

These are the reasons why you must leave Melbourne, and there's nothing more to it.

- I am unable to properly enjoy methamphetamine.
- There's always something "eating" me. Or if not that, then any other ridiculously retarded bs. Which is just that, or holding less worth. See below.
- Shit is always the strangest in this city of any other place elsewhere since what happened. Something about black magic, yes bullshit.
- Is there anything peculiar happening here on the continent of Australia, more than at any other location through the earth? Well, the most obvious to answer this is, then, to consider the things I'd experienced here in Australia. Actually- 'Having heard everything and seeing the truth through a thousand lies' et cetera. Heh.

But it is obviously that I shouldn't have become homeless for accidentally having undertaken what I had so early on and uncalled for in sane view.

- Identify the cause of this whatever the fucking shit it is. Was it the "vaccines" or, more a timed time of impact produced as a result of all of the lunatic methods and ways of "contemporary" living manners. just the general way of living today?

So this earth or the life on it has been ending for a long enough time.

Though it may be of good use to identify the origin of the ... nonsensical absurd. May have some respectable relevance to a one document's expressing of the a whatever, unknown, to me, set of a state of circumstances surrounding me being

What did my homeless do?

Or what is the invisible bullshit in the atmosphere wherever?  
I know that I did not one single thing, whatever I did, to any degree of fault.

The entire world would be a better place.  
With what it is that I'd brought into being, again.

If only I may enjoy it although I will only be capable of doing so, following departing my residence which I 'own' and as most rushed as able to finally depart the earth entirely. My own apartment building, due to some very strange and, although harmless, existing and being present to achieve nothing outside of giving great care in providing annoyances and irritation. But lately I just do not give a fuck due to what I know from being shown, and having had first-hand experience, too. Through my using of good medicine.

During that cannabis experience I'd developed the conception that all of what I experience recently, any way. And more-so near Melbourne, and my apartment, **especially**.

**IT IS TOTALLY AND EXCLUSIVELY PSYCHOLOGICAL.**

Which I was hinted by one person I'd met. Heh.

So I just guess I should've went out wherever without any understood knowing of just where I was going. And we'd have met regardless, I guess. That was not too great of an importance, to either of us, I believe.