

Jack and Jill Pick Nessie's Loch

by kate of kaea

Act too, Sine Tree 4th essay of An Atlantean Halloween Series, First of its own.

Jack and Jill, as spiritual characters are relegated to nursery rhymes, more as a means to preserve the truth of the real story in conjunction with, and of, the Adam and Eve faery tale version robed monkeys with flaming handbags consistently have backwards. That's the problem with all these silly costumes humans like to wear because before long, they become Ziggy Stardust alter egos, that takes on the deadly hue of god complex. Ask anyone what they do for their day to day costume show and they tell you "I'm a this or I'm a that" when what I was really asking them is what they did and this is who they now think they are and get trapped in that linear, one track hive mind, until they become a different job or life choice. Humanity is the Jack off one trade, master bait another where so few ever take a walk up the hill with Jill to get a pale white horse full of truth called water. alas, tis the way allegories are, you can't see their true meaning until you see it from the right angle in the right angle where Lefty Lopez has you swinging at every pitch, yahweh your way and have you rolling out for role call every morning with every curved smoke Ba'al mirror to keep you from ever adjusting the angle just right.

Then there's that whole tumbling down thing so obviously there must be a key to find since we have two tumblers here to unlock with apparently more tumblers added the longer they're allowed to tumble eternally into the loch un-ness where the key of life plunges into the murky Styx where those that lost this key will search endlessly. The treasure map has it marked clearly with an "X", the same sin you can use to sin any paper with either as the "X" or the one sacrificing by sinning an "X" which is literally, the symbol of life itself, the quay to un-loch your mind and thus, your soul eternal. Since when exactly does one go up a hill to fetch water where water flows to the valleys below? One would have to be seeking the cold hard truth since the only water on top of hills is frozen and typically a long way up. And exactly why is Jill falling after Jack since it was Jack, not Jill that obviously lost his "foot-ink" somewhere, perhaps though it's been blotted from his sole and wasn't it Wendy that stole Peter Pan's shadow to make sure he'd come back? These are some really deep theosophical issues that are addressed every day of the 3 day weekends to the religiously programmed masses using different characters and reversing the true story. These are people that will literally kill you for not believing in their faerytale man-god thingy.

"Say Jill, that's a mighty big hill you're looking to climb" says Jack and Jill just looks at him and says "We don't have a choice Jack, the valley people are lost, they're sowed homes and "ya got more eh?'s" have destroyed their hearts with greed and lust, if we stay in this valley of shadows, we die with them". Jack replies, "I know it's bad girly but as long as we keep our heads down and say nothing, do nothing to attract attention, we can live out our days by keeping our mouths shut". If disdain could be bottled, the look on her face would make Medusa turn to stone. "You know the deal Jack, we're joined for life, you and I and I know this looks like a formidable task, we simply don't have a choice and you know this," murmured more than spoken in a solemnity only creation could appreciate. A few hours into the hike Jack

has perked up and stepped up his pace, " Ya know Jill, you were right, this climb isn't so bad, it just looked worse from further down the hill there." "These are only the foothills kiddo, we have a tough climb to the summit but I have the map for the only route through, found it in an old used book store," jill, in her typical matter of fact way. Jill wasn't one to mess with, when that girl says she looked and found something coupled with a perfect "told ya so" track record, Jack learned to listen to her and listen very closely.

What's astonishing about Jill thought Jack, was that she never struck anyone as the "in your face" type but then nothing has ever got in her face like this before. Even for jill, he muses, there was a breaking point but not the same kind of breaking point that most people think of a breaking point being; she hit her braking point and EVERYTHING stopped. Jack remembers it clearly as Jill was walking around the kitchen with a terrified look on her face. He never mentioned anything because he didn't want to get involved and well, he knew he was a big part of the problem and hated the idea of confronting it. The only defence Jack ever had was to deflect anything that might make him responsible for any of the problems with what Jill was already explaining to him because Jack was enjoying the free ride. go along enough to make it like he's going along and smooth sailing thought Jack. "What do you mean by toguh climb Jill, it seems pretty good so far?". "It's not so much the climb Jack darling, it's the tests we'll have to encounter to stay on the path", she huffs back as they crest another higher than the last hill. As they top this one, a large plateau spans out before them and to the right, just off in the distance is the next phase of the climb up to get to the only waters that can fill Jill's pale.

"It looks like we can continue on this flat ground for a while and just go around to the other side of the mountain, whaddya think Jill?" "No Jack, that's a trap I read about."

"When it looks like the path is all flat, clear and bare.
Don't follow that path, it still leads nowhere.
The doors made of gold, that open with ease?
Are the traps of the serpent, the spider's trapeze
No, stay to the right path that sometimes turns left,
It winds all directionswhere no vane makes the test
Where water flows easy, in the mirror upside down,
Is the mountain you're climbing so don't dare climb down
Just look for the one road, you know few attempt,
Preferring the good life at another's expense.
That road's the right one, the narrowest track,
with just enough room for Jill and her Jack"

"Wow, it even looks like it was written just for us!" squawks Jack to a subtle eye-roll from jill as she picks up her pack and makes her way in the direction of the next foothills, the next mountain to climb. She knows that anyoen who tries to sneak around the mountain will only have an even tougher climb up to get to the same path she found. That one always puzzled her and she wondered why other people wouldn't just listen, especially after she showed them everything they were afraid of was just an illusion. "Fear just has that effect" she sighs and thinks to herself as she puts one front in foot of the other and one foot in the front of each other at the same

time now. She knows the road all those great teachers she read about were talking about. "It's just the angle people are looking from" she thinks. She also knows the exact angle to show it from but the veil-eye people won't lift their pirate patches any longer than a few seconds before running off to lock their doors and B.A.R. up their whine-dues.

About a half hour later Jack pipes up and asks Jill when they're going to stop and rest for a while. "We're almost at the base camp that's on the map here" she points to her book. "But that's the Wizard of Oz book!...this is your map??!" Jill smiles and says yeah, it is but be careful you don't get too literal on me here bro," as he chuckles closing the book. She had pointed to the Emerald City before closing the book and Jack was just a little stunned so Jill told him that when they got there, she'd explain the whole thing or she could tell the story now but he'd have to stop with all the whining and complaining. She told him he'd make a better girl with all the pouting. Jack fell silent. "Do you remember all the things we used to do together to get ahead in life, more to just have life at all?" Jack replies most certainly with a "Yeah, every time we'd get something really good going on, something happened and it all got destroyed, what's that all about anyway?" "Yeah, you and everybody else seems to ask that question these days while they watch the worst and most evil people living in the lap of luxury back there in the veil-eye," Jill responds. It looks like Jack is finally ready to listen but then Jack has been on this trek before, they just never got this far so he's begin to really get the notion that Jill really knows something and he'd better do as she's asked and just listen. "I mean really, it's not been that bad to get this far" he thinks to himself and huffs a sigh of resignation and perks his ears up; Jill was about to give him a sermon he'd never forget, just a feeling he had.

"Do you remember when were really young Jack and we talked about going on a journey but we didn't know where and we didn't know why, we just knew there was some kind of quest?" Jack quickly agreed, " yeah, I really loved those conversations but I guess in all the hustle and bustle of life, I just forgot that". "I did too Jack, for a while and not completely as in the case with most people now, they forgot life but that feeling never left me". She went on to remind him of the times of turmoil in their lives and to his credit, Jack sat quietly as Jill went back over all the things that happened and why but more importantly, she had the exact angle to look at all of it where it all made absolute sense at the same time, no matter what the experience was; they were all the same yet completely different with the same cause every single time. She carefully explained to him that the only way anything could ever go wrong was if someone deliberately stepped in and took control of everything in your reality and figured out a way to get you to go along with it willingly, or once in, forcefully. It was an easy spot, pin that on a baby through its parents and it'll never know, just offer lots of money treats to get mom's and dad's to sign up their kid's souls.

"With gold spinning outward, blood spirals in
From silver to ruby to silver again.
A house made of straw in the form of a man
a man house of tin evil would's oi'lcan stain.
The forest of evil are the woulds of the lost

The monkeys now wingless, a uniform's cost
Keep your eyes on the Shame-rock for the four cloven hearts
Piecing Humpty together using Alice's smarts
Because a rhyme without reason is no reason to rhyme
Pay heed to the rabbit, for nigh, is the thyme."

Jill took another moment to sit and ponder what she'd just read to Jack. These things always look different everytime she looks at it she's thinking to herself but then she knows why that is too and why she rereads things and constantly writes everything down in her diary anyway. "I brought this book along with a couple of others, it's just this one is the easiest for me to read to others, at least those that have heard the story or at least heard of it" she quips in her typical "whoop, der it is" kinda way. "So do you really know where we're going Jill?" Jack asks her, but this time in a tone more conducive to one who's beginning to trust a friend that hasn't let them down yet or ever. Seeing that he's finally taking things more seriously in the right tone now, not all argumentative and ego driven like, she can only smirk and say "No, Jack, that specific I cannot tell you but I do know one thing; creation made a promise and I remember that promise in my heart. Creation promised me eternal life and it gave me one of its sparks and my own free will to see what I'd do with it.

Creation also promised to walk with me as long as I walked with creation. "You know, in all these conversations you're having with creation Jill, did creation ever tell you it's name?" Jill looked at him and this time she smiled big and wide and told him "Yes, creation does have a name where the name of anything is the path of that "thing" where creation's only path is truth. Truth isn't a thing, it's a think. Things happen after, not before a think, so if you think you're a thing then someone can make you think what they want and make you do every thing they ask or demand."

"So Jack, what would happen if you did everything without thinking first, what do you suppose your life would be like?" Jill probing a little deeper. "Well I suppose my life would be pretty chaotic if I just reacted to every situation without any real thinking controlling me". Jill, mildly impressed with Jack congratulates him on seeing a simple truth. "Since having everyone in that condition, it would be nearly impossible to control them being nothing more than wild beasts really so you'd have to corrupt almost angelic people to first disrupt a perfect world, slowly decay it to almost mayhem and then reinstall YOUR set of rules to bring everyone back into what appears to be order while still getting away with evil acts with impunity" where you've likely seen that "order out of chaos" slogan a few times" she off-handly smiles as she says that. "Have you noticed we haven't been bothered on our journey this time Jack?" Jack was rummaging through his pack for something to eat and he slowly raised his head with a look of realization on his face. "Now that you mention it, yeah, I have noticed that". "Every time we encountered anyone it's like you said this magic line and everyone got out of your way, even helped us for a while after that." Jack was actually amazed because for the first time on this walk, he looked around and noticed his surroundings were entirely different because he'd never been there before. He thought to himself how long a way they've come and this was the first time he's really noticed it.

Jack remembers all the times they started this journey, each time for the same true inner feeling of just doing your best in life got sidetracked everytime Jack fell down

and he knew it. Jill knew it too but she never lingered on anything with him, just asked him to remember for the next time because when Jack falls, Jill fell too, something he really didn't like owning up to. He was always too busy defending a wrong move with the quick victory arguments that are the same as the plateau they opted out of. Jill knows at the top of every foothill of this mountain, there's always another one to climb until there isn't, simple as that so she keeps moving forward. Unfortunately, Jack was in charge of the brains for this outfit and he was relatively easy to tempt but you could never tempt him with evil things, that much they were absolutely on agreement with so all there really was were trinkets and name in lights adventures. But again, evil always tried to tempt Jack and Jill a little too far and they both got out of there in a hurry when it showed its always hidden face.

What Jill noticed though was that every time she had to bend down to help Jack up, she noticed something on the ground that resembled a puzzle piece of some kind so she'd pick them up and maybe after she had enough pieces, she could figure this puzzle picture out once and for all. The first ones she found eventually pieced to gether into a keyhole, one of the old style ones with the little metal covers called escutcheons over them. Eventually this puzzle grew into a keyhole she could walk into and see all the previous tumblers they had been through. It took her a while but she eventually pieced the puzzle together and she noticed that there was only one key that could turn all the tumblers at the same time, one skeleton key that opened all these lochs at the same time to let Nessie roam free. Ness is the state of conscious-ness, to know you get back when you're in a state of conscience-ness where the heart does the big thinking. One of the things she always warned Jack about were the people that would use the victim trap to lure him into saving the dam-sells in distress so he had to learn the difference between a genuine need and a gene-you-whine knead. I warned him that evil loves to use your compassion against you as it feeds on you.

All the valley people masters had to do was install a savior to hope for and somehow promise on this savior's behalf that they'd get to meet this savior when they die. Wrong story Pinocchio, G-pedo's got your strings on that version. Jack was fumbling around in his nap-sack while Jill was doodling in the sand at the side of the road as she called him over to see what she's been doing. "What does that look like to you?" she asks him, pointing to the first drawing which clearly looked like an old keyhole of the earliest locks but she wanted his reactions first. "Why, that looks like a keyhole, old one from the castle doors and stuff," replies Jack. Knowing that was always the first reaction from everyone, she asks him to look again to see if he can see a little girl or perhaps a ball on the top of a pyramid. "Can you see those things now Jack?" she quizzes him and asks him to hold that idea for a moment. "What I'm trying to show you Jack is how quickly everyone assumes usually only one thing for every shape and that same concept is true in all of creation, even letters and numbers but no-one ever showed us that right?" "The valley that we just left Jack is full of those people that want to hide the truth in the shapes to literally, straighten our eyes out into a linear only reality; one of liens and pee-poles made of Styx." His eyes grew wide as she spelled out the words phonetically, ID-tentacle-all-lie deaf-for-rent than he was used to and as she showed him more of the hidden meanings within the trapped sounds, made spells, he was a jaw dropped drooler begging for more. "This, Jack, you have to do on

your own because if you let someone continually teach you, then you'll see them as "your teacher" when the real teacher is life and experience.

She continued on for a while and then asked Jack to do a few himself and she'd watch and help if he needed it. He kept telling her it was hard and all she'd say to him is that it's actually easy and simple to do, the hard part was breaking the definitions programming while maintaining them at the same time. Jack grabbed a few things to write with and a couple of other notebooks Jill offered him and off he went, Jill needed some down time. she'd grown weary of watching all the good intentions of people lead them straight to hell on the road to perdition, watching them as they wondered why things always went wrong for them, no matter how hard they'd try. She'd seen one too many good people get devoured by this beast, the lucky ones, if you want to call them that, just got chewed up a lot and spat back out to the dogs for another round. "But how do you show people this without them always getting emotional first?" she pondered to herself. Everyone was always in such a hurry with their minds so entangled in that fallen world, so entrenched, she wondered if she could pull anyone out at all. "I mean it was tough enough to pull myself out" she chuckled reluctantly but alas, that was the truth and she knew it; all she needed was one more Jack and Jill to see this, just one more.

The fire at their camp slowly dwindled as they both got some much needed rest before pushing on up the mountain in the morning. "Good morning Jack!" sings Jill as he slowly rolls out of his sleeping bag, one eye half-cocked peering over at her with the other one still firmly shut in a half sleep. "Did you sleep ok?" she inquires but all Jack could do was give a little grunt, a shrug and a yawn as he rolled the bag off his feet and then packed it away for another day. Jill was making something for breakfast and he was hungry. He always wondered why she was always up and ready to go and way ahead of everyone else every morning. It's like she knows something that keeps her feet tapping where Jack's feet were sore and slightly blistered from the long hike so far. "I thought we'd get started as soon as you're awake enough and fed, you're always miserable without a little pampering" she teased him. "Yeah, so I like my luxuries, where's the crime in that?" "No crime Jack, just letting you know that I know you, I took the time to do that" then she paused. "I do that for everyone Jack and yeah, you had to suffer a little for that as I did but then we're in this together, you and I right?" Jack agreed that there was no point in debating that since she had him pegged and she always had a knack of knowing exactly what everyone needs as soon as she meets them.

"So Jack, last night I was thinking about a way to explain why so many people get hurt without knowing the real why and always blaming it on the wrong target" Jack's ears perked up and he said "Yeah, I'd like to know that too so it looks like we have a little breakfast chat ahead then" he laughs. Jill explained that she was looking for a root cause that everyone had in common and how people that are supposedly there to help "protect" you are the ones committing the deadliest of crimes, be it outright murder or the destruction of people's lives and families, stealing their money, homes and entire ways of life. She could only come up with a handful but she kept those in one basket, not to be mixed with others since they were the core common denominators all humanity has in common, the truly benevolent AND the truly malevolent alike. The big one, regardless of intent, was life itself and she went out

from there seeing as everyone was so spun into death and its rituals. She told Jack, that regardless of language, beliefs, colours, geographic locations, all humanity had humanity in common and the ones that destroy humanity are the true monsters or "moon-sters" as she calls them. "You can always track them Jack, they leave a trail of blood that leads back to their money and thus, the moon-sters" where most get caught up in the money part only but that's only because of programmed greed" she went on. Then she expanded on the idea of "what does everyone have in common these days?" to sort through the list and it turned out to be a short one, a very short one indeed. "With so many religions, cultures, colours and tongues, it was easy to see the separations Jack, but I was looking for the one thing that EVERYONE shares for the most part, nevermind all the surface criteria" Jack was sitting on the edge of his seat with anticipation but he had a feeling he knew where this was going because she'd explained this in lots of different ways before.

He'd read her papers, her stories of the road as she outlined every experience along her road. "It's like you were keeping a diary of all your experiences Jill, just to show others this path?" he asked her with a sincerity she wasn't quite used to. "Yes Jack, it is my diary of sorts but really, it's humanity's diary seeing as no-one else wanted to write one being too wrapped up in the matrix game of moon-eye and fame" she said with a sullen sternness devoid of anger, more of a saddened frustration she'd learned to finally come to terms with. Jill reminded Jack about her "Bulletproof" essay and asked if he ever got around to reading it. "As a matter of fact Jill, I haven't but I am reading those other things you asked me to start with, the early days of the diary about the choices we make and who's been drawing on my canvas that needs to be wiped clean ones. "Good for you!" she smiled and then again..."Truly, it IS good for you, seeing as it was you I wrote them for along with and for everyone else". She continued, "It didn't make a lot of sense to me to write something that only seemed to apply to me when I knew everyone had the same issues as I did, especially with criminal elements faking it as lawful ones raping and pillaging anyone and anything they wanted to seeing as they wrote the rules and carry guns to enforce them and humanity was apparently at their mercy" which Jack wholeheartedly agreed. "The trick here Jack" she summed up "Was to not allow the same old hate, anger and fear overcome you no matter what stunts these demons would pull" Jill reiterated. "The biggest problem people have is the heavily trained for vengeance minds they're trapped in where the "politically correct words they use are "friendly competition" which only feeds the Dar-whine-ian dog eat dog, survival of the most brutal ideology that demons worship and feed from" she clarified.

Jack knew where she was headed now because she could always show the circle back stop in everyone's "story" of life and it always stopped in the same place. Everyone he knew or knew of had one of these, they took it from cradle to grave and they fought fiercely, even to the death to protect something that isn't even theirs; the legal name I.D.-entity soul trap. He scoffed at her at first with the notion that how could something like that be a soul trap, given that Jack was the pragmatist and sometimes has issues crossing those great divides with her but he always knew she'd get him there, all he had to do was learn patience instead of always acting like a sick one. "Take humanity as a whole for example, they think they know what responsibility means where in truth, they don't", continues Jill. "Take for example the responsibility of "vengeance" that very few take the time to

consider" Jill reminded Jack of some previous chats about vengeance where acts of vengeance beget acts of vengeance, only maturity separates rivals and where the demons simply made them into ACTS in the dead legal liar reality where only RIGHTS mattered, not the act of doing right, the one that truly matters. "Think back Jack to all the young people we talked to that were mature and the older people we talked to that were still stuck in one hate program or another, programmed to prejudice is the system's biggest tool. Just keep the separated and segregated into smaller, more manageable groups to ensure divisions in humanity and voila!, you have complete control over everyone, making them follow YOUR rules and get them to build the schools, churches, factories etc. to teach them how to enslave themselves without ever telling them....until someone caught on and I caught on" she said in a final delicate huff. Jack could only sit there and nod in agreement and said, " You know jill....it was right there in front of our faces the whole time but you can only see this from one certain point of view and all you are is that certain, beyond doubt, point of you...right?"Jill laughed a little and smiled as she said, "Nicely done Jack, someone's been working on their phonics phoenix I see?" All Jack could do at this point was grin with that look of "yeah, I know I was an idiot, sorry" sort of look but then Jill sees that in every face eventually. It's when that face fills with light and they finally see who they truly are for the very first time. Jill loves poppin those mary cherries.

"Humanity, like I said to you once or twice, is merely a giant group of adolescent drunken teenagers out on a grabfest rampage of whatever they can get their hands on to scream "Mine!" and build little paper houses around them to boast such a false claim. They oftimes forget that mortality thing of leaving someone what you think is just yours rather than creating for all what's ours to share so if you've ever wondered about the secret to immortality, there it is, if ya can see it" she said as she was gathering her own things up for the next leg of the journey. "Ya know Jack, I think what we're going to talk about now is responsibility seeing as you can tell the difference between a true grown up and a LEGAL ADULT, the legal adult lives by a more-EI Mr.L criminal code, a grown up uses the more-all compass one, coat of conduct, not a CODE of CON-Ducked out...." she scribbles out. Jack's eyes grew wider and wider the more he saw the true magic and revealing everything that phonics does. He'd messed about playing with it as Jill constantly harped him about instead of asking silly questions. She told him to play for himself in phonics and the questions will simply show themselves coincidence after coincidence after coincidence in a constant stream. He almost had the rhythm now and he figures by the time they crest the next hill, he'll be well on his way to finally really understand what Jill has known all along. He was looking forward to finally seeing his true self now finally beginning to see the light of dei. "You see the light of Dei when you become it!" he shows Jill. Jill just nodded and grinned, "Now you're getting it Jack, now yer gettin' it, So let's start that responsibility chat to see what you see in yourself shall we?" then picked up her pack and along with her twin, Jack and Jill started a brand new dei of climbing, this time, a little more in step, almost skipping.

"OK Jack, you have to remember, just like in everything, responsibility has many levels from the total innocence of ignorance as in a new born's level of knowing and understanding because it truly doesn't know any better, just what it needs to survive....i.e. the baby didn't really mean to harm mother nor did it know it's over-

zealous chomping on her breast was hurting her, it was at the mercy of the innocent, pure survival driver/program at which point, can be soved by feeding that baby more often until it stops biting allegory....responsibility in knowing is mother's, innocence in baby unknowing is the one at mother's mercy, not the other way around."

Gathering her thoughts to stay on center point, she continued, "Then you have a child who harms a friend but didn't really mean to because they got too wrapped up in what game they were playing and simply got carried away in the game. Once advised, child has responsibility to learn better control where that won't happen again and this is the model every human is programmed in. Unfortunately, the "grown-ups" teaching them haven't even grown up themselves. Humanity equates being a "grown-up" through an aging/number system where if someone is older, they are wiser but then the geriatrics wards in prisons say otherwise along with the collective and beyond numerous associated diseases of a long poisoned "by the cyst'em",mind where your mind now rules your heart where the heart is the life of the whole being and apparently it's peachy to go along with murderers, as long as you murder legally, their way, their rules, their sins" as the words were seemingly spat out with the same disgust she would use on any murdering pedophile. "You know Jill, I looked into all those things you talked about eventually and I know now why your passion was so lit up" Jack confessed. "My only regret is the same one you said I'd have and that was not looking sooner and I have to tell ya, you were right and thanks for having more faith in me than I had" Jack beamed at her. "Well that sure beats what you used to call me!" she smirked at him and Jack knew exactly what she meant and was just feeling happy, a different kind these days, a more genuine real happiness. "Being smart isn't important Jack because we both know a lot of really smart stupid people, you know the ones that think that a diploma somehow says they're smarter 20 years after the "best before" date expired?" Jill looked to be taking up a gear so Jack sharpened his ears. "What smart really is is knowing the difference between knowledge and wisdom where one lives in books, the other in the book of your life you're riding at the moment, you're, ahem, Jack-ass if you will"

"What most people fail to understand, let alone be aware of to understand Jack, is that wisdom can only be gained through experiences where going to any system school down in the valley is just one of those experiences, not something to base your entire reality on since we were all drinking the same poisoned kool-aid where I just stopped buying their lie-man-aids. You and me were programmed to, by the very system that enslaves you to ensure your slavery and ignorance while getting you to defend the very program that's killing your soul literally. Like I already told you Jack, the vastness of supposedly "grown-up/LEGAL adult" humanity are nothing more than barely adolescent teens, drunken with whore-monies controlling their every thought, thus action, thus destruction of life. This "just one less than absolute beast hue-man" is achieved and carefully maintained LEGALLY by conjuring up some reason for vengeance to "get Eve in-vulva'd" where fulfilling a greed suffices for the vastness of humanity, not caring who gets hurt, what gets stolen as long as you get your "STUFF" of one kind or another to keep up with the pre-installed "Jones's" program the western hemisphere/left brain/reason only of little to no emotion currently has as its O.S. or "Oz"...the only Oz they care about is

the number of them they halve and what carrot is it Rabb-I.D.? The Jew-El-liars deal in carrots you can't eat all day long and gets you to feed them real carrots by convincing you to give you the real carrots of living creation to them and keep you chasing kehm-stones...black stones...coal/Ko-El, their child of Satan and then you have to go and get your own carrots out of the same garden you tend for them." "So, I'll tell ya what Jack, how's about we just get quiet for a while and give you some time to ponder what we've been discussing and pick this up in little while and continue shall we?....I just like to give you the time to discover what I already know you'll find and I don't want to steal your sure-prizes by spoiling you. Life already has all the surprises you need, I just show the path where the surprise is always a nice one, not a nicked one OK?" Jack took a deep breath and said "Yeah, thanks, it's like that getting high feeling but.....I can't explain it Jill," Jack stammered. Jill simply answered him this:"This can only be explained by showing the path to find "it" since that is the it you're looking for right?" Jill just chuckled knowing how much that one will spin him out....at least spinning out the right way, not the RIGHT weigh. The journey continues.....kate