

## Of Mice and Men by emma swan

While it has long been claimed that the copying of another is the greatest form of flattery, it is equally the lowest form of idol worship that any spirit can lower itself to. Indeed, there are those that get caught up in their own fame illusions but the truly delusional are simply copies of the "original" illusion gone fractal. Certainly not a good state of "mind" for anyone to adorn nor can they claim their own crown within. As it is clearly shown in the essay name, of mice and men, the my-se' (my creation) are the ones that claim another's creation shared as strictly their own where it belongs to all where truth be known, if they saw the truth, they would go to great lengths to become totally anonymous versus seeking fame as a copy of one or another M/E-n or the "men" (infinite magnetic/electric neutral connector).

When one has spent a lifetime of others doing just that, from the literal reality to this anogogic one, one gets acutely intuitively aware by simply feeling the weight they create on one's back, one gets very, very good at spotting it. The two typical coat-tailor (one who makes their coat with the material of another) traits after being "called out" are their immediate responses of attacking the one they were "riding" where their own idol worshipers will rally to their side to justify their own needing to worship another or to simply start to try and discredit the truth and find themselves in a deeper bog of shite than they're already in. Either way, the copy cat loses their copy rite on another ripping a full chapter out of their book of mimicry.

To stress the unimaginable importance of this simple concept bears no words. This is the true bane of humanity. It's self-indulgence in the lusts of other's realities being copied as their own versus, just being oneself and dancing your own dance while sharing equally the originality of all. Make truth your own, not someone else's delusions about what they claim to be true; they live in a literal reality of the blind. Here's an original anogogic twist on an old rhyme made filthy by those who divided and conquered. At least, with this interpretation you can get a better perspective on the real truth hidden by the demon types;

E-knee, M/E-knee, M/Y reality,  
Spot the black demon, by their duality,  
When, not if it screams for mercy  
Slay it fast, it's only couer-T-se'

Deciphered, it spells it out clearly and simply where once one "bows" to creation AND oneself, creation "bows" in the balanced mirror, destroying the mirror where it is your own real reality beyond the smoke and mirrors of literal illusions/delusions. One must spot the black of M/E-n de'mon/man/men, of me (ego self) allegorized simply as the evil dragon within ALL of this poisoned world. Once spotted, evil will always beg for mercy knowing if granted, it will have yet another chance to betray and destroy you further. The most merciful thing one must do is slay the evil where neither will ever be harmed again. To do otherwise would, in fact, be a merciless act, worthy of evil itself. Think long on this last statement to see its deepest truth. It is only courtesy, after all. It fulfills the will of creation and the golden rule. The one seeking harm by their infinite harmful actions gets their wish OF harm, where the one seeking no harm simply fulfills the "Harmer's Palette" contract, instantly AND painlessly; there is no pain where there is no consciousness/awareness of it. It is over in that instant.

The one who wishes no harm on another is the one that wishes no harm to themselves. Those that harm these beings are showing their true "colour of man" in their "colour of law" legal lunacy bin. Do they not demand to be worshiped? Do they not demand to be in the spotlight? Do they not gather in packs like the wolves they are while adorning lamb's whigs? No, evil, true evil is incredibly simple to see when one's eyes and hearts have been truly opened. Let the demons of this world have their "just deserts" in the same way we had ours. It is rational to assume that in a world of only parasites and deserts, survival is lost when the last parasite has fed on its last host where the heavenly host, the "remnant few", simply looks on, shakes its head and burns that movie, never to view again. Why bother,

it's rather pointless, this harming thing, isn't it?

Benevolent humanity has been ruled by and through its greatest gift for aeons and that gift was compassion and unconditional love simply to see if anyone would put conditions on love. Well, now you know. This world is all about conditions and contracts, judges and executioners, despotic rulers and slaves, worked to death in the illusion and any earthly contract and possessions keeps them bound to hell, literally. Greedy little mice are easy to catch because they are driven SOUL-LY by physical lusts and programs of competitive survival that they only see the cheese laid out for them in a snap-trap.

Doesn't the card game "Snap!" revolve around copy cards showing up? We all no how both those games end, both with a winner, where in the mouse's game, the only shuffling after the game is the last few seconds struggling for the inevitable last breath. That is evil's game.

Compassion works in the mirror of this where this mirror has been flipped on the truly innocent of this realm. This is where the innocent says "Oh look Mummy, a wounded scorpion, let's save its life" to the inevitable end outcome of what a scorpion does naturally. There are beautiful parables on this that many likely know the story of "The Scorpion and the Frog" or "The Farmer and the Viper" etc. so as not to offend the touchy Scorpio's. When will humanity's compassion for oneself outweigh the usury of that compassion to ask a death wish? That, my astute and esteemed fellow servants, is for YOU and YOU alone to decide. My choice was made long ago where taking one of these scorpions down would never suffice until ALL scorpions and vipers, purveyors of evil and death were and are now, ultimately destroyed.

This is exactly the same with those that choose to associate themselves with those that are making this aspect of reality abundantly clear for all to see. In the building up of oneself beyond anonymity, one is parasiting on a host of one kind or another. If it were the truth that was more important to them then, they would push THAT through first and not their own "fame" and "personality" merely shifting a few sentences to give the illusions that THEY, not the original author, found something of "value". Therein lies the lie within itself where truth is priceless, without value to anyone but the author where that infinite wealth is shared openly and where most of these author's care not about their own "fame" because fame was certainly not this author's aim. Quite the opposite, a full 180 degrees style.

While it also be true that there are many that share the same "truths" that are, upon observation, self-evident to all anyway, there are the few that in-cyst on feeding on a host, long after they were told not to. This high-water mark is not difficult to see. It is always any and every other answer rather than AND other than OK, once asked to STOP. In truth, one may see this as self-defeating in that these individuals are getting the works of others out while riding piggy-back for their own fame, the truth of this reality is that it's suffering from terminal idol worshiping and these fools create idols of themselves to other idol worshipers. The scorpion stings the scorpion that stings the next scorpion and the next ad nauseum all down the line until though unfortunately, compassionate humanity is the literal monkey in the middle, stung to death after death after death until they are drained dry of compassion and become as evil itself.

Again, to illustrate the importance of this requires a canvas as large as the universe because it is that very canvas that is being stained like the shroud that-Turin. Those that carry a name, carry the mark of the beast and that beast is easy to spot with one simple question; do you use anything of a legal name of any kind in this reality and your answer is self-evident. Do they promote their legal name, the god in their image or did they create a way/name of their own? It is easy to see those clinging to Babylon while clinging to the coat-tails of the heavenly host where the outcome is obvious; they get ripped apart all push-me-pull you style on their own rack. The truth must be shared for truth's sake, not one's namesake where all the ancient masters said the same thing. Sounded like a good idea to me and quite a few others now.

As said before, it is also easy to feel these pulls on your reality, magnetic parasiting has a purely evil

feel about it. This is the same magnetic parasiting that draws so many cops to one place because the host is FULL of life and they all want to feed. Ever notice that and ask why? Now you know. They know where all the true power is and they make it obvious to those of us that actually know who we are. The fundamental religio-lunatics make it easy for their filth to feed as well and isn't it funny how upset they get when you point this out? They go off on a "Stockholm Syndrome" tear, defending AND further feeding their parasitic killers so who's really the crazy one in that equation? The mice and coat-tailors need a pulpit just like those they serve knowingly and/or unknowingly but then heaven sorts that out anyway, no hands required. Remember, the true emperor wore no clothes where the real joke is on the lying coat-tailor in the fable.

It is not my role here to judge, simply to observe, report observations, get the feedback from consciousness so as to learn to tune into the best station in the universe, heaven itself. For many, it is beyond too late for them but not one of you will bow your head in shame because you, like myself, told them. It is far beyond too late for evil itself in that its existence is evil in and of itself in the first place. Simply, a bad idea that is erased forever. It matters not to me what form this evil disguises itself in any body or anything where I only and completely choose to see evil itself where the actions/in-actions ALWAYS bare them out. Come into the light little cockroach, no corners left to hide because there are no right angels in heaven, they all left for here silly and you're smack dab in the middle of it all, literally.

Those that judge cannot see the truth in themselves yet. Those that observe judged themselves and only themselves for their roles in everything they were a part of. Being part of anything is separating oneself into fractals of emotions and memories that mask the true now. So when they chose not to be a part of anything or anyone, they just became a part of the all creation itself and observed from there. There is such a convoluted reality surrounding the concept of bowing and surrendering that somehow they are signs of absolute weakness yet those that see it that way didn't see the absolute strength within the true surrendered and bowed self inasmuch as infinite heat must be pared with the mirror of infinite cold etc. These people try to add things up with only half of every equation so how do you suppose that math works out?

When you no longer bow to any man or any thing, is the moment you have finally bowed to yourself and perhaps that is why this particular author and her counterparts kate and keith found so many wondrous breadcrumbs on OUR journey/je-OUR-knee and became the true journeyman to mirror the living literal experience non? While there are those that choose to say what they will about this author, this author cares not for nor of opinions that are invariably attached to an asshole somewhere, I have my own reality because my own reality is all I am and all I've got, just like you. If one chooses to worship another or just as equally defame them, they are guilty of the same evil either way; they chose to be copy-rights and their book doesn't have a happy ending like yours does but then they don't have an original script, only the stolen copies.

Truly it is a game of mice and men where the mice will always fall prey to the perfect mouse trap, the kat. The true creation is one of source birthed, not earthly, it is one of heavenly order in the face of this earthly chaos where neither point requires debate. Truth removes all debate and why those that speak it won't debate and why would they? They know they're onto something big and the fame seeking leeches waste no time latching on until they're removed with a lit cigarette on the shore. Evil is easy to stamp out when one is finally willing to do the stomping. How many times has this author called bullshit and went out on a limb to expose it? That's the irony because this author knew where to stand where that rock never shifts, never yields and never fails. The truth is only truth when you know it in your HEART and will never yield, regardless of illusional obstacles placed there by the very ones that hope you never see this. Well, there's the catch 22 then; "they" hoped where we know hope is doubt and baby, heaven has no doubt.

This rock also makes a handy mouse killer and you don't even have to throw it, just let go and let nature

take its course because nature always does. I don't want to know what you think. I want to know only what you feel and i don't feel bad anytime i let the rock drop, I feel all mushy inside knowing that scorpion has stung its last innocent mouse for simply offering a helping hand. When you finally combine rhyme AND reason, nature's symphony takes over where Thoth can never rule you again. So play along in creation's show and tell because we all want to know what makes YOU and YOU alone really special. When you open that present, you are gifted with NOW because heaven knows you're special and eye-rolls when you choose to not just be yourself, your whole self and nothing but yourself. Become the author of your tale where nothing is copy-right...just like this author's works...you can't copyright an original, it belongs to all silly....true story, emma swan