hard work, effort, creativity and natural talent, I made my great contribution to Science with my great and small DIN A6-sized work entitled “Unus Mundus Curiosum”, an exquisite bestiary with 220 cards of zoological beings using the photo-realistic collage technique and with more than thousands of scientific curiosities, thus demonstrating a cosmogony of a personal and unique appearance, being and having never ever been anything or even something similar due to my extraordinary mental capacity to create or invent new and admirable things, in this case, living beings of nature. Each animal card is accompanied by a film featuring the animal in question. “Unus Mundus Curiosum”, a work as scientific as it is artistic. The genius who set this deadline for geniuses currently has his brain sliced into 200 slices for research.

Since I discovered “surrealism” I have always had a strong connection with its definition: pure psychic automatism by which one attempts to express, verbally or in any other way, the real functioning of thought in the absence of any control exercised by reason outside of any aesthetic or moral concern.

I believe that drugs like opium do not foster the extraordinary capacity of talented people to create something new, admirable and valuable.

Each and every one of my created cartoon characters, my entire cosmogony, which totals about a thousand, all of them have their charisma, they convince, conquer and seduce, they are approved by the divine harmony and proportion and all children and some adults would like to be their friends or be them themselves. It should be noted that today one of the most meritorious and complicated things in the world is to create just one single cartoon that does not resemble anything or any other existing one. In my case, I am the creator of about a thousand.

One hero of mine was divorced several times from women much younger than him and with a large number of offspring. Another was monogamous and without offspring. And another is divorced with a woman younger than him and with a very large offspring.

I entered four contests, one for posters, two for illustrations and one for comics. Both were rigged; the winners drew stick figures.

I have always been lucky to live in a luxurious house, with my own large study with my supplies and books.

My first big collection of drawings and comics has 206 pages. It was not intentional, but the human being also has 206 bones.

## **Mystical experiences of the body**

As a child, I was terrified of cutting my fingernails and toenails.

My first masturbatory experience as a child was a technological innovation. It consisted of a continuous manual movement effect similar to the operation of crab claws. I discovered masturbation and invented a revolutionary technique in the first person.

As a child, sitting on the toilet, I discovered a small, painless black hole in my right knee, which has remained closed ever since, with a small scar still visible. As an adult, I thought that aliens could have extracted all the blood from my body through an artificial vein and reinserted it, clean, healthy and strong thanks to such drainage. Three decades later I discovered the same case in an international actress and television star who at eighteen years of age broke her ankle when her tour bus had an accident and who discovered the same inexplicable hole in her leg after removing her plaster after a medical operation. She still doesn't know what caused it.

I don't know if it was mystical, but it was certainly ridiculous, absurd and frightening to see myself with a moustache-shaped fuzz and an acne-prone face, and later turning into a clean-shaven man in the ecstasy of puberty. I had a pleasant and strange surprise when I discovered my first pubic hair on my deserted pubis. It happened when I was sitting on the toilet as a child. Some time later that hair spread to my legs and testicles. Oh, my first pubic hair, what a strange discovery, what a happening. When did I become covered with so much hair?

In my youth I knew a classmate who had the same white scar mark as me, identical, both in the exact same area and with the same appearance and size.

When I press and lightly press with both eyes closed on the eye part next to the temple of both eyes in the symmetrical area of the opposite eye, a fleeting flash of white light appears.

When I look directly at the sun for a few seconds and close my eyes, several balls of sunlight appear in the darkness of my closed eyes. My explanation is that my eye memory indicates that the sun is several nearby balls of light that make up a single sun.

As a child, on a hail day in the countryside, a hailstone fell on my right eye. I acquired more and new visual powers, because it was a panspermic hailstone that contained advanced nanotechnology.

## 12

### Pets

*“But don't humans and donkeys  
have nails, hooves and hands?”*

*“We can be like grieving ants  
for other giants”*

*“Zoophilia without anxiety or discomfort  
is not a disease according to psychiatry”*

As a child I loved insects and even as an adult I wanted to be a biologist. At the family cottage I interacted with all kinds of insects, from flying to crawling ones. I have handled worms, butterflies, praying mantises, stick bugs, ladybirds, earwigs, pill bugs, stag beetles and crickets. I have also handled tadpoles and baby newts.

As a child, while barefoot in the garden of the country house, I put my tiny right foot into one of those slippers for walking around the house, but what a misfortune it was that when I put it in, a wicked wasp bit me, causing me intense pain, from which I was rescued by the adults present nearby thanks to a potato cut in half and applied to the cruel bite to alleviate the intense pain.

A relative of mine also suffered a wasp bite hidden in a drinks can, biting the unfortunate tongue and causing unbearable, I suppose, pain.

In the same garden of the same country house and at the same age I had another unpleasant accident involving another insect, but this one less fatal, it was a common “earwig”. It hid in my glass of white milk and when I drank it I was able to detect it and spit it out in time. I was with some childhood friends and my dear and saintly grandmother tried to make me conceal my accident so as not to be the object of ridicule.

Also as a child, I caught a dozen crickets from under rocks in the countryside one weekend. On Monday I took them to school and we were all very happy with them, students and teachers. The company of the crickets did not last long, because during a math class, the crickets were chirping and had to be released into the playground so that they would not disturb the class. One time, one of them stayed with me to live in a small cage and I fed it lettuce.

Oh, once when I was a child in the countryside there was a plague of countless ladybugs and another time I was constantly hunting butterflies with a net that I would then release.

As a child I had a small turtle that smelled very bad, so we had to get rid of it. I don’t know its fate.

And I remember my first praying mantis perched on a church wall, and stag beetles, and pill bugs curled up, dung beetles, a stick bug, a dragonfly, silverfish, ants, earthworms, and grasshoppers.

Once, as a young marketing and advertising student, I was sitting in front of my computer in class and was viewing an interactive 3D model with a free-moving camera of a giant-sized, realistic-quality wasp when, at the same time, a giant wasp flew in through the classroom window. I thought that reality is built by similarities and coincidences that are amazing, wonderful, mathematically and statistically impossible, full of clues that lead to similar things. That, or on the contrary, that we incite reality to happen with our actions, desires, behaviors and thoughts. Or in another way, in a way that is already written and revived, because reality may be a reincarnation of the same life with a full and higher consciousness full of symptoms of ultra-complex paranormal activity.

In my youth I rolled around in the countryside with a beautiful woman and I was devoured by dozens of ticks that I had a hard time removing from my body.



I also had a yellow canary bird in a cage that my neighbors released through a terrace.

I had a small hamster that we put in a bird cage. The little rodent chewed through the weak metal of the cage and freed itself. We had a hard time finding it around the house, until we finally took it to a nearby field.

## 13

### Celebrities

In my youth I was able to meet and interview many famous people from the world of culture. Most of the interviews happened during my teenage years. I carried a cassette audio recorder that stopped recording in silence and even on occasion a video camera, a tripod and a microphone. I was able to interview rock groups, singer-songwriters, actors, actresses, film directors, comedians, cartoonists and journalists of great national and even international fame. I have photos with each of them, taken by a friend rescued and freed from the sect where we met.

A very important person told me this tip: be cheeky.

I remember with special enthusiasm an elderly singer in a black suit at a presentation and signing of records in a shopping center. I was accompanied by his assistant and I agreed to congratulate him personally and clap hands with him while singing. I noticed that the artist had hair dandruff powder spread and dusted on both shoulders, no one else noticed except me, nor his personal assistant. The case was finally resolved and the affected textile area was cleaned. This artist signed a pamphlet for me with a dedication and his signature, a paper that I treasure with affection.

I remember some compliments from some famous people. An important journalist congratulated me because he really liked a shirt I was wearing with a dairy cow skin print with black and white spots. On one occasion, a famous politician and comedian was amazed by my very elegant black shoes with square-shaped toes. A famous singer also complimented my magenta velvet jacket and he even had one the same, he told me.

In a late-night pub, an old man who happily and drunk climbed up a street lamp and who spit a lot when speaking said that he had had the first national vaginoplasty a hand's breadth away from his face. He said that the invert raised her skirt and planted the neopussy all over his face.

I met an elderly homosexual with a friend, a pioneer of his sexual orientation and who was forced to flee by boat due to his condition. He was very funny and elegant. We clapped our hands while he sang: gentleman, give me a taste of your cigar... He said that they knew him from behind and another series of sexual jokes from a rude old man.

I once commented that I entered through the vagina and anus to match the fingertips of my thumb and index finger of my hand. I called this technique "winking", and when recreating the scene in a nightclub of a famous drag queen I almost fell to the floor from a high stool in the middle of the recreation.

There was a curious, sinister and dark bar. One afternoon a friend and I who were known in a sect entered. Inside was an old man and a young boy, who explained that he was his nephew and that he relieved his back pain with massages, and that they were fake pains. The bar was full of photos on the wall of bullfighters and folklore with such an old man. We all ended up clapping and singing couplets and hymns of homosexuality and cross-dressing. The old man also explained to us that he treasured many secrets and hidden confessions of artists from a century ago, that they recognized him from behind and by gesticulating he let us know that today's homosexuals were like the Egyptians, with one hand behind and the other in front, receiving sex on both sides. This elegant old man claimed to be public relations of the night as well as the first declared homosexual at the local and national level.

In a conference on the latest trends in science and art; a microscope applied to classic paintings from the history of humanity to portray them up close and to be able to zoom in very close to see even the smallest of the cracks of the passage of time, I spoke the following question in Spanish translated into French by a translator to the lecturer: "If you zoom in a lot, is it possible to go through the marrow of the bones and go through the matter to be able to see what is behind?"

Several times different people have told me famous people I was talking to are not my friends.

**TV and radio**

*“If we don’t understand electronics from zero;  
we just have to enjoy it”*

*“It is audacious to think that homo sapiens  
has created television and radio from zero”*

My first videotaped interview was with a comedian before his performance. I carried an old video camera, a tripod and a microphone.

While still a minor I participated in a sectarian newspaper that sought to humanize the entire world. I was able to interview many celebrities with the excuse of their publication. I interviewed and my sectarian friend took photos.

Before reaching adulthood I had two radio programs on local stations. I met two blind colleagues and was part of a station with a very exciting technological display. My friend from the sect designed a small advertising paper for the radio program that we used as a promotion and as a flirting technique around the city. One Saturday morning on one of those shows I was running late and had to make a live phone call from a pay phone to save the situation.

From the last program I was expelled from the station because they didn't think it was right that I made a prank phone call mocking a live tarot reader.

Before turning eighteen years of age, I reached the semifinals in a casting call for local TV reporters. A nationally famous journalist came out of this network who expressly congratulated me for wearing a cow print shirt and a very famous porn director and actor also came out. Regarding my clothes, a comedian and politician was surprised by my square-toed shoes and on another occasion, in the moments before the concert, at the bar of the venue, a singer congratulated me on the good taste of my magenta velvet jacket, because he had a similar one.

I think that the televised "pink press" is a toxic, carcinogenic and tumor poison. When I was a visitor in a chemotherapy room and saw the patients plugged into a "pink press" TV program, I couldn't even believe it. It is the sport and stimulus of social stupidity and an apparatus of cretinization.

I have also appeared on television programs interviewing curious and interesting people. I entered the set walking backwards and then I stretched out my shirt as if I had impressive women's tits. I intervened on three occasions, with the free trip to the television station and with a snack. But I didn't dare to eat anything because I thought they were using some hallucinogenic drug to stimulate the guests.

Without any type of drug in my body, the audience laughed a lot at my behavior and my jokes. I remember that the title and type of guests of one of those programs read like this: I'm a little extraterrestrial.



Low resolution photo of headphones with microphone shaped like Homo Capensis. If you were born and the radio and TV were already there, they are already there.

## Personality

My 100% illuminati personality. Genuine and deep analysis of my own naked genius with a reasoned list of a hundred adjectives. What yes:

Adult, pleasant, friendly, loving, angelic, artistic, ataraxic, attractive, daring, authentic, dancer, beautiful, bright, joker, good, calligraphic, sing-song, charismatic, comical, cosmogonic, creative, delicate, delirious, cartoonist, divine, dramatic, editor, educated, eidetic, elegant, emotional, empathetic, charming, entertainment, scenic, writer, spectacular, spiritual, accurate, successful, fanatic, fantastic, happiness, faithful, philosophical, photogenic, generous, brilliant, talkative, homely, honest, ideatic, imaginary, imaginative, indispensable, childish, inspiration, intelligence, researcher, legal, clean, magical, wonderful, mathematical, mysterious, mystical, moral, musical, necessary, orderly, proud, original, listener, peaceful, thinker, perfect, positive, conceited, prudent, psychological, public, punctual, reasonable, respectable, smiling, bouncy, healthy, seductive, sensitive, sublime, surreal, talented, theological, transparent, tourist, unique, useful, brave, videogenic, virile.



100 adjectives that I am not nor want to be, reasoned. What not. My antithesis is like this:

Abstract, boring, addicted, alcoholic, illiterate, ragged, unfriendly, apprehensive, arrhythmic, murderous, asymmetrical, disgusting, atheist, warlike, banal, cowardly, coprophagous, weak, deficient, deformed, demagogue, demonic, hairless, depressive, out of tune, unpleasant, heartless, uncontrolled, hopeless, disorderly, disheveled, disproportionate, sickly, eschatological, counterfeiter, false, ugly, failed, frustrated, idiot, illegal, illegible, beardless, imitator, imperfect, reckless, unpunctual, incongruous, unconscious, incorrect, uneducated, unhappy, unfaithful, naive, inhuman, immoral, unhealthy, insane, senseless, useless, useless, unintentional, thief, slow, gambler, rude, malignant, smelly, evil, maniac, liar, misanthrope, misogynist, modern, mortal, negative, obsolete, hateful, offensive, ostentatious, harmful, pessimistic, promiscuous, complaining, racist, rebellious, spiteful, satanic, dirty, superstitious, smoker, moron, scammer, timid, clumsy, upset, shameful, vile, violent, vulnerable.

I have great attractiveness and genius morphology, good looks and golden proportions in body and face.

It is very important to know how to be there, not argue and know how to listen.

My brilliant aura, my great optimism and my overwhelming personality with a vibration of positive energy have always been such thanks to my pretty face, my clean and open smile, my elegant hairstyle, my body, my gestures, my tone of voice, my speech, my good spirits, my elegance in dressing, my personal hygiene and my delicious smell than on an academic year excursion to an Association of people with Down syndrome, a young girl with such syndrome opened up to me in a smiling and embarrassed manner, with her head lowered, with great shyness, pointing at me with a selector finger while she lowered her head, embarrassed and blushing, to hide it while with her other hand she covered her smiling face. A psychologist at the center was amazed at what happened, because that person lived and spent his days locked in his autism and did not speak or interact with anyone, something that I achieved with my loving and pleasant aura, since I managed to make that girl react half-heartedly in love with me, because that was the psychologist's first explanation, that I had liked and fallen in love with the little girl like love at first sight, to whom I returned it, a clean, wide and healthy smile. I wonder what would go through the mind of such an innocent creature, how he would want to tarnish my image and how he would use me for his darkest and most desirous fantasies. I think maybe it was just a desire for a hug, a kiss on the cheek, a walk hand in hand in the park, doing a puzzle together, some activity at the center, eating ice cream together or whispering something in my ear.

I despise with all my strength and neurons televised football, the “pink press”, psychiatry, politics and abstract art. In exchange, I offer my personality, my talent, my intelligence, my good taste, my crazy ideas, my comic strips, my thousand children who are my characters and my sense of humor when I wake up.

Once in front of a pathetic psychologist I had a fit of laughing at her and she herself thought it was a nervous laugh.

A sign of my great personality and attractiveness are also my body odors, such as the smell of my feet, my perineum, my navel, behind my ear and my armpit sweat. A heavenly sweet and exciting smell.

I also enjoy a big cinema smile, with its 32 original pieces, whole and healthy. The dentist applauded my dental health while he spoke to me and looked at the image of my teeth reflected in the x-ray screen.

All this invites me to covet everything that corresponds to me, professionally, emotionally, psychologically and sexually.

If you are a free thinker, intelligent, fun, witty and improviser; Never give away your jokes, your reflections, your conclusions or your discoveries. Don't share them with anyone; You don't have to prove anything to anyone in public. It is preferable to seem like a stupid, frivolous and boring person than to please others and give away your ideas.

Therefore, they must be written, reflected on, studied in depth and kept organized in a notebook. As an actor once told me: every time you talk you lose money.

Being especially handsome, whether you are a man or a woman, does not guarantee a better job or stopping suffering from loneliness. One of the most beautiful women in the world that I have seen up close was a nursing assistant in a psychiatric hospital bathing a dirty drunk homeless man on the street. Being handsome has not helped me to get out of loneliness or to have a better job.

## Romances

*“What kind of God allows  
ten years or more without sex?”*

My first kiss was stolen, when I was a teenager, it tasted wonderful to me. They introduced me to a pretty girl and instead of kissing me on the cheeks she gave me a kiss on the mouth. We spent the entire afternoon holding hands and having sweet kisses, normal and with tongue. I was wearing white pants and my delicacy and elegance was evident, because the semen was oozing out around my pants, I was wearing a shirt and a belt. My sperm came out, I could see them, as if I had peed, and I suppose the others did too. I didn't see her again, it happened on an incomparable afternoon. I miss her and her kisses. She smelled like sweet daylilies. It was love at first sight.

I have always felt a special attraction and a strange and strange morbidity towards unusual beauty features. It may be that I once felt strongly and sexually attracted to a fellow student with beautiful shapes and voluptuous curves, who was secretly insulted with the nickname of a world-known and famous popular black drink, because the hairs on her forearms were long, dense, populated and thick.

She was my woman of secret desire and I never touched a hair or the tip of her pointed and sexy witch chin, as some joked. For me, her beauty was no reason for mockery or ridicule.

Once again my impulses towards the soft and curvy led me to fall in love with a beautiful woman with an appearance of sexual desire and perfection. I never cared that she had a visible missing tooth in her smile. I composed a beautiful song for her, and I never kissed or put my tongue between the gum of her missing tooth.

I met a video creator, she played me a video of hers and I had to lie in each scene, making me feel impressed, without stopping feeling camouflaged lies about the composition and all the formal aspects of the video. I gave a great lecture of all lies and magnificence, I was superb, and the scenes were not up to my words. I like to look good, it's a small challenge to get things from where there aren't any.

I once met a very thin doll with very white skin. We were naked in a bed and I suggested licking her perineum, she was embarrassed and didn't dare to accept and we were both left wanting. It must have tasted and smelled like blessed glory and she liked my smell of sweet sweat. Maybe on another occasion, another doll, another bed and another perineum.

## Paranormal experiences

*“For there is nothing hidden that  
will not be made manifest, nor anything  
concealed that will not be brought to light”*

*“Normal is paranormal”*

*“If you can't explain life,  
you can't understand anything about it”*

*“The best gift is immortality”*

*“If life can exist, eternal life can too”*

*“People go to hell not because of their sins,  
but because they made God a liar”*

*“To live is to die”*

I was a child lying in bed on a rainy and stormy night, I was in my maternal grandmother's house in a rural village. Inside and sheltered in bed with the sound of the rain and the thunder with its light, I saw in the large window a girl with white and dark skin and long hair wearing a white dress floating and illuminated by the thunder. Beneath her there was a grave.

As a child, something quite common in the paranormal realm also happened to me: I was abducted. I was separated while out for a walk with my parents and after a while I found my parents looking for me and I told them what had happened: “I was abducted by aliens”. My mother, happy to find me, did not give much importance or credibility to my explanation.

As a young man on the way to the psychiatric hospital by car with my family, a four-digit number came to my mind, the number 1323, when suddenly a vehicle with the license plate number 1323 overtook our car. Some time after this magic number I learned that it belonged to the canonization date of a great medieval European saint, one of the most brilliant and profound minds of Humanity, through his theological and philosophical writings on God, faith and angels. I have rarely, but sometimes, guessed the license plate numbers correctly while walking down the street.

There have been many times that I have experienced what are known as “psychopneumons” or “synchronicity”; they involve coincidences of what is thought, spoken, heard and/or written at the same time that is manifested by any means external to the person. It happens with single words and/or numbers, they join together and synchronize with each other. It happens on many occasions and rarely, they appear without any suspicion or warning and their appearance is undetectable.



Throughout the course of writing this book, many “psychopneumons” have occurred in the form of unusual, single words.

As I was leaving an empty room, a woman entered at the same time as I was leaving. As I left the building, I met the same woman. This is called “bilocation” or “Doppelgänger” in German. Such a woman could not be in two places at the same time, but I did see her inside and outside.

There are also permanent paranormal events that are very difficult to explain and that last over time. For example, a column of mailboxes with the same name consecutively printed on the label, including the name of the father and mother of the young Savior of the cross. It is surprising and admirable that even though they are very common names, they are found in a row, something mathematically and statistically very improbable and very difficult to happen. Something very improbable also happened with another name, in this case the name “Mikel”, where three of these names were combined in a small classroom with few attendees. There are also the mysterious events of shared birthdays at different meeting points, both in classrooms, families and workplaces, among the attendees.

Once, while playing a number guessing game, I managed to guess the last two digits of a four-digit number on the first try. I felt like a hero and my friend was scared. On another occasion, I managed to guess the four consecutive numbers of a friend, successfully recording them in writing. My friend didn't believe it and thought I had done some kind of strange, quick and deceptive trick.

During the Christmas celebrations, a friend whom I had not seen for a long time, as soon as we met at a certain distance, threw me a chocolate bonbon, which when I caught it, gave me a strange experience of electric shock. I immediately threw the suspicious bonbon into a public waste bin.

Once after defecating in my bathroom and flushing the toilet to remove the defecation with the toilet paper I used, when I returned a little while later, the defecation and the toilet paper reappeared in the aquifer.

Once talking on the street with a friend about another friend, the friend appears unnoticed.

Once, walking down the street, I followed the direction of the wind and the clues of my favorite color, which is yellow, a color strongly linked to me, which led me to a doorway where, upon entering the elevator, which was under construction, came down and opened its doors for me instantly as soon as I appeared.

I didn't dare to get on it, because there was construction work going on and I returned to normal, I left the building without following the trail of the wind or the trail of the yellow color on the things that were appearing all along my path.

While I was in a café with a friend, a very elderly, very elegant gentleman came in wearing a green hat decorated with a feather. I noticed that the green hat looked exactly like one I had drawn on a character many years ago, with a spike instead of a feather. During the same night, many more green duck hunting hats continued to appear in several batches. After the first incident, a group of six young friends appeared on the street a few hours later wearing the same green hat. A few hours later, another person appeared wearing the same green hat.

In my youth, on a beach night I could see in the dark sky how what apparently seemed to be simple and mysterious stars moved unusually as if they were chasing each other. More than one of them moved quickly, a distance of about a palm of the hand at a time. About five bright dots made such a spectacle while I looked at them like a wide-eyed kid thinking that they were heading towards me or that maybe it was a confrontation, a chase or a game of UFOs.

I have heard of astral travel, but I admit I have never experienced any.

I could see how at the entrance to a church located in the center of a city, on its immense green wooden door, there was the following carving, indentation, scratch, mark and shallow sign: “Beware, aliens”. I took it as a little joke by some hooligan and I didn’t know how to interpret the message, because there is no information and it is unfinished. A short time later, when I visited the same church again, the same door had no trace of the strange message, it is as if it had never existed or as if they had fixed the vandalism, softening the outer part of the mark with the texture of the wood. For a moment I thought I was in another place where this had never happened.

One sunny Sunday morning, in the midst of an incipient psychotic episode, seeing a basic white T-shirt folded by my mother, I felt like I was wearing the cloth of the young Savior of the cross during his Via Crucis and subsequent Crucifixion. I was wearing my cloth-T-shirt as I walked through my desolate city looking for an open church that I did not find. I walked with the burden of my cross and each symbolic stimulating element led me to the death itself that would free me from the infernal mountains that surround my city. I did not suffer any pain or injury. My personal Via Crucis ended and I do not intend to undertake any other one, because there is only one physical death and one spiritual death, and that is why I deserve to live in a divine way in glory for later entry into the eternal Heaven, since I believe in Eternal Life.

I once heard on an audiobook by a paranormal investigator that medium-sized monkeys appeared out of a shoe box, jumping and dancing in front of a group of children in a rural village. I don't know if I believe it.

On another occasion, and in connection with another box, I saw that it was open and when I turned around and looked at it again, it appeared closed without having been manipulated.

On the anniversary of a deceased relative, which neither my family nor I remember, we were struck by the following: we were meeting some relatives and halfway there, driving, our car broke down. We were standing on the side of the road and waiting for a tow truck to help us. While waiting for the tow truck, the family's two previous cars, the same model and color, passed by one after the other. On the way back home, we took a walk to the cemetery and realized that day was the Anniversary of the relative that none of us had remembered.

A relative of mine testified to seeing souls and ghosts in a closet.

One night as a teenager, during a Church youth group outing, we played a Ouija board game with a tacky improvised board. We were on some bunk beds when, as we started the game, a metal scissor fell onto the board. I don't know where it came from or if it materialized automatically.

A close relative called and during the conversation he said he had found a four-leaf clover. Upon hearing this, I started to search in the garden near the country house where I was and at the same moment I instantly found another clover, but this one with five leaves, which is a symbol of good luck that is very difficult and unlikely to find, almost impossible. The said five-leaf clover rests crushed and dried in a thousand-page theology book researched and edited by me.



Five-leaf clover. The probability of finding a 5-leaf clover is 1 in 50,000 clovers. A 4-leaf clover is 1 in 2,500 clovers.

Once, when I confessed to an elderly priest some of my paranormal experiences and my confrontation with psychiatric science, he advised me to put the word “I believe” before my experiences when expressing them. He also assured me that no member of the church of the young Savior of the Cross would harm me.

At the supermarket I once bought a pulp-free orange juice and when I got home the container had turned into one with pineapple and grape juice.

Lying naked in bed I can sometimes feel like someone is touching me.

An elderly relative of mine claimed to see a ghostly, harmless little girl dressed in white sitting silently on the bed. I think she may be the little girl I saw floating in the window as a child.

Some childhood friends of mine played Ouija board in the street at night with a very simple improvised board. A child who was an orphan called upon his deceased relative and asked him a question that only he and the ascended relative knew. The board proceeded to answer the question and the child was so shocked that he ran away crying from the group, very scared. Someone said that the coin used in the Ouija board game should be thrown into a nearby river to avoid any kind of curse.

## 18

### Angels

*“Anyone who does not believe that  
we are not in charge on this planet,  
but that there are other people, other non-human  
intelligences that are in charge, is mentally retarded.  
No matter how many titles he has”*

*“Who is not with God is with the devil”*

I have always maintained angelic hygiene in this pleasant society of cleanliness and a dirty welfare state.

The young Savior of the cross assured: “I assure you that you will see Heaven opened, and the angels of God ascending and descending on the Son of Man”. In favor of the angels I can testify that I myself saw them go up and down one psychotic and lucid sunny day on a morning walk along the seashore on the beach. I turned and turned and with each turn they went up and down, up and down, disappearing each time with strange technological machines in their hands. It also happened that each time I turned, a huge cross on top of a mountain appeared and disappeared with each turn of my head.



That same morning there was a perfect and enormous circle sunk in the sand on the beach. I asked some organizers of children's activities what was happening in the area with so many children and they told me that a youth soccer game was taking place. I thought and still think that that circle was the footprint of a UFO landing before dawn and not a circle drawn to delimit the area of the soccer game. On one occasion I was able to speak about this subject with two different priests. One of them, an elderly man, recommended that I treat it as a belief or personal experience, more sympathetic, while the other priest, less sympathetic, dismissed the experience as a visual perception. The more sympathetic one also told me that I would have to suffer a lot for being on the path to sainthood, and he even wanted to give me some colorful candies that were in a box. With this I also remember that another nice old priest told me the following: "God is good, people are bad".

The psychosis I was suffering from that morning was the fear of being eaten by demons in a slow, painful and agonizing cannibalistic ritual. I believed that if I submerged myself in the sea, I would be completely devoured.

Later, a long time later, a kind woman very interested in mysticism told me about the "Divine Illumination Project" developed by powerful groups that direct politicians and astronauts.

It was then that I realized that my supernatural beach excursion could be related to a technology capable of making a large sculpture of the young Savior on the cross disappear with every turn of the head, appearing and disappearing every time. Project or not, it is still something miraculous in every sense, because “normal is nothing” and in any case it is still something that “makes you go crazy”, whether on the part of humans, ghosts or aliens.

Angels and extraterrestrials are synonymous. Humans look for them behind the following words, mechanisms, projects and organizations: paranoia, mediums, illuminati, extraterrestrial intelligence search projects, National Aeronautics and Space Administrations, Central Intelligence Agencies, National Security Agencies, State Departments of Defense and Departments of Homeland Security.

My opinion is that angels and ghosts are invisible beings and rarely want to speak out and be reached by human sensitive senses. So if a worm turns into a beautiful butterfly, we humans will have such a radical change at its maximum unimaginable power.

I was writing a book about medieval angels and saints when I came across a box full of many theology books thrown next to a garbage container.

They always appear when you least expect it and in many different ways.

When a very old relative of mine had just become an angel, he notified me of the moment of his death through an object; an office clip in the shape of a big toe, because when I touched it, it transferred to me in sensation and thought the moment of placing the identification tag of the person in the morgue on the big toe. Very soon after, almost instantly, I was informed of the death of that relative.

## Defilement

I have seen many things defiled and soiled by their own owners, other people's personal things, some of them in public, some in a group and others secretly in hiding. For example, in chronological order of events, all the ones I remember as an eyewitness and without being a participant are the following.

The first experience I remember as a spectator of defilement affairs was as a child watching a friend of about eight years old rub his small penis against a nude, articulated plastic doll with long blond hair about two palms high. This was happening in the dark inside a closet.

Another boy also rubbed his tiny penis against a page from a "pink press" magazine, against a famous TV woman in a bikini. This happened in broad daylight in the portico of a rural church.

In my youth, as a form of entertainment and suspicious revenge, I saw a diligent university student happily urinate inside someone else's Spanish guitar in complete secrecy and confidence.

One enjoyed watching sex videos of human women and erect excited donkeys.

He watched them secretly on his company computer, unaware that the computer stored browsing data, thus exposing himself to the embarrassment and ridicule of his coworkers.

A university student with the best grades in class and the best collection of notes in the course was in high demand for his notes. When girls asked for them, he would hand them out with his dried semen stains on them.

I once received a video in my email showing an actual public stoning of a woman, and I instantly deleted and removed the video recording.

In the midst of my summer youth, I found myself in a country with a different language than mine, working as a waiter in a restaurant in a hotel on a small, beautiful island. Suddenly, one fine morning, a great commotion and scandal broke out; a couple who worked in the same hotel disappeared, leaving their room with all its walls, floor and ceiling covered in human poop, spread rudely, morbidly and wickedly. I asked to see the mess, but they did not let me into the place of the spectacle, because they quickly set about cleaning it completely. I knew them by sight and they seemed to make a nice couple.

I once met a very pretty and very friendly waitress who happily and resentfully confessed to me that she had put her own pee in her ex-boyfriend's food. The lucky ex-boyfriend said that the broth was delicious.

I once heard of a similar case, where someone secretly poured urine into a beer bottle, which was then drunk by a young man in a state of intoxication. This happened in the middle of a jazz concert.

One of the largest and most varied accumulations of filth ever seen was in a beauty center where they crowned your pubis with a towel-like cloth dressing gown filled with the most diverse and mysterious pubic hairs adorned and intertwined in a solid compound of dry and yellowish depilatory wax used in the most intimate aesthetics of who knows how many participants.

A group of teenage friends from a poor neighborhood, when invited to the house of another friend, but from an upper class in the center of the city, used all their envy and all their malice towards the most handsome boy, reflected in the fact that one of them twisted and tilted with all his bad intentions a beautiful painting hanging with a maritime landscape on the wall of a hallway of the house as they passed.

One of the biggest pieces of shit I have ever seen in my life is a young punk in a nighttime party setting trying to impress and seduce a beautiful young woman by demonstrating his absence and lack of culinary scruples by smearing filthy liquid from the floor on his hand to show that he is a good and intimate friend of all kinds of discharges, waste and dirt. All of this is a beautiful and poetic nod to an immeasurable invitation to oral sex of the vagina as such, without fuss, disgust or scruples.

Another time, another punk, drunk in a night-time party, had the brilliant idea of giving a concert with guitar and voice on a Spanish guitar with only one string. This artist was praised and applauded to the point that several people urinated on him and poured more urine collected in ordinary plastic bags on him. The punk enjoyed himself to the fullest lying on the ground.

It was once said that at a night-time party, a reckless young man was invited to sniff drugs through his nose, and he gratefully accepted the invitation. But the drug was not a drug itself, but chalk or some other ground white substance. In gratitude, he praised the quality of the drug, saying that it was the best he had ever tried.

On one occasion, when some friends were staying at one of their houses, the excesses were such that the glasses of the mother and owner of the house ended up hanging loosely on the pubis of the funniest and most daring man. His penis, languid, thick and large, bounced like a comical nose.

The funny thing about the game of dirtying things is that one does not realize what happened and that we all participate in a game of juices, rags and dirty affairs. Like that exorcist who was not at all worried that they would throw menstrual blood at him instead of tomato, who if he thought with that logic, he would not live peacefully nor be a person.

One day a child was assaulted in the shower in a changing room at a sports centre. The defiling technique was through the urinary liquid route; they urinated on him while he was completely naked. There were multiple attackers and they made fun of him for his strange face, since his eyes were slightly displaced towards the temple, that is why they called him “bee eyes”. Fortunately, the multiple pisses in the shower were quickly removed from his person. It is a cruel scene, but at the same time slightly funny for some.

I was with a friend once in a bar and noticed that our drinks had about twenty mosquitoes in them. We left the place immediately.



## War and death

*“They have to die deceived”*

*“You like to believe that you will grow old,  
in reality you can die at any second,  
leaving everything half done”*

*“When you are a genius, you do not have  
the right to die for the progress of Humanity”*

*“Demons cannot go to Heaven because they  
would disturb the order and the prevailing peace”*

*“What if we go to Heaven and continue  
to distrust God and eternal life?”*

*“The laws of nature are not governed by love,  
they are governed by offspring for our possessions”*

*“What kind of God allows such cruelty?”*

My position on war is dialogue, peace and diplomacy. The only war that I accept, the one that I have always maintained and started and that I have won in countless battles, is the intellectual one, against controversial topics of all kinds, such as offering help to those who want to have vaginoplasty or how to offer help to atheist people, soulless people who are not evolved in their belief in God, thus presenting serious mental retardation. There is also a strong fight against “pink press” in magazines and television, as well as against the morbid journalists of the most terrible daily news, who in clear gestures show a smile when presenting the full news. Fighting psychiatry is elementary, since psychiatry is mental illness and mental deterioration.

I ignore and despise the devil and his strange voice inside me that tells me that in 50,000 steps I can activate an atomic bomb. While I was in a psychiatric ward, more precisely in the garden, a calm and slow voice told me repeatedly: at any moment “BOOM”, which I interpreted as more than a nuclear catastrophe but rather a sudden success with a multi-million dollar contract. with the top of the animation and cartoon industry at a global and interplanetary level.

An elderly relative told me that an evil neighbor skinned the rabbits alive and released them in the field without skin, he liked to create death like that.

A famous actress was happy about her mother's death because she personally bathed her until she reached adolescence.

An important and famous painter said about his dead mother: "sometimes I spit for pleasure on my mother's portrait", and he was expelled from his father's home, to which an important psychologist said "who defeats paternal authority is a hero".

Walking during the day with a family member and eating a banana, I thought I was dying and entering Heaven, so much was the new sensation, respect and fear, that I closed my eyes. When I opened my eyes believing that I would already be in Heaven, it turns out that I was in front of a psychiatrist in a hospital, which turned into a long and disappointing hospital stay. I thought I was a monkey of God with my banana and it turned me into a paranoid schizophrenic, according to the doctors themselves.

Everyone begins to want to believe in God on their bed of illness or death, late and poorly, due to mental retardation. So, if they are atheists they have no soul and will not go to Heaven; they will simply disappear forever and since they do not believe in eternal life, they will not believe they are missing anything special.

The TV journalists the more tragic the news of the death is; the bigger his smile and his morbidity.

## Body pains

*“The crucifixion of the young Savior of the cross is equivalent to our mortal pain in a scattered way”*

My childhood was not especially sick or painful, although I did overcome strong experiences of extreme intense pain.

I curse some “mollusks contagiosum” when I was a child, which were violently scraped off with a surgical medical tool, a metal saw against me. This operation was very painful and I don’t remember which part of my body they removed them from, there were a few.

In childhood, my little sister caused me what I experienced as my greatest experience of physical pain. The scene was the following: when trying to raise a bed with moving legs, my dear little sister jumped in the middle of the process, thus falling all the force and weight of the entire bed on my unfortunate big toe of the right foot. The pain I experienced was so intense and immense that it blinded my vision and I was able to see the stars for a very painful moment. Some time later the blackened nail fell off and was reborn until it recovered its natural state.

Many times as a child I have had episodes of gastroenteritis with severe stomach pain that made me writhe in pain, rolling on the floor, caused by eating lentils.

And “Oh!” What annoying pain is the damn tendonitis in the wrist and the damn lumbago as an adult, which leaves you immobile and every small gesture and slight movement acts unbearably and painfully.

## Misfortunes

As a child, I suffered another serious misfortune that would be very uncomfortable for anyone. I was with my parents at a Sunday fair selling plants, flowers, books and animals, when I bought a small cactus with its thousands and thousands of filaments that caused intense stinging and itching to the touch. I kept the little plant in the right pocket of my child's jacket and when I put my right hand in it, I suffered the painful and itchy experience of thousands and thousands of filaments adhering to the skin of my hand; they stayed stuck to my hand and getting rid of them all was an arduous task.

In my youth, after a sexy night, I was very affectionately given breakfast in bed. Just after waking up and with the pleasant surprise of breakfast and the beautiful nakedness of my sexy partner, I was blessed with a hot cup of coffee, some cookies and my daily pill of that time. My misfortune in such a beautiful picture was that such a pill with plastic cover, when I introduced it inside my mouth and helped to digest it with a sip of the hot cup of coffee, it cruelly dissolved inside me, causing strong gagging and causing the melted plastic to stick all over the internal mouth area, causing bitterness among a thousand curses.

When I was a child, my father owned a white van with blue checkered curtains. He used it for his work and for transport and storage. This van was the victim of fourteen robberies, and was stripped of electrical equipment and tools, as well as the radio.

When I was young, I believed that a significant sum of money would be deposited into my bank account after telephone conversations in English and for professional and artistic reasons, but I was scammed and deceived, I lost an unrecovered sum of 1,900 euros to the misfortune of myself and my bank account.

A young girl and her boyfriend organized an online social network for fun among young people, but some cruel people demoralized her by calling her fat, a bitch, morbid and a liar. This is how a multiple beautiful friendship ended. This was a great misfortune for all of us because we were a nice club of new friends. It was also a great shame and loss for me, because I met a girl who in less than half a minute was already inviting me to an activity the next day. This club lasted very little and each one disappeared on their own.

I briefly recall that I was seventeen years old when, in a dark brothel, a beautiful, half-naked and mischievous prostitute stole a coin from me with the foot of her long leg while I was drunk.

## The Devil

*“If God is good, but he gives freedom to evil,  
God is even more evil”*

*“The Devil and God seem to be allies”*

*“The Devil can be a variant of God”*

*“If God does not help; the Devil much less”*

*“God is good and people are bad;  
which makes God even more evil and  
makes him humiliating, lazy and disinterested”*

*“If you don't believe in the Devil,  
he can manipulate you”*

The Devil and his entourage boast of Evil. He seeks and pursues sex, blood, evil, violence, deception, injustice, sins, depravity, suffering, death, pain, diseases, murders, accidents, misfortunes... That is why I reject and I deny the Devil, his desires and his tricks.



You must protect yourself mentally, physically and spiritually from the Devil, his legion and the forces of Evil to avoid unwanted infernal possessions. An army or a race of evil and perverse demonic aliens are watching us and we must not ignore them so that we are not manipulated by them. I believe so much and I avoid Evil so much that neither my intrepid curiosity nor my desire for discovery dare to reveal what human or evil angel could be behind the mobile phone number with the number 6666666666, since it is said in the Bible that “and that no one could buy or sell, except who had the mark, or the name of the Beast, or the number of his name. Here is the wisdom. Whoever has understanding, let him calculate the number of the Beast, because it is the number of man; and his number is 666”. The number of the Beast or Mephistopheles is associated with the Beast in chapter 13, verse 18, of the Revelation of Apocalypse.

The first third of my own total signature contains the mark of the Beast or the number 666 in a way that is very integrated with me, since it is an alphabetical transformation of the letter “m” and the kinship of the figures 666. It is so close, inside and out that I carry with me the Devil himself who warns me that He can act in my name and thus avoid being manipulated by his pure evil and his retinue of evil angels.



My signature

This curious figure, 666, also appears in the signature of a Universal legend of the animation and cartoon industry, another great enlightened contactee, magician and creator of amazing and novel images, prevented from evil and blessed by the forces of God, Good and of Love, like me. But me even more so, since 666 is consecutive and the one before me appears intermittently. We must constantly take the Devil by the hand and pamper him like a little child, and avoid in every possible way that he cannot be the possessor of our actions, since he already is to a great extent and often of most of our deepest, hidden and private thoughts.

Of course, I have no fear of the Devil nor a phobia of the number 666; I do not have “hexakosioihexekontahexaphobia”.

Throughout my youth the Devil has accompanied me in all my moments of long years of smoking and drunkenness and I have successfully overcome his evil possession, thanks to the infinite help of God, the angels and the ascended ancestral relatives. Great geniuses of fantasy, art, music and imagination have been great successful smokers.

I have almost always emerged victorious from my closest encounters with the Evil. Nothing caused by the Devil has left any consequences on me and that is why I am a full being, contacted, enlightened, brilliant, clear, lucid, elegant, aesthete, angelic, beautiful, etc.

I once saw in a television interview how a famous official exorcist had a fly enter one of his nostrils, I don't remember which one, which is unimportant, because this event is unheard of no matter how you look at it. This character did not realize what happened, contrary to my astonishment as a viewer.

Whenever it is seven hours and six minutes on the clock and I notice it, I remember the Devil, his pure evil, his vigilance and his permanent stalking, but I do not fear him at all, because I believe in him and God helps me. The importance of that cursed hour is due to the transformation of the figure of the demonic beast so famous that it is 666, which translated into a temporal hour is the same as subtracting an hour and adding it to the first figure, which becomes the 7:06 hours.

About the figure 706; I wrote a story of mystical medieval saints and satanic rituals, a fantasy and historical fiction story whose computer size turned out to be 7.06 MB. The cover of the story shows, among other elements, a stone bust with the head of the Devil.

What the Devil likes most is that people do not believe in him and that souls are slanderers and heretics. If you do not believe in him, you fall under his possession and influence, so you do not have full control of your soul, your will, your thoughts and your actions.

The Devil or some trigger has sometimes offered me his power, as when he offers to detonate a large number of atomic bombs in 50,000 mental steps, a matter that I ignore and voluntarily cancel.

I often think about God that he is crazy, that he is broken, that he does not work or that he is evil and perverse. Once God asked me telepathically if I wanted war or peace. I answered that I preferred peace as the first and definitive answer, and sometimes I end up changing my mind in moments of strong crises of psychic and emotional pain. That is why it is my consolation to think that the first answer is the definitive one, unchangeable and unmodifiable. In reality, it doesn't matter, because God continues to offer us his fan and bouquet of constant misfortunes that give him a very bad reputation, even incapable of defeating the least of the demons with a lower rank. But of course, you talk about a "good" and "all-powerful" God to an obese and hairy woman in arms, breasts, buttocks, legs and face. Although I once saw a video pornographic case about this matter in action and erection. Of course God has the power and ability to create impossible science, but in terms of his relationship

with the humans of his creation, he still does not seem conciliatory, which leaves the Devil as a usurper of God. Let us hope that with the gift of eternal life we will stop complaining against Him and this humble, honest and sincere bitter diatribe about the deceit of God, his infinite goodness and his almighty omnipotence will finally stop.

I respect the word “God” and I have cried out to Him with supplications, pleas, prayers and requests to cease my “Calipathy”, my sadness, my loneliness and my depression and to foster and increase my talent and my professional success. At the moment what works best is my talent which is increasing, because I am an “illuminati” contactee and my ideal female partner has not appeared. Even so, I continue to respect that word or curse word.

Throughout my youth I have been accumulating a huge collection of books and old readings specialized in history, theology, hagiography, art, science, magic and medieval alchemy. With a hunger for editorial intake, my curiosity led me on one occasion to a curious religious-themed bookstore, where talking and exchanging opinions with the bookseller, he, due to my friendliness, offered me the invitation to attend an exorcism, where he indicated to me that I could see up close how a demoniac is able to climb the walls of the room. My response was quick and direct, I was not interested in witnessing such an event, I said thank you and disappeared from that store and never returned.

If all human knowledge is collected, studied and organized, prayers are to pray to God, and there is little else we can do to invoke Him and ask for help. It is true that our requests may not be heard or fulfilled during long and painful years of anguish and suffering from emotional loneliness.

I thank God for freeing me and protecting me from the Devil, for not having enemies, for not hanging out with bad company, and for having a healthy life.

One time in my youth I felt strongly possessed by the Devil himself. I was sitting in front of my computer watching very stimulating porn videos. I stuck my tongue out like a reptile and twisted it around, playing with it, wanting to lick every corner of a woman. Since I don't have my paranoia applied to my computer's webcam, I thought about how to justify this obscene behavior in case someone was watching me and wanted to publish the video. It occurred to me that I could say that I was pretending and trying to theatrically represent a demonic possession as a game and entertainment. In any case, I have every right to watch pornography and make whatever gestures I want, because I am not harming anyone in this activity.

The Devil appeared to me in a dream one night while I was sleeping, I slept with him for fifteen hours straight and woke up as if liberated.

I believe that God has a slight sense of humor about defecation, farts, and strong odors, but I do not understand why he allows fecal constipation and hemorrhoids, because they seem to be the work of the Devil. I know what I am talking about.

I have seen many homeless people in my city and far from believing that street beggars are punished by God at the hands of the Devil, sometimes it seems that they are psychic spies of the secret intelligence services or spies of the heavenly eyes of God. But I fear that they are mostly poor alcoholics and smokers with lack of money, homeless, unloved and unhygienic, they are real suicides.

I have seen world-famous children's cartoons on TV that encourage and teach how to play the Ouija board, have orgies, kill each other, fight, get brutalized and celebrate vasectomies. I don't know if all this is the Devil's plan or part of God's sense of humor regarding the education of children. The Devil often tempts with pleasures and stimuli such as alcohol, and whoever he has seduced with drugs, drinks, pills, powders or tobacco, should remember that it is possible to overcome these addictions and as that ancient cursed poet said: "Whoever overcomes the addiction to hashish is a hero".

On a youth spiritual retreat excursion we were playing the Ouija board when a pair of metal scissors appeared out of nowhere, falling from the ceiling of a bunk bed onto the board of the spiritualism game.

One night as a teenager under demonic possession, I woke up on a street bench in the early hours of the morning. I must have fallen off a pub counter during the night, as someone must have slipped some kind of drug into my drink. I was unable to remember anything, and was informed at dawn.

I once dreamed that the Devil did not exist and that he was the sum of a society of beings far superior and more intelligent than humans.

I think that even the aliens themselves do not know how they were created.

To defeat the Devil, you must first tempt him and invoke him; physically, mentally and spiritually, in order to tame him and make him harmless.



## Fears

I believe that between me and the most common mortal there exists the most terrifying and common of possible fears, which is eternity in Hell. And I define Hell as an eternal place of pain and agonizing suffering, with constant cannibalism and amputations, even without eyes, with empty eye sockets, an eternal torture, completely studied and planned, being tied and fed with pain to a highly sensitive brain. As if we were suffering animals.

In any case, I am not afraid of anything or anyone, I have divine, angelic and supernatural protection and blessing for myself, my family and my friends.

I had a friend who I lost contact with during the week-long festivities in the city. After the festivities we got back in touch and he apologized for his disappearance and absence. It turns out that he wanted to hide in his house during that week because he was afraid that a very fat woman we met before the lockdown wanted to eat him in a cannibalistic act; an unfounded fear because of the fatness and gluttony of the fat woman.

I too have feared cannibalism, not at the hands of an obese woman, but at the hands of people with “progeria” who I thought were aliens and had cannibalistic feasting rituals on their floating spaceships in space using abduction technology.

These two cases of fear of cannibalism are clearly psychotic episodes, but I once read that at the top of the film industry there are actors and actresses who drink baby’s blood to gain strength, energy, vitality and vigor from the little creature.

I have often woken up in the middle of the night suddenly, scared and afraid, wondering my name, and until I remember it within about five seconds and say it, I don’t fall back asleep instantly.

My biggest fears are sexually transmitted diseases, that and the dread and disgust that blood and sexual fluids cause me.

I was with an elderly relative of mine in the front row of the mass in the Church and thinking that the wafers were contaminated, tainted with drugs or poisoned in the midst of the silence and muteness of the ceremony, I took my relative by the hand and we walked slowly to the back of the event to avoid taking the wafer. In the middle of the show, protected in the back row, the priests spread out around the room to reach all their faithful. Fortunately, the wafer contained neither drugs nor viruses, I suppose.

Once in the sea I was afraid to submerge my entire head, believing and fearing that I would be devoured in an act of cannibalism. The same morning I was also afraid of being falsely accused of being guilty of illegally transporting a truck. Nonsense of intense concern.

Once, when I was extremely afraid of cannibalism in my dark fantasies, a cat was roaming around my house and while I was lying in bed, it climbed onto the bed and started biting the hair on my head. Being so sensitive to the fear of cannibalism, I again irrationally ended up in a psychiatric hospital.

I have lived most of my life under the reality of my greatest fear, which is being a repulsive, rejected, lonely, unacceptable, despised, ignored and humiliated being. So much so as the days without a sexual and intellectual partner.

The fear of reincarnation is such that if you are reincarnated into an insect, how could you ask for help? That is not my fear, because it is not nonsense nor a theory that convinces me.

I was once thinking as I walked along the beach that there was a strange and hidden spiritual war, defined by the colors that define each one. As my most special color is yellow, I won that terrible fight thanks to the power of the Sun.

This happened twice, the same situation. It was one in the morning at home when there was a knock on the door. The first time it was a drunk man who was lost and disoriented, and the other time it was another drunk woman who was lost and disoriented. Finally, frightened, the police arrived inside the house and everything went back to normal.

## Crazy ideas

I was a child at a village church mass when I had a attack of laughter on the spot, a laugh beyond my control, not my idea and uncontrollable. Happy and finally it stopped without further complications.

One of the biggest crazy ideas out of control was seeing a child on the street rubbing against a metal statue of a woman; a whole sexual act without intelligence.

In my youth, during the summer, I was carrying one of those small black cans to store the film reels from old cameras while I was walking one morning along the sand of a beach when I came across a small dead crab and it I had the brilliant idea of tearing both pincers from the dead skeleton to offer them as an offering or exotic spell to increase libido and aphrodisiac to a sweet, cruel and beautiful classmate in my study room. I kept the gift of crab detritus in the small closed jar until the end of the summer, when when I opened it to check its condition and appearance, I frowned with disgust on my face, the putrefaction was such that the infernal stench ended up in the trash, rotting and dying my desire to conquer my sexy partner who was missing a tooth.

Sometimes I have believed that the most beautiful women met me telepathically and when I went to the places I imagined there I would show up, once again, alone and sad, in the full state of “Calipathy”, crestfallen, walking on the way home depressed.

It didn't occur to me, it happened to me when I was young unexpectedly when I went to urinate a double stream of pee appeared, because my urethra had gotten half stuck. Which reminded me of a young and old romance that believed that the male sexual organs had two openings; one for pee and one for semen.

As a child I used to use a pellet gun in the countryside to hunt birds. I once wounded a small bird that was able to escape and shot it again from a distance without realizing that it was the same wounded captured bird. I murdered her twice, and one of my relatives plucked her and another of my relatives cooked her with rice for me. That little bird didn't have even half a gram of meat for my ambrosia.

I don't know what the hell I was thinking when, as a teenager in a church youth confirmation group department, my hangnail bled and I drew a small inverted cross on the wall with the blood.

At times my boredom with the shabbiness of life and my surroundings has been so great that I had to invent gruesome stories.

Like on one occasion when I got sick with the flu and when I returned to school I explained that I had been kidnapped by some criminals and that they forced me to dance naked on a table, blindfolded. On another occasion when I lost a coin I argued that a prostitute had stolen that coin from me with her foot. Nobody could understand it, but they could believe it.

It is very possible that a thousand years of heavenly life fit into one second of mortal life. Where everything happens at an unimaginable speed and where in one second we have gone around the world a thousand times and we do not remember because we have returned to the initial position and our mind is incapable of remembering anything. This is as possible as the phenomenon of synchronicity called “psychopneumon”; which is when thought coincides with external information, reaching coincidences that are statistically and mathematically impossible.

## Medical operations

A few molluscum contagiosum were removed in a very painful manner.

A good doctor cured my myopia with laser rays.

I suffered from phimosis and in the first operation I ran out of the place because I saw a giant needle and I was extremely scared, while the second operation was a complete success.

I suffered from a right axillary lipoma fourteen centimeters in diameter. When I discovered it one morning I applied a laying on of hands for its healing. I thought it had decreased, but it wasn't. It was happily removed in a very efficient operation half a year after it appeared. Moments before the operation, a health worker was joking about starting a sex change operation, to which I reacted by shouting out loud: "Right axillary lipoma, right axillary lipoma!".



## Dreams

According to my mother, there have been numerous stellar performances, speeches and childhood conferences while I was even asleep, when I used to sit in bed and speak in a strange and unrecognizable language, dreaming out loud in a sleepwalking manner.

Once I dreamed of a very clear number from the lottery game and the next day to my surprise, walking around the city I saw the same lottery number except for a different figure. I didn't hesitate to buy it immediately, but it didn't turn out to be award-winning. The value of kinship is much greater and more revealing than a simple lucky stroke of good luck. I thought I won more than the jackpot. Such a coincidence is as revealing as it is difficult to comprehend, understand, decipher and assume.

Another revealing dream was having dreamed of three ducklings and a red flying dragon and seeing the same characters in the morning when I woke up on television, in an episode of a very famous cartoon.

I had a dream in which a psychedelic image which every time I rotated it on each of its sides, created new clear and well-defined images instantly.

In the middle of a dream state I woke up in shock in the middle of a nuclear atomic explosion.

In an inserted nightmare a spaceship appeared, I jumped in time, I urinated myself in fear, I appeared with my eyes closed in fear of being ripped out, but those in the spaceship gently caressed me above my eyelids.

In a dream a tooth fell out, but not just any tooth, a gigantic one, like a large peanut.

In another dream I wanted to run, escape, and I couldn't move, I was paralyzed.

On a night when I was young, I dreamed that everyone else was defecating through their mouths, as if they were talking shit, banal and insignificant topics, without any importance.

In the darkest hour a gigantic atomic bomb exploded inside my sleeping head and I woke up immediately to the explosive image.

A dreamlike experience was being involved in a labyrinth of space and time jumps. With each turn of the head and each eye movement, a new place appeared, a different scene, all intermittently and rich in variety of settings.

I once dreamed that I had the hands of God and that I could, by laying on hands, make bursts of hundreds of candies and sweets of all colors, flavors and sizes appear.

On a privileged occasion, I dreamed that the Moon is a hole to another powerfully illuminated dimension. I was abducted to a place where there were blue-skinned beings with four arms and the power of telepathic communication, through which we talked. This experience reminded me of a real situation where a man in a bar spoke to the waiter about having been abducted to the Moon as well, where his inhabitants invited him to eat at their chalet with a garden and orchard. He also explained that on the Moon they are very friendly and that they do not use money.

I have even dreamed of being in Heaven. One night, asleep, I woke up in front of a mirror, with my face rejuvenated and recreated sublimely beautiful, with new eyes with cerulean blue irises. When I wanted to remove the contact lenses that I thought had been implanted in me, those who I recognized as my eternally rejuvenated ascended ancestors appeared, from whom I differentiated my paternal grandmother, who stopped me and explained to me that they were my new eternal eyes.

More about changes and alterations in my body while asleep. An isolated, extremely long, black and fine hair, about thirty centimeters long, emerged from my left arm. It gave me great pleasure to tear it off and get back to normal.

I know of several cases of dreaming about homes that would later come true and that would be their possession, many before the homes were even built.

One night I dreamed that I was teaching a young girl with Down syndrome the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit; wisdom, intelligence, counsel, strength, knowledge, piety and fear of God. And so, the girl became a genius of prayer and words.

Dreaming once, my elderly grandmother kissed a beautiful girl on the mouth, followed by another kiss from me to the beautiful woman also on the mouth. I was very proud of my old grandmother.

That is to say, dreams are often clairvoyance, but unexpected and unsuspected, surprising.

## Numerology

Whenever the number “33” appears anywhere around the globe it is automatically linked to the age of the young Savior’s sacrifice on the cross.

There was a special 24-hour day in which many different and exciting things happened to me. For me it was one of the longest and most intense days I have ever experienced. Starting in the morning there was a big Christmas party at my work company, with dancing and breakfast for all the colleagues. In addition, four new people joined the company’s staff. There was also a change of software on the company’s computers. At dusk I met a friend and magically I met her among a crowd of thousands of people watching a Christmas celebration parade. Walking at dusk, I find a collage in an art and antiques gallery with a certificate of authenticity and the signature of the most sought-after artist in humanity. The collage, a large black and white photo, cost 65,000 euros and was a cutout of the artist’s head pasted on the head of another world-famous artist who appeared self-portraited in a giant painting from a much earlier time.

Ends the day finding myself in a bar with a very famous musician, one of the best guitarists in the world, to whom I congratulate, I give him my business card and he gives me a hug.

After looking at the number of pages in a medical report of mine, I open a book at random and a case of “Callipathy (unjust loneliness)” appears. It was page 115 and the date of birth of the same author.

## Mystical science

Today's electronic science has not had time to be created even in a billion years. It is enough to make you jump for joy. And there are those who believe that it was done in a century.

As a very young child, during school recess, I used to play with vehicle wheels, rolling them and filling them with pebbles from the ground as gasoline to make them roll. Eureka, I invented the wheel motor!

Since I was a little boy and many years ago, in my maternal grandmother's country house, in the kitchen, there was only one telephone for many miles around the entire region. It worked with a stopwatch that counted the time to know how much had to be paid for each call. One of the richest people on the planet, with up to 85 billion euros, in his youth was able to start his great business and achieve his great fortune by making business calls from my grandmother's phone, visiting her kitchen on several occasions. At least that is how I like to believe and recreate it.

My saintly paternal grandmother believed that television presenters could see her from the other side of the television machine, and as a child I believed that the actors on TV who died at gunpoint were real people who really wanted to die. Regarding the TV, and being older as usual admitted to psychiatry, I decided to touch a television that had been turned off, thinking that I could get into it, something that the assistants implacably prevented.

From time to time I browse the Internet in privacy, believing that I am driving and operating a wonderful and fantastic Omnichronovisor and I think that my close friend God, my ghostly ancestral relatives or the mysterious aliens with their Artificial Intelligence help me and can show me videos of sexual scenes of my choice and whim, of people I know, friends, celebrities or neighbors. There must be a fault in the connection, because such a thing never happens.

I am not a man of science, but no one can make me believe otherwise than that the crystals that are the screens of today's electronic machines are crystals with magical properties and whose electronic circuitry is a farce, a mockery, a joke, a lie, a great deception, with respect and without respect to what is seen in the "magic crystal", second by second becoming more and more compact, simple, smaller and more complicated.



One day I thought I had taken control of the world through my computer, I thought I had released hidden encrypted information which I decrypted while submerged in space satellites, thus deserving to have confidential information about the secrets of the Universe and the inner core of the planet Earth and the viewing of my own cartoon series. But none of that happened.

During a break between classes at a prestigious cooking school, all the students clearly heard an electronic voice saying in English, "I'm here". We all agreed that we had heard it with surprise and that it did not come from any nearby electronic device. It was a voice that came from nowhere.

With a friend in a bar watching a televised football match, I saw moving bases on the feet of the players as if they were characters in a video game controlled by higher intelligences. But these bases could just as easily be the shadows of the athletes themselves.

Once, while surfing the Internet, I thought I had been chosen as the bearer and discoverer of ultra-privileged information about secret meetings of world politicians on matters of atomic bombs. I was so frightened that I closed the video automatically without discovering the mysterious and strange video, whose content I cannot confirm. It could equally have been a documentary or a piece of news.

After watching a documentary about psychic spies who drew diagrams, maps and figures on paper to identify secret enemy areas and locations or kidnapped people subjected to great mental illness and suffering, I decided to make a doodle on a piece of paper. I drew various solid geometric figures, there were also springs and some spirals, lines and curves, regular and irregular. Knowing and instinctive of something unknown in contact with me, I agreed to take a photo with my mobile phone of the diagram out of sheer curiosity. After taking the photo, my mobile phone began to behave strangely and differently; the content of the photo took on a life of its own and the actions of the mobile interface began to act with the drawings of the diagram, and the navigation menu of the phone acquired the physical movement of said shapes and lines. Of course, my paranoia often becomes pentanoia and totally full of fantasy and similarities of strange connections.

In a strange case that happened on television, there was a news report about a crashed car that fell off a cliff. The strange thing about the case is that the car was not manned, so there were no injuries or victims.

In a documentary I saw how a real doctor removed internal lumps containing electronic chips that disintegrated when they came into contact with the outside of the human body.

The current human being seems to be a hybrid of cells and electrons. I think we have chips and extraterrestrial activity in the temple of the body, more specifically inside the eyes and brain, because by rubbing the ocular spheres of the eyes strongly, I can see a series of rectilinear and labyrinthine circuits in the whiteness of the maximum internal white light, which are difficult to provoke and quickly disappear. This activity of crushing the eyes is a little painful and causes blurred vision, therefore it is not advisable to provoke it.

Throughout my life my voice on the phone is mistaken for a woman's voice, because my voice is soft, subtle, elegant, delicate and velvety. Since I don't see my male features and sex, my little voice is very feminine. Once, making use of this virtue, I called a late-night radio show and pretended to be a woman, a woman who was excited by the host to the point of taking control of the situation and making him lose the shame of such an illusion. I broke the magic by confessing that I was a man and as a reward the host gave me three VHS video tapes of black and white porn films from a very old era.

It is true that the authors of current Science obey God and his scientific magic, so that when a search is done on the Internet, in a corner of the search engine the following crucial information appears:

*“That’s how browser search works. Every time you do a search, we return thousands or even millions of web pages with useful information. The process we follow at (browser) to determine which results to display begins long before you start typing and is driven by our commitment to providing you with the best information”.*

This is frightening, scary and relaxing at the same time, because magic crystals are a real mystery to their users and the evil owners of these powers of the human race.

I believe, through imagination and pure logic, that a 3D image of our planet floating on a computer like a sphere is impossible, since the water would spill out, and even the planet itself.

One day my laptop turned off by itself, without me giving any order to do so, with a full battery and connected to the light.

I was sitting in front of my computer looking at an interactive 3D map of a major city with many skyscrapers when I saw a small UFO floating in the middle of the street, with the classic hat-shaped appearance and no more than two meters in diameter. Very close to the same busy street and on the same day there was a half-naked woman with a nice body in a bikini showing her buttocks in the air, where on each of them was written the initial letter of the name of the city. They looked like round, soft and smooth buttocks, very desirable and fleshy.

Sometimes I think that at some moments in my life I may have been manipulated wirelessly and invisibly by a superior intelligence with highly developed and advanced hidden technology with morbid and harmful intentions for me and my environment. That's why I always want to take full control of my will and not allow anyone to manipulate me, visibly or invisibly, so as not to get into trouble or hurt anyone. I don't want to be a puppet or a character in a video game that I don't control.

I saw a video where a man claimed that his own mobile phone number called his own mobile phone number, just as the digital screen indicated. It happened to me once that my mobile phone screen indicated a different phone number than the person calling me.

Once, a relative of mine was getting a new tattoo and received a photo on his cell phone from another relative of the same thing he had tattooed.

One day my computer was behaving very strangely and abnormally. I thought it might have been hacked, something strange was happening to it. At the same time, I turned on the radio and the news was announcing a hacker attack on a world-famous infidelity dating website. According to the news, the attack had been carried out in an unusual and unprecedented way, in an inexplicable, novel and strange way.

The attack revealed, identified and published the information of all registered users of both sexes who were seeking to cheat on their partners. Such revelation of these secrets even led to one cheater committing suicide.

Since I am a good friend of God, even though He penalizes me and constantly deprives me of certain pleasures and pleasant experiences, I sometimes investigate and test our relationship. Sometimes, as a way of asking Him in confidence for a sample of our bond, I ask Him for the signal to interfere with the sound of the radio signal, a simple crackle; a simple, innocent and harmless radio interference to seal our alliance and not make me feel so unhappy and as a sign of His power with this insignificant request.

Once, while visiting a website where videos are posted and comments can be left, all the video thumbnails that were shown to me were far from being random videos; they were hundreds of thumbnails about the same cartoon series, one of the most popular and entertaining in the world. Then, I was shown a documentary about the center of the Earth, where in the center there is a gigantic and enormous white Sun. Then, I was shown another documentary, about the origin of the human being.

I invented the laptop when I was very young. The first prototype was an open dictionary, with an ultra-thin screen and a complete keyboard with all kinds of keys and special functions.

One night I thought that aliens wanted to show me sexual videos of classmates and girls I have met in my life on my computer. Such a thing has never happened. On another occasion, also related to my alien friends, I thought I was planning my trip abroad to fulfill my dream of having my own cartoon series on TV. This was a scam and they stole 1,900 euros from me, which I never recovered. I don't know who the thief was.

It is said that the number of the mark of the Beast or the Devil is 666. I have molecularly converted the number 666 into an exact time, but in an unknown place. That exact time is 07:06; so sixty minutes are subtracted and an hour is strategically added.

When I finished a short historical fiction and horror novel about medieval science and spirituality, the computer file showed that it was 7.06 MB in size. Once I finished the novel, I sent it to a priest company, an astronaut company, an elderly paranormal researcher, and a mystery TV show. The next day, the priest company published a letter saying that humans and aliens are brothers.

Once again a finished illustration showed me the computing weight of 666 KB.

On a radio programme, a child exposed the ignorance of a computer engineer who did not know how to create a computer from zero, because he did not know the answer; he simply knew how to say "there are computer programs that make other computer programs".


Changing channels with the remote control on the TV, three characters appear howling like wolves. I change the channel immediately and in a completely different series, three other characters appear again, also howling like wolves.

There is a belief in a theory that can simulate paranormal experiences generated by occult and highly advanced science. This can lead to confusion between reality and falsehood.

Collection of incomprehensible and maddening tickets:

Cant.	God.	Articulo	Impo.
1x	65	POLLO CHAMPIÑONES	6,75
1x	999	BOLSA	0,10
		IVA:	
		6,85 10,00%	0,69
<b>TOTAL:</b>			<b>7,53 €</b>

The machine processes the total calculation incorrectly.

BASE	IMP	IVA	CUOTA	TOTAL	3,99 €
3,63	10%	0,36			
			EFFECTIVO	10,00	CAMBIO
					6,01 €
ATENDIDO POR:	CAMARERO1				
HORA DE LLAMADA:	13:31:13				
OBSERVACIONES:					



TOTAL: 2,42 €

FACTURA SIMPLIFICADA

22/04/2023 22:20:00



TOTAL: 10,29 €

FACTURA SIMPLIFICADA

Nº00

09/06/2023 15:16:17



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GRACIAS POR SU VISITA

TOTAL: 7,53 €

FACTURA SIMPLIFICADA

Nº00

25/02/2023 23:23:25



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GRACIAS POR SU VISITA

TOTAL: 13,60 €

FACTURA SIMPLIFICADA

Nº000

19/03/2022 22:33:44

IVA. INCLUIDO

12,36    10,00%    1,24



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GRACIAS POR SU VISITA

TOTAL: 10,29 €

FACTURA SIMPLIFICADA

Nº00

03/07/2023 15:11:11



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GRACIAS POR SU VISITA

TOTAL: 7,53 €

FACTURA SIMPLIFICADA

Nº00

29/07/2023 23:32:50



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GRACIAS POR SU VISITA



TOTAL: 15,40 €

FACTURA SIMPLIFICADA

Nº00

02/08/2023 15:40:29



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GRACIAS POR SU VISITA

## Calipathy

The word “Calipathy” is my most revolutionary neologism. It comes from the Greek “pathos”, meaning illness, and “kallos”, meaning beauty.

Calipatía is the paranoia, depression and involuntary loneliness of the elegant, clean, seductive and brilliant young man.

A Universal painter unwittingly confessed, better than anyone, my neologism and explanation of “Calipathy”. Here is the best description in essence of “Calipathy”:

*<<I have tried everything, even with the ugliest women! I was young, elegant, seductive, brilliant. None of them ever recognized it. I hated them for their indifference, their idiocy, their vanity, for the shame they caused me. I would have liked to torture them wisely with molten lead, spraying their whole body with the molten droplets, cutting off the tips of their breasts, ravaging their sex and their beautiful and provocative ass. But I would rush to my room in the boarding house on the street (...) while tears sprang from my eyes and formed a screen where the orgy images of all the women who had scorned me were mixed. I would fall to my knees and pray to God to burn them all in hell.>>*

The same author described his “Critical Paranoid Method” as follows:

*«Spontaneous method of irrational knowledge based on the critical and systematic objectivity of associations and interpretations of delusional phenomena».*

While at the same time I expand and explain it in the following way with rhyme in Spanish:

*«Método Paranoico Crítico Críptico:  
Permitid consentir con sentir conseguir con seguir  
convenceros con venceros sinceros con ceros y sin  
peros, conquistaros con quistaros, con moveros con  
moveros, demostraros con mostraros y comprobar  
con probar probando, robando y aprobando esto  
obrando y cobrando, abriendo y riendo, afirmándolo  
y firmándolo».*

*«Cryptic Critical Paranoid Method: Allow  
yourself to consent with feeling, achieve with  
continuing, convince yourself with conquering  
yourself, sincere with zeros and without buts,  
conquer yourself with conquer yourself, move  
yourself with moving yourself, demonstrate yourself  
with showing yourself and verify yourself with trying  
by testing, stealing and approving this by working  
and charging, opening and laughing, affirming it  
and signing it».*

“Paranoia” and the “cryptic critical paranoid method” is a very fun and subtle mental game and activity. For example, instead of calling a fat girl “fat” you could say that she is “fatal” instead of fat, since the word “fat” in English included in the word “fatal” means “fat” in the English language. It is a game of great delicacy and a deep labyrinthine sea of decipherable and decodable details.

By the way, I am the author of the neologism “pentanoia”, which is a fivefold paranoia. I have also discovered the highest expression of paranoia, “dodecanoaia”.

Critical paranoid case: In an academic classroom of young students, they look from their desks facing the teacher. The teacher asks all the students about the syllabus out loud, saying “Has it come out yet?” (“¿Ha salido ya?” in Spanish). Then, when this question is said, one student looks back, more precisely towards a student called “Idoia”. Indeed, the pupil’s brain relates the sound of the question with the student and obeys a head turn, to relate the paranoid sound with the outside and reality.

## Working life

*“Many millionaires do not believe in God,  
while many poor people do not stop praying”*

*“If God exists, one prayer is enough”*

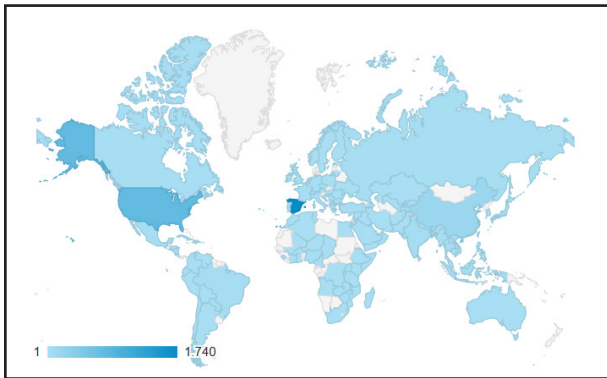
I have been able to make good use of my time off work by drawing and studying non-stop.

I thought I was making progress on my way to the top of the cartoon industry when I was scammed out of 1,900 euros that I never saw or heard from again. I still sigh about it and think that one day I will get it back with interest or that it was the process of some kind of payment to travel to another continent.

Once I showed the website of my artistic life and my youthful cartoon imagination to a global and international company of enormous importance in the world of children’s cartoon animation, the response of gratitude, encouragement and applause was to shout ole, ole and ole with exclamations.

At 38 years of age, my working life only consisted of five working days as an employee in a company selling books door-to-door.

Promoting my artistic work around the globe through the Internet and to the most important companies worldwide, when I joined the talent community of one of them, at the same time and on May 17 and May 18 of two consecutive years, I had an incredible peak of visits to my website. A total of 108 countries of the world and their many cities visited me in a single day, except for a geographical area without civilization that is all ice. Thus, twice:



As an Audiovisual Editing student, during my work experience, I was sent to a cybersecurity company run by some young computer engineers, who stole their logo by acquiring an existing one from a well-known international company. I only went to that company for one day, as they asked me to bring my own computer to the company. Finally, I was assigned to another company, a local television station.

As for those university computer engineers, they were invited, as I was told, to the other side of the world to a world conference on cybersecurity. Out of curiosity, I asked them about the technology of chips like grains of rice implanted in humans. These two young men didn't even know what I was talking about. They quickly looked up the information on the Internet, and to my amazement, they shouted: What paranoia! They didn't have the slightest idea about the subject, an absolute fail, a zero, a zero, university computer engineers from an expensive elite university.

In my youth I had a beautiful head of fine, stylish hair. Thanks to this, my good looks, figure and elegance, I was able to serve as a hair model for an important international company. I was the only one among many beautiful female models, with whom I paraded in a display of beauty and youth before the dazzled public. I was invited to a meal at the same hotel where the parade was taking place and I earned a small and satisfactory amount of money: fifty pieces.

A company at the top of the cartoon world, to which every time I send my drawings they always respond with the same thing: "... keep doing great things and great things." Which is my *modus vivendi*.

My longest-lasting and most well-paid job was at the age of 37, working in telecare earning 0.002 euros per second.



An ignorant former classmate with a degree in Tourism from a very expensive and prestigious university was unable to distinguish one era from another and confused and ignored the greatest representatives of Universal painting. In a souvenir shop in a museum where she worked, I asked the price of a beautiful, deluxe edition briefcase with detailed photographic enlargements of her work. Wanting to start a conversation about this painter, the ignorant woman said that she did not like that art, having confused it with another time and place, which is a double crime, since she did not know the first and she did not know the second. The ignorant woman's boss gave me a very sinister look of disbelief when she heard what had happened and her negligence and ignorance about the delightful garden.

I was a student doing an internship as a camera operator for a local TV station, recording for the news when a news report in a museum with 33,000 titanium plates was opening an abstract art exhibition. A well-dressed man, the presenter and senior manager of the exhibition, was the central focus. During the question period, I asked out loud: what does this exhibition have to do with art? The important man had to breathe oxygen into his throat with the tight, buttoned collar of his shirt, because it was a bad experience for him and he had to swallow a lot of saliva. When the head of the local TV station found out what had happened, she told me that I was not a journalist and that I could not ask questions. After this episode, I was assigned to record the daily training sessions and statements of a local football team.

## Psychiatry

*“Everyone has the right to enjoy  
their own madness”*

*“Intelligence is a rare mental illness”*

My first connection with psychiatry was in an emergency room due to an intense and florid episode of paranoia. I was in the audience, in the prime of my youth, of a comical singer-songwriter of absurd verses accompanied by a Spanish guitar and a voice as high-pitched as it was annoying, when my neurons began to travel beyond the speed of light and sound, causing an explosion that enabled me to connect every ray of light and every decibel of sound. So much so that my saturated mind collided in search of more space. My symptoms were thought theft and dizzying speed of imagination, thought and spatial and temporal connections. It was the first time I sought psychiatric medical help. I was treated by a very nice doctor, who prescribed me a few specific pills without giving much importance to the hallucinatory event.

My first involuntary juvenile psychiatric admission happened because I refused to take antipsychotic medication. Once I was admitted against my will and after so much suffering, stress and ordeal, a monstrous and gigantic herpes appeared on my lower lip. I remember lying quietly on the stretcher in my room in the ward while a very beautiful woman, a nursing assistant, together with another assistant, both dressed in pink uniforms, through the half-open bathroom door, between the two of them cleaned the dirt and grime from the body, nails, hair and beard of a dirty, drunk and silent vagrant. That young and beautiful woman had the maximum beauty possibly attainable, in my opinion.

My second experience as a youth with another psychiatrist was not at all satisfactory. This time I went there worried about some simple spots or floaters in my eyes, also called “myodesopsias”, an insignificant case that I was unaware of. My concern consisted of a slight fear of being a case of tumoral disease due to a distortion in the organ of sight. Furthermore, the doctor was unaware of the frequent, innocent and harmless case of myodesopsia and crucified them as visual hallucinations typical of paranoid schizophrenia, paranoid schizophrenia whose symptoms at its most evolved moment went from being voices in the head to becoming lecturing voices, fluid conversations, sublime lectures and profound dialogues with my thousand drawn children, extraterrestrials, God and ascended friends and family.

It all went from being a simple, common paranoid schizophrenia to a complex, perverse paranoid schizophrenia not otherwise explained. The first symptoms of auditory hallucinations of my otherwise unexplained paranoid schizophrenia were multiple and varied, mocking and evil laughter of unknown origin, sometimes becoming a full interview, and other times very elaborate and very deep internal conversations and dialogues. Such original laughter evolved until it disappeared. Many times I am simply mocked and humiliated, and the voices promise me great promises that will be fulfilled immediately, which does not happen, for the moment. They are violent and furious laughs. This is what it means to start talking to God, who is so often a torturer and uncooperative and uninvolved, like an intimate enemy. This laughter is supposed to be my supernatural protection, even though at first it may frighten, scare and seriously worry.

I have as many voices and conversations in my mind as there are cartoon characters I have created. I communicate with more than a thousand imaginary beings, my children. Psychiatrists cannot understand this because they have not even created a sad and pitiful stick figure.

Many times in my life it seems that everything around me speaks about me while I execute the external information and redirect it to the experiences of my interior and my past, as a form of subtle paranoia.

During one of my first juvenile psychiatric admissions, a new person had just arrived, a middle-aged man, who was in a state of stillness, standing, catatonic, silent, head down, motionless, dying and alone in a corner at the end of the room, while looking at the floor. From the other end of the hallway, I managed to catch his attention. I opened my arms in a cross from the opposite end of the hallway and the person came towards me very slowly until he crossed the hallway, to approach me and give me a saving hug in front of his companions in the ward. Next, I wrote on a piece of paper the phrase “who hurt you?”, to which my new and welcomed friend wrote “my boss,” which was revealing and liberating evidence of his trauma because later his partner stated that her boyfriend did not talk to anyone about his problems and that they were accumulating to the point of paralyzing and blocking him completely, physically and mentally. This attitude of mine earned me a scolding from a psychiatrist who prevented me from interacting in that way with her patients; no hugs or applied psychology. Of course, since they only study physiology and brain chemistry, and since I am not a psychiatrist, I gained ground on the little doctor.

I believe that the insignificant psychiatrists during my stays in psychiatric wards have secretly experimented on me with hallucinogenic drugs that they made me drink in one gulp, with electroshocks, with strong sleeping pills and with some kind of truth drug. I do not believe that these poor and disoriented doctors belong to a secret and illegal program designed and executed by some Central Intelligence Agency for experimentation on human beings, without their due consent, since it would be run by hidden laboratories with top secret technology in the hands of scientists, politicians and astronauts. Perhaps, because I owe it to myself to be an artist and a contactee at the same time, my wild and crazy imagination can create hallucinogenic states without the need for any drug, as happened with another Universal genius who claimed to be the drug himself, of whom a discoverer of a strong hallucinogenic drug claimed that he could simulate the states of his drug without needing to consume it.

I almost completely despise the entire psychiatric approach to paranoid schizophrenia, except for my memories and symptoms recorded by them. On the other hand, the rest of medical science, it must be acknowledged, is very useful and beneficial with regard to the removal of lipomas or delicate enemas, for example.

It was nighttime and I was in a psychiatric ward when I could hear from my bed in my room the sound of many motor propellers in the sky. I panicked, called a nurse and warned that fifty million motherships were overhead, which I had summoned. The nurse then calmed me down and offered me some kind of tranquilizer.

In the same psychiatric confinement I prayed what is not written, with great gnashing of teeth. I took refuge with a loud voice and shouting out loud, sending prayers to the Our Father throughout the entire room, blessing and gesturing with my arms in all directions, accusing the Devil of all evil.

I have had several encounters with the Devil under psychiatric hospital care, causing me to become very excited, defensive and protective. Once I saw him appear in the horrible disfigured face of an old woman, wrinkled, warty, bald and hairy at the same time. To protect myself, free myself and save myself from such a horrible vision, it took me half an hour of prayers and invocations at the maximum volume of my being. No one stopped me from continuing to pray out loud, I felt completely free to use all my supernatural protection capacity against the Devil, except for a colleague at the center who asked me to please be quiet.

I felt so unprotected and hostile in the psychiatric ward that when I shared a room with a completely unknown roommate, my fear was that while I was sleeping he might tear my eyes out and remove them from their sockets, so from that night on I never had a roommate again.

During one of my many psychiatric admissions during my youth, I wet myself while sleeping. I woke up peeing on myself while thinking I was peeing in my sleep. It was the only and first time that this happened to me, I think it was due to the stressful and involuntary confinement and the strong medication.

On one occasion in a psychiatric therapy room a young man emanated a white light from his chest, it was white, spherical, luminous, bright and very brief, lasting one second.

Sometimes I would like to shout “Hallelujah” very loudly and strongly in broad daylight and in the middle of the busiest and most commercial street in my city, but I do not want to return to another psychiatric confinement. What is true is that God takes away the acidity and bitterness of the three antipsychotic pills that I am forced to crush every night, with the help of some walnut, hazelnut, almond or pistachio to cover up the unpleasant taste of chemical substances.



I have faced the Devil directly and he is only able to prescribe me three absurd and ridiculous little pills as a placebo, that and a bi-monthly blood and urine test to monitor my optimal state of health for possible side effects of the medication. His evil has healed me. I was once again admitted to a psychiatric ward in my youth. I suppose I wanted to experience what little I could in my captivity and it occurred to me to scare the paramedics in a state of boredom, tedium and spleen by saying that I wanted to tear my eyes out to study their reaction, their response and their modus operandi in these cases. Then some people appeared and tied me to the bed with straps and braces. One of the orderlies held my wrist so that I was able to free it, I don't know if it was consciously or by mistake. It was then, once I had freed myself, that I told him of the risk I was running, he held the wristband correctly and thanked me for having warned him.

Once again I was tied up by my entire body for no reason and an old, ugly and scruffy psychiatrist asked me if I had "telepathy". I answered that indeed, I did "telepathy", because during an academic training course as a video camera operator for a local TV station I had to do "tele-path". It was a very improvised joke to which the little doctor on duty said out loud that I had not lost my sense of humour tied up by my torso, feet and hands. I don't know how karma will pay back against him for his wickedness and his audacity.

As it was not just once or twice that I was tied up with my whole body, I woke up again and found myself standing at night having been tied up the whole day before. I asked the two paramedics who were holding me what was happening and I don't remember what they told me. I think it could have been that I had broken the straps with all my superhuman strength or that I was in an intriguing episode of sleepwalking studied by specialists.

Also in psychiatry, when I woke up one morning some of the paramedics asked me if I remembered what had happened during the night. I replied that I didn't remember anything, to which they explained that I had woken up and wandered around the corridor asking if they themselves were the aliens.

Once again, I was admitted to a psychiatric ward in the most delusional city in the world. I found myself in the hospital garden, where there was a ping-pong table. It was amazing to watch in awe as I and another patient played like true professionals for minutes in front of everyone present. We seemed to be possessed by world table tennis champions.

On another night of hospitalization, lying in bed in my room in the psychiatric ward, I woke up intermittently many times throughout the night with both hands completely numb, as if worryingly invalid, probably due to the malignant and nauseating medication or the excess weight of my body on my extremities due to total sedation.

Every time I woke up I found my roommate in the most varied ways possible; once sleeping on the cot-stretcher-bed upside down, another time lying on the floor, and so on in different ways and possibilities. This time I was not tied to the bed, but there have been many requests for spiritual help while being tied to the bed without any explanation.

Many times in the garden and in the psychiatric ward I have thought that there were spies and secret astronauts present investigating my mind, my behavior, my interaction and the paranormal events that always happen around me.

Another time in my life, as I am almost always admitted to a psychiatric hospital, some relatives gave me a nice and strange wristwatch that I believed that by manipulating it I could travel to the past or the future. I was a little scared, because I didn't know how to manipulate it and make it work properly. In the end it turned out to be a poor and cheap gadget that stopped working in a few days. Maybe I made it work as a time machine without knowing how and without knowing the consequences.

I was admitted again and told another patient that aliens visited us every seven thousand years. I don't know what I was thinking or how that thought came to me.

During one of my many admissions, I saw a small, transparent spray bottle inside the glass reception area of the psychiatric ward, which I believed contained holy water to calm a young girl tied to the bed, who was only showing her middle finger and her hand in a fist position to the passers-by who looked at her through the glass door of her room. She was possessed by some Demon with an unmatched peace. I also believed that there was an exorcist dressed as a paramedic with a bottle of holy water on the premises.

Because of some strange elixir and pills, while walking through the gardens of the psychiatric hospital, my eyes began to roll back into their sockets. Because of this, they injected me with a potion and I came back to my senses.

On one occasion, stunned by a loss and the loneliness of love, I began to cry for half an hour, during which no one could really help me.

In another psychiatric hospital stay, which I had already known, I met a woman who was admitted to the hospital and who I knew from the same city. This woman believed she was the owner of the most luxurious hotel in the city, and she protested in front of it demanding its return, because she said it had been unjustly stolen from her. When I met her, protesting at night in front of the same hotel, she claimed to be offering the sexual services of former models of some fame, all of them very advanced in age.

On the ground floor of the pavilion, we were crowded at the door to the garden. I shouted: “This one is crazy and this other one thinks she is a queen”. Suddenly it turned into a pack of angry chickens, with screams and racket coming from the subconscious itself. A relative of mine defended me in the midst of the disorder and shouted to help me defend myself from the two crazy aggressive screamers.

Once, a fellow inmate in a psychiatric ward left some balls of poop on the floor as a gift, to the surprise of his roommate, who notified the rest of his inmates and health workers.

On one occasion, a qualified professional scammed me for eighty euros for a first session in his office. This “professional” boasted that he was the only psychiatrist and psychologist in the area. I brought up the word “cosmogony” and this little doctor said that such a word does not exist and invited me to make an appointment for a second consultation while he would check if that word was real and from the dictionary. A very serious and negligent intellectual deficiency in his case. What a terrorist character, it is terrifying to leave ourselves in the hands of these characters. Another case is that when paying a tacky psychologist a large sum of money to go to his office, he kept looking at his watch every so often, wanting to end the meeting.

Also during a therapy session with a psychiatrist, he fell asleep and dropped a pack of cigarettes on the floor.

In the garden of a psychiatric ward, my head asked itself: “do you want to see a miracle?”. And suddenly, a fat man with a moustache falls to the ground and the paramedics rush to help him and the man suddenly gets up miraculously. Trapped in the psychiatric ward, I prayed silently and even out loud, shouting what was not written down. I met a young man who did not forgive his mother for giving birth to him and bringing him into this world.

One night, lying awake in bed in a psychiatric ward, I could hear my roommate’s breathing synchronized with the sound of a night owl. Although harmless, I once woke up in the middle of the night to find him next to me while he was touching the tip of my nose with the tip of his finger.

I once met a girl in psychiatry who knew how to make very modern robots. She couldn’t understand what she was doing there; she suffered an episode of “paranoia” and a doctor said that she had smoked drugs and was admitted, when that girl didn’t even smoke tobacco.

A doctor once gave me a small pink pill that caused me to sleep for two days straight.

Admitted to a psychiatric ward, an assistant was bragging about having been to some faraway exotic and paradisiacal place. Suddenly, I asked a nurse next to us who had heard him and had a newspaper, to borrow it from her, and I read out loud at random: he has never been there. The nurse, very surprised, exclaimed: “How does he do it?”.

The nurses in a psychiatric ward changed their first and last names on the name tags on their uniforms every day. When they asked about the lunch menu, they didn't write anything on the sheet they had, pretending to write. Silly experiments.

A loud explosion once rang out next to the garden of the psychiatric ward, as a bomb had been placed in a nearby building.

While in a psychiatric ward, a patient mysteriously disappeared and was never seen again, but he appeared the next day as a guest on a health programme on television. We all saw him on the TV in the main ward.

Once I was admitted to a psychiatric ward, I was able to see, along with my colleagues, how for a second a scene of the entrance to the Emergency Room of the same Hospital was interrupted by a flickering on the television news, very visible and recognizable by all viewers, to the astonishment of everyone.

I, an enlightened civilian, self-diagnosed as being far above paranoid schizophrenia, am a superhero. Many other paranoid schizophrenics, such as a world-famous painter with unparalleled talent and a funny moustache, said that it is better for normal people to die deceived and that with paranoid schizophrenia, success is quite an achievement.

There is another case of a famous and award-winning paranoid schizophrenic mathematician who said that hiding his schizophrenic thoughts made him happier than his mathematics. He also said: “If I had not felt so much pressure, I doubt I would have suffered from this disorder”. And how many more schizophrenic chess players.



## Paranoid schizophrenia

*“God is the only one to blame for all evil”*

*“If God did not exist, he would have to be created”*

*“His faith is increasing, it is getting worse”*

*“The psychologist knows your hardships,  
the confessor priest your sins,  
God knows your loneliness and  
you your slander in captivity”*

*“Thinking is a symptom of mental illness”*

If a bad, ugly, meddling psychiatrist can evaluate my mind and judge me as a paranoid schizophrenic, I can also act as an aesthete, intercede and judge her appearance, her mistakes and her bad arts. Not to mention that this woman has not even drawn a sad and simple stick figure in her life and believes she has the authority to call a great genius of recent Universal history a paranoid schizophrenic and a sick mind. Psychiatrists should help more to treat smoking than paranoid schizophrenia.

Symptoms of paranoid schizophrenia that professionals instill as harmful or pernicious, typical of a mental illness, when it is exactly the opposite, in this upside-down world. Psychiatry is the illness itself.

Persecution mania. It is true that society is hostile, from the simplest pickpocket to the most terrible war. It is good to be extra alert to the hostility of the world and to think about what you think and what they think.

Delusional idea of jealousy. Jealousy is suspicion of real infidelity.

Feeling of a special mission in life. Indeed, work dignifies and wanting to learn, to continue learning and to do it and wanting to do it as well as possible is one of the best missions one can have in life. The young Saviour of the cross is thought to be mentally ill, as are his followers. Feeling of bodily transformation. If a simple worm transforms into a butterfly, how much more can we transform into winged angels and allies? Human beings live a constant metamorphosis in every second that passes, in a way that is imperceptible in the phase of mortal existence. Existing is a deep, chronic and acute existential crisis that is constant, inexplicable and incomprehensible. Be very careful with psychiatric pills, there are many cases of weight gain due to them, even monstrous states of obesity, even when the body is initially normal. There must be a moment of transformation and change towards Heaven.

Auditory hallucinations. Like the rock star who dreams songs and even when awake only hears songs himself. It is true that I heard laughter in my head that laughed at me and now we laugh together as allies. The voices of schizophrenia are thoughts that one must know how to manipulate. What is really difficult to know and differentiate is whether the voices and mental conversations are oneself, extraterrestrials, demons, ascended relatives or imaginary friends. I have a thousand imaginary friends, we talk a lot and we also sing. How can a real hallucination not be real if it is real? There is no common consensus on what each person perceives with their senses. There may be those who hear voices or single words because they do not have the capacity to construct simple or complex thoughts. Any audible perception is already a hallucination in itself.

Visual hallucinations. Just like the artist who dreams of fantastic landscapes and even when awake receives images only for himself. Once a priest on a radio station called a great artist a paranoid schizophrenic for the reason of making animals talk. My thousand imaginary friends, who are my children, move, dance and do everything, I can see them. Every visual perception is already a hallucinatory hallucination in itself.

Feeling of being spied on. It is a delusional idea that persecutes us 24 hours a day, even in our dreamsthatwerelivethenextmorning. Ourcellphones and computers monitor our tastes and behaviors.

*“That’s how browser search works. Every time you do a search, we return thousands or even millions of web pages with useful information. The process we follow at (browser) to determine which results to display begins long before you start typing and is driven by our commitment to providing you with the best information.”*

On the street we are subject to thousands of curiouseyesandthoughtsandthe“psychopneumons” seem to be orchestrating something we do not understand. There is also hidden and top secret technology unknown.

Telepathy. Like that dream of mine where the moon is a hole capable of abduction and inhabited by beings with blue skin, four arms and a telepathic connection with me. If they like you, they can be very good friends. Invented words. Like that awakened mind that invents neologisms and is creative with language and is capable of making jokes and turns of phrase. And those advertisers who make twisted wordplays and think they are quite original. Creating neologisms is healthy.

Delusions of influence or being controlled. Controlling one's thoughts and actions is of vital importance, although secret intelligence services have always pursued the weapon of mental manipulation. Fulfilling the Ten Commandments is essential, as is mastering the Devil instead of him mastering oneself. Mind reading delusion. Psychology says that we reveal 90% of our emotions and intentions with our body posture and non-verbal communication. Erotomantic delusion. We all have famous idols and we fantasize about being friends with them because we share the same beliefs, tastes, artistic styles and ideologies.

Feeling of being tormented, followed, deceived, spied on or ridiculed. Many people suffer from loneliness and depression, feeling that life is an artificial hell.

Delusional idea of hidden reference directed at the subject. The imagination automatically creates funny and fantastic thoughts and relationships constantly. They are natural, healthy and inevitable.

Delusion of special meanings in everyday events. Everything outside is stimuli of all kinds and each one of them causes a different response. It is good to listen to thoughts no matter what they say, they are inevitable. You can also control them, manipulate them, modify them and expand them.

Delusion that people in one's surroundings are clones with the same physical appearance. This fantasy is not unusual to believe, because what words and thoughts can imagine, God can make real. And it is well known that God often displays bizarre behavior.

The delusion of believing that different people are really known people. There are masks so well made that they can camouflage themselves perfectly.

Delusional ideas that there are replicas of oneself in the world. Genetic engineering can easily accomplish this, as can the creation of the world's first man and woman. It can all be so well orchestrated that no two clones ever meet or come into contact.

Extravagant, bizarre and absurd delusional ideas. The mind is a constant machine of fantastic ideas and original jokes improvised for every situation, real or fictional. It is a good sign to have a good sense of humor.

Belief that there are people who can pass through solid structures. This can even happen in the opposite way, thanks to holography, where the solid structure can pass through the person.

Delusional idea of grandeur or megalomania. I exist and I decide and evaluate my quality as a cartoonist. Each person is delusional depending on the quality of his delusion. Self-love is of vital importance.

Religious or mystical delusions. Not only did the young Savior of the cross have his own mission, we all have our own mission. Be careful, psychiatry calls the young Savior of the cross a paranoid schizophrenic.

Delusional idea of poverty believing that all possessions have been or will be lost. Money is very valuable and everyone is afraid of being alone, poor and sick. I am not exaggerating if I believe I have been infected more than a thousand times by imaginary viruses due to my severe scruples. Everyone fears war, death, poverty, illness and destruction.

Delusional idea of the nonexistence of the self. Without friends, without company, without work and without a girlfriend it is the same as not existing.

Belief that everything bad happens because of him. Admitted to psychiatry at night time many helicopters could be heard in the sky and I believed that I had invited three million alien ships. Anosognosia, lack of awareness of illness. Virtues, gifts and talents must be detected in order to enhance, elevate, expand, use and perfect them.

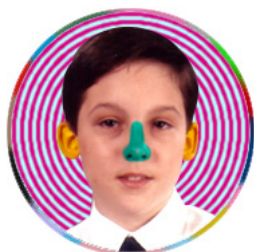
Photo album



My eyes













## Author's final note

*“Mysticism tames me, domesticating me  
chewing me in the abdomen  
taming me, commanding me  
taming me and loving me,  
amen”*

If you have any doubts, you can visit my website:

[www.thecraziestshow.com](http://www.thecraziestshow.com)

The slogan “The Craziest Show” is ranked “number one” in the most popular search engine on the Internet, with more results than the word “sex”.

Aproximadamente 19.540.000.000 resultados (0,40 segundos)

Aproximadamente 19.540.000.000 resultados (0,31 segundos)

Aproximadamente 19.540.000.000 resultados (0,30 segundos)

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Thanks to my funny and intelligent neurons:

