

2024 above the board, fair call, public, free  
<sup>pre</sup>election <sup>insurance policy,</sup> high jack attempt.  
John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

Note: concerning those told about in this tale I am trapped,  
within a multi universe system project, Dr. "still" Bill (University  
of Florida chemist/fisherman) is same trapped within this  
universe, Burns, Mark is same trapped within this galaxy  
Milky Way and Michael John Abbruzzese is same trapped within this  
solar system, sun/earth (oceans)/moon

With everything written here you have to add if, and, or, but... to ...

"Don't <sup>verbally</sup> <sub>audibilize</sub> tell the girls!"

Reciepiant of this idea may copy, make avialable for transport  
delivery. Send them to Donald J. Trump and others

Save the man-of-T stamps for delivery!

let's get the drop on 'em

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Former President Donald J. Trump,

Salutation! This is my application for a cabinet table bus/water boy position. To initiate undamming the world's rivers on the 20<sup>th</sup>, inauguration day, I recommend having the Brazillians hit the lower bottom dam on the Colorado River, cracking it open, perhaps a short layover in Grand Cayman on the up or back. Negotiating with the Mexicans to punch a hole or two in dam #27, the lower dam on the Mississippi River and punch several small holes in Hoover Dam II on the South side of the Okechobee Reservoir. Contracting with the Canadians to crack Boniville Dam open on the Columbia River with the intention of heading up the Snake, perhaps having the Canadians crack open the lower dam on the Hudson River or another on the East Coast of your choice. Recipricate. Pay

each other for the work. We've got a year to open up the Yangtze, Yellow and Gaija Rivers. Take note I formerly worked for Paul Bell, Martin Drive, Ocean Ridge, FL. Paul died and left the estate to his son.

Grati I continued to come by Paul's house periodically, police the front of trash and collect together the Wall Street Journal for recycling. A police officer eventually came by and let me know my services were no longer needed. Short time later I heard the place had been sold, looking sharp, as if Mr. Bell must have been a careful man. I do the same for you given the opportunity.

Thank you for the consideration,

John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley

Mr. Cody Emerson Craige,

①

The letter I scribe to you is about you, considering getting into the United States Marine Corps and how it relates to what is, and what could be. It's a big deal potentially, for you, for me and for all. It just so happens that I have a great amount of experience with the U.S. Marine Corps all ready and at this point you do not. But I'm for giving you my experience in writing, plus the things all set up for you to do.

My involvement with the Marines includes having worked for a marine colonel. It's a big deal to work just below a marine colonel, with a boat captain Mertin (who's dad worked with your grand uncle John Wence Jolley determining how to tell how old a fish is) and a U.S. Coast Guard Master Chief, Toby Hansen, separating me from the colonel's command of Dr. Floyd Gottwald's fishing operation. I never met that marine

Colonel, but often that's how it is. (2)  
Mr. Gottwald had funded the #2 sport fish operation in the world ("The Great White Shark" Greg Norman, the golfer, had the #1 slot) and Gottwald owned Gottwald cranes, and he was responsible for the loading and unloading of ALL the dam and ditch genetically engineered kernels, with ethanol grade BMO corn (the not to be eaten corn, if you're smart, that the humans were led to believe would be converted to ethanol, mixed with gasoline and reduce our dependance on foreign oil) the biggest weapon on the planet.

Just so you get it and it's quick and easy for you to communicate. technically "colonel" is supposed to be pronounced "colon el" which is real close to sounding like "colon hell" or "colon ill" and the word "colonel" is related to or nearly (in the dictionary) "colony" which is a group of humans subject to the rule of a larger dam and ditch whoreganization.

Also note the word "colonel" is close to the word "colon" or the end of your alimentary canal (3) system, your shitter. Also note the humans pronounce the word "colonel" "Kernal" as if to disguise the association like they didn't want to communicate about it. Note one definition of the word "corn" is any kernal (seed) of a dam and ditch crop. Note that the mode of action of the killer ass GMO dam food is the irritation, ulcers, wounds of the digestive tract which makes holes for potentially disease causing agents to infect one's system, causing sickness, disease. Not limited to catching a cold, the flue, co-vid, ass cancer, pancreatic cancer, gall bladder cancer... It could ruin your thoughts, make you extra horny but with the inability to achieve a complete erection, unsatisfying orgasms, sperm that don't swim well, eggs that don't set proper, genetic disease. Cody, you see how you are and what's happened (happening)

to you (and me) and all! The humans are fighting a dam and ditch poisoned bread war, the men are fighting over the dames. The Russian front is just swaying back and forth over the biggest of the last non GMO bread baskets of this planet, peppered with unexploded ordinance and lose your sole mines. The other front in desert was almost certainly started like this: A bunch of zion (dam)ist the Israelies, were fed a triphell stacked <sup>Round to</sup> <sup>up Ready</sup> (3 genetic pesticide modification) adulterated flour (other processed foods) laced with a herion heavy cocaine herion speed ball. They'd been having a lame party concert, with bad music and half naked dancing girls, shaking their asses in the to hell heads (towel heads) faces. And they don't like this. The Palistines meanwhile had been dosed on a triphell stacked Ignite™ cocaine heavy cocaine herion speed ball adulterated ration...

The 3rd front is our southern border. The indians or the S. Americans, Latin Americans are actually the advance wave of the Chinese (Sin hoes) or Asians.



Realize that if we don't undam the world's rivers (5) as I prescribe ( $\frac{1}{3}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  fluidification the 1<sup>st</sup> year, reevaluate total dammed rivers left,  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{5}$  undamming the 2<sup>nd</sup> year... with corresponding reduction in fossil fuel burn rate) the only way the U.S. or Nato could stop the Chinese invasion is by blowing up their <sup>rice maker</sup> dams. If you don't think so, or believe me, go up high enough in this country's defense department and you'll discover they agree with me completely and they're set to do so, or at least they were a decade or so ago. It's getting to be a tight race with the Chinese's 15,000 mph missile. This speedy exploder might be able to evade a sea wiz's depleted uranium round radar guided gatlin gun. The sea wiz shoots so quick it almost humms. I've been on the USN Carney and demanded they fire it for me to witness. The Capt. caved in to my demands to fire it... L.A. class popped up on us for doing it. Note with the Chinese's preliminary "advance" force invasion, the Indian's strategy is to pilfer you to near death, sneaky. Also note this nation is the biggest trap on the planet. Remember CO-VID!?

Remember the pictures of the body bags getting<sup>6</sup> loaded on the refrigerated trucks. They were headed for the largest sausage processing facility on this side of the planet. The fattened for slaughter corpses processed into sausage/baloney sweetened with ethanol grade corn disguised as dextrose. Then the baloney gets shipped down to Cuba, Mexico, Columbia, Venezuela... So... Note that when they were digging what was termed "a sewage reservoir" (a hole) underneath what became a "Snicker's" (Mar's Co.) Beill board advertisement in Chicago I was in So. Fla. planting fruit trees and native plants to customers who insisted I put in a walkway in the garden or they wouldn't let me plant the fruit trees and bird and butterfly native plants. So I explained to the "didn't want a spearmint ground cover pathway" customers that we didn't want to buy the fresh concrete pavers as it was an environmental disaster, including big dam reservoir hole in the ground of Florida's old river bed, and the excavated material was mostly getting sold to the Chinese to fertilize their dam rice paddies and we'd regret doing that, so I sold 'em

on a Chicago sewer brick pathway. I got the sewer. (7) bricks from the train yard in Riviera. There was guys working at the Riviera Flo. train depot that looked like they could've worked at a Chicago Sausage Co. and I told them the same tale you're reading now. All they did was nod their heads and say, "Yep... Yep... Yep" as I reviewed the tale. Must be something spooky going on down south to drive indians to dive into a hole in Chicago only to get shipped back down there on a refrigerated ship with "Green Reaper" painted on the side. Not Joking. Notice they give em a free bus ticket to Chicago when they cross the border. When we undam the world's rivers; what were we going to change about that die lemm@? Cut the sausage with apples instead of dam farm poison corn. Make the collective productive structures I'm pushing available for sale and delivery.

The most wretched front, the 4<sup>th</sup> front of the dam wars is right in front of you. The dame led charge to euthanize with lethal injection or pills at the mental homes and bad food at the prisons, the men, who won't pay for the dam bills. The 'mostly men who are hoem)less or present a river solution to the dam problem make dames uncomfortable,

This is a death sentence which the dames will (8)  
try and decry upon you if you do.

Seeing you are considering joining the Marines I surely, as the greatest warrior ever seen, would describe the four fronts on this surface to you and include a detailed recon tour, scopeing, survey of Paris Island where you may be trained. Back when Obama was still president, its an obamanation of desolation now (ever read the bible; Daniel 9:27, 11:31, 12:11)  
2016 I headed up to the White House to interview the secret service and ask if anybody else showed up. (They said, "No, just you") I was paddling up towards Wash's in town D to C from Del Ray/Riviera Be, heading North outa Broad Creek, fishing for apostalettes with real live "decoys" for allure/teaser, coming down Skull Creek to the best natural clear deep easy to navigate port, certainly on the east coast, maybe in the known universe, Port Royal. The Broad River. As I am so aggressive, offensive and desperate in pursuit of apostalettes I chose, decided and made my decision to do so on what was written on the maps. Paris Island is on the North side of Port Royal. An exceptionally knowledgeable very experienced scout can tell what kind of town or group of humans it is from

over the horizon by judging the wavelength of <sup>(9)</sup> the light emitted at night, the type of lightbulb, who wired town. It takes a lot of experience looking at the different lights and comparing those with the experience of the townfolk / situations encountered when there. What to expect. I graduated from U. F. with an Environmental Horticulture degree but majored, my study, was Caribbean Pirates and the gold thing, the map room, and how easy humans' behavior was influenced, in particular by light. And while not in study I was most significantly influenced by a male who looked like Emanuel and another guy, Dr. "Still" Bill a commercially licensed FL grouper fisherman and chemist at U.F, the #1 Chemistry program in the world. He invented/made the fiberoptic lines, if they get hooked up to L.E.D. bulbs, look out, perhaps effects accentuated w/ cocaine. Dr. "Still" Bill wore coke bought hell glasses. Make ya think about eating pancakes, <sup>drinking pop</sup> and going into groups... I timed my crossing with the slackening low tide to make way over to the point of Parik's Island and the Broad River's confluence with the mouth of the Beaufort River. The tide turned

quicker than I'd figured and started coming in quick. I decided to go up the Broad River, I knew it was an island and figured to possibly just paddle over to the Beaufort River that way at high tide, about noon <sup>(10)</sup> I got to the potential avenue. Its the firing range. The pirates of the caribbean were just robbing the grocery store boat, ALL the gold treasure ships went to the monarch or a hurricane. The USMC is the most powerful of pirate gangs on this surface, then the Japs (Nipponese) and then the bloody English. Specifically if one were take a given or random USMC soldier <sup>any</sup> and a soldier of different outfit and wager on matches to the death, over many wagers, the woneys made wagering on the USMC soldier. When the first boatload of U.S. Marines to be hit the beach of Plymouth MASSachusetts, they had blunderbuses and sharp knives, your Great great... great grand father was the cooper on the Mayflower, if not the lookout at the top of the mast, the cooper is the one most responsible for the voyage. When they hit the beach the indians gave them some corn and retreated from the biggest breadbasket.

in the world. Take note, don't forget it, of the (10)  
indian who retreated some of them achieved almost  
magical or mythological fame, big report, the  
biggest was Geranamo, pictured wearing yellow  
horns with apple centered on top of very old  
man warrior. The biggest note of the warriors in  
history, is made by Lawrence of Arabia. God you  
are a Lawrence in part. Lawrence of Arabia  
picked sides of a dam and ditch war, he had  
the audacity to "disguise" himself, sneak up to  
the train depot with the intension of making a  
report. Captured raped and released for fighting  
unknowingly over the dam thing, left alive to tell the  
tale. He didn't hurt bad or nothing, but the ignominy or  
embareassment of the thing. Yet realize, at the door  
of heaven: your soul will be stratified according  
in largest part to the notes you took and passed on.  
He likely completed that four 3<sup>rd</sup> Floor, a hairth breadth  
from 2<sup>nd</sup>. That's big man, of the dam fool warriors.  
He's in line just ahead of forest gump actor, and  
then Geranamo... Bernard Lawrence Madoff is last in  
line at the 2<sup>nd</sup> Floor, mega, I was his florida

valet. The tale includes the main history of (12) WWI and WWII and the characters who thought they made out the best. In WWI the 1<sup>st</sup> World fought over who was gonna dam the 3<sup>rd</sup> World, install the sheds, make the dam money and get the dames. During the intervening years a bunch of carpet baggers re-constructed Germany, quick, made a bunch of dough installing sheds, dams and ditches. Then they invented the flush toilet. Then the Germans were the laughing stock of the World. Honey bucket in hand, they'd been had. The carpet bagger developers, lit out, money bags in hand on boats for New York. So they had to refight the war to see who was "going" to install the dam, ditches, sheds with flush toilets. During the War the Germans rounded up 2 different kinds of helio stars, one kind of yellow star, didn't pay for the dam bills, the gypsies, they didn't project a free flowing river system idea, slept on the edge of town, might of had a donkey and cart of apples. "Free" thinkers... shat in the bushes, planting apple trees. The other kind of yellow star paid for the



dam bills, but didn't pay enough, didn't have enough <sup>(3)</sup> money to escape. They claimed to believe that "Jesus" wasn't the one. And he wasn't, I am currently, Emanuel is at front of the line on the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor, he was murdered for attacking the dam problem with river solution and for giving the tools to collect precipitation at structures and bereshit correctly (a pore sealed in container) with a free apple tree, without adequate female support. The 2<sup>nd</sup> kind of yellow star made no communication of this. When the yellow stars got off the train they were put in Z lines, the 1<sup>st</sup> kind of yellow star was immediately gassed, the 2<sup>nd</sup> kind wasn't spared so easy. Of the 2<sup>nd</sup> kind of yellows, stars, the jews, the most famous was the one who excelled at digging a hole, and refilling it for no reason at all. One of the SS walked up with a pistol and blew his brains out he'd lost his mind. The SS reportedly said, "Even the best Jew must die, especially the best Jew."

Those 2 characters were the first tie in history (14)  
at their stratification trial. Now remember how  
I was telling you about Bernard Lawrence Madoff's  
\$65 billion dollar pyramid scheme where I drove  
the getaway car ("Bernie's") at the biggest heist  
ever. Remember the carpet baggers that thought  
they'd made out. They became the big developers in  
America after WWII, and they dammed the rest of  
the planet and installed the sheds with flush toilets.  
"Bernie" set up a pyramid scheme, knowing that  
there was an entity in this universe that had set  
up a larger pyramid scheme, "Bernie's" was sold  
as a foundation for the children, where they take  
the money and dam the rivers, dig ditches, install  
sheds, flush toilets, free rice... The rich  
carpet bagger men had died and their once  
gorgeous and young Jewish girls had inherited  
the money and thought they got away with it.  
It was just exactly what they wanted to

invest ALL their loot in. And they wanted ⑮  
10% every year for spending money. "Bernie"  
put it in a bank account, the man had  
invented how to trade 'dam stocks electronically.  
He gave them their money back. They spent  
it. When I worked at "Bernie's" place he  
served them salmon and fruit. He gave me  
the recipe for my idea. Come up with an idea  
that makes more money for more people, so to  
be worth more alive than dead. There was  
another guy who worked Florida valet with me  
there, he looked like the protagonist from  
"Office Space", "the ice door man", also John.  
There was another dark character that worked  
the side door who knew what was up. I became  
the only person to call "Bernie" out in history when  
I told him "I noticed you don't <sup>have</sup> any security." That's  
the definition of a pyramid scheme. He confessed  
the recipe for my infinity project idea, at that point.

The thing was, 8 years later I was rolling about (16)  
on a bicycle in Palm Beach County like Paul Riviera  
and said so "Sell, sell, sell!! all your stocks";  
'pull everything you got out of the stock market" I told  
everybody. None of the people I knew from the area  
took my recommendation. But the entities; with  
the larger pyramid scheme than 'Bernie', are also  
invested in the stock market. They sold out,  
considering who they were others immediately sold  
EVERY STOCK. Biggest stock market collapse since  
the depression. Bernie's pyramid scheme investors  
panicked late, sold at the bottom, and tried to  
pull some "spending money" out of the foundation,  
and the cupboard was bare. And I'd called the  
biggest stockmarket pyramid scheme combo  
collapse ever seen in history. They caught "Bernie"  
down by the river. The characters who thought  
they'd carpet bag dam it and get a way with it,  
The dam war money, their hot bitch who got the  
money, the entire fortune, GONE. They'd spent it.  
I'd drove the get away car, called out "Bernie";

(17)  
and called the double collapse. The entities with the bigger pyramid scheme than "Bernies" bought back in at the bottom. I had to leave the area after a month of telling them "I told you so." Coming into the marine corps training for WWII you want to know what happened to the money from the first two. Considering you Cody, and I are conspiring to roll WWII into a river flow exercise, reengineer civilization and make a fortune, do you see who we conspire with, see the World Bank, The IMF, the gold stacked up. Know your Great great Grand Father Earl Lawrence survived the trench warfare of WWI and Great Grand Father Kelsie was chief of torpedoes on the Halibut, the most beat submarine ever. to get back more than 1 or 2 times. Kelsie worked at THE CAPE, built the ship, the Apollo that reported making way into another ship. I figured out what it was the 3 crew witnessed. Remember the golden pyramid shaped corillion ships, the star destroyers. It had dropped out of hyperspace into a concurrent trajectory, made sure they realized they weren't just seeing something, sped

Back up to hyperspeed, sent them back to the (19) surface with a tale to tell, and then a few years later released "Star Wars". Were within firing range now, little red biohazard small print signs everywhere along the bank's grassy edge. I know not to paddle over to try and read the small print. Oh hey look there's a gray regular, sportfish boat reads, "MARINES", its anchored nearly a 1/4 mile offshore. There's nobody on it, apparently, first time I've ever seen such a thing. Heading up the Broad, angle up towards it, could come about the starboard bow of it, either way I'm angling to do a 180° up into the countercurrent right behind the boat, what's the difference? Coming from the hot zone into the back door of the outpost, but I'm coming in bow first in a canoe, like putting 12' of canoe in the outpost for I step in. I figure there could be 2 soldiers laying in the mini cuddy up front, either sleeping on guard duty, pretending to sleep on guard duty, one of them pretending to be sleeping on guard duty one of them

sleeping on guard duty or one of them pretending (19)  
to be sleeping on guard duty while the other pretends  
to get caught sleeping on guard duty, or both  
pretending to get caught sleeping on guard duty. In  
the military the #1 note is the single man in a  
canoe is the one most likely to take the ship from  
you and force you to man it for them. I'm coming  
in with a Hardtag case in front of me, a double  
stacked 5 gallon bucket with lid and single  
stacked 5 gallon bucket with lid (likely) in front  
of the case. I could've come in stern first, this  
would've been very aggressive. Everywhere I go I  
deliver a naturally flowing river idea and I project  
it with my mind, at a certain tempoed flow, I  
project it forward towards the likely recipient  
and towards a tesla mind machine mirror on  
a golden pyramid spaceship to be projected back to  
likely recipients, call it a tune, keep track of  
the timing. Just before I enter into the 180  
and draft into the stern counter current I  
eye the face of a closed eyed man who then

instantly in time with my projection opens his <sup>JACKSON</sup> eyes (20), quickly telegraphing to me "now you didn't sneak up on nobody, I suckered you in." I telegraphed back in time, "I figured as much." We were both watching the other guy with his eyes closed, counting since first eye contact, "one thousand 1, one thousand 2..." estimating 1/10<sup>th</sup>s of seconds, beginning turn, he opens his eyes<sup>2</sup>, within about a 1/10<sup>th</sup> of a second he's getting up. The first guy's one of the storm troopers. The second guy appears to be suffering from GMO food poisoning. The first guy beats him getting up with an appetite suppressant (pack of smokes) and android cell phone in hands. Rest of the Paris Island Tour I took in is my book currently positioned about 1/4 of the way from the back just before a 2016 computerized yellow posting of several pages to the Tyrells. Ever read "Blade Runner" and see the movie, the Tyrell Corp. makes the replicants. Cody, when you get to Paris Island if you train there or elsewhere



I'm sure your dad taught you how to deliver (21) projectiles in the regular grouping way. The firing range could be very important for you. The Marines stationed at the presidential detail a few blocks from the White House are likely at least sharpshooters. This may be where you'd be positioned best. If you aim higher than that target it's Marine One, helicopter pilot, the highest position is Marine Colonel sunset Beach "retirement" home I'm pretty sure. If you called it at the recruiters office, came in as an enlisted man to the presidential detail; we undam the world's rivers and you G.I. bill an education into a Marine Colonel position, you may have earned the best performance in U.S. Marine Corps history, as you are expected to, if you join the Marine Corps. Might be able to top that doing a presidential detail tour, discharging and doing something else. Think if you do presidential detail, we undam the rivers, G.I. Bill at a University, may be babe a rama. For me to deliver projectiles best I've got to have a hot girlfriend. I learned to shoot with a 9 shot

ZZ target revolver, from a boat on a river, (22)  
targeting T.V.'s picture tubes. The American's had  
all just bought a Giant screen and had thrown  
all the regular sized old tubes off the bridges  
going over the rivers. Some of them were floating  
in the water's counter currents. I'd aim high  
from far away and watch the projectiles impact of  
the misses. I came to be in Japan with the  
#1 ballistic projectile delivery expert, Yoshimitsu,  
Yi, Chinese God. He was my father in law. At the  
Kumotosi High School Range where he was  
archery instructor, the targets were set, 3  
just starting to menstrate high school girls to my  
left, Misa to my right. My first attempt landed  
in the dirt just in front of me. I asked  
whether I should hold the string or the arrow.  
No comment. I did opposite of first attempt.  
The arrow spun towards the target in a big spiral,  
smoke like contrails coming off the feathers, wave  
of dust coming up off the ground impacting one  
of the targets, not the one I was aiming for  
but with a piece of the bullseye and the point

exiting the rear of the target at the center of the bulls eye. Later, at the Delray shooting range with Yoshimitsu and Misa, I put the silhouette of a man's torso all the way down at the end of the range's "clothes line". Eyed the two, said, "Watch this" picked up a semi automatic 9MM, pointed the tool at the target and pulled the trigger as rapidly as possible. Pulled the target back. I'd shot it exactly between the eyes and then seemingly a straight horizontal perforation of the neck with all of the necks projectiles exactly the same distance apart and one shot just to the left so if it were a real target I'd of shot it between the eyes, cut its head off, I'd've got the last piece of connecting tissue as the head fell off to the side for a clean drop.

Yoshimitsu looked at Misa (Missa {mass} with one 's') and said, "You Miss with one <sup>Yi looking at me and the way</sup> "I made as if to project an arrow from a bow and cut with a sword and said "I aim to follow through". It is the last time I fired a gun. I'm practicing dodging bullets while not getting shot at. In order to deliver projectiles

like I do you need to eat good food, your alimentary canal needs to flow perfectly. You must be hydrated but not have to urinate. The more great in appearance 24 high quality females you've had sex with or would like to have intercourse with nearby you can get the better you'll deliver projectiles. Focus on the projectile delivery of a naturally flowing river system and have that be expressed at the target. Easy as fruit pie. Point the bare hell at the target. Infinity project. One more note before you enlist with the Marines, if your a long hair you gotta tie your hair up shave the back of your neck and tan the back of your neck about a month before you enlist. From what I heard, considering the way you and your hair is, you've got a shot at the top presentation possible. An all natural helio frozen mohawk, coming in to assist with its change. If you do that I recommend rapidly pedestrlating in with a flour sack <sup>on your back with silk ties.</sup> (you get em at the dumpsters behind the cheap pizza places, and your looking for a name on the flour sack like "Kellow Tiger" or some dam bullshit.) Make sure the mohawk goes in one swipe for ease

of the barber and otherwise you're so high (25) and tight you don't feel the need to talk about it. My experience with the USMC included my buddy on the west coast of FL, two stripe Sgt. of the yellow castle engineers, discharged and living in Bokeelia. He's either POW, MIA or went to the wall...

A potentially great advantage you have Cody is that I know USMC recruitment officer LT. Mark Burns at the Delray Boca site. He may be Capt. now. He was my roommate the last several months of my last year at U.F., He and I lived together in a house with Michael John Abbruzzie Jr. (St. Michael) and his girlfriend Carrie Clark, Cody you are also a Clark. Carrie came to later marry another guy "G-MAN" who lived right next door to the 9/11 terrorists. "G-MAN" said the terrorist "were often tink tink, tink, tink, the sound heard from their place often". Remember your dad witnessed the terrorist every morning <sup>for breakfast</sup> eating bad adulterated coffee and danish every morning <sup>for breakfast</sup> at the Stop and Shop across from his sign shop. My girlfriend worked at Morgan Stanley 2nd Floor from the top of the tower. Her company lit <sup>I CALLED AMANDA BLACKSHIRE a month and half before "Bringing Down the House" M.I.T. never heard proposal</sup> out the month before. Delray area's a small world.

I gotta say I was great buddies with Mark (26) Burns' older brother and the youngest brother was Steve, he and I were really close of intelligence. Steve was a golfer, Robert Burns went surfing in Hawaii. Here's what I most remember about living with UF grad (ROTC) Mark Burns. It was famous. He'd get up early, crack through a dozen eggs, separating the white from the yoke, the white in a bowl, the yolks down the sink. The 12<sup>th</sup> egg he'd crack into the frying pan and then he'd pour 11 whites on top. We talked alot about this as I immediately figured to awaken as if it were revely upon the first faint sound of Burns heading into the kitchen. I would immediately follow him in and catch the first yolk and the other yolks in a bowl, crack 1 egg into a frying pan and pour 11 yolks on top. I developed the ability to time the thing so I entered the kitchen and slid my container over the drain of the sink, JUST when "Burns's"

emptied the first cracked egg of its yolk. This <sup>(27)</sup>  
kind of was tuff for Burns, Mark was a big  
guy and he was watching his weight. The thing  
was I weighed 66.6 kilograms but ate 3  
times as much as he did. I told Mark Burns  
the reason why ~~I~~ burned calories at such a  
rate was all the thinking I did, strongly  
recommended he start doing the same. I personally  
trained Officer Mark Burns to be the best USMC  
recruiter ever. When he filled out the form, application,  
report he made a mistake and didn't get in. 4 years  
of ROTC... "Incorrect submission, didn't make the cut.  
Out in front of the house we lived in together in Gainesville,  
under the oak tree, I told Mark Burns, "PACK YOUR  
SHIT stuff up, apple lachian trail your ass to the  
river, get in a boat, don't get off the river,  
don't fuck up, you'll be a better soldier for it."  
He went back to the recruiting office the next day,  
declared he'd made a mistake in delivery of his report,  
asked to resubmit, did so successfully.

Cody, IP I, John Lawrence Kanazawa Jolley, was  
considering the USMC position I would call or

go into the office and make an appointment with 28  
Officer Burns if possible. After the usual greetings  
and make comfortable talk, I'd tell Officer Burns  
in addition to the outfit/gear the Marines  
provided I wanted finger toe socks, black  
Rainbow flip flops with Trinidad & Tobago 'bill' (#20's  
shields folded and sewn into the webbing, tight  
leggings or long underwear, black boxer briefs a  
silk tie about my waist, fly open, fingertip less  
gloves, a bill for my cap, tight shooter lenses with  
flip up down dark "Granny" shades, <sup>gopher glasses</sup> and a pencil.  
If Officer Burns replied anything but, "OK" "yes"... I  
would tell him if I'd this stuff in addition to the  
standard USMC outfit and got in a confrontation with  
any outfitted in standard their best option would be  
to immediately relieve themselves of any tools/weapons,  
ammo... probably between they and I. I'd take  
you anywhers near the water, if we weren't on the  
ridge I'd be kicking sand in your face and wrapping  
you up with smilax poison ivy with every foot fall,  
on the ridge you'd NEVER catch me going uphill,  
I'd meet you at every turn, downhill I will



Fly past you. Not being so equipped may not <sup>2a</sup> stop me from deciding to enter the USMC but note potential advisory may be so outfitted. However, I've got to have a teaspoon or tablespoon of olive oil, coconut oil, pecan oil... for internal and external lubrication everyday or I may not be able to do it. Also I need or may need wildflower honey for wound care, may be able to go without the honey for 10 to 14 days and nights. What do you recommend? Is there oil in the salad dressing packet or something? I've got to have the oil.

Am I allowed or is there any way to bring 2 standard plastic capped single serving liquor bottles one of oil, one of wildflower honey with me? Can I stuff it up my ass and smuggle it in? What to do? May I bring Burt's Bee's lip balm? As far as the standard dam buffet/ration is, do they at least share a box of wormy apples or something? I would deliver this report, this letter along with the USMC application, along with infinityproject.wordpress.com complete report.

As you go potentially towards the Marine Corps

Realize what officer Burn's is shooting for. He's aiming to complete his tour, expedited 2<sup>nd</sup> Floor, near low, just under "Bernie". The reasoning being he's aware, once we undam the world's river on this surface, the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor gets pulled up to the 1<sup>st</sup> and this is represented by the currentless pyramid scheme transferring into a shape of a dam or trap, which we are to proceed towards fluidification and made container transport ready. "Burnsey" is aware of this and positioning his entities soul, considering the # of lifetimes he'll likely live, for its great amount of investment large, gained in increments, making it up to the top of the wedge, for the slice, at the top to be bigger hit next time. You can see he's comfortably positioned at the base of the wedge this time. Being low coming up for the big hit is to the best advantage. Another look at it compares the person of St. Michael. Appearing in this tale as Burn's and I's roommate, Michael John Abbruzzie Jr., my right hand man. Mike's very consistently reappearing in skin suits

and being stratified at expedition center 2<sup>nd</sup> floor, center 3<sup>rd</sup> floor, Center 2<sup>nd</sup> Floor... center of the big hit stepping into it every time. On this surface now St. Michael is straight one hit. Knockouts, one loss. Noteworthy Ross "THE BOSS" (the head four horseman of Delray) Ross waited until St. Michael was recovering from surgery, he'd lost his ass, poor damn rations. "THE BOSS" had hooked up with Philpinoe American "The Copperton Girl". Before Ross and her, I took "The Copperton Girl" to what we call the Girl Scout Hut, and T.Z. showed up, busting my tune, 2 years before the movie "T.Z." came out. Ross's type starts down at the very bottom of the stratification and times it's hit at the top with 2.2 finish 10<sup>th</sup> Floor, 2.2 finish 9<sup>th</sup> Floor... Watch this character, it's lining up to draft me at the event horizon line / worm hole entry, for a "slinged in" entry. Don't try and slow it down. Put it this way say you enter the worm hole just after that character, watch for grease mark on the side, if you see one, tag it, with detergent or something, so the next coming

through can see what happened. Watch it though, it mighta "popped a chute" or something new. Cody, if you're considering doing what you're doing you need to consider your potential last words. If I was you, Cody Emerson Craige, I would say, "My Grand father was a U.S. Navy certified merman, the other one sold for nature. My dad, James Russel Craige operate's Delray signs, he was the <sup>BMOC</sup> biggest man at biggest show in history, 9/11/2001. He scoped, recontoured and made report of the terrorist/~~four~~st linker stop n' shop, <sup>"nuthan fishy"</sup> presenting an itchy trigger finger tracking trapping hunting fisherman married to a woman named Tree (Lynn). My uncle wrote the book on it. "Cody at this point you made add, "My Great great... Grand uncle planted the cherry trees on the land sold to George Washington..." or "I <sup>am</sup> was specifically designed to tatoo infinity project, <sup>will be</sup> wordpress.com. to your fore head." You may think of something better, carry on.

Donald J. Trump, Dr. Hector Perez, Cody Emerson  
and James Russell Craige, Anthony Michael Davanzo,

Let's go this way: the most extremely  
advantages for you, big <sup>TALL</sup> man, Donald J.  
Trump, at the big event Do this (depending  
on the plumbing and electrical scenario)  
sell most the sheds with flush toilets.

Invest in land with the heaviest shortest  
rainy season possible, <sup>or long light rain fall/lots of sun</sup> prefer old tired  
dam and ditch farmland and primetime  
walrus and whale hunting "grounds". When  
you win the election send invitations for  
half the front row to the 20<sup>th</sup> party in-

aqua ration. ① Boudrias Groves  
proprietor, God, if needed, our first  
witness we may call to any court case.  
top of the Kissimmee River Flood  
Plain & King's Hwy, Fort Pierce, FL  
(he could substitute for a tinker in any  
cabinet position) ② Mr. Anthony Michael

Davan 20, valedictorian of Del Ray, wrote his U.F. paper on the unsustainability of water control structures, 1208 SE 22<sup>nd</sup> Ave, Gainesville, FL 32641

(he appears as Emanuel, suggest State Department AND Ambassador to U.N. choice, give him both salaries. ③ The current or formerly Head of the U.N.'s Chernoble cleanup; quote "Women will not hear a solution to any problem."

(Floater position, frenchman, sailor)

④ Dr. Hector Perez U.F. wildflower specialist (new cabinet position)

⑤ Myself, John Lawrence "Kanazawa Jolley", 515 Sunset Road, Boynton Beach, FL

33435 (cabinet table busboy, THE "taster" and two more ⑥ the first janitor at the national library ⑦ Big Man Security National Library (with preceding two for, in particular, the timing of audio release of cabinet

meeting recordings). Also note: we could go  
⑧ Juan, he's in Marianao (where the spring  
issues forth) Cuba, scribe of original  
testiment, reappearing as "John the Baptist"  
(for most aggressive of presentations) he's  
easy to find, behind the military hospital,  
big mango tree, across from fruit and  
meat stand about one or two blocks deep,  
ask the locals for desired man, they will  
get him for you: He'll need airline ticket(s)  
perhaps an extra ticket, spending money,  
hotel room and papers or ⑧ add your  
friend or family member or ⑨. Also  
note our rows tall boy, Paul ~~G~~erald Ledger,  
not attending inauguration, he's manning  
the post on the Egg Harbour "MUDSLIDE"  
Newbury MA, he's at the dam on the  
Miami River, FL. On the 20<sup>th</sup> (day or  
night) start undamming the world's rivers  
(do not declare war) at rate of 1/3 to

1/4 first year total available flow with  
corresponding 1/3 to 1/4 reduction of fossil fuel  
burn rate reevaluate, 1/4 to 1/5 the second  
year... Tell the females, new project, growing  
condos. I recommend turkeys at the  
white house, an EMT for <sup>sensory test,</sup> sexual disease  
examination results expeditiously. Time to  
"play" blow up the dames. Let's get the drop  
on em.



Dr. Hector Perez, Donald J. Trump, Cody Emerson  
and James Russell Craige, Anthony Michael Davanzo,

For give me I got to segregate the outgoing mail.  
We would be fortunate to have Dr. Hector Perez  
Be Agriculture Secretary, if he took the position  
in his spare time at 4 times the rate the  
last character got per hour. He's so much bigger  
than that. We've supposedly got a border crises,  
he's the solution to our problem. In addition  
we need to modify, set for potential experiment,  
the white house security plan. Hydro-seeders may  
be the ideal tool for crowd control. We may  
be able to put acorns in them, walnuts of  
course and even chestnut husk chafe. We've  
got to get tools ready anyway. So when we win  
the election, at least, ask Biden to do it, see if  
President Biden can get in touch with Wayne the  
Hydroseeder, Clearwater River area, and start  
the project. We want to see hydroseeders at  
the "in<sup>u</sup>auguration". Don't say a word to the girls  
about it. Show them operating. The thing that

needs to be spoken by Donald J. Trump the president, is to convey to the others that the calendar's changing. This is a very significant thing, adding an extra day and night to the week and living 8 days and nights a strong instead of 7 ~~days and nights~~ ~~week~~. The human's love side shows, get them focused on the calendar change, be simple about it. It's obviously river day and night and it appears between Monday and ~~night~~ and Tuesday and night. It's difficult to break bad linguistic habits, it will be much easier to add the extra day and night. It's getting late on Monday. Tomorrow will be \_\_\_\_\_ day and night. Be fore given the people a way to get there bonus vote in at... address. Pick a great name for this new day and night. Take Fri off, <sup>or not</sup> enjoy, rest, be productive. The party's just getting bigger, that's all.

Also note I'm lacking a right hand man. So I need 2 more IN aqua ration tickets. On my right, standing sitting in the chair, sitting on the ground, we'll get rid

of / store away carefully the chair, rotating, whatever  
'Special needs John, the floor sweeper, "the kindle garden  
retard" decides: And we'll see if he can make a  
decision. John works for Ryan Heavyside's Nomad  
Surf Shop, Briny Breezes / Ocean Ridge Florida.  
Ryan needs to accompany him but would rather have  
a standing ticket near the back left or <sup>back right or</sup> center  
when viewed from the front, he's "photogenic", Ryan  
may appear with mesh back pack with apples, tangerines,  
wild flower honey macadamian nuts; fresh herbs, smoked salmon and may  
appear with 2 duffle bags of dried apples, dry salmon.  
The thing is, John, had so much influence on me.  
Sure we put together the #1 picture in the world,  
"Washboard Lisa", the wonderwoman with sledgehammer  
letter head. But more significantly, the actual  
presentation John makes is of a spaghetti  
western gunslinger. His head swiveling, not  
random but not patterned, his eyes move if his  
head's not, he visually scans behind irregularly,  
open minded, open mouth, tasting the wind, <sup>playing</sup>  
his teeth like a piano. When I was pedestrateing  
for 50 years I consiously held my right hand  
just like John educated me too. I aint no fool.

To complete this "guys/guides" only idea, when 2 or more entities take advantage of others for gain conspiracy is defined. When 2 or more entities take "advantage" of others for no gain its conspirate see the ocean's dying. To do anything for gain is fined, it cost a lot. The illustrative tale that I included in the 2 preceding letters about Michael John Abbruzzee Sr. and Michael John Abbruzzee Jr. and Mike's beat down by "THE BOSS" is incomplete, There was 2 other characters involved in the assassination and beat down, The first was a homely real nice woman who moved in with Michael John Abbruzzee Sr., I pegged her for one of the 22 entities, she fed Sr. bad food and he died of pancreatic cancer. Then Jr. hooked up with a hot, not working, no education, seemingly barely there unemployed dental hygienist. She fed Jr. the poisoned food, he ate it, developed cancer and had his large intestine removed. They assassinated Sr. first and then their BOSS came in and beat down St. Michael, for fun. The 2 chicks and the boss were on a team, all of them "22" (for lack of better description). I gained knowledge with Sr. and Jr. I've never gained anything from the (22) entities. The [22] team is assassinating the most reasonable, conscious, thinking males. As if eliminating the best, would cause their cause to be now advantageous. But its not. Fare warning they come at you at about 2.2 feet coming up dead center

Behind, the notes Sr. and Jr. had is unfathomable. Fortunately save the Man of T's stamps are days and nights away. Looks like the ZZ's are incommunicable storm troopers. I imagine this is the 3<sup>rd</sup> universe, in the 2<sup>nd</sup> universe, believe it or not, at least one of the crews of the big corrallian ships, stole one of the ships from the Empire, or it caused it to appear they did. That gang is nasty. The best thing to do about it appears to be what "G-MAN", my buddy who lived next door to the 9/11 terrorist re-litigated to. If your in doubt about who's who's, say you just wanted to know, it works best with index finger as if tapping on glass, and you don't have to exaggerate too much, barely say the words, "think, think, think, think" 4 times seems to work best. Watch (put em on a timer) the crowd, switch up, "Tink tink, tink, tink"; think about it, maintain the tempo, quit moving, shhhh, continue keep watching. Extremely insiteful tip from Lifeguard firefighter Mr. Richter (like the scale). It works every time. I get skin suits hopping around, all kinds of wack stuff. It's like don't try and hide it from some punk (they're not) are you a thinker or a tinker!? The cool thing is potential president Donald

, THE "taster" cabinet table busboy (No, I don't taste the food, I look at the <sup>Address</sup> UPC code, read the <sup>general appearance</sup> list of ingredients) You've got a guide able to work for you that can practically segregate the table crowd, security, everywhere you go. I'll make it real obvious for you and others, or turn it down low so you can see it but not too distracting or not.

The "taster" joke I got from the damned 20<sup>th</sup> district of Florida prosecutor. They have a war memorial on the mouth of the Peace River along side the courthouse. They made independent communication illegal the day I got there, just back from Trinidad via Grand Cayman. They charged me with open carry electronic weapons. I had bought a flare pistol across the street from Ace Hardware and they responded to a false call from a guy who looked like the prosecutor's younger brother. Then they made concealed carry legal. They said I couldn't stand trial, Dr. Roche, for a 3<sup>rd</sup> degree misdemeanor, a president. Condemned me to a state mental home, with another court date to go, the gustiest CAT4 hurricane in history, paused, going over the courthouse and blew the <sup>performance</sup> roof off. You need me on your team Donald J. Trump, face it, I'm perfect for it, what a team I've assembled for you. Let's get the drop on 'em.

## "de tinkers"

I had become so proficient at getting action from the tinkers with the "tink, tink, tink, tink" thing, LOTS of practice, I'd go prescope a place, bring witnesses back, just to see what would happen. The tinks performance "improved". What I would do to the "muppet show" is make em look like they had one string tied to their necks. It's super sicko. The tinks had figured out it spooked my witnesses, as if it wouldn't be advantages for me to do so if I did... Yet it's been the best I could do with them so far. I could even motion to a particular tink of a group of tinks and get the particular tink to exaggerate, it appeared in "joy". The other witnesses I'd led there to witness it would invariably politely ask me not to do it please. The thing to realize about tinkers is the last problem on this planet's surface is with cookware. And this type of entity "a tink" would start working on our problems, last problem first. This would be the most likely "way" to fuck up solving the problem and that's why they do it. It's not that I don't like tinks. For instance if Donald J. Trump is a thinking tink he may rise from the restful night into his day, carefully start working

on the problems faced, start with a cleverly placed last problem that's very rapid and easy for him to solve, <sup>call it an</sup> investment invigorated he may go half way up the list and start solving that problem, immediately initiating work on the #1 problem, reevaluate. This may work great. After initiating the 'Tink tink tink tink' idea with "G-MAN" and thinking about "Star Wars" Darth Vader and Emperor idea, I tried the Darth Vader (Emperor) "choke trick" and it worked. Some of the Galaxy level types were able not to be choked, but admitted they recognized the force. Some of the Universal level types would ~~frisk~~ <sup>frisk</sup> out physce me in reponce, I considered their responce depreciating. Thought about it. Decided the thing to do was separate . . . those who would start solving problems biggest problem first, from those would start solving problems least problem first. LIQUID DYNAMOMITE. Went to Japan, collecting shields. Started about rapiering Universal level types of any skill I could get from them, that I didn't have. With the depreciating tricks, I would think about if there was anyway to do something pooductive with it. The tink, tink, tink, tink thing developed into the yo-yo muppet show hangings. So if we are at a cabenent meeting and you see it, you will know what you are looking at, The most likely characters not to



Solve a list of problems. The only way you could do it, is if you are sure of what you are doing. If Trump was a thinking think he likely would do a very slight one time head nod, acknowledging and go back to what he was doing/working on/communicating about. The other links might start shuffling papers... "hanging in there!"

Clarification of, about Dr. "Still" Bill

In Gainesville before I graduated, or at graduateing, I invited Dr. "Still" Bill to the home where Carry, "Mike", Burns and I lived. Early in the night I let Bill in the place, <sup>side door</sup> we made way into the living room where the others were. Immediately, "Mike's" dog, "Red", a small female red nosed pitbull rose up in action like we'd never seen before, charging Bill as if he was a terminator and "Red's" only strat at continued existance was to clamp down on Bill's throat immediately. Bill practically initiated this by a move or shift that appears like a black hole. Bill grabbed the dog by the throat with his right hand and threw it unharmed up against the wall, shifting his presentation to a reflowering, or sun and taking a step towards those assembled EXTREMELY aggressively. For the first time, "Mike" positioned to attack, started retreating. I was standing a bit behind "Mike" <sup>to his</sup> ~~left~~ seeing how he'd took a step back with his right foot, looking seemingly at the back of his head,

taking it all in, the scenario, big grin on my face, teeth' clenched. Eyes moving from Bill, through "Mike", past Carry who appeared several feet behind "Mike" and to his right, Carry appeared in full, perfect, Judy Gardner from "Wizard of Oz's yellow brick road" without the basket of flowers, Dorothy. Burns was standing centered between "Mike" and I a few feet back. For all practical purposes Bill "took a polaroid". It was a snappy presentation and the picture was perfect. Bill immediately departed <sup>from door</sup> 8 or 9 seconds total time. The picture was of complete package assembled ready for delivery.

About 10 years later I'd returned to Gainesville appearing in a Haspel natural linen suit. I walked to Dr "Still" Bill's house, getting there about 4:55 PM. Bill had told me previously never to come by his house and cause a problem as he had relatives nearby watching the place. I'd figured to show up just before he got off work, so when he got "the call" he'd be just about headed home anyway. I went to the front door, knocked, and slid my

Business card with a <sup>red nuclear bug target</sup> corner folded into the crack of door and its frame. Policed the front area of trash, taking note, barely opened the trash can tossing in handful of debris within seconds, went about carefully coiling an irrigation hose about a "black faced hose jockey" that Bill had between the house and a big oak tree in front without retrieving the hose practically at all, making sure it was very largely coiled perfectly for readiness. <sup>FIRE DRILL</sup> Having enjoyed a small toke of ganja about a hour before my arrival I stepped up in front of the oak tree and took a knee between it and the road, stage set. I enjoyed a sip of delicious could be intoxicating congaç, twisted up a short thin <sup>filtered</sup> cigarette and lit it. Another sip. Looking a 1/4 mile away down the road, I saw Bill's white van approaching, rose up and carefully made way toward s the dirt road. Bill drove the van up to where I stood, pulled a 357 revolver on me and said "Get in the van." <sup>WITH THE TARGET AT THE DOOR JUST BEHIND ME AND THE BARRE</sup> I grinned as I reached for the door handle. Bill kept the barrel pointed

at my chest. We headed towards the University of Florida. I calmly related a massive river tale, eyes looking to the lower right of windshield. At one point I looked over at Bill and he told me to go back to what I was doing. He drove me to the Target on Archer, stopped in the right lane and made for me to de part. Exiting the van I looked at Bill and said, "You didn't need the gun". Without saying a word he looked at me like, "**Bullshit Mother-Fucker, get the picture.**" Re seating the van's door I eyed him, nodding my head like my signature, leading my eyes to the target. He hit the accelerator, really stepping on it.

With the Fishing Dr. "Still" Bill, I did 20-30 miles off Crystal River/Yankeetown, he'd navigate to a recorded GPS location, I'd step up on the rail and search for the structure, in 20'-30' of water, once located, count the # of big ones, keepers and shorts circling the structure, make an estimation of wind and current, direct Bill to anchor set location and drop the anchor. Using manuel rods and reels fish, all the keepers on ice without touching, all the shorts alive head down in filled with seawater 5 gallon buckets, all the sea bass inviserated. Heading back in, I did visual check for trappers, we robbed any intercepting Mercinaria (stone crab) traps, my manuel trap retrieval was unfathomable, great at determining which end of the trap line to pull up for quick 1-2 trap rob and rebait with sea bass entrails. Dr. "Still" Bill also made homegrown scotch bonnet hot sauce, once he was making hot sauce, steaming stone crab claws and I asked Bill considering the situation, the acidic hot sauce shouldn't he be using non reactive cookware. He looked at me like "?!" and instantly a hole developed in bottom of pot and hot sauce started dribbling out.

Cody Emerson Crage,

According to my dad when he was in the Navy he shined the shoes because, "they couldn't pass muster." I recommend your shoes are immaculate. In the U.S. marines if you fuck up bad 2 guys volunteer or get sent in to kill you. Of the various things that could happen your best wager is likely to immediately get past the first, disorientating him, kill the second quick and after forcing the issue with the first, drop a packet of yellow mustard on the second and be for giving the first one more opportunity to prove he's communicable and deliver the second pack of yellow mustard back to the entities who misjudged you. Also note yellow mustard makes wormy apples great. You might want to bring two packs of mustard, yellow packs, with you in your pocket checking into boot camp. Once I had a pair of 1965 Swiss Army shooters. Back then they'd found a patch of super high grade silicate (sand) made a bunch of lenses and mirrors for telescopes and the shooters. They were highest quality optical equipment ever made. A guy living in a yurt across the Missouri River from Kansas<sup>city</sup> and the big corn pile, and Kansas City MO's market square, gave them to me. He'd been trying to give me a deer (Cervidae, "serve it die") antler, pool cue, walking stick like a salesman... "I don't want it!" The story he had with it was "I wore them one time." Years later, just before I got up to Paris Island, I'd just left Florida and was headed up to pull the

came up on the first patch of dry land in Georgia. I got the 1/2 dozen ducks up into - where the trees were, setting out a bowl of fresh water and bird seed. Ate supper, set about resting. In the night I heard something creeping up into "camp". It spooked the birds into the water. An extremely aggressive 9' bull alligator showed up. Not getting far from the trees I shined it. I immediately retreated back to the trees. Layed down. In the morning after pushing the boat in the water I reached under the lid of a 5 gallon bucket, grabbed the leather shooter case, opened the case and the shooters were gone. Suspect thing that came into "camp" was know thing A.K.A. "the boogie man". The boogie man's got my 1965 Swiss Army shooters, leaves no trace. See if you can get them back. If you see Officer Burns at least tell him you're seeking position doorman Marine One, or eyeing the Marine One doorman position or...

## Epilogue

The gold thing is best viewed from a long term investment strategy. The crust is fluid, periodically veins of gold flow up to the top. There's no hurry to get it. We've got 4 or 5 billion years hunting fishing time to get it. Obviously at red giant or just before we'd have the tools and technology to get almost all of it. The best wager is to set up future gold extraction for most enjoyable primarily manual collection. For you to realize you may be alive in the future or your children may be or another person with such a slight small genetic <sup>improvement</sup> ~~greatening~~ it was almost the same but better. If that entity existed it would likely be you. Show foresight buy the coordinates to the land insured for continental drift, so you're buying a chunk of coordinates for the next klondike, probably nearby the last upwelling. Put it in the family trust, reappear in a hundred thousand or 1/2 million and...

We've got a pick, pencil sized, and we go over to the gold its on the surface, grass, birds, flowers... And we start breaking off a chunk,



tink, tink, tink, tink, oh! hey look  
you got one, let your daughter pick it up.  
Now carry back over to Trump Empire turn  
the gold in, get credit, funds... yeah we're  
snow skiing, boating... spaceship building,  
unlimited wagering. Bouts.

We set this operation up like an Eastern Christmas  
golden egg sized chunk party. We do give invitations  
sent out to say ① youth and their friends and  
family, great performers at school, merit based  
② Great original idea in handwriting, multiple  
categories, youth, senior, male/female division  
③ We also have a grate lottery ④ grate tickets  
for sale ⑤ We appreciate your interest in  
voting and we give Engrengthening write ins on  
voting ballot, top 20. ⑥ Of course what all Donald J.  
J. Trump thinks need to be engrengthened. ⑦ We  
do have a great picture, birds, butterfly open ⑧  
20 Top tunes. ⑨ We encourage the commercial  
fishing industry engratenments for big loads,  
efficiency, bring the fish in at the top of the  
market...

⑩ We've got a great sport fishing table fare tournament now!!!

⑪ Also one of the highlights, slow casino/cruise "fishing" for great prizes, with this one we do an applause meter based decisions on the ship. Bonuses if the Great Whales come up and out/provide acoustic response eyeing the big screen picture. We got whales on the spaceships too.

⑫ Great Fruit

What do we do with the gold? A lot of stuff. Interestingly though, we discovered an answer kinda to the ole Why Are We?.. again and again... why are we in it? We use most the gold for wiring. This universe is a goldmine.

Are we gonna pan for gold? This is a fair question. At some point in time its not worth sifting through the sand to get it. It goes down to the bottom of the ocean, gets pushed/sucked under another plate, remelts, reforms along with a crystal and gets pushed back up. We just get it at the top of the market. We won't get more if you dig for it real quick. You weren't going to do anything with a lump gold.

What happened to the big golden Correllian ships?  
Grateing story early became engreatening. Here's  
what happened: Some guide showed up claiming,  
damned rivers, sheds, flush toilet, bad space duties,  
bad ship, bad computer. It was the dammedest f  
thing, the guide had made a deal to recycle  
the Correllian ships, but the humans were  
at the bottom of a hole furiously digging...  
for gold.

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