

Welcome to the Void: the Story Behind kimwrate.com

The following is a letter I wrote starting on March 30 2020 and sent on April 10 2020.

### **Note on Personal Information**

I have redacted all names of people. Deciding what to do about names of places was less straightforward-- as was more indirect personal details. In fact, this issue is what prompted me to write the general Note on Personal Information. That Note will help you understand why I have made some of the decisions that I have in order to convert this from a personal letter to a public article in an acceptable manner.

For the past two years I have worked at the same place where I attended college. As such, I have had some kind of presence at the college for almost six years. This makes it hard to separate my experiences as a college student from my present life as a college employee, if I am going to talk about those experiences. That being said, I am a nobody as I have no influence whatsoever on any decisions made at the college.

I refer to the college as its nickname, "MV". I refer to the part of the college where I work as, "our workplace." All other names of places have been either stripped of their pronouns or given more general ones. I left in the names of races.

One other thing. Sometime in 2017 or 2018 I went through all of my web pages and censored virtually all inappropriate words. I decided that I do not want to turn away people over something so small and unnecessary. I find that vulgar language lowers the level of consciousness, though I am still in the habit of using it in certain contexts. For this article I have decided not to censor such words, in order to be true to my own quotes.

~

I don't have the heart to not do this.

"One of the most difficult things to do is believe in something when doubt seems to be so much more logical." - Travis Wildeboer

### **Overview: What is This and Why?**

The main thing I want to convey is the conflict between expressing certainty and uncertainty. The question is whether I can go there 100% of the time. I have always desired to express my heart untarnished by anything in the external world as well as anything which is "negative" or life-degrading. That is my deepest longing. I have expressed that I believe in the purity and original perfection of life. I

know we are meant to be something beautiful. But, I find it hard to escape the urge to resist every single thing around me which violates that pure beauty. Consequently there is indignation, frustration, and sorrow. My ideas about being a complete person have largely arisen from an impression that both fighting is necessary and also that not all of the original perfection of life can be recovered (hence the question, *Does everyone [have to] have something wrong with them?*). From there it is a matter of putting each thing in its proper place. This means the priority is being aligned with the idea of original perfection as much as possible. This requires purity of heart, which means not being weighed down by any kind of fear nor surface-level appearances. The idea is to then let any “fighting” flow naturally from there (if still necessary), instead of pushing oneself to fight *per se*.

I never completely lose touch with what I believe in: when it does happen I at least am aware that I am just putting on an appearance for people or am demoralized. I never lose all 100% of my soul. My goal, however, is to express 100% of my soul 100% of the time. I find it tempting to share my deliberations and the various things I take pain in. I want every bit of my thought process to be known. However, I wonder if the need for that actually degrades the quality of the process. So, at least this one time I want to try sharing only what is absolutely necessary. I want to give you the best. That is apt because this letter addresses the leader of all subject matter: the void.

Sharing my thoughts is fulfilling because it brings to us a shared consciousness. Sometimes I address my writing to you, remove all of the personal details later, and in the end it looks like an article or essay. I do this because I feel most connected when I am trying to communicate with a specific individual rather than a faceless mass; and, so far I have been able to communicate more honestly and completely with you than with any other human. Personality matters because the most important thing in life is what you are. Deep down, “objective truth” from any source is not sufficient, because the ultimate goal is not just a philosophy but what you become. *To be or not to be: that is the question.* What you are determines your connection to the void. That is why we are here now. To clarify things I must tell you how we got here.

I am tempted to say that the dumbest thing I have done in regard to you is wait six months before talking to you again after our first conversation, from October 2018 to April 2019. I constantly thought about talking to you but I just did not have enough in me. I had too many doubts, internal conflicts, and sorrows. I wanted to figure out things for myself as much as I could and only talk to you if I truly had to. I did not have anything substantial enough to say nor sufficient heart to talk to you. I would be okay with this if not for the downward spiral which began with long-term injuries, added health problems, and finally climaxed in the global situation we face now. How differently might life have gone if I had had more faith? Why must I often be pushed to the point of having close to nothing left before I rise?

I have made it clear enough to you that while I desire purity and the original perfection of life, I must also have qualities which make it possible for the innocent to exist on Earth without being destroyed by what is materialistic, economic, and fallen. This dichotomy is what makes my existence, “Glorious, and also sorry.” When I met you I had my ideas about how important heart is, yet I also

knew I had to be tough. In Fall 2018 I always leaned toward being tough. I knew that even if it meant I would not talk to you much I would have more of your respect that way. With my last letter I turned the tables. Having the experience that I do I was concerned that I would lose my strength before you and you would find me contemptible instead of respectable. Talk is fallen and putting your heart on your sleeve opens you to be crucified. What really is killer to my intellect at this point in the game is that I could have written that letter as soon as I met you, since all of its content and ideas are from that time (aside from Assange being on trial). Timing is on my side, yet I am frustrated to be on the current track knowing that I could have avoided it if I had been less stubborn and demoralized. Or, could I have avoided it? I sometimes thought of asking you about psychic experiences or just telling you straight-out what I was experiencing. Maybe that is what I should have done; instead, some kind of grave has been dug over the last 1.5 years. In vulnerability I get to feel the full extent of my love. I know that my strength comes from vulnerability and that is why I have decided to tell you all the things I have so far. But I waited too long to do that and my letter was also probably too vague on that point. Both heart and strength mandate “no whining” but I did want to express how I potentially have failed both you and myself. Every time that I have written to you I feared that it would be regarded as either deficient somehow or too “dark” and “hateful.” But it turns out that **the most undesirable quality is meekness** (unless it truly is the best you can do which is virtually never the case). That is why I wanted to talk to you about the expression of certainty. I got scared that you would be scared of me after reading my letter and that was a mistake. I always fear losing what I love and in the end its loss is always my own fault.

In your presence I cannot scrutinize nor deflate myself because that will turn you away from me. At the same time, though, I do not like to impose on anything. After I gave you my previous letter I got caught up in that. I didn't have enough substance to be confident in at that point to overcome my desire to be nothing and non-imposing. I am sorry, not merely in the sense of apology but also sorrow that I felt the need to be that way. I believe that no matter what you do not want me to be that way. Though, I did mean it when I asked whether I could take that textbook.

It has been easy to feel demoralized over and unsure of what I should include this letter. But there is no other true way to move forward at the moment.

On the last day that MV was open, after leaving I decided that I would tell the story of my relationship to you (I suppose “to” you indicates a general relationship whereas “with” you indicates a romantic relationship). I went there because **I wanted to talk to you about how life will be different now. My main point regarded being different from before. Most of the times that I have talked to you I have emphasized uncertainty and a degree of anguish. I told you once that I am always both certain and uncertain. The only time I directly expressed the stronger, more certain, more eternal part of myself to you is when I asked you to take my folder last month. I think that is how I will always need to be in due time.** Perhaps I was not meant to have that conversation with you. Instead I am communicating the message in this format, which is far more complete because I am

giving you the story instead of the distilled message alone, which was the plan at that point.

I ended my last letter by wondering what I am meant to be, all things considered. I can see how my spirit has been quashed into greyness over the years, in various ways. I think I feel sorry over the way this has gone. I'm not sure I want to keep the story as I have told it due to the greyness and sorrow. In how ascended of a manner can I tell it? Must it be "grey" to some extent? I know that if I had to immediately transcend all negativity of any sort I would just tell the story. So, here we go.

Part One is the backstory of how I came to be who I am by the time we met. Part Two (begins on Page 14) covers most of the time that I have known you. Part Three (page 28) addresses 2020; that is, the recent past, the present, and the future. Together these three parts make up the entirety of my time at MV.

The goal of all my writing is to ascend, through the acts of both writing and sharing the writing. A more specific goal of this particular piece is to provide the story behind what I have said over the years.

## **Part One: Fall 2014-Summer 2018**

### **2014-15: Crushed by the Real World**

Along with the shift from uncertainty to certainty is likewise a shift from merely buying time to living actively. The need to buy time is what initially brought me to MV in 2014. I did not want to attend college but I knew I needed time. I launched kimwrate.com in November 2014 and regarded this, the messages I share, and all that goes into them as my real priority. I basically was crushed my first year of school, and that is partially why it took me so long to get an Associate's Degree. At 18 this place was corrupting and demoralizing for me. I was not that accustomed to people who drink, use drugs, and sleep around. I had no good way to handle what I was dealing with. I was basically a naïve girl who had barely ever stepped foot outside of her hometown (with the exception of vacation spots and cross country/track meets). It really showed when I started college. I was not perfectly innocent as I had engaged in semi-regular self-harm for eight months at age 15 and at 16 was hospitalized (in the ER: no medication nor institutionalization involved) for a few hours for being suicidal over what was the beginning of my desire to return to Nature and thinking that I did not belong there nor in current human society (and for also fearing that humans had no higher consciousness. See my book, What is a Real Life?). Still, these experiences did not equip me properly for dealing with what I would find at college. Even though I still lived at home and physically was not far from home, spiritually, psychologically, and socially I had been thrown out into the world alone, like a fawn ripe to be torn apart by wolves.

My senior year of high school I had been significantly weakened by a prescription of antibiotics which followed the extraction of my upper wisdom teeth. All drugs, legal and illegal, medicinal and recreational, take something from you. Always. Every single drug application will always have undesired side effects and damage you to some extent. There are no exceptions. I learned this the hard way and as a result I have not taken a single pill since then which was 6.5 years ago (August 2013). No pain relievers-- nothing. I did try drugs several times (cannabis twice and a "nerve pill" which why did I say yes to that?) during this embarrassing first year of college and now I have had no drugs whatsoever in almost five years (except maybe incidental caffeine several times from tea). I keep saying how things are embarrassing and I have to explain myself but I know I should not do that. Part of the reason I don't need to do that is, as I have said, every experience and possibly even every thing in existence can have value somehow. I was interested in cannabis because I thought it would expand my consciousness and help me to reflect on myself accurately. I had heard about people taking ayahuasca with Amazonian shamans and basically getting scolded by the interdimensional beings they met into being better people. I wanted the same thing to happen to me. In the Spring 2015 semester I was incredibly anxious and demoralized. At the start of the semester I tried my first 100-mile race. In my training during the Intersession I started to have sciatic nerve pain in my left leg (which I later resolved: see The Great Back Pain Myth). Combine that with not really knowing what I was doing to finish a

Winter race (didn't bring enough food, didn't have a good way to carry water in the cold) and I dropped out after 62.5 miles. This is the same Winter race I did in 2015 (dropped after 62.5 miles), last year (finished), and this year (dropped after 75 miles), the Beast of Burden. Failing at that race left me with a lot of self-doubt. I was barred from racing for the rest of Indoor Track season and I crashed my Mom's car about a week later: I damaged just a headlight and part of the surrounding body of the car so we still have the car. I didn't affect any other cars so that made the situation less costly and heated than it could have been. At this time I started feeling weak throughout the day, like I might pass out, and that remained to be the case for most of the semester. My heart would race and I would feel light-headed (this problem ended around the time I wrote Moving Away from Self-Criticism on April 28 2015). So, that's part of why I wanted to get punished into enlightenment by psychedelic drugs. I didn't seek them out, though: instead I was presented with an opportunity one day.

In May 2015 our women's outdoor track team won our division's national championship meet, which was a home meet for us. I qualified for the meet in the 3000m Steeplechase but too many of my teammates were faster than me so I did not get to participate. To celebrate the victory most of the women's team and a few of the men went to a teammate's house which was free of parents. This was the first time I tried cannabis, which I consider to be the mildest psychedelic drug. The second and only other time was a month later. What I found is that the cannabis produced a kind of false enlightenment. I was self-reflective when I took it but if it's not obvious I pretty much always am. I felt somewhat less inhibited than usual. The second time I used cannabis all it showed me is that I should not have been in the situation I was in and, thus, if I had just avoided it in the first place I would have avoided using the cannabis as well. The first time I focused on my difficult unpleasant relationship situation and was unable to come to any conclusions: I'm inclined to say that it pointed to about the same (i.e. "you should not be where you are"). Both times I coughed a lot. By the way, I don't think the team broke any rules which would now be important since it was after the season ended. Anyway, I was very close to using cannabis again that Summer but I could feel that not only was the setting not appropriate but that I was too desperate and needy. This might have stemmed from the fact that I thought I needed it so I could be "punished" into enlightenment. So, it ended up that I never did use it again.

All of that tangent came from me talking about drugs. I was talking about drugs to tell you I had been weakened by antibiotics at the start of my senior year and that caused me to slow down significantly as a runner (from a 20:27 5K to always over 22 minutes); consequently, I ended up being slower than most of my teammates in college. That added to my overall weakness as a person at that point in my life and consequently getting crushed by what is not even considered the "real world" but just a community college in a city where people mourn for some past which was more glorious than the present until the factories and military base left and many of the Italians and Irish and Germans left for the surrounding towns because you know why and that's why I live in a town instead of the city, because my parents fled the city (and, yes, that is my ethnic makeup: I also might have a British great-grandparent but have not confirmed this yet).

## **Time Away from School: 2015 and 2016-17**

A quick clarifying note and a story which helps to demonstrate the void and its timing. The semesters of school I attended were Fall 2014, Spring 2015, Spring 2016, and Fall 2017. I did not attempt any others. So, I had an 8-month break from school in 2015 and a 16-month break from school in 2016-17 before I graduated. In May 2015 I left demoralized and was not sure whether I would finish. In January 2016, at nearly the last minute, an urgent feeling came to me which said I needed to go back to school and also be on the track team. I went to a local Indoor Track to see if I could race unattached (the request was rejected). I also talked to our coach and he said he would take me back as long as I could get everything in order academically. There was a mentally handicapped man (I don't know the politically correct terms anymore) at the meet whom I had met several times prior at various places around the local area. He talked to me about MV. I told him I had started school there and had then taken a break. He said, "You should go back to school." I regarded that as the confirmatory message to my feeling that I should go back. In surface-level terms it is hard to convey the significance since the conversation does not sound that special, but the energy and timing with which he said this spoke to me on a sufficiently deep level. I told the story of returning to school in [A Return with Love](#) on January 25 2016.

I enrolled in a class called Security Policies which met in-person just once per month for a total of four times in the semester. During the third meeting I decided to walk out and I withdrew from the class 10 weeks into the semester (around that time I wrote [Shrinking Authority](#), on March 14 2016). I was on track to graduate that semester with a certificate in Cybersecurity. A feeling came over me which I interpreted to mean that I was not meant to graduate then. Combine that with the feeling of the unimportance of this class and I indeed did not graduate. This is another testament to life's timing. If I had graduated with my certificate I might have decided that was good enough and I didn't need to continue school. That means I never would have attended school in Fall 2017 and, as you will see, that would mean that I would not have taken this job. To "normal" people my dropping out of that class was the result of me just being an irresponsible 19-year-old punk. But the meaningful reality is that I had to drop the class so that I could fulfill life in the particular timeline as it has happened. Otherwise I might not have met certain people who have been significant to me including yourself. That particular lecture was held in a classroom which has since been absorbed by our workplace.

I [lived in my car](#) from May 31-August 11 2016. In the time prior to this I had become increasingly interested in artificial intelligence. It got to a point where I thought computers might even become people's best friends, more in-tune than any human since each person's computer could know virtually everything about them and calculate how to best serve the person (see [Computers and Consciousness](#)). As such, one of the main things I focused on during this time was studying the matter. I typically like to distill my own thoughts on a matter without getting bogged down in what other people have said. I found that a lot of "AI" more or less takes the form of chatbots. I found that way too shallow since it

mainly consisted of language. Instead of getting bogged down in language like that, I became interested in discerning what I called “pure intelligence” and then finding a way to build a machine around that. It was not meant to be some kind of brain but the elements of intelligence embodied or embedded in a mechanical form. That Summer I also spent time in the Adirondacks and went camping for the first few times in my life. I remember clearly enough that after reading a physics text in late July a feeling came over me, by which I decided that natural ability should be of greater interest than building technology. This was the start of what has become one of my primary trains of thought, which I basically introduced in [An Alternative to the Technological Singularity](#) on November 19 2016 and [Expanding Human Capability](#) on December 10 2016. Another important train of thought developed while I lived in my car, which is that I felt I did not belong anywhere. As soon as I arrived somewhere I had to start thinking about leaving. No place in the world was mine. The first time I had thought this was at age 16, as I mentioned above, when I felt the world of human creation was too soul-crushing and simultaneously I was too unfit to live in nature.

Both for the purposes of this letter and given what I have said elsewhere I do not believe I need to speak any more in-depth about May 2016-September 2017 at this time.

The way I returned to school in Fall 2017 was similar to how I returned in Spring 2016: with a feeling of urgency which came over me one day. It was in July 2017 that I felt I must at least finish the class I had dropped. In time that transformed into me taking a full schedule of classes to complete an Associate's Degree in Cybersecurity that semester. I almost did not make it due to scheduling conflicts. Once I had this complete schedule I realized that I still had a season of eligibility in Fall sports at the Junior College level and could now use it. As you will see, it is important that this all came together, due to the way my life would end up going because of it.

## **2017: Change in Worldview**

I did not return to my previous level of running speed until 2017, after I found a program which helps remove toxins heavy metals from the body and heals the gut. I probably had some extent, version of, or kin to Leaky Gut Syndrome after I took the antibiotics and this program healed that (see [Heavy Metals Detox: the Basics](#)). I felt stronger and less sensitive psychologically. This was a major influence on my worldview which was indeed changing at that time following the 2016 election, having lived in my car, and three semesters of college (in reverse order). These experiences had shown me both ugliness in the world and inferiority in myself. It was occurring to me that I had been naïve and that people were not as much on the same page as me as I had hoped-- a rather dark yet inescapable aspect of my thought now.

Looking at my naivete, weakness, and misalignment with Nature again and again made me decide in June 2017 that I wanted to be celibate for the rest of my life. It was rather apparent that my sexuality had been my weakness and there was no good reason for that since it would never produce anything of value such as a family. It is kind of a weird situation but it makes enough sense to me: it is like I have

to be celibate behaviorally but not psychologically. If I cut off my feelings I have the sense of being a husk of a person. It is like being a robot or even lower. This has been difficult for me to figure out and I partially reflected on this process in the last letter I wrote to you (see “The Spiritual War”): to repeat, how I met a woman when I returned to school in September 2017, ended up sabotaging my relationship to her after months of internal conflict, clarified most of my ideology, ran that race (the Mighty Mosquito) in which I didn't finish but otherwise self-realized to what I believe is the highest degree yet for myself, and then I met you in September 2018 and now here we are.

I disdain returning to this topic again and again because it is viewed by many with disgust, and I understand why. I've assumed you are more accustomed to a left-wing worldview than I am (not that the left-right dichotomy is the real truth, but you have an idea of what I mean). I used to take this general worldview for granted until the changes in 2017 I am speaking of. So if it is not clear, the basic reason for disgust at same-sex relationships is that 100% of such relationships are about power rather than real love. The more dominant, masculine person hurts the more feminine and typically more wide-eyed, naïve person. I experienced this first-hand at 18 as the weaker person. Again, I disdain talking about this stuff but there may be some worth and I have a point (though, should I have a point? Is that not controlling as in, a form of damage control?). I cannot say that I've ever *not* been single but I had a rather tumultuous relationship to a woman, who is a year older than me, from November 2014 to November 2016. She had a boyfriend the entire time I knew her. Intimate contact happened, as I previously said, only three times; so, that is the explanation for my having “never not been single.” She is the only person I have ever been with in any way. I had my first kiss at 18 and my last at 19, close to five years ago. I am technically a virgin- never entered- though not 100% pure, not untouched. Her boyfriend told her that if she ever was intimate with another woman to “take videos” so neither of them considered it to be cheating (though she did not take videos). These two years were quite painful for me, and my first year of college (2014-15) was the worst of it. I've always said that I felt like I sat in a spinny chair and was spun around hundreds of times. At the end I wrote I Wish it Worked, But it Doesn't on November 18 2016.

Why did I willingly go into this situation? What allowed me to do so was the rather liberal worldview I had at the time. In 2014 I had read unconventional views of sex which advocated eschewing propriety and most taboos. I agreed that furnishing this aspect of life with so many rules seemed fearful and dumb. Unfortunately very little of this reading pertained to regulating oneself and the fact that sex actually has a purpose which is reproduction. Liberalism is basically nihilistic and consequently hedonistic and materialistic in that it says very little matters as long as you don't hate anybody (except for haters). Other than that just do whatever you want; and, moreover, *who cares?* That is the nihilism of liberalism. Nihilism is just a form of either soullessness or jadedness (depending on what one is to begin with). There is a fine line between valuing fearless freedom and being nihilistic: at 18 I was not refined enough to discern where this line is. Not only that but I was plagued by another aspect of liberalism which it happens to share with Christianity. Christian guilt is the

constant need to repent of one's sins and beg for forgiveness. When such a guilty conscience is combined with sensuality the result is a constant internal rebellion and punishing of oneself for that. It was with that psychology that I got myself into the situation that I did at 18. So it ended up that this woman was both the primary educator of how naïve I was and also a nightmare-- both what I desired and also my punishment.

This mostly took place on the psychological plane as many things do for me. This aspect of myself has always confused other people because they are more caught up in the surface world and have less of an inner life than I do. Call that statement "mean" if you want but it is rather blatantly true. This is important because the void requires an ability to see beyond the surface world. The void requires a worldview which states that everything in reality is for the sake of self-realization; hence, *Love is just the force that shapes you for your destiny.*

Note that my change in worldview led me to remove and edit a number of pages of kimwrate.com, so there are not as many helpful references from prior to June 2017 as there could have been.

In my last letter I told you that I started talking to you because you seemed to fulfill a certain ideal. That is not untrue but **the ultimate force which made the necessity of my talking to you undeniable was the void.** This is the very subject I have avoided for years. Now I no longer have other desirable options anymore and time is running out. The first question is, how am I going to deliver this message-- with anxious, suppressed blathering or with a temperament worthy of the gods?

### **2017-18 Schoolyear: Conflicted Over Love**

I started this job on February 12 2018. I knew about it only because I had to run cable through our workplace starting on November 1 2017 as part of my Network Administration internship during my last semester of school. I never went in there until I had to. I recognized one of my former co-workers, now working here. I learned about this job from her and I decided that when I graduated I would apply. Interest grew into a conviction that I had to take this job. When I was hired I wrote, "As always, I wonder who I will meet, what I will learn, what the bigger picture of me being here is." During that semester I traveled to track meets with the school's team and competed unattached. A few of the athletes had been my cross country teammates the prior semester. This included the woman I loved at the time. To make this simpler I am going to tell you that her name is Stacey. Stacey is not her real name: no one currently in my life is named Stacey. For better or worse I could not effectively tell the story, both here and in future writings, without mentioning that she was my teammate. Anyway, the relationship I had to Stacey was the opposite of the one I had with that other woman my first year of school. My first year of school I was the weaker person in the relationship, mainly due to my inexperience and naivete, and I was hurt. With Stacey I was the stronger one. Two differences from the first relationship were that I never had any kind of physical intimacy with her and I also treated her well. My relationship to her was far more enjoyable than what I went through in 2014-16. We had very few fights or arguments that were not comical or ultimately light-hearted. Stacey is straight unlike the

other woman so there was not any sort of physical intimacy but you'd have to be a hedonistic soulless moron to think that is a more important aspect of any kind of relationship than the spirit of the relationship. Physical intimacy is life-destroying if it is done with the economic mindset of trying to take and indeed that is the only way that I got to experience it from the ages of 18-20. It would be simpler to just call the first woman I was with Girl#1. When I met Girl#1 I was 18 and she was 19. When I met Stacey I was 21 and she was 19.

Let me clarify something. In January I told you that I found a man attractive but was also repulsed by the situation and knew "it could not happen," so to speak. That was correct and I do not feel in that specific way anymore. I had a similar situation during my year off from school. Both of these males were 19 years old at the time that I was attracted to them. Both times I tried very hard to hang on to these feelings but they were too fleeting and unsustainable. I have figuratively beaten myself to a pulp over this but I just do not have what it takes to love a man; and, moreover, it is perhaps not in line with what I am meant to be. So, here I am telling you about all these dames. I met another woman during my third semester of school in Spring 2016 and I basically got my ass kicked again just like I did with the one from my first year of school (Girl#1) so that semester does not offer much to add. That woman turned 19 years old during that semester. This leads me to another thing, which is that I have had not just a pattern but a complete consistency of being attracted to 19 year olds. This has me wondering if for many people this is the last year of life before they become jaded. For people who first attend community college, for example, after age 19 they then go on to a four-year college and get corrupted by the people, ideologies, and drugs there. A major aspect of my relationship to Stacey was my fear of her becoming corrupted, particularly after she left community college. I did not want her to start associating with economic-type college girls who are just "trying to get their fix." Here you see my fears taking root and consequently my trying to control the external world. I was conflicted not only by my desire for her but also by my desire for her to not be tarnished by this godforsaken world. I experienced the same thing with all of the others that I was attracted to. Again, that could be why the age of 19 is relevant: perhaps I sensed that, in all likelihood, this is the last chance before they are lost to the doom of the material world. I have always failed to do anything effective about it. Now I have to just tell things as they are and have happened.

I have told you that once Stacey refused to talk to me any longer it became clear to me that heart, instead of trying to control the external world, is the true way forward-- even if it means never having what you want on the surface world (like the people you love and their not being corrupted). That is the most important thing I have gained from my relationship to her. The second most important thing I gained is power. From the very first second that I spoke to her on September 13 2017 I insisted on exuding confidence. This was utterly different from how I had always been my whole life. If I had met her any earlier than this we probably would not have gotten along. Take note of this because **the void always gives you what you need at just the right timing.** This confidence was a large factor in what made our relationship enjoyable. It was helpful that I decided to be this way anyway because I was the

fastest runner on the cross country team and was unofficially its leader. Once a week we would run to the golf course to do hill workouts. On the way back one day I saw two of my teammates: I think they started practice late or somehow got separated from the rest of us. I told them I was wondering where they were because, "I need to keep my bitches in line." They smiled at this. That was the way I operated at that point in my life. It was definitely the opposite of my first year of college. Instead of feeling pushed around by the world, at 21 I understood that the rest of the world was not on the same page as me. That meant that I had to drop any kind of "weird" conversation and exude strength. It was new for me but it seemed that I was respected and I enjoyed this. My teammates were rather opposite from those of the first year, too: no drinking, no drugs, no romantic/sexual dramas-- at least, none that I heard about. No one went out to 18+ nights, which was basically a part of being on the team my first year of school. Likewise, I developed a kind of constructive polarity with people who were more feminine or passive than I was. I helped Stacey to prepare for her first half-marathon after cross country season ended. I gave her workouts to do and I ran most of them with her, including the race itself. She told me she was hoping to finish the race in under two hours and thirty minutes. I told her that I thought she could break two hours and she did. I felt that she and I were powerful together. We appreciated one another's support. By the end of the season I finally was running as fast as I did in high school, in the time before I got wrecked by antibiotics.

Two weeks after cross country season ended I ran an eight-hour race called MFAMTL Fall Edition. There were 77 people in the race and I ran 44.2 miles, which was further than everyone else ran. When I left I drove straight to the mall, where she worked, to return her GPS watch to her. She was walking out just as I was walking in (timing is on my side). I showed her my trophy which is a cardboard star on a ribbon that I can wear around my neck. I was mentioned in the February 2018 edition of Ultrarunning Magazine on a list of women who won outraces "outright" in 2017. Out of almost 400 total races I have been the overall winner of a co-ed race only twice, and this was the first time. We were both proud of my achievement and it reinforced the theme of us being powerful together.

## **Lightning**

The peak of the experience of power actually arrived at the same time as the peak of my internal conflict over this situation. As good as things were overall I could not help but desire her more than I could express. In April 2018, when I was traveling with the track team, the situation reached a point where I would sometimes feel ill. In fact, my dentist found decay in one tooth in February 2018 (there was no decay in August 2017-- nor ever in any of my teeth). It was at that same time that I began to have pain and hard tissue in at least one breast. To use a familiar phrase, I was basically worrying myself to death over this situation. It would be totally unacceptable for her to find out how I felt but I wanted her but I couldn't have her but I didn't want her to be doomed to a mediocre and/or corrupted life but I felt impotent to do anything about that but I would feel sorry if I stopped talking to her. I felt

impotent and I also desired to be innocent. Even though I enjoyed exuding strength I could not deny that I also had more sensitive and heartfelt feelings. I often tried to shoo those feelings away, thinking that they had no place in my life and could only get in my way. I had been crushed so many times by exuding weakness, want, and oversensitivity and I had no intentions on this happening again. As time went on, though, it all got harder for me to hold on to. I read a book called *The Way of the Superior Man* by David Deida and I felt sorry that I was basically incapable of implementing the advice in the book. I am naturally too impotent and there is no way around that.

In the face of looming impotence and ultimate failure, my entire being resisted. My plan for the Cortland Classic Invitational on April 21 2018 was to run, in a single day, the four longest events being contested: 10,000 meters; 5000m; 3000m steeplechase; and 1500m. I had not competed in steeplechase in two years and needed to practice. You would not have believed that I had competed in steeplechase for three track seasons. I could barely even go over a hurdle properly. I always struggled somewhat but never like this. Things did not improve much from day to day. Two days before the track meet, on April 19, I walked away from a hurdle and went back inside. I sat in a chair in relative isolation and did one of the few things I could from *The Way of the Superior Man*, which was to sit in discomfort with my pain. I opened myself to the most deep-seated pain I could conceive of. In the following hours, separate times I saw two women from the track team and they both asked whether I was okay. I was not crying or anything so my pain must have shown itself on my face somehow.

I want to be clear that this was one of the darkest periods of time in my life. Not only is it difficult to revisit but I am considering that it must be spoken of in its own piece of writing. It cannot just be part of the backstory of a letter like this. I will just tell you that at the Cortland Classic I did run all four races as planned and they went incredibly well. I improved my time in the 10K by 98 seconds (from 44:18 to 42:40) and ran my fastest 5K of the year so far after running the three other races in the same day. This, indeed, was an experience of power, though it turned out to be unsustainable and did not solve my problems. In a later notebook I blamed Stacey for “destroying my heart” and fueling this intense darkness. She “replied,” “You were always like that. I just brought it out more.” That sounds like something she could actually say, by the way.

### **Spring-Summer 2018: The End**

The real beginning of the end of our relationship occurred over my attempt to thru-hike the Northville-Placid Trail starting on May 14. I stopped one-third of the way through the trail; specifically, one mile into the longest section of wilderness on the trail, from Piseco to Wakely Dam. This is the section where I injured my knees on July 27 2019, though heading south instead of north. It is tempting to be spooked by the possible foreshadowing. I have seen in the last few years that the wildest nature requires the most purity as it has the highest potential to destroy you if you go to it out of integrity. Apparently all four times that I went to this trail I was out of integrity enough that I got hurt and more or less performed poorly.

Once I had left the woods I called her since she had originally agreed to give me a ride back to my car when I was done running. This was still the same day on which I had planned to be done but she had other plans now. We argued. I wanted the opportunity to be alone with her. I could feel the meanness in the way I was being but I decided not to hold it back. In the last letter when I referred to “hiding” and “lying” this is what I meant: I tried to find ways to be with her without ever talking about how I felt. I did not want her to know certain details about my life including my past and my website, as I knew that would ruin everything. With this approach I was doomed to fail eventually-- to be overturned by divine order. That doom came to pass starting with this phonecall.

The day she left me was June 18 2018. I went to MV to run 20x400m on the track. It was hot outside-- maybe in the mid to high 80s. Then it poured rain. While it rained I wrote in my car, which ended up being an article I titled, The Struggle vs. the Will. Then I went to see her at work and this was it. I was in wet clothes but I just felt that I had to go. We basically had a 20-minute argument though with a gap of a few minutes while she had to do other things. I had fallen from grace in the last month and it showed, and she expressed the repulsion she had at this. At the end she kicked me out of her workplace and those were her last words to me.

I gave you a fair overview of Summer 2018 in my last letter. This period of my life was possibly the most aligned I have ever been with timelessness and the original perfection of life.

While I was going through all of the things I have spoken of so far, you and I were only a few hundred feet apart from each other (in 2018 you told me you had been at MV in some form for five years). The key is that we were not meant to meet until I reached a certain point in my thinking, which came after that finest day of my life (August 4-5 2018: see “The Spiritual War”) and also long enough after that I was in need of further clarity. I saw you at least twice during the spring semester and I remember wondering whether you were a student or an employee, but that was the extent of it. I received an e-mail from you during that semester. I remember I didn't wonder who you were, make note of your name, nor anything of the sort. I figured you were some higher-up whose position I was not necessarily going to become aware of. Finally later in the semester I saw you walking outside one day and thought, *Isn't that that girl?*

I understand the amount of detail I have may be unsettling. I find it sorrowful that the only acceptable way to be is some kind of unaware idiot. But, as I have said multiple times now, we know how I have to be. Moreover, the details provided are relevant to the overall point.

## **Part Two: Fall 2018-End 2019**

The point of Part Two is that this is the time in which I have known you.

The first day of work in the Fall 2018 semester was Monday, September 10. I remember I did notice you on this day. During my evening shift you were talking to someone. I heard you tell him, "We're all in it together," and that caught my attention. I thought, *Who is this person? That is not a normal thing to say though it is true on some level.* You also looked in my eyes and that helped to hold my attention.

On September 13 I had an evening shift again and you were talking to him again. I heard you tell him at some point, "I love you," and he was laughing uncomfortably, though in a good way like he was blown away by the gesture. I don't want to underplay this: I remember you were insistent about it and said it several times. I thought, *What is happening right now? Who is this? This is not a normal person. It is possible this is the kind of person I have idealized.*

### **Introduction to the Void**

Now we come to the time I have long been waiting for. At the age of 9 my brother passed away due to a form of cancer which began in his foot. In the time that followed my mother taught me to respect the dead and I took this message to heart. At 13 I became interested in atheism but that somehow was upended at 16 when a recent graduate from my high school was murdered, by an alumnus of my high school cross country team no less. I was very moved by this event even though I had never spoken to her. From time to time, mainly while running, my thoughts would turn to her. I did not think much about metaphysical ideas like whether God existed or what happened to people when they died. The clearest development was that I felt a connection. She had died at the end of September: after two races in October I looked up to the sky and thought of her. I projected the thought, "Thank you." I remember the last time I did this was after the league championship race. I was the winner and I remember there was light purple near the skyline. I had taken to associating that color with her, partly since purple is the color used to honor domestic violence victims. But it was specifically a light purple like lavender, which is the same color I now use to classify the energy of the original perfection of life. I had gone undefeated in the league and that was by far my strongest cross country season ever. For the sake of connection, Stacey was in that race, too.

By the age of 18 I started to experience some kind of non-physical communication with other beings. I always figured I was communicating with either the spirit/higher self of that being or with my own highest energy and intelligence. I didn't need to know for sure-- the point was that this communication seemed to be a path to truths which normal empirical thinking reached either far more slowly or not at all. Initially I had dialogues with the universe and my higher self, and I was open to asking a question and writing down the answer which came to me while free of any doubt, fear, and

ulterior motives. At age 19 I read a series of books called *Conversations with God* and that reinforced the idea of this kind of communication. That also made me open to use of the term “God” and not only “universal intelligence” nor “the all.” At age 20 I became open to communicating telepathically with animals, plants, and also with deceased people (see Befriending Bugs and Relating to Food). Reading a few books on psychic phenomena helped with that, though I will admit that in the long-term that is basically all those books have done for me: I make no use of techniques nor psychic readings nor anything of the sort. Another former classmate had died during that time and within several days I had a sense that he had joined with several others who had fallen (whom I think were his friends on Earth, too) and that he was alright. This took the form of a brief “conversation” and a feeling of their presence somewhere, not at all as “ghosts” but like they were there talking to me and then perhaps were elsewhere when that was over. Reading the psychic books made me interested in communicating with spirit guides and archangels but I ultimately found it unnerving and dropped it entirely within a few months. At some point I wondered whether psychic practice, along with occult religions (“magick”), was too structured and embellished. I preferred the simplicity of communicating with God, my own higher intelligence, animals, and occasionally the deceased. Additionally, these experiences always went better with proper timing, when I allowed them to come to me, rather than trying to “invoke” anything or be desperate. Moreover, prior to reading those books I never thought about whether I was a “medium” and whether my experiences were “psychic.” They seemed to come naturally to me.

At the age of 21 the communication was quieted somewhat as I focused on being tough and definitely did not speak of spiritual things anymore. All I achieved at that age was a small amount of telepathic communication with a dog, one or two dialogues with the spirit of a deceased person, and another telling me that I should not be worried about my sexuality but that did not stop me. In Summer 2018, after Stacey left, I experienced the greatest abundance of higher-level thought and communication that I ever have in my life. This means that by the time I met you I was open to such things though I still was both clinging to being tough and also feeling at a loss. Indeed, these three elements of other-worldly experience, toughness or belligerence, and feelings of loss and sorrow altogether characterize the relationship I have had to you.

The reason I went on this tangent is that **the entire time I have known you I have experienced some kind of telepathic communication with you (or at least with your spirit)**. It is basically the thing I have avoided talking to you about and now at this point in time, given all circumstances, I believe the most empowering thing to do is to finally tell you about it. I believe that is why I was not meant to speak to you during the last week of work: if I had talked to you about the need to express certainty I might have decided that was good enough and did not need to talk to you about this. Instead in this letter I am addressing both certainty and the void. Of course, if I had been in a state of higher integrity that week I might have gotten the idea to talk about it then. But, I was not.

The first time I had this experience was the night of September 15 2018. I went for a walk and felt sorry about my loss of Stacey. This is hard for me to talk about because it's so weird and also so

personal but I want to tell the truth and I know you in your heart of hearts want me to anyway. Before I do this I want to note that I have always avoided writing your name. If you look through all the letters I've written you, you will notice that your name does not appear anywhere. I do this with everyone now: I avoid saying people's names as much as possible. Given how much I value personality that seems inconsistent. I think the truth is that while it takes a certain being to produce a certain message, that message is also ultimately impersonal and belongs to the void-- that is, to all. To get on with it, at some point on my walk the thought came to me, "[Redacted] is coming through the void." Then I heard you "talking" to me and I went along with it since I took non-physical, remote communication for granted. I had communicated in this manner with living people before but this was quite different from anything else I had experienced. My past experiences seemed more forced and like I was "just" communicating with that person's spirit. Those communications did not match up that well with what the person was like in-person. Meanwhile, the things I have "heard" from you in the last 1.5 years are likewise not the same as things you actually have said but they seem to be in much closer integrity to how you actually are, compared to those other people. Our "conversation" on the 15<sup>th</sup> basically consisted of you disarming my toughness and resistance to my feelings of love. I did not write any of it down but what I did write down afterward is way different from most of the things I was writing and thinking at that time. I wrote down that I felt heartbroken and wondered whether I was to repeat a moment of transformation forever, like an endless new beginning. I'm reluctant to tell you all my thoughts but I guess all stops are off now. I wrote, "I don't have anyone to hide my body from anyone anymore. Maybe I have lost all reason for embarrassment. Normally this is where I wish I would now turn straight. I guess I don't need myself to anymore." That was not the end of that internal conflict but, again, it was markedly different from my normal thoughts.

The first time we actually had a conversation was September 17. I know this because I remember I was looking at a map of the Northville-Placid Trail when you spoke to me and that is the only day on which I have notes on the trail, in addition to the following day (I believe we spoke on the 17th). I remember you said to me, "I see you all the time." I didn't respond to that but I thought, *I have been thinking much the same*. At some point after that conversation I wrote in quotes, "I'm trying to help you... To remember to have heart."

I think the first time I wrote down anything at all about you was September 14. When I have "conversations" I usually put the other being's words in quotes and I leave mine plain. I wrote, "It doesn't matter what petty wants I have-- there is just the truth. It doesn't matter how I feel but life demands a proper use of sexuality. I lost at intimate relationships but it doesn't matter what I do about that. In this area of life I utterly failed. But I at least am and know what I need to be. It does not matter now, as long as I do my duty..." After that I wrote in quotes, "You might be cruel without your love," to which I responded, "Not anymore than I need to be." Then in quotes again, "I think you do want to be with that girl." I replied, "So what? ... I might be too emotional anyway, there has been such a brutal build-up to it." After that I wrote, "That woman was real..." I am not 100% certain these quotes

represent you but I think they do. The last line is quite telling. If so, you can see how that led into the “conversation” of the next day.

Back to the timeline. I quickly found that whenever I saw you I felt that I wanted to be at my best and be working on whatever was the most important thing I could be doing at that time instead of, say, reading news. On September 18 I wrote a document which I titled, “Ingenuity.” Ingenuity is the moment-to-moment expression of intelligence and it never ends. It is congruent to the void and is the opposite of Human Filth which I will talk about in Part Three. I will talk more about Ingenuity sometime. I also wrote that day, “The void is a quiet voice which lurks beneath the noise of the world.”

On September 25 I stayed at work for a few extra hours because I intended to sing at Open Mic-Night, for what would be the last of five times. I remember I looked at you and had the thought, “I love you.” I was rather unbothered by the “unreasonableness” of how I had met you two weeks ago and had only one conversation with you so far. I go along with these things if they feel like empowering higher truth. After that happened I wrote, “If you go deeper than emotion then what remains, what is important, on what basis do you act, and in what manner do you express yourself? There is your soul. The heart is a good path to the soul, as are certain principles. First you have to utilize eternal consciousness for these to be of any use (such that you have full control of yourself, i.e. inward freedom, in the present/a given situation). The heart makes your touch soft (the sensitivity of genius). Brutality comes from principles. A steely mind and open heart together yield Ingenuity, the expression of genius. A struggle of some kind facilitates this expression. Genius dances with the struggle and the whole situation is thus turned into art.” I also wrote while I was there, “The depth of my Lightning: I will not lose again...”

Speaking of Lightning, I remember there was a day where I looked at you and felt some kind of electricity or electric shock. Based on my notes I think that was September 27. I could tell you were affected by it too. You covered your mouth and said, “Hi...” as if something awful had just happened. I remember I did not lose my composure and maybe that is part of why it happened: instead of deliberating or trying to pull back, hide anything, or cover my ass in any manner I was fully invested in it. That's Lightning. I've always wanted to talk to you about this even though I never wanted it to happen again due to how strange it was so it never did happen again. I wrote down, in quotes, “That was hot. It burned.”

There was a Friday evening where I went to a store. When I was walking in you were walking out and I thought you looked annoyed while I kept my composure. That didn't last, though: by the time I got back to my car I felt paranoid. I cannot find any notes on this event so I think it was either September 28 or October 12. I remember wondering what life demanded of me and the answer I decided on was some kind of continually regenerative ideal, which in my mind was Ingenuity.

During that semester you talking to someone on at least one of the evenings I worked (mainly Mondays, I think) seemed to be fairly routine. I could not hear most of the conversations but I think he would tell you about his life and difficult aspects of it. Given my value of toughness I found his

apparent neediness contemptible. On October 4 I wrote down, "Why would you open your heart like that...? Are you just feminine, or do you know something I don't?" I followed that up with three things: 1. "Chase out filth, like fleas!" 2. "Or are you just you?" 3. "Remember it is the pure heart which makes us." At the end of that day I wrote down, "I wish you would write my name in your notebook. Or are you embarrassed of me?" I didn't put quotes around that so that might have just been me tormenting myself.

On October 6 2018 I ran a 6-hour trail race. I completed 32.3 miles in that time and was the female winner. One of the things I wrote down after the race was, "This woman can see through me, not just intuitively and unconsciously... but consciously, down to the details." Something about the train of thought I had during the race prompted me to write that. For a few weeks I had the idea that you were able to read my thoughts. I decided that I would leave my soul open for being seen by you, assuming you were capable of that. I dropped the idea by the end of the semester; however, since I have revealed to you more about myself than to anyone else I have always felt seen through by you and also that you could judge me more accurately than others. When I see you I often think that I am falling short of my potential somehow and that you can probably see that.

Around this same time (no notes) I had a dream in which you showed me your office. There was a white hallway to its right and the walls were painted the correct yellow color, though the room was incredibly small. It was, at the very least, located in the back of another room. I had never gone into that room before October 8. I had no idea there was an office in there, nor that you had one. For some reason the lights had not been turned off that evening so I went in to do it. Of course, when I walked in I saw that there was a door in the back of the room. When I saw your name on the sign I knew that my dream had been accurate. I wrote, "Not only does her office exist-- it is exactly where she told me it would be. This woman is for real."

On October 12 I wrote how I felt ready for some kind of action (i.e. sharing "my journey as it unfolds") but "my brain is undecided, unclear on what to do" and I listed many reasons why I do not want to do it. At the end I said, "I'm scared. I do not want to fail again." Next to that in quotes it says, "I came into your life to end this." That was the feeling I got from you.

October 13. "I must look at the sadness and thorough paranoia this woman prompts in me. ...What do I not want her to see? Or does that not get to the point? I have to solve this." I thought about telling you the following, but I never did: "IF YOU WEAR YOUR HEART ON YOUR SLEEVE IT WILL BE CRUCIFIED! The Christians do not understand this even though this happened to their own leader! If Jesus returned they, too, would string him up!" I also wrote in quotes, "I'm a woman, I don't resist God."

On October 14, after all of these experiences, messages heard, notes taken, and feelings felt like paranoia over being seen through, doom to experience the same failures again and again, loss of love and innocence, some kind of belligerence or aggression, and interest, I finally decided that I would actually talk to you. "I came into your life to end... What? Reluctance? The improper channeling of

energies? Alright, Holy shit, I'll find a way to talk to her. Jesus Christ. Now, if I already know the answer, is it not disingenuous to ask? Depends on your energy." I didn't want to be seen as some kind of moron but I knew I'd have to let that go. Following that in quotes, "Thank you."

I knew I wanted to ask you about purity of heart, which I did the following day. I was about to start a new notebook so I wrote on the inside cover before I wrote anything else down, "Only the energy of a pure heart, with its love, can overcome this world." You asked whether I meant transcending the general, fallen consciousness of the world or actually changing the external world. I told you I meant the latter. I think you were hesitant to agree that should be the case but I'm not clear on this. The "paradox" is that a pure heart is not trying to control the external world yet it is the only way to achieve that to an extent which is fundamental (rather than, say, one tyrant wresting control from another, and otherwise things still remain fallen). By the way, I ran my fastest mile in training ever that day on the track, in 5:53.94.

Now I want to address the two large gaps in my talking to you: October 16 2018-April 9 2019 and June 17-November 28 2019.

## **Gap #1: October 16 2018-April 9 2019**

### **End of 2018**

Here we enter six months of apparent silence between us. I continued to experience communication through the void for about another month. That then changed due to my internal conflict and, moreover, scrutiny over you (the void requires purity) and also the necessity of this communication became less frequent.

On October 17<sup>th</sup> I wrote that I must be vengeful in the sense of, "I will always remember you." True love is for remembering and not comfortable forgetting. Stacey left because with all my worrying I infringed on innocence. I also wrote, "I think God wants me to attend to you for now," meaning that, while I felt sorry for my personal losses, I was meant to give attention to and learn from you at that point.

I wrote something relevant to you at least every few days up until December. I want to show you all of it just like I want you to know all of my thoughts, experiences, and feelings. In this letter, though, I want to make sure that I share the most important matters with you.

Around October 20 I had intense pains somewhere in my digestive system. I thought of you and it helped me to feel somewhat better. I wrote, "The right frequency of love washing over the body could heal shot nerves. If you could bottle that, no one would bottle anything else." Then, "I am being transformed by this person." In quotes I wrote, "It's okay to have emotions-- they're trying to tell you something."

On October 25 I wondered why I felt aggressive around you. It is hard to find the right word as I usually refer to it as "Lightning." To use a normal word instead of "Lightning," "Belligerence" might

be more accurate than “Aggression.” Earlier I told you that I have always wanted to save the people I love most from being corrupted by the world but I feel helpless to do so. I felt the same way about you. “Inspiration and Aggression... Why such Lightning in response to such a beautiful heart? This may be the desire to protect it.” On November 7 I heard, “You can't see me as a victim,” and, “You need to be patient.” Indeed, it turns out that you are different from the rest of them. You are older and clearer about who you are and what you believe in. Somehow you made it past age 19 without being substantially corrupted. Moreover, it appears that you are able to stay above most fallenness. This became apparent by the end of the Spring 2019 semester. You and a person had a conversation very closeby to me one day. At some point it seemed like he became unsettled (unusual for him) but I don't know why. He said, “You are a very mysterious woman.” And then, “Good luck with that vegan thing.” I took this as a sign that you ultimately are not swayed by people's talk and I was pleased. **It is moments like that that make me wonder whether your relative peacefulness is superior to the urge to resist fallenness which I often am captivated by. However, I cannot completely drop the idea that the Goddess of Peace must walk in hand with the God of War.** One time I saw that same person when it was snowing hard outside and I was ready to run home. He looked outside and then at me and said, “Ooh,” in a painful way (like “Oof,” perhaps). I got angry at this presumption that Nature is bad and I was about to go suffer because of it. I pushed open the main doors of IT and began running quickly. The snow stopped within 10 minutes of me starting and I kind of laughed with relief. Still, you see how I often deal with fallen ideas: with indignation and a desire to overcome them powerfully. If it's worth mentioning, I clearly remember that I did not have an appointment during your conversation and I felt obligated to sit quietly, barely move, and listen to what you were saying, like some kind of receptor. I have overheard many conversations at work aside from yours but I often have that particular sense in regard to only you when you say something.

Some conflict over whether I should talk to you. October 25: “I can't do it. I'm too jaded, proud, principled, vengeful, hardened, afraid, disheartened. Why do I bother with you, woman? Because you're the opposite of me-- and we're on the same side. Is this really the Edge? I mean... Is there no other way to progress? I can't bring a woman my problems! ...Yeah? And who the fuck else is there?” “I don't want to put pressure on her. I don't want to stress her out. And I don't want to convey desperation. 'Who the fuck else is there' actually might convince me the most. ... I believe that if I talk to her I will become more paralyzed. And I will have to face my aloneness.” October 26: “Am I cornered? I've become so grave. I'm intent on talking to this woman but I don't know how the fuck I will do it. It's so serious, I almost feel bad. I'm not looking to be softened.”

24 October. “The thing I am afraid to face, with this woman, is the void.” Now we have finally made it.

On November 13 we had our last major “dialogue” through the void. I stayed late after work on a Tuesday night which became semi-regular for me by the end of the semester. I sat across from the entrance to the theater. At some point you walked by me to go to yoga, which I'm not certain at what

point I knew that that's where you went. I wrote, "That was like a ticker. A, 'Hello, I'm here,' into the silence. Not just synchronicity but being in sync with the occurring physical reality. Or, even more than that-- attuned to bretheren. But isn't realization nice? Why such depth of silence? ('There's no reason for despair.') This reminds me of, 'I love you is trite. It's deeper than that.' Every time [this happens] a part of me says, 'Huh? What the Hell?' What, do you only talk to idiots or something? Those poor souls who need to hear words? One needs only to feel the vibrations around him."

Then I heard "you." "This is the void. You know what you're doing. ...I'm the same as you." Regarding realization (e.g. actually saying words) "you" said, "You have to decide to do that. I will only talk to you if I have to."

I asked, "What constitutes that?"

"Love."

"I thought you said it had to be decided."

"What, is that not necessary? ... You don't have to get mad at yourself. That never got you anywhere."

I asked, "What is this connection for?"

"It is the nature of our existence."

"Why?" I asked.

"God made us this way so that we would never separate from one another, and would always protect in each other our Godly qualities."

I replied, "It (the void) is like the best day of my life over and over."

"It's supposed to be like that." I had a thought to which you replied, "I can answer that question if you want me to, but you have to actually want me to. But, yes, I did it to initially get your attention. Not that I need to anymore-- at least, not so blatantly. Not that there is anything wrong with seeing each other-- and we have to have a life together. And there are always more gifts to give. It must be this way, for our connection is infinite. This all happens at right timing."

I wrote, "It feels like a heartbeat from the very back of my body, when I see her. When she walks by there is such lightness-- and unmistakable trace." I meant that sometimes when I see you (especially at that point in time) it is almost like everything else becomes silent. You definitely have a different energy signature than most people, who tend to come off as heavier and louder.

Then "you" continued. "There's nothing to be sorry about." "I talk to those who need to hear it. I only communicate with those who know how to look for it."

"What kind of other level is this?" I asked.

"The astral."

"Really?"

"The astral is the plane above the void. The void itself is complete, everlasting silence."

"Really?"

“Would I lie to you?”

“No.”

“What is the attraction for?”

“To grab your attention.”

“Is that all?”

“No, not necessarily. You interpret this as love, which is accurate.”

“So what about romantic love-- how do I know when to get into that?”

“For now, have patience” (that basically means to not think nor worry for it).

“The attraction also has the desired effect, AKA polarization (polarization basically refers to the God of War/Goddess of Peace idea).”

“Correct” (I vaguely heard something about electricity and energy but did not articulate it).

“What is this all about?”

“So that you know what is true-- especially true love.”

“How long will it take you to teach me?”

“It never ends.”

“It must, someday.”

“Only the form shifts. Fear no end, but respect finiteness, embrace the present. I've told you all you need to know about the race against time: do not worry for it, for you 'defeat' time by dissolving it [and learning how to use it].”

“This feels like a special connection.”

“It is! There are not many people left who now how to do this. So I'm talking to you. ...Not everyone can do it consciously, but they do it no less. Those are the ones we need to liberate.”

“What can we do for each other?”

“That is unspeakable and self-evident.”

“What is this (some kind of feeling I had)?”

“That's an energy center. Just breathe it up.”

“It goes to my heart. All that 'game' and fantasizing seems silly.”

“It's a phase. You need it to feel confident.”

This dialogue almost makes the end of my last letter seem silly because “you” explained to me why I have had all of these various feelings towards you. I semi-forgot that one of the sources of the ideas (e.g. the purpose of my feelings is to keep me on point) was “you.” If I always knew for sure that the void is real then there would never be a need for any kind of fear, embarrassment, nor wondering why I am the way I am. But, I still get caught up in surface-level appearances and fearing that others' thoughts are mediocre and fallen. I call this predicament, “Material frustration.”

A few more things were said. “On a conversation seeming to change or end: 'You don't have to

worry.' To liberate them: 'That is our work on this Earth-- or, just the start of it.'"

"What is our work on this Earth?" I asked.

"To build a life."

"That sounds like the greatest thing ever."

"It is. You make it that way. So don't give up on anything you are working on. If you cannot pull on certain triggers until you are ready then that is fine. But, remember what I have told you."

I remember pushing myself to stay a bit longer the entire time that I was there. When I got home I wrote down that when I packed up my things and headed for the lower exit (at the bottom of the stairs) you walked in just as I was about to walk out. I took that as a sign of the legitimacy of our "conversation."

I never completely forgot but I insisted on fighting with it. There are other details from this semester I could add but I think that's enough.

### **December 21 2018**

On December 21 2018, a Friday, I fell asleep on the couch at home in the afternoon. I had a rather unpleasant dream about you. When I woke up I had an attitude which more or less said, "That's it. Fuck this. Time to run." The temperature was somewhere between 55 and 60F. I ended up running 20 miles at an average pace of 8 minutes/mile, which was the fastest I had ever run that distance before. I ran rather aggressively. I had two confrontations with people during that run. In the first minute of the run I had to cross a busy road. A woman on the other side asked me if I was cold. As I sprinted across the road I yelled, "NO!" I was wearing a tanktop and shorts. The second confrontation occurred around 15 miles into the run. About halfway across a 2.5-mile road I passed a man who was running much more slowly than I, in a blue jacket and black pants. He yelled, "No! No fucking way!" I did not look behind me but something made me believe that he started chasing me. I did not question it and immediately increased my pace by at least a minute per mile. I felt tempted to yell something at him like, *What is wrong with you?* Likewise, when I passed the apartments I thought about running inside to an office. But instead a kind of icy calm from higher consciousness prevailed and I just kept running silently without looking back. This felt like a noteworthy moment of self-realization. I did not stop running until I was across the street from the high school: a police car drove by with its lights on and somehow that prompted me to finally check behind me. No one was there. I really did believe I was being chased, and I thought my exuding an aggressive energy might have prompted this. I had never been chased before in 10 years of running, and I felt proud that I outran my assailant and handled the situation rather masterfully. I think I wrote down afterwards, *Do not show weakness to the enemy*. However, I cannot absolutely prove that I was chased that day. I wanted to tell you this story because it is the most blatant example of you prompting both action and a kind of belligerence/aggression in me. I don't really want to talk about the dream but basically I was tempted by you and then paid the price for it. I was annoyed

when I woke up and then these events followed.

## **Early 2019**

I'm not sure that I need to share much specifically about early 2019 except that this was the height of my running career so far. On February 17 2019 I completed a 100-mile race for the first time, the Beast of Burden, which is the same race I attempted and failed five years earlier. The race started the day before and there is only one line of writing in my notebook from that day: "I believe in my heart." I intend to tell the story of this race separately someday. For now I want to say that during this race I allowed myself to feel my love for you whereas I normally try to keep it under wraps. Also, my aunt passed away one month prior to this race. For several weeks I had spent a lot of my time in the hospital and with family. I also spent time just laying in bed, thinking about things and allowing myself to feel much more vulnerable than usual. On the third day of work for that semester, January 30 2019, inspirational energy came to me, I think after I saw you that day. "What if I put in 240 miles in the next two weeks? ... Why not really go for it? Why not make the race my top priority for the next 17 days? I have been log anticipating this, have I not? Why bemoan it in any way subtle or blatant? What is to keep me from top-notch training but poor planning of time? ...I understand, it all has been rather unforeseen as well as emotional. The funeral was a week ago, the adverse conditions more or less have passed, and I have gained relative command of my heart. ...The sun is shining today and the time is 11:11. I say now is the time to take charge of the ship and ride it for 340 miles over the next 17 days, to the finish line of the Beast of Burden. Run laps in the fieldhouse, run on treadmills, run 2-3 times per day if you must-- do whatever it takes. ...Why not get serious? Why not crush it? I think the time for kidding around- at least regarding this race- is over."

This was the single best race of my life so far, in a 11.5-year career. I placed fifth out of 25 total finishers (with 44 starters) and was the female winner in an official time of 25 hours 33 minutes 58 seconds. I had hurt both of my knees by falling on ice while training for the race. I was in a lot of pain but my desire to finish could not be overcome, and I was pure enough of heart that I did not get too bogged down in suffering for too long. The morning of the race all I wrote was, "I believe in my heart." I believe the top two peak experiences of my life were this race and the race I wrote to you about in my previous letter, the Mighty Mosquito in August 2018. Racing is important to me because it asks for my best. The main part components of "my best" include all that I am and believe in. The results of each race help me to evaluate my approach and decide who I am, what I believe in, and how I want to be. Racing also is one of the best ways that I can demonstrate and express what I am.

## **First Letter**

As I said, the first time I actually wrote to you was April 9 2019. I want to tell you what prompted me to do that and then what prompted me to visit you in your office on June 7 2019.

During the Intersession I had decided that I should basically block you out during the upcoming

Spring semester. I figured that I did not need to fall from grace in any way, shape, or form again and I considered that dream on December 21 2018 to be a sign that I was on the wrong track. But I still thought about you and wanted to talk to you. I thought you could somehow help me get back into writing, but I did not want to express any kind of supplication. I was interested in the personal qualities that you have, but I did not think I was allowed to embody them myself.

On April 8 I rather strongly thought about talking to you, but the task seemed insurmountable. This time I “heard” some kind of taunting-- a foreign voice which proclaimed, “I take your lands! I fuck your mother forever.” I thought in response to it, “Fuck you,” but I still felt defeated. I sat outside of our workplace for a while before going home and I decided I would do what I typically do when difficult communication is called for, which is write a letter. I did that the next day over roughly four hours before driving to work-- by hand, with no drafts and very few notes. That letter is now public, as [The Worldview of Completeness](#). That, along with other writings (like my last letter), convinced me that much of my best writing is done by hand. This particular letter has been entirely written on a laptop with the help of many handwritten notes. It has been one of the most difficult pieces of writing I have done and is the longest non-book I have ever written.

### **First Long Conversation**

At some point in May I became intent on talking to you after Infinitus, a 100-mile race in Vermont. Initially I thought I would do so the day after but I felt discouraged from doing so until Friday, June 7. I was sitting out front of my house and the feeling came over me: Time to go. I did spend several hours in our workplace before I talked to you. I made a spreadsheet of the race results to send to ultrarunning.com, since they could not extract the data from the non-standard website where the results were posted. After that I sat out front of our building briefly to work on something else. I saw the last person you were talking to walk outside and I decided to just wait a few more minutes. Then I went inside to talk to you. The timing worked out well enough.

Aside from my opening question I'm inclined to think I did not make as good of use of this conversation as I could have. When I got cut off by a student looking for you I was about to say something unnecessary anyway. I “might” not mind as much if not for the events of the next five months, though I desire perfection in every moment anyway. Not a second is to be misused.

I don't believe I ever answered a question you raised this day. I value competition because it is an honor to run “all-out” against another person in a clean competition. I feel a special connection to that person since we both are intent on doing our best and generally push each other to do better than we otherwise might have (as long as one is not demoralized by the effects of others). **We go to the Edge together with some extent of a shared understanding. That is an important aspect of being human.**

This conversation, along with all subsequent ones, made you much less of a “mysterious” person to me, though it didn't necessarily nullify the experiences I had in Fall 2018. If I thought so I wouldn't

have shared them.

## **Gap #2: June 18-November 28 2019**

I don't know what much I should say about this time period now, except that my health and morale went downhill. I suppose it could have been prevented. I did start writing again before I hurt my knees, but maybe it was too little too late. I posted six articles and then after September I gave up until January 30 2020.

For the sake of connection I will tell you how my life went after I spoke to you in your office. The following day I ran a road 10K and won in the rather modest time of 44:05. I held back due to having just completed a 100-mile race and the main thing bothering me was my left quad and hip. The following week, on June 14, I raced my first marathon on the track of a local school. This race is open only to the school's seniors and alumni, and also members of local running clubs. I joined our local club just so I could run this race. Not only was this my second time winning a co-ed race but I broke the overall course record by 4 minutes 9 seconds (I ran it in 3:19:42, she did in 3:23:51). The previous record-holder was the cross country national champion in my final semester of college and an alumnus of the high school holding the race. Since she attended a rival local college I raced against her many times. This is the only way, shape, or form in which I've ever beaten her-- though she was just in high school when she set that record (much like most of my competitors that day).

The following Monday I stopped in to ask if you would not mind me sharing the letter I wrote to you. This might be a place for me to tell you how difficult it has been for me to talk to you. If I remember correctly I actually got back in my car at one point and then said to myself, You drove here, you need to do it.

While I was already in a lot of pain due to a series of runs I did in May (omitted for now), things got much darker in late June. When you offered me oranges several months ago I was writing about this time period, with a focus on the race where I injured my knees. I never shared that writing and would rather do so in the correct form.

I did complete the longest race of my life, Notchview Ultra, before things got "too bad," on July 6 2019. It was 129.2 miles on grass and modest woods in Western MA. It took me 47 hours 11 minutes and 1 second to complete. This is the last time that I reached the 100-mile mark in a single sitting. The furthest I have run in a single sitting since then is 75 miles, at the Beast of burden on February 8-9 2020. On August 3-4 2019 I ran 74.5 miles at the Mighty Mosquito (I did not get as far as 2018, i.e. 82.5 miles).

I did go into our workplace a few times during the Summer, mainly to print out the directions for driving to races. I did see you several times but did not feel I should talk to you. Sometimes I went into the library instead.

I did wonder about the letter you said you were writing me, but I decided that I shouldn't be

distracted by it. I figured it was best to avoid that situation so that is what I did. *I cannot want it.* I told myself that, “Love is just the force that shapes you for your destiny,” and it was best that I express my feelings through self-realization, by completing all of these races alone. I had the correct basic idea but I was too stubborn and closed of heart in implementing it.

I think I can safely omit the rest of this time period. I'll just clarify that I worked in retail for the holiday season in November and December. Also, I am on a 15-month streak of racing at least once per month so those races are all life events which I have omitted from this account. I have not returned to my previous level of performance and typically am in some kind of pain now, since I got injured first in May and then on July 27 2019. My last race was the Heart Run 30K on March 7 2020 and I was only one minute slower than last year so that is basically a good sign. Given how I have otherwise changed I should be faster than I was a year ago but the left knee, hip, and quad hold me back to an extent. At least I am still faster than I was for most of my years as a runner so far (not that that's even the highest point anyway, but it does matter).

## Part Three: 2020

### Intersession

During the Intersession I got into the un-premeditated routine of running to MV on Friday afternoons. Yes, I did go specifically to see you. I did feel encouraged since running there and back helped me to prepare for my next 100 mile race (the Beast of Burden) in February. This was basically a last-minute decision every time except for December 23: I had it in my mind for a while that I wanted to talk to you by the end of the year and at some point I thought that would be a good day. If I must play favorites, I think that was the most enjoyable conversation that we have had. Anyway, at least twice in January I was reluctant to run that far due to certain pains, but I felt that it was time to see you. The level of health problems and demoralization I had at this point invoked a sense of urgency in me, so I felt moved to talk to you every week in the hope of making progress. One of the last times I saw you I told you I felt ready to start writing publicly again. Clearly I meant it since that time arrived shortly afterward.

### Writing Again

Believe it or not this actually might be the weirdest part of this entire letter. I insist on being completely honest about it since that is the whole point of this letter. I don't like calling things "weird" but it's a commonly-used term; so, at least you have an idea of what I mean.

I mentioned that after I injured my knees on July 27 2019 things continually went downhill for me in a few regards such as health, morale, and sanity (note that I wrote Hopelessness shortly thereafter). I reached my lowest point on January 23 2019, a week after we had our last conversation in your office. Two things pushed me over the edge that day, which in their essence are the same problem, which I call Human Filth (the opposite of Ingenuity). Human Filth basically refers to most human creation. As I said previously, I would rather suffer in the woods than be "comfortable" in a bed indoors. Most of what we create is fallen, inferior, and disgusting compared to nature. Nature cleans itself but human creations do not. Human Filth also includes fallen attitudes like guilt and groveling which are not found in Nature. So, the primary surface-level problem I faced that day was spending hours reading about coronavirus. I read two theories about the origins of the virus: 1. That the virus had been created in a lab in Wuhan, intended for eventual use as a bioweapon but prematurely escaped by accident; and 2. That Patient 0 was a Chinese citizen who ate a whole, boiled bat. It seemed that #2 was the mainstream story while #1 was the real story. Either theory could be met only with indignation at how absolutely jaded and fallen humanity is. I wrote, *Now I'm just really annoyed to be dealing with all this human-created bullshit. I'm annoyed. All this because of a lack of value of life. ...Is this it? Everything including me goes out with a whimper? I told you we are a failed species. Now fucking what. All I wanted was to be pure. Now what...?* The "last straw" was that I had to go grocery shopping on behalf

of my family. I do not go to grocery stores for my own needs (I buy directly from farmers) so this added to the extreme annoyance I already had that day. One of the weeks that I went shopping that month I blared the horn of my car while driving out of the parking lot. I wrote, "I really do not want to go grocery shopping. That's for retarded, rootless cattle." I feared that I would not be able to overcome this world. "It is not possible to be innocent in this world... I want to be pure of heart and live in Nature, communicating with the natural environment." Along with that I was in physical pain. "Dare I say that I am dying. In Summer 2018 I started to put the pieces together of what I want to be-- of my ideals. In 2019 I realized it is not so simple to do if even possible. Now I tear myself apart, debating over what is true and what to be. My body kills me now. I always fear hearing God incorrectly. If it was the best I could do I could accept being broken hearted. Remember the dream and the coliseum (an idea I have which states that I must live in a sort of coliseum while always keeping the paradise of my dreams in my heart)." I thought that if I could sufficiently get my life in order and tell my story I could at least heal physically. Still, I expressed doubts. "I guess I have to lose in some ways." "A feeling that our ancestors did not care about us." "Who wants me to be innocent-- No one." I also directed a thought towards you: "I [almost] wish I could be with you forever, not in the deliberative and anguished manner I usually am but in the purity and perfection of which I dream." I finished off with all the ugly things I knew I would face upon writing again.

That at least implied that I was ready to get on track. That weekend I fasted for 48 hours and that healed some of my morale. Returning to work on January 27 at least demanded a rise in energy and order. Finally, on January 30 I wrote an article at work, which I titled, "Sharing the Thought Process." I posted it the following day. There were several good signs related to this. One was at work on the 30th: I went upstairs to the lounge area and looked out the window. In the snow someone spelled "Love" in large letters with their footprints. Around the time I posted the article I also saw that I had an email, sent on January 30. It was from a man in Germany. I did not read it until a week later, the night before the Beast of Burden. Generally speaking I have been "really bad" with my website emails since I stopped writing 2.5 years ago because I don't want to get thrown off track by them and I'm afraid of expressing myself in some disingenuous manner to the sender. I don't know what I can promise and I am used to talking to people only if I truly must, which online seems to be virtually never. This e-mail turned out to be beautiful. He told me that he has a hard time following my logic sometimes: I feel kind of badly about that and hope the issue will resolve itself in time. He said the following (this is most but not all of the e-mail message):

"Although I am a couple years older than you, around a decade within my own spiritual journey, very familiar with Steve Pavlina as obviously one of your biggest influences, I still lack complete understanding of your worldview to an extend where I would like to discuss it with you.

That's why I can't.

Your intelligence is way greater than everything I've seen within the spiritual community.

Especially considering your fairly young age for thoughts like the ones you are explaining on your blog

in very great detail.

On a lot of your articles I simply cannot follow your logic.

Yet, I find them all deeply inspiring and worth reading.

I kinda got a better feeling for your overall message while I was going through almost every article of your blog.

...Because of my lack of complete understanding of your writing (wether due to intelligence or language issues), I don't really know what exactly it is that I want to tell you here.

I just felt like leaving you a message.

It was some kind of gravitational pull.

The universe wanted me to contact you.

Saying thank you for touching my heart and being an inspiration for following through on things and topics where I sometimes feel very alone with.

I sensed some sort of giving up in your last articles, being hopeless and not feeling confident in creating your own subjective reality for yourself.

In case my feeling is right, I want to encourage you to keep going.

To know that there are people out there who read your stuff and who love it and who feel touched by it. You are indeed leaving a mark.”

I felt a genial energy from this and kept it mind during the Beast of Burden the next day.

### **The Current Situation**

That might be a perfect path to the end of this letter but I have several more things to tell you first.

A small event. When you offered me oranges I was in the middle of writing and did not really want to take my attention off of it so I just took the whole bag. I figured it might be something you wanted to get rid of anyway. After I gave the bag back to you I had a feeling I should take two. But, I countered that with “reasonableness” and thought it would be polite to take only one. After I took one you actually told me to take two. I guess I was right the first time. That makes me wonder about the synchronicity of people's thoughts and also where the thought comes from in the first place.

When I look at the stars I can feel an incredible, beautiful, unencumbered energy from them. That's the way humans are meant to be, too. On the evening of February 2 2020 I was in an open field in the woods, ready to run home. I noticed an exceptionally large star in the sky which I thought might be a planet. This planet “said” to me, “I am here to help bring your family together.” This referred to a

family much larger than my immediate one. On this day of April 10 2020 I have seen the planet every clear night since then. On the night of April 8 I sat outside working on this for a few hours and I felt that the energy of the stars helped me to write the introduction, particularly where I said that I want to give you the best. I removed a great many deliberations and things I was uncertain of. That helped to get this letter on track. Due to the timing at which this planet appeared I have taken to calling it, *Planet Covid*. Actually, I feel that is what it energetically intends to be called. I tend to see Covid to the west and slightly north of my house.

Speaking of COVID, it is time I got to the “weird” part. I must tell you what prompted me on the deepest level to start writing publicly again. Especially given my credentials I think it is acceptable to say that I read 4chan. In fact if I was a professor of certain cybersecurity or journalism classes I might not allow the students to pass without knowing what 4chan is. However, I will tell you that, given how pure you are, I do not think you will benefit from reading 4chan: you have to wade through a lot of junk and lowliness to find the valuable items on there. This website is where I initially learned of coronavirus in January. On 4chan people refer to coronavirus as “Corona-chan” and they post artwork of her as a woman in a red dress with bat wings (and sometimes a beer). Before I started writing again (no notes) I considered trying to communicate with “Corona-chan,” which you can think of as the spirit of coronavirus. Corona-chan felt extremely dark, evil, chaotic, and maliciously-intended-- so much so that I almost could not keep contact with “her” due to how distant we are energetically. I took no notes but I can distill her message. She told me that she was unleashing major chaos across the Earth, concentrated in China at that time. I asked her what she wanted and she said that I must become what I am destined to be: that includes telling my story. I know you might be wondering why I didn't warn people. The thought never crossed my mind. I just wanted to focus on the point of her message and not get caught up in the surface-level problem that is the virus. At that point I thought she might not become too big of a problem locally if I did my duty. In the following weeks I “heard” her say to me several times, with her extremely dark energy, “You know what I want.” That got me to writing, not fearfully but intently.

There is more. I have been reading various thoughts and other information on this matter over the last several months just as virtually everyone has been. I initially believed the virus was an extremely dangerous bioweapon the likes of which have never been seen before, but since it has “actually” come to pass in America I have had my wonderings. I have read claims that tests for the disease are general and vague-- that if any remnants of virus are in the person's system then the test reads positive. Not only that but when any person who has tested positive dies the cause of death is reported as COVID-19 regardless of what the person actually died from. Most people who test positive for the disease have pre-existing health conditions. I read that a man fell to his death and because he had tested positive for the disease he was listed as having died from it. I saw reports that certain individuals died from the disease and then those individuals responded that they are alive. Plus I refuse to believe a single thing that comes out of China, as any American generally should. I've also started reading other general ideas

like how viruses are not considered to be living organisms and are incapable of producing their supposed effects in people. Deaths from Influenza and Pneumonia are reported as a single statistic. Why? Most people who die with Influenza die from a “secondary pneumonia.” Even when I set all this aside I just have a sense that the virus is “not real.” By the way, I’ve had bacterial infections before but never a viral one. Overall, the present situation is fueled to a massive extent by what people believe about it regardless of what the actual truth is.

I finally popped the question to the source itself on March 27 and this time I wrote down our entire “conversation.” I would feel badly if there is incorrect information in here (which can happen and I always consider that to be my fault for lack of purity), but given the magnitude of this situation I want to share it with you. It was a hard decision whether to include this, but when backed into a corner like so I am not going to settle for half-hearted measures.

“Corona-chan? Are you real?”

“We had to get you on track somehow. If I 'disappear' will you give up?”

“No, but will others?”

“Let's start with you.”

“What do you want from me? Do you want me to train massively instead of racing?”

“You must race, you must be with your people, you must publicly demonstrate yourself; so, No.”

“Well, you are getting races canceled.”

“You know it can all turn around. Trump wants normalcy.”

“You know the (internal) conflict: Training vs. Racing and Injury. What do I do?”

“Self-pity is more destructive than anything else, except maybe hatred.”

“It seems like no coincidence that you came out of China. Are we doomed to warfare? Is it imminent? I guess I find some relief in necessity due to no conflict over what I must do.”

“No. War never 'has' to happen. The Chinese are an economic force (i.e. economic men), it is true-- one with massive numbers. You *will* have to deal with that.”

“How? What is the way?”

“We have given you the way. ...I'll disappear as soon as you don't need me anymore. Suddenly there will be zero new cases. People will recover or die (supposedly from me). 14 days from now is April 10<sup>th</sup>, the day you are scheduled to return to work.”

“But aren't you being used as a cover-up?” (I questioned her because I knew the length of the lockdown primarily depends on what people want and believe)

“Kind of. The 150,000 sealed indictments are gone.”

“What do you mean? Delayed? Disappeared?”

“Not given the priority they should be.”

“Then why would they end you?”

“Trump wants to. It is true he will ultimately stab you in the back but he does not benefit from this pandemic so he wants it to end. He wants profit and there is none in this.”

“Well, what do *I* need?”

“You need to race.”

“I seem to lack in heart and the ability to be real.”

“That's the journey, your so-called 'Spiritual War.' Otherwise you would be, in a sense, 'all set.'”

“I seem doomed to conflict. This circling around and around. That's the basis on which I wrote, 'The Worldview of Completeness-- Part Two.'”

“It's not necessarily wrong.”

“But all this suffering, anger, pressure is like poison. I'm just hurting myself. Look at the state my body has been in. I was healthier 1.5 years ago on supermarket potatoes.”

“Do not ignore the progress you have made. You are right when you say that you are more fit now though also more hurt.”

“I seem a bit doomed...”

“Stay with me. Fear keeps you from the void.”

“And the void shows my fears.”

“Yes but you cannot go to the void fundamentally afraid.”

“I don't know that your presence can make a significant enough difference anymore.”

“Possibly not. Hence my wanting to go over things with you before I go.”

“So your purpose really was to call up Lord Kalki?”

“Yes. Kalki appears when all seems lost. I brought you those conditions.”

“But we'll lose that with the return to normalcy?”

“You cannot deny the place of China now. And I got you started.”

“Doesn't the Chinese leader want war *now*?”

“He wishes he could have it that way but no one is ready.”

“Why can't he just start to invade this or that place?”

“He'll have not just the whole Earth to contend with but, moreover, Trump. A Chinese invasion of anyplace would cause a world panic. You've got to be more strategic than that-- hence the steady “economic conquest” first, e.g. The steady migration of Chinese people into the U.S. and the buying up of U.S. land and infrastructure.”

“What can I do?”

“Tell your people.”

“People think I'm a crazy, dumb girl.”

“A few will listen. That is something. Besides- it is not anything very outlandish. So far.”

“Aside from you not being real. Are you some kind of 'spiritual disease'?”

“Kind of, Yes.”

“Hey... I see what you did there?”

“Again-- kind of, Yes.”

“Well, Corona-chan, what's the cure?”

“Your real identity and your heart.”

“I started writing again. I wrote 'The Spiritual War.' I told her I have feelings for her. Shutdown went into place. I wrote Introduction to the Void. I found traces of Men In Black (the real ones). The Heart Run went well. I've stayed 100% raw. I spoke to The Voice of All Ages and Eternity.”

“That is what I have facilitated for you,” she said.

“Yes, you have. Can you do anything more?” I asked.

“Not much more. That's why we are having this conversation.”

“What about the hawks?”

“They signaled that the time period of you buying time is over. A subtle change but truth is subtle, indeed. I know you are thinking of this woman.”

“The feeling I have about her is that I want us to have the same heart. So why do I feel “sad” letting that be it? I know I don't want a “relationship” since that would be evil (and pointless), nor sex, for the same reason (the premise seems to lower my consciousness and energy, anyway). Is it just retard mode? Thanks to society's teachings-- that love must be sexual, that feeling means needing to do something directly about it?”

“The sexual angle is not absent.”

“That doesn't mean I intend to actually do that. What is the right handle on this?”

“Look in your heart.”

“It seems that more than my heart is at play. All this conflict stuff. Just heart is not allowed... If I want us to have the same heart what is in that heart? Just pure innocence and unity or some kind of deep, powerful blood? I'm having a vision of blood vessels with an extremely large circumference, thinking how this is what the Economic Men try to engineer technologically but they will never have it. For effect-- WHOA. The deep blood of the void. ...Anything more, Corona-chan?”

“You can go now. We'll talk more later if needed.”

“Thank you. Sunshine to bid Corona-chan farewell.”

Later I wrote, “The planet is the first star in the sky,” and, “Tell everything.”

## **Recent Experiences**

I want to return to something I mentioned at the start which was the final day of work being open. First, the preceding days. On both Wednesday and Thursday I went for a walk after my shift ended. I

do not take a watch outside with me very often. I knew you would want to lock up earlier than usual, like on Tuesday, and I believed I would return at the right time with the help of feeling. On Wednesday I “heard” your voice in my head say, “Come back soon.” When I returned you were telling two students to leave and that’s when I asked whether I could take a textbook home. On Thursday I “heard” “you” say, *Time to come home, Kim*. When I returned the place was dark but the doors were unlocked. A public safety officer walked in at the same time as me and said, “That makes you the only person here.” He took a phonecall and walked out. The janitor walked in and locked up behind me. I believed that you left the doors unlocked since you saw that I had left my things behind: if so, thank you.

I actually thought the entire campus was still going to be open on Friday. That morning I was intent on going to see you but I was not sure you would actually be there. So I asked “you” telepathically and “you” told me that you were not there. I did not want to accept this. “You” replied, “Come see me if it is in your heart.” I had a hard time with that, too. Normally when I “hear” you call out through the void I just go to the signal (like on the preceding days when you said to come back). Yet this time you were telling me to make my own decision. I decided that I should go and of course the doors were locked. I could see one office was lit up and she left around 12:30PM.

I decided to then go for a run in two parts that day. The first part would be close to MV. I crossed the road to the creek and there were two hawks picking at a dead skunk. I immediately thought of how I saw hawks multiple times before I started school here and I believed it meant my time at MV was over. That day plus the following 9 days I saw hawks a total of six times. Outside of these two periods of times I have not ever seen hawks so often. Note that the hawk is our mascot. I will continue this point later.

Part two of my run was on the ski hills. Around maybe 3PM it was about 60F outside. I had been thinking about how I sometimes hear animals in the zoo and how that touches my heart and encourages me while I am running. When I descended the middle hill I decided to go up to the fence and actually look in the zoo for once: immediately across from me was three lions in their exhibit. I thought, sorrowfully, “I can’t believe these lions are living in New York.” This is a cold place for lions. I noticed whole walnut shells on the ground and spent a few minutes trying to break them open with a stick. After I did that I looked up: the lioness and the male lion had walked up to the fence of their enclosure and were looking at me. I “heard” the lioness “say,” “It’s alright. Don’t feel sorry for us.” I felt that my energy was not a strong match to theirs and I suspected this was due to me feeling unsure of how I should be. I admired how serene-faced and unruffled they are: I want to be like that too, but it seems to be socially unacceptable. Humans are caught up in putting on “nice” appearances for people. I “told” the lions I took this matter seriously in case I ever encountered them in the wild. The male lion “told” me, “The world responds to what you are.”

On April 5 the conversation continued. When I went up to the fence I could see a worker so I decided to move on, but the lioness noticed me and had started following me anyway. I had a conversation in my head with her and walked the hills during that time. Eventually I decided to try

actually seeing them again. Before I got to the fence I asked her, "Did you go inside?" She "said," "Yes, I did go inside." A few seconds later I got close enough that I could see her entire form at the fence of her enclosure (there are two separate fences: one to the zoo and one to their cage) and she was already staring at me. "Just kidding," she "said." I smiled and then heard, "Ha, look! I made you laugh." I didn't feel confident so I kept walking up the hill. I told her how in the moment I don't always have something to say. I was conflicted over whether we actually needed to see each other but after a few minutes I decided it might be of value. I returned to the fence and sat down on a fallen tree. She was laying down in the same spot where I had left her. The conversation again focused on the primacy of what one is. She explained that while she might not be as strong as a lion in the wild, she is still a lion. "Though caged for a lifetime I still am a lion-- and you still are what you are." I expressed frustration that humans seem to be more weakened by domestication than any other species. At least later in the day I had the thought, "What if I told you that you could rather easily go back to Nature if given the right circumstances?" At some point she asked, "Why do you not look me in the eyes?" I explained, "I might make you feel threatened. We're supposed to be civilized." She dismissed that with, "Oh, please. You know being 'civilized' is a bunch of cockamamie" (I never use that word). I expressed sorrow that it seems like we, along with others like us, are not allowed to be together. "We mostly aren't," she affirmed. I was concerned about being seen by employees who I could hear driving around the zoo (though I was not on their property). To this she said, "Paranoia will not help you." She herself had looked around a few times whenever they could be heard driving around; though, as a lion, her facial expression barely ever changed. The most important message she gave me is that it is time to be what I am destined to be, but I can be that only if I believe. "Look me in the eyes and say, 'I will believe.'" I did stare the lioness right in the eyes and I actually said the words. When I felt our conversation coming to a close she yawned and showed her teeth. I thought, "You have nice teeth." She replied, "You do, too. You should show the world." I believe this statement was both metaphorical and literal. When I left I resumed climbing the ski hills, running this time instead of walking. If I think thoughts which are not the highest while running I tend to look down at the ground. But I heard her voice say, "Look up, Kim." That took a higher level of energy and also faith than looking down, but I felt stronger this way.

## Goodbye? What Now?

First, a few notes.

1. There are a few things regarding you which I did not mention anywhere. 1a. Over the entire time I've known you, many times when I have felt lost, abandoned, or deep doubt I “hear” your voice tell me, “I will never leave you,” or, “Don't give up.” That is the timeless effort of the void. As long as your heart is open to it, it will not abandon you. 1b. At some point when I asked myself why you had my attention the answer I came up with was, “She reminds me of what has been lost.” **What has been lost from the human experience is innocence and the full extent of abilities and energy that humans originally had, in addition to a degree of beauty and purity.**

2. I'm sure I have made it clear enough that I am always afraid of being seen for what I really am. I'm always either terrified or terrifying. Well, another such piece of this is a fear that my exactness with dates might be seen by some as “creepy.” I told you that time is the truest measure of calculation and also that the exact timing with which I do a thing or have a thought is an important part of Nature; so, knowing the date on which things happened is important to me. Running races and keeping notebooks help me to remember dates. Writing letters and articles with timestamps attached helps too. I used to keep detailed planners but ever since I got demoralized by my injuries on July 27 2019 I've mostly stopped using my daily planners.

3. On the topic of verbosity once again-- I have assumed this whole time that if you really wanted to find my website, you would. Likely I mentioned it at least once in the set of articles I gave you. On the one hand there is both the burden of and unnecessary of verbosity. As I said, if you really wanted to find it it would not be that hard. On the other hand, there is the imperative to be straightforward. That makes me obligated to tell you that my writing is on kimwrate.com. Likewise, on one hand I figure you will be moved to read my words if you are meant to. On the other hand, if I had to give some kind of command here I would say that I want you to. Sometimes people want you to tell them what you would like from them if anything. In the letter from November 2019 I said I would tell you more about the void some day and I did finally write an article on March 25 titled Introduction to the Void. Prior to that I wrote a sequel to my last letter to you: I decided to title both “The Spiritual War,” parts one and two. The Spiritual War is the conflict between the spiritual man and the economic man-- more specifically, between their worldviews. The next main question for me at this point is whether the goal is to eliminate the economic worldview, dominate it, or transform it in some fashion that it serves the spiritual, life-centered worldview.

4. I haven't addressed many of the fictional works I have been inspired by. So far I have not needed to do so in order to make my point, and I don't want people to be distracted by those stories as if they themselves are the point. I might talk about them someday, but I did not feel the need to do so here.

5. An experience I have had my whole life is that I often “see” someone else in my mind's eye

while I go about my actions. To an extent I see myself as that person and that affects my mannerisms and attitude. I refer to this as, "Seeing myself as someone else through the void." Most of the time now the person I see myself as is someone I consider to be "bretheren." I'm not sure Elton John knows what the void is, but I strongly feel a connection to this experience when I hear his lyrics (to "Don't Let the Sun Go Down on Me"): *Although I search myself, It's always someone else I see.*

6. I hear other people talk to me through the void too. Like the man I met last year-- he helped me to do more pull-ups in one sitting by "telling" me to focus my attention on my scapula (the space on the upper back between both shoulder blades). Another time I struggled to unlock a new bottle of pump-soap so he "told" me to hold the top of the pump in my palm a certain way and I think pull up with my knuckles, if I remember correctly. It worked. So, it's just that I hear you the most. One time I was about to walk into a gas station when I forgot the number of the pump I had pulled up to. I heard your voice say a number. I looked up at the pump and it was the right number.

7. The void is powerful, but I'm not as good as I think it is or at least once was possible to be. On April 9 2020 I put down my headband while in the woods, forgot to pick it up, took up to 20 minutes to realize it was gone, and then spent 90 minutes looking for it before I found it. I basically circled the same area again and again. I believe that I am the limiting factor here and not ultimate possibility/the void.

8. I want to embody the pure, non-self-scrutinizing energy the stars have, but clearly that is not what the world gets to see from me. Instead the way of my life has been, *The fight now; and, perhaps, peace later--* not only externally but internally as well. But, what if all these ideas about conflict are wrong and I have misinterpreted the need for precision as conflict? This question is not to be addressed now nor is it to be forgotten.

## **Harder to Be than to Write**

To bring it all together now: all the events I just told you about comprise the life I have had as part of MV over nearly six years. I wanted to tell you about how I have changed in that time and consequently why I no longer need to buy time, which is the reason I went to MV in the first place and what I wanted to tell you during the last week of work but was too slow to do so. As for the hawks indicating that my time there is over: I had intended on staying at least through the end of the Spring 2021 semester. I have had a feeling for about four years that around the time I turn 25 on June 29 2021 life will take a sharp turn from what it has been somehow. However, seeing that we are now forcibly isolated from each other (to an extent), things are accelerating much faster than expected. My plans always have taken into account the declining stability of society. At this point it is partly going to be a matter of how this COVID situation goes and ultimately how all conflict within humanity will go.

I wanted to tell you more about my past and how I got to where I am now. I know this is more like a large surface overview instead of delving into any single topic. I've long had the thought that I do not want you to have any delusions about what I am. I don't want you to think that I'm any more benevolent

than I actually am nor any more evil. I talk about heart but it's not the same as being nice. I have the ideal of imposing on, needing, and being nothing; and, at the same time I want Earth to be won by the spiritual conception of life. Naturally, though, the only possible way to get that result is to be detached from it since heart means not trying to control the external world (controlling is what economic men do).

I feel like I have to tell the truth and I want to share as much significant detail as possible. This feels like the most empowering option for me in life right now. It seems more irrational the more the surveillance state is enforced upon us, but I know that in order to self-realize I have to open myself and not shut down. Don't ever shut down: do not become jaded. That is not only the way to self-realize but it's also the only possible way to win the external "war" as well. If people want to collect my information I will make sure that they get a lot of excellent information, and they can share it with everyone if they want. They can tell the world my story and my ideology and let them know that it is possible to defy the doom of the material world which is the downward decay of time. The economic way of life is not the only way. There are ways of being other than either groveling, weak, and hysterical or greedy, trying to control, and mean. The surface does not tell the whole story of life: to know the truth you must see through to the essence of things rather than get caught up in appearances.

A thing I must deal with now is that it's not enough to just convey all this even though I have to do that too. I must also be the way I am meant to be, 100% of the time. I have to stay above both anger and also above meekness and trying to blend in. With many particular situations I still am unsure of what I should do or how I should be. But, another thing the lioness told me is that I cannot get caught up in apparent not knowing. Asking questions like, "What should I do?" is often counterproductive. Instead I have to keep my heart open to possibility and truth.

It often is uncertain whether I am going to succeed until the last moment. Perhaps this now is a kind of last moment. There is no time like the end.

I am guided by looking at my words or actions and feeling that it is meant to be.

"To those who are constantly devoted to the path, I give the understanding by which they can come to the supreme." - *The Bhagavad-Gita*