

To detail my second(\*<sup>1</sup>) undertaking of an Initiative (detailed throughout, of course.) Which is to be promptly followed by the Exodus.

It is that I must collect my socks from Pluto amongst others things as-well. :->

**Until we decide to visit the centre of the Universe where it had all began. We're just going to go wherever, y'know? I'm easy.**



*What this work reveals, even more than my other books, is the utter futility of the so-called "War on Drugs." Of course, there can be no such thing as a "war" on inanimate objects - there can only be a war on people. Endlessly adding more common chemicals to lists to be watched by America's secret police has done nothing to stem this nation's voracious appetite for illegal drugs. Any laws against victimless crimes can be easily evaded - "criminals" are just plain smarter than the Drug Clowns. Even the most cursory reading of this text shows that most of my references are from common standard chemical literature - that's right, folks, "drugs" are merely chemicals, and knowledge of how they are produced can never be removed from the body of civilized knowledge. So grow up, "Drug Warriors," and get a life'*

*Try to do something useful for the society you feed on instead of destroying our freedoms.*

*-The above passage is attributable to Uncle Fester, From His work titled;  
'Secrets of Methamphetamine Manufacture' (Eighth Edition)*

**This might also leave you wondering if your socks are also still on PLUTO (as mine are) And secondly how and why would they be on Pluto in the first place. But it happens... I am the Walrus. Dr Walrus**

This here is an differently implemented version of my ambition of purchasing a yellow submarine using gofundme.com (\*\*\*) This re-enactment of the more original idea I'd had one time distant to the present's enough so ago now, of the wishing to purchase a yellow coloured submarine for using it in international waters for the purposes of instating sane undeniable and universally supported, matters of the principles and philosophies of all matters of life and living and otherwise not details here, restoration of raw intrinsic capabilities and personality conduct paradigms and yes. Supporting security and ingenuity of mankind's prospective prosperity. An apple a day, keeps the doctor away. Or meth. :-)

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## **F**oreword (*Doorman's advisory declaration*) . . .

NO REAL RULES, EXCEPT FOR RESPECTING OTHERS, NOT CAUSING HARM TO OTHERS, OR OTHERWISE DISADVANTAGE TO OTHERS. IT IS THAT IN NOT CAUSING DISRESPECT TO OTHERS, YOU SHOULD ALLOW THEIR OPINIONS AND RESPECT THEM EVEN IF YOU DO NOT AGREE WITH THEM. THIS IS ANALOGOUS TO A STRAIGHT PERSON BEING UNABLE TO FIND A PERSON OF THE SAME SEX SEXUALLY ATTRACTIVE. BUT RESPECTING THAT SOME DO HAVE THIS DISPOSITION AND THAT IT IS THAT IT OCCURS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM THROUGHOUT MANY SPECIES. IT IS MY PERSONAL CONCEPTION OF THIS THAT YOU ARE CERTAINLY CAPABLE OF BECOMING ATTRACTED TO SOMEBODY'S PERSONALITY AND YES.

SO THESE ARE SANE RULES AND IT IS MY IDEA THAT TO ACHIEVE PEACE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD WE MUST INCREASE PEOPLE'S UNDERSTANDING OF DIFFERENT WAYS OF LIFE.

~~THESE ARE SANE RULES, AND ACTUALLY; NOT RESPECTING THEM WILL LIKELY RECEIVE YOU A SLAP ON THE WRIST THE FIRST TIMES OR WHATEVER... BUT YES. BAN WILL RESULT OTHERWISE IF YOU ARE JUST BEING TOXIC TOWARDS OTHERS ON THE CHANNEL.~~

And if you did not abide by them, then you wouldn't have ever been there . . . So yes.

*(This piece of writing I'd just simply copied and paste across from my website's ircd\_rules.html page. Due to its very natural sense, its ubiquitous suitability. And timeless quality.)*

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**O**ccupy the **MOTHERFUCKIN' MIDDLE OF BUMFUCK NOWHERE ...**

**Like, Earth. Because it's kewl.**

**Also, You may wear trousers, or not. Whatever. NOT ALL HEROES WEAR PANTS. It's a throwback to a IRC channel's topic which we'd pieced together as a group of friends. But, It should be said that of course pants or no pants depends completely on the weather.**

**Declaration of SANITY. By Nature. Thus undeniable to any body any where in space, and time...**

Here on earth. Anywhere is actually the middle of fucking nowhere, any way. Unless you happen to be at the centre of the Universe, which is where it all began from any how... We may check it out later, see how's things there... What their medications are like and other general curiosities about other life that we are interoperable with. Which is really ... a rather uninspired limitation as we have very well the capability to interact on a semantic level with complete interoperability with ANY species of the ecological kingdom of, Life.

My initial most effort at this sort of fun and urgent necessity was undertaken in a short piece of writing I'd composed some time during 2020 about my kind asking of monetary funding for the purchase of a submarine (a yellow one) on the internet operation, gofundme.com. I called for human's assistance in the bringing this useful af operation into practice although it was promptly cancelled soon following its appearance upon their web server.

Now, I see their incapacity to identify the great significance of such a endeavour as concerning and a ToS violation against Nature, and all of the totality of its all-inclusive status.

I identified their negligence as committing treason against the universe. Yes, this is entirely true.

But what could I have did at the time to have them apply greater consideration? Post them a shit tonnes of bananas? Which isn't a bad idea.

ANZ loved bananas, I bet they did any how. Standing there shoving those fruits into the card (receptacle) sluts lol. :-)

*(well they were kind enough to be charging me six australian dollars each day for being broke!)*

The intention I have in this initiative is to gather realists, probably along the route to a suitably position tract of the earth's surface.

Essentially to gather like-minded persons of all sorts and types, throughout all types of walks of life.

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We are to embark on an expedition **(High as Fuck – Because? Anything worth doing is worth doing right!)(\*<sup>2</sup>)** to some place cool. To live free and without bother or disturbances imposed by “government” lawmakers So we may ourselves go to a place more to our preferred ways of being. Circumstantially. Step One: Shoot meth. Step two: ??? Step Three: Go to star system EL-34a (ti's where the Egyptians emigrated out to using I can only presume the identical technology that I'd developed some where between the years 2010 and 2012.

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## APPENDIX: