

How I got it.

The key events begin when the person who was my traveling companion in the last years of my adventure, and who made great discoveries together with me in an enormously fruitful and successful investigation, surrendered betraying me and giving himself up to the struggle to occupy the Throne, the Victor, God, in a word. Something that I had been fearing and hoping for, but did not cut because I needed to see it and see how it happened.

Effectively. It is clear that there are some people who do not fall into such shame, and this writing is addressed to them, but the vast majority of human beings commit this crime, which consists of, knowing for sure that we are not immortal, they cling to the fight that God, offers them, in short, the Almighty. How can anyone want to know the face of God? That is the horror itself, dying little by little of hunger on a dead planet, understanding what has happened. This is why human beings want to die as soon as possible, so as not to know, and they fight to the last drop of their blood (may God be someone else, not me).

The fact is that having desperately needed this person to share, verify and enjoy the investigation, when I was watching as he gave up, I did not feel bad, but on the contrary, I felt moderately euphoric and, when the final betrayal occurred, I knew that I had the understanding of the problem within reach of my mind, so I relaxed, walked through the park calmly and without rush.

This boy and I had come to an almost total understanding of Existence. It was he himself who finished off the fact that Death is what cannot be known, that concept or absence of a fundamental concept for Carlos Castaneda's witches. I was hovering around it, but still couldn't find it. The point is that this was not enough, and we were waiting for something to happen that would break this

impossibility. What this boy did not know is that what we expected was his surrender, because there is the key whose knowledge allows a possibility. I understood it the moment he gave up.

In just 3 or 4 days it occurred to me to write to Jesus Christ. What nonsense. In the last 12 years I had progressively written to all social entities, more directly or indirectly, even to the Church. I had planned it from the beginning and carried it out as prepared for each step, but it had never occurred to me to write to Jesus Christ. Thinking about it was a surprise to me. But, hell, what was I going to say to that poor boy? It didn't occur to me.

They spent 2 or 3 more days letting my thoughts wander and turning from time to time to the matter, without ideas, until, when speaking with a charming person, “Apocalypse of Saint John”, the last book of the Bible, came out in the conversation. Of course, there was the key, that was the text that had to be explained in relation to Jesus Christ.

I had read a few times, maybe 10, this grotesque, angry, spiteful, extremely criminal text, and I had not managed to decipher that mental cacao, that enormous disorder, but I had felt each time that it was a dream of power, that there there was the explanation of the human problem. And so it is. This fool from San Juan denounced exactly what had to be kept silent, what all human beings are silent about.

I began my writing to Jesus Christ by announcing that I was going to say it, without even knowing what it was. And there it is.

Revelation 14-13:

Then I heard a voice ordering me from heaven:« Write: Happy are those who die in the Lord! Yes - says the

Spirit - from now on, they can rest from their fatigue, because their works accompany them.

Sure. Here is the issue, the key to breaking down the Wall: No one believes himself immortal. Now, you can develop all your art and enthusiasm in showing that we are not immortal, if we all know it well. What a tremendous trap! This is the second trap that humanity has set as a result of having fallen into the natural trap of Infinity. What hideous criminality. Neither christians, nor hippies, nor anyone ever discovered this trap, no one who has said it in public, maybe someone knew about it, after all it is completely obvious. Believing oneself immortal does not explain the refusal to live.

Well, here the adventure really began. I needed to know how human beings react to this, and I started a Twitter campaign with very clear and strong messages. Saying that such a social network limited messages to 140 characters, which did not allow to say anything, but just a few months before it expanded it to 280. This already allows a unit of meaning. Grotesquely nobody looked at the profile, retweeted or liked, with very few exceptions.

However, it was enough. With a few people who were interested, with nice tricks and some clever play, I got to know that the issue is that no one thinks they are immortal, but everyone, believers and non-believers, take Infinity, which is immortality, of course. An extremely dirty game, a macabre game in ignorance, the consolation that Existence continues without me, Existence in non-Existence, I don't know, a very strange thing, a way of avoiding the idea of Death that it supposes the refusal to live without wanting to know anything to discover it. I had not yet organized the fact of the tantrum, or the Pact with Death.

The funny thing about it is that I had thought for years that when this moment came, that I did not know what it would be like, I would have to hide or flee somehow to avoid lynching. Of course,

the Antichrist cannot be oblivious to the fact that all Christs were lynched, that is why they are Christs (The Antichrist is the Christ of the End of the World, the one who undoes the human wrong. What Nostradamus calls Antichrist is a messiah. See the document “Messiah versus Christ”, on this same website). However, when the moment came, I had nothing prepared, nor did I intend to flee, but is it possible? My mother intervened there.

My mother is the most horrifying person imaginable, she is a fucking tyrant of the highest category, a martyr of God, the mother of God, the mother of the Lamb, the one who would be elevated to the category of Virgin if I were lynched. Although I knew that we are mortal and that this matter is the cause of human misfortune before she betrayed me, we all knew this in early childhood, it was her betrayal that made me crazy, it almost always is. I have related this betrayal and successive events several times on this same website.

My mother sabotaged my life since then, drove me to madness, entering a completely destroyed psychiatric hospital, she even spent a few years visiting on my behalf and without my permission or knowledge at least 2 psychiatrists and, when, as she had done many times, she noticed that I was doing something important, with dedication and in a hurry, she put on the act for me.

I had just confronted any human being on twitter, raising the issue very well and revealing his criminal struggle and, my mother, with all the impudence, returned to raise her concern about what would become of me when she died. Of course, she did this already being very old and depending on me sensibly. She wanted me to assist her in her old age, which I was willing and beginning to do, but being me dependent on her and on hers stupid, incongruous nonsense and rabid orders, and she waited for this occasion to establish it.

I don't remember the whole conversation well, but I said, "If you're dependent, depend on". Then she said sarcastically: "Oops, me dependent? If you knew that I was thinking of ending my life but what would become of you...?" What a raging. Blackmailing me with her suicide when she was not depressed at all or had that intention, and when she had led me to try years before without giving in the pressure of her tyranny and using my suicide attempt to grotesquely and stupidly dominate me intention of taking me out to sunbathe in a wheelchair suffering horribly and drooling my shirt because of the torture of psychiatrists... That was always her intention towards me, to become a doll for her whim, no matter how much I suffered.

I said, "Kill yourself anytime you want, asshole. I don't need you, I don't need you!" And I had to push her out of my room, while she said she was going to call the police, and I told her to do it, that I would bring her to trial for harassment... This is part of a long, terrible defense that I have had to carry out with my grotesque mother.

Once this happened, I remained calm and prepared to have dinner, it was around 10 p.m. I knew very well that my mother was not going to call the police, like other times she had made the threat but, boy, what if she called? I was aware that they had been watching me for a long time, they had set a trap for me, although I was not completely sure. Now, if she called the police, they would catch me in a very bad situation, without a defense plan and without having fully found out the Human Problem. I tried to assess the situation... "Run, run, you idiot! Don't think anything now, run for your life!" I thought. I put the most basic things in my backpack, got dressed and left slowly, but without pause. When I was leaving I saw that my mother was watching television. Reconsider... "No, no, don't think now, get safe and then you'll see! And I arrived diligently, but without running, to the car. I started and drove away.

I drove slowly and carefully. When I was quite a distance I decided that the important thing was to have dinner before they closed everything, because I was hungry and it was late. I went to the mall. Well, that was tremendous, I would burst out laughing every few minutes, I was stumbling without deciding where to go, I would stop to laugh and continue. I finally sat down at a bar table. I chose something simple and a large beer. I ate slowly with laughter and noticed that people were noticing me, and that made me laugh more. I couldn't finish my plate and asked for the check. The friendly and concerned waiter asked me if I hadn't finished the meal. I replied, sympathetic at the same time, that I was nervous and did not enter me anymore. He recommended that I calm down. I said yes, that I was going to go to the car to listen to music and I would relax. So I did it.

I went to the downtown parking lot. I had left the car in a discreet, lonely place. I put on music and spent a long time without worries. When I ran out of the house, I had entered a tremendous euphoria, similar to what I experienced in the military for 2 months, but much brighter. That was a loan from the Spirit, now the euphoria was true. I had, although not yet the full explanation, the key to understanding the human criminality that always surrounded me, and I had proven that it worked. It was an exuberant joy. Discoveries and insights rushed through my mind in a whirlwind of glory.

At one point I worried about where I was and the time. It was 4-something in the morning and I was in the parking lot of the shopping center completely empty and with the music blasting. I thought I would be locked up. The thing would not be very serious, just wait until 09:00 hours for them to open, but I did not like the idea at all. I started and went to the exit. It was open and I got out without a problem. Ok, now what?

We'll see. My situation was not desperate, what I had done on Twitter was not very fat, I do not think they were looking for me for that, not yet and, in case my mother had called the police, very unlikely, they would have left when they did not find me and without accepting the complaint, nothing had happened. If I had waited a few hours and returned home, everything would have been fine. However, I was so euphoric that I began to play to escape the lynching without hardly considering the above, it was like in the background, the current thing was much more fun. Also, my insights led me to seek more excitement and understanding.

How do you get away from a lynching? This was the learning for the next few days. First I looked for a space to park, somewhat discreet, on a side street. I was lucky and parked well. How awesome. I never listened to the radio in the car, only hippie music tapes, and when I changed the tape, the radio was out of tune, but now, when I took out the tape, a Catholic station skipped, it sounded clearly and without noise. They were giving instructions from the End of the World: That the time had come, that we give ourselves to the Lord, that we take up our cross. I could not believe it. Amazing. I thought that at dawn I would find people completely naked, kneeling in the middle of the street with open arms, shouting: "Take me Lord, I give myself to you!"

Unfortunately, two drunken teenagers were approaching from the other side of the street. They kicked cars and bins, but they didn't make much of a mess. I waited for them to pass by, but the assholes stopped at my height, making more and more noise, so I started and got into circulation.

A subsection here. Throughout my path of knowledge, the human posture was to survive individually, a few, those who would repopulate the world after the Apocalypse (Yes, I know,

Apocalypse means Revelation, but it was always understood as the violent end of the world, because it is that which reveals).

When the parties, misnamed far-right, since they are already Liquidators, were taking positions in Europe and, especially, when Trump came to power in the United States, and had established himself in it after a great uproar, back in the spring of 2018 , the human perspective changed. No one expects to survive anymore, all human beings go to the slaughterhouse like little lambs, they are completely ready.

The events reported here occurred in October / November of that same year, 2018. And the Church was taking positions because they saw the thing as imminent. At the present time, as I write this, they are seeing that the matter will take longer, and they have relaxed and prepared to wait patiently, although some priests give brutal messages of suicide, as if Jesus Christ had committed suicide, and they invite, demand, that we follow him in this too. I am the Antichrist, but I am not a fool, I listen to religious criminals, I study those who command and articulate the aggression to Existence.

It is very difficult to go unnoticed. For a while I felt safe driving around the outside of the city but, although I was going slowly, my euphoric state and the avalanche of realizations made me drive distracted. I ran a traffic light. As it was early morning, nothing happened, but I understood that it was dangerous. So I looked for parking. Difficult, since everyone was at home sleeping, there were no gaps. I finally found one and parked. A little rest. However, there were two drawbacks. First, although few people were walking on the street, very few, one person in a car, with music... Well, he would be waiting for someone, yes, but why is he laughing? Second, the reader cannot imagine the number of police cars that circulate through the city day and night.

I spent 3 or 4 days, I don't know for sure, driving without knowing where or where, and parking when I had the opportunity until someone noticed my presence or a police car passed, and circulating again. Of course, when you flee from a lynching, you don't stop to assess risks or who is friend or foe, you just sneak around avoiding everything possible. So much fun, so much fun.

I went to the mall to shit and stock up on food and water and something else. I once took the opportunity to eat a hamburger. When I ask for it, the aunt comes and asks me my name. I shit on her father. I am not paranoid, the paranoid are the persecutors. I did not think that that girl was looking for me, but saying my name when I was fleeing from a lynching was something I was not going to do, also my name is Jesús, what a danger. I asked her with surprise, "to sell me a hamburger, do you ask my name?" She explained she, "yes, it's just to call you when it is ready." Relieved I said, "ah, well, Javier point you." And I was careful not to forget it and answer when they called this Javier.

The serious problem is that I did not sleep. Since my traveling companion betrayed me and I felt that I had it to egg, I was not able to fall asleep, because of the excitement. I asked the doctor for sleeping pills and it worked but, firstly, I had forgotten to take them when I ran away and, secondly, even if I had had them, you cannot sleep when you are bursting with laughter at tremendous understandings! Note that I was reorganizing all my knowledge in view of the fundamental fact that no one believes himself or herself immortal, in addition to being on an unparalleled, inconceivable adventure.

I finally found myself at the beginning of the night in a very quiet residential neighborhood, there you only entered the house, not on the way to another place, and there were some spaces for parking. Ideal, let's see if I can sleep, I thought. I caught myself in the sea, I was running out of cigarettes, my cell phone battery and

gasoline, and I had no idea where I was. In addition, I was so exhausted that I could not consult my mobile. Nothing, I have to go home with the gasoline that I have left and I'll see. I started and drove slowly looking for some indication. On the main street I found a sign "Circunvalación. All directions ". Great, straight home, the gasoline I have arrives. And around the corner an open gas station. Round up, I filled up the gas tank and bought some tobacco. Well, why am I running home? No, I try to sleep here, I was relaxed, and tomorrow I assess the situation. I went back to the hole, parked and got ready to sleep, one last cigarette and...

Is it possible ?! An episode of angina pectoris began. Don't worry the reader, I'm still alive, but it was hilarious.

I had already had sporadic episodes of angina for almost 3 years. In the first 3 I did not know what it was, suddenly a pain in the chest that started in an arbitrary area and spread throughout the chest. It was very strong, a hard, serious pain, although not unbearable, and it lasted 15 or 20 minutes in which I had to lie on my back and be very still, since the movement caused it to advance. I thought it was the lung alveoli protesting 40 years of smoking. Sure, while it hurt I thought about quitting, but when it passed I wanted it to finish completely so I could have a cigarette. I thought, "Well, I'm not going to worry the doctor about this".

As the thing recurred, I looked on the Internet. There was no doubt, only the chest hurts because of anxiety, which I had not had for more than 20 years, or because of angina. In addition there is the unmistakable symptom of reflection, to the left arm, to the neck or to the jaw; it reflected me at the base of my neck.

Angina pectoris is the constriction of the coronary arteries, which leaves the heart without sufficient blood supply. I have not invented the word constraint, it is used by the 3 medical encyclopedias that I consulted. And do not confuse constraint with

constipation. The first is much more painful, well, sometimes not, but much more serious. The fact is that there is little solution to this except to stop smoking, exercise and eat healthy. I was lost. Then, the episodes are stopped with cafinitrin, which is the nitroglycerin in the movies to which they have added caffeine to improve its functioning... And that you go to the doctor because you are dying, angina is soon complicated by heart failure and is A prelude to a heart attack, since the tongue constriction can easily cause a clot, especially in coronary arteries stuffed with pork ribs. (Wow, there seems to be a double meaning here, but I don't mean to call myself a pig).

Cafinitrin is not available in pharmacies without a prescription, but I learned to stop the episodes with acetylsalicylic acid, we will use the word aspirin for short, and because it is better understood, even if it is the commercial name of a brand. Just how it hurt, well, I took an aspirin. To my amazement, the moment I swallowed it the pain stopped. Eureka. I also went to the doctor, and he sent me to cardiology. A shameless doctor, after doing a complete cardiological examination, as everything was fine, there were no dilations or murmurs, and the electrocardiogram was normal, angina pectoris is not detected with tests of any kind if it is not occurring at the moment, She said, "Don't smoke, don't smoke!" and shook my hand. I took her hand for not making a mess there, but felt a tremendous disgust. All this is related to what I am going to tell next, it is not to vent.

Well. Then we went back to the car, I had smoked the last cigarette, I reclined the seat, I wrapped myself with what was there, I begin to relax and, take chest pain. I shit on his father. Well, calm down, the aspirin had been taken when running out of the house, because it had been, for a long time, a question of survival. I relaxed, I was still, because sometimes it would subside by itself and I would wait a bit before taking the aspirin. Nothing, progress. Okay, first 500 mgs aspirin. It does not stop. I wait a

little bit, it seems to be progressing. Of course I couldn't wait long either because if it progressed to the full chest it was more difficult to stop. Well, second aspirin. My, my, the second one had never failed, what an ugly business. What I do? I waited a couple of minutes now. Keep progressing. Bad bad. Okay, I'll take a third aspirin. Nothing, it does not stop...

I was not going to be the stupid one who took a fourth aspirin. I knew that you can take 2. 3 is already very risky, but 4 no joke. Let's assess the situation then. It is clear that I do not mind dying, what nonsense, Death is Nothing. Once you have died it doesn't matter at all, not how long or how you lived, or what happens next in Existence but, damn it, I was about to change the world after 30 years of research and artistic attempts, what I suck dying right now. No, no, I have to try whatever.

As the pain was still moderate, I started, put the double intermittent and rushed to the hospital emergency room. I had no idea where I was but, following the signs of the road that entered the hospital area, I would get there quickly. Double turn signal on, high beams, 180 kms/hour, reducing and even stopping completely at the forks so as not to miss the path, which could cost me my life, looking carefully and making sure it was there, I finally reached the entrance correct and well known. I slowed down in the urban area, skipping the traffic lights slowly, looking well and accelerating to the maximum between them, high beams and double flashing still. I went into the hospital emergency room. Wow, now that I realized it, my chest didn't hurt anymore. I was so absorbed in the adventure of arriving before the pain was bad that I did not realize that it had disappeared, and was already in the emergency lane, at the door.

Knowing that I had already been to the emergency room in my neighborhood for this cause, because the family doctor had told me to come even if the episode had stopped, when I had told him that I was not going to the emergency room for the simple reason

that during the episode I couldn't move because of the intense pain. The result was that they did an electrocardiogram, it came out normal, they asked me some questions, if I had anxiety and such, and they referred me to the hospital emergency room for "appraisal". I did not go for 2 reasons, first, there was a flu epidemic and it was collapsed, second, because the word "appraisal" had pissed me off for a long time.

Well, what do I do? Do I go around the circuit with my double blinker and high beams to the exit like in a Simpsons joke? No, I'm going to go all out.

I stopped at the same emergency door, turned off the lights, turning double blinkers, turned off the engine and left in a great hurry. The sworn guard was already going to tell me that I couldn't leave the car there but, when he saw my maneuver, he cut himself a little and looked away. Then I entered the emergency room raising my hands in alarm and shouting: "Heart attack, heart attack! Angina pectoris!" A doctor or nurse turned with a gesture of, what a little number! However, they reacted well.

It must have been 7 or 8 people, it was like 3 in the morning and they were idle, without patients. They made me go into a room, they laid me on a stretcher and put the electrodes on me for an EKG, which began to print quickly. A doctor asked me impatient questions always in the present, while I tried to tell her the precedents, of course, because at that moment I had no pain, at the same time she ordered me to lower my right arm, which I raised expressively, because the electro would go wrong. Well, that was a crazy snack. Then the doctor told me: "You have to tell us what is wrong with you," I answered: "If I'm telling you and you won't let me." She replied: "But you have to answer my questions, because I am the one who knows how to ask you." Then I was quiet for a second, and she started asking the questions correctly.

Dtra.- Do you have chest pains?

Me.- Yes, very strong, often.

Dtra.- Does it hurt now?

Me.- Not now.

Dtra.- Does it radiate to the left arm or neck?

Me.- Yes, here, at the base of the neck, almost constant.

Dtra.- Does it radiate you now?

Me.- Not now.

They removed the electrodes and put me on my feet. One told me:

Nurse.- Have you parked the car?

Me.- No, it's there, with the double blinker. Save it for me, please. (And I gave him the keys).

He took the tacky keys and left. At the moment he returned, he gave me the keys saying:

Nurse: Look, park it yourself.

Me.- (coming out of a dream) But, let's see, I'm not going to die in the next 2 minutes?

Everyone.- (In chorus, weakly) Noooooh, no, no.

Me.- (taking the keys) Well that's it, where do I put it?

Nurse.- Where it doesn't bother.

Nurse.- (Taking my arm with affection) You park the car and come back.

Here I have to give 2 explanations: The first is that the doctors demand that the patient be stupid and, consequently, they take the initiative quickly without letting the patient explain himself, who is the one who knows what is happening and has thought about the explanation. In this I gave a great lesson to these people, leading the doctor to ask correctly.

The second is that hospital emergencies, in their design, do not foresee that a person can arrive alone driving their car in a serious emergency, and there is no miserable parking at the door exclusively for these cases. This happens because there are only families, not individuals, for this stupid society. What is this "family doctor"? He or she is the doctor or general medicine, as he or she always was, scoundrels. So I had to park on a sidewalk because I was not going to look for parking where there was none, and the closest parking is one kilometer away, and I went back for the "appraisal".

I was sitting in a waiting area, empty except for me, when a nice young doctor appeared, asked: "Chest pressure? I mean, Jesús Estrada?" I started laughing getting up and saying: "You can call me chest pressure, no problem." Amidst laughter from both of us, she led me into a room. She examined me with the stethoscope, and asked me a lot of questions, well, what is an "appraisal". When the physical exam was over, I apologized for not having showered today due to special circumstances. She said it didn't matter, and she kept valuing ...

Dra.- Tell me all the illnesses you have had?

Me.- (Confused) Well, I've had a lot of flu... some toothache... Is that all the diseases... Have you seen the movie "The stunned king"?

Dr. - No.

Me.- Well, he is a king of the Renaissance, and one of the court cannot get his wife pregnant. He tells the priest and this says: "Don't worry. I put you in treatment. Tell me all your sins. "And the other responds with surprise: "All?" (And I kept saying without interruption while she nodded and took note) Let's see, I have the last 3 vertebrae welded; I was operated on for a sebaceous cyst at the age of 12; I have an operation for hemorrhoids, but I'm not going to tell you that; I have broken 2 or 3 bones ...

Dr. Okay. Any serious illness?

Me.- (Thinking slowly. The back was tremendous; the broken foot, puff; my ass hurt for 4 months ...) I did not serious any.

Dr.- (Leaning towards me from her chair) But angina pectoris is a serious disease.

Me.- (breaking into laughter) Ah, yes, of course.

We'll see. I was there for an episode of angina pectoris, we both knew it, how was I going to tell him that? On the other hand, a disease that progressively invalidates you, making you suffer and condemning you to dependency without finishing killing you, seems serious to me. However, a disease that kills you in 15 minutes, with a strong but not unbearable pain, is a blessing, what better way to die? This does not seem serious to me at all.

Dr.- Well, I'm going to make an urgent appointment for cardiology.

Me.- I already have it, for November 19 (there were 3 scarce weeks left).

And she told me to wait outside that another doctor would call me.

What happened next is already inside the "building of the Spirit." Don't mess with the reader, the Spirit is not a substitute for God. Spirit is the natural tendency of Existence to organize itself: Chance. It is incredible in principle, but chance tends to accumulate casually, whether for better or for worse, and does not depend at all on the goodness or badness of the protagonist, although it does depend on his or her ability or stupidity to follow the thread when it is positive, or to leave when is negative. See a player on a streak. He or she wins all his or her bets against all odds, but when the streak ends, he or she keeps betting waiting for a new streak and loses up to his or her shirt. Everything in Existence works on the basis of streaks, that's how it is expressed

in Chaos Theory... Well, this I have not verified, but it sure says it, or should say it.

The matter begins with the brutal criminality of psychiatrists. The modus operandi of the guardians of faith in God, who are psychiatrists, is simpler than the thinking of a Nazi. And this can be realized by anyone, but nobody wants to know.

When a young man or woman goes to a psychiatrist and expresses to him or her, with difficult and wrong words, because he or she does not know what is wrong with him or her or what he or she will find, “please, help me. because I am seeing that I am going to have to commit suicide”, the whoring turns the message around and makes him or her feel that he or she is blackmailing him or her with his or her suicide, when the psychiatrist is there to provide precisely this help. Something brutal that destroys the depressed who cannot join society. And that puts him or her in the only option to kill this criminal and commit suicide. Given this, the mad, that's how it was in my case, has to discover what is happening, why does a person whose job it is to do the opposite, help his patient, takes such an attitude.

From here, the psychiatrist plants a wall, the Wall, in front of his or her patient until it destroys him or her completely. Then he or she makes a dirty play on him or her, causing him or her a serious psychotic crisis and, now yes, he or she now tortures him or her demanding the participation of the victim in his or her own torture, invalidating the thought of him or her and his or her entire person with a brutal cheek and sadism. This is a psychiatrist. If you didn't know, you were or are blind, and just as criminal as them, because they work for you. See what is an antipsychotic and what is dopamine. I explain this later, and have spoken extensively on this website.

The events chained in the building of the Spirit that gave rise to the extraordinary conversation between this emergency doctor and myself, and the rest of the story, began about 2 years before, when changing the GP, the new doctor asked me if I was taking Zyprexa. I said no, what was that, it didn't sound familiar to me, she replied that it was an antipsychotic. I played dumb and got out of trouble without giving any information, except that my medical history in psychiatry had ended more than 20 years ago.

So I knew 2 things. First, that my mother was going to the psychiatrist on my behalf and without my knowledge or consent, which is a crime for both, my mother and the psychiatrist. Second, that the shameless cardiologist had read the clinical history that the psychiatrist was doing on my behalf without even seeing me, even more of a crime, because such a woman had put in the cardiology report, between one paragraph and another, without coming to mind and isolated from the rest of the report, paranoid schizophrenia. Sure, I thought then, where did this woman get this?

Just a couple of months before this story began, the psychiatrist played the master play on me, the old trick. She called me the administrative of the mental health unit announcing that they had changed my appointment. I already knew this trick, two psychiatrists had done it to me years ago. I couldn't leave things as they were anymore. I wrote a note for the psychiatrist and went to the unit to give it to the administrative. The note said to look at my website to see if he dared to mess with me now, or stop taking care of me at all. Of course, this submissive who had grotesquely humiliated himself to be a psychiatrist, when he had already defeated and humiliated me, and I told him that I was going to change the world, he responded with brutal contempt and arrogance that how I was going to do it. I replied that I did not know yet. Now, to see if he dares me. I already had a website with great works that reveal what madness is, and that he would never

have looked at. I already scared him on one occasion, in the episode that he took me to the psychiatric hospital for the first and only time here. He would freak out now more totally.

The administrative, aware that she was committing a serious crime, with a sarcastic smile, rejected the note claiming that that doctor was no longer in that unit, and that "the one who took me" was the doctor, the one who had treated me as emergencies in January of that year. It was false, I had not been treated in any way by any psychiatrist in more than 20 years.

Coincidentally, the doctor responsible for the crime in question, of which the administrative officer was being an accomplice, passed by when I was telling her to give me that appointment with her, that we were going to clarify this. She herself, the psychiatrist, invited me to come to the consultation. I cleverly silenced her when she was giving me the medication talk, making it clear that I knew what madness is, and invited her to look at my website on the computer, to which she replied, like all criminals in the world, that she had no Internet access. I told her to give me the appointment for a week, when she would have had time to browse my website, and she did so.

Well, in short, it was very funny, because I recorded and warned her that the conversation was being recorded. She denied everything, even that she had seen my website, she refused to give me a copy of the medical record that she was falsifying on my behalf, which is required by law, and she did not give a single piece of information or acknowledge anything. For a moment she tried to take the lead from her, but I tore her apart by accusing her that she took care of us crazy feeling bad. I even forbade him to take notes because that was not a query, but an administrative claim, and the record she was doing was false... I ended up forbidding her to see my mother on my behalf and to inform her of anything that had happened there. "I have not requested your

services, ma'am. It is illegal for you take care of me in the least!" I finished.

A few months later, when drugs were taken from the pharmacy without asking the doctor for a prescription, my social security card did not work. I went to 3 different pharmacies and the pharmacists were strange when they told me, claiming that the magnetic strips sometimes broke, from carrying them in their purse. I got pissed off, but I didn't make conspiracy ideas. I asked to renew the card at the clinic and went to the doctor for prescriptions while they gave me the new one, which would take a month.

The doctor, after explaining the problem with the card, asked me how I was doing with my angina pectoris and such, took my blood pressure, gave me a medicine to lower it a bit and told me that he was giving me an appointment for a very urgent cardiology, but not to the emergency room, but to the ordinary unit. "Well, okay," I told him. The problem is that I was already starting the campaign on Twitter, I already knew that no one thinks he or she is immortal, and I calculated that when the appointment was, I would be very busy changing the world, as it was true later. But I took the appointment.

With my citation sheet I went on the Internet to determine the happy appointment. He had given it to me for the same cardiology unit where I had already been, and it indicated, when I went to change it, that the doctor had requested the advancement of the date, and that if I changed it, he would lose that advantage. Even so, I changed it to another unit, on October 12, a hospital in Madrid, even if I had to make a little trip. The appointment was for November 19.

Ok, well, we already have all the data, approximate and summarized, to understand the conversation that took place when I went to the emergency room due to the episode of angina pectoris,

taking 3 or 4 days on the run, fleeing from the lynching. They had done the "valuation" and I was waiting for another doctor.

A young, pleasant-looking doctor called me, and we went into an unfurnished room and stood. I don't quite remember how the conversation started, it was with a review of the latest events, right there. At one point he accused me, like someone who accuses a child caught in a prank lark, that I had already been in cardiology. I said, "Ahh, yeah. But that was a mistake". "Ah, was it a mistake?" He chimed in as he went into a trance.

Sure, I still didn't know what was going on, but this boy had read my psychiatric medical history. It is confidential, but the doctors share the confidences with each other, like the neighbors. Then the extraordinary conversation occurred. I was talking about cardiology, while he was talking about the Christ, the Antichrist and the End of the World, and yet, although we were talking about different things, our questions, answers and comments fit together perfectly, taking this boy into a deep trance.

Dr.- So it was a mistake. But tell me how this episode was.

I told him how aspirin managed to control my condition, and how it had been this time. He listened intently, lost in thought, amazed.

Me.- When I saw that the chest pain did not subside, but neither did it progress, as I could still run, run => drive, I said to myself: "Well, I'm going to run now." I put on the double blinker and the high beams, and sped up here.

Dr.- Yes, but what does the double blink mean?

Me.- Well, the double flashing is the emergency warning, and it includes the two possibilities for whoever sees me to yield to me and be cautious because I could go to one side or the other.

Dr.- Aaahh, I understand... So is it +++++ this time?

Me.- No. The GP gave me the appointment for +++++, but I changed it to October 12 (hospital).

Dr.- (October 12, date, had already passed). Aahh. So it's October 12th this time. but where?

Me.- (puzzled) In cardiology ..., on October 12.

Dr.- (Falling into his error, both laughing) Oh, sure, and then, when is it?

Me.- November 19.

Dr.- So this time is November 19 on October 12.

I.- that's it.

This boy was understanding that Jesus Christ was a mistake, and that now I was going to do it, on November 19 on October 12. Although I did not know yet, but later I would analyze the strange dialogue.

There was a pause.

Dr.- But why do you take aspirin (500mg) to stop it?

Me.- I learned it by chance, and it works for me.

Dr.- No, no, that is not done like that.

Me.- Well, I take aspirin to get to 19. (I meant to survive. He understood for the Antichrist play, that he had to imagine that it was a new lynching).

Dr.- No, no, you don't get there like that.

Me.- Ah, well. I'm doing it wrong.

Dr.- Yes, because aspirin can cause you to bleed.

Here there was a small conversation a bit unrelated to the matter in which he said, out of context, the word "later", but he ended the conversation and left the office. So, I told him:

Me.- Sorry, doctor, but you still haven't told me how to get to 19.

Dr.- Now I tell you.

Me.- Ah, then I wait. (And he nodded)

How funny, he had said "now I tell you", not "now I tell it to you". I sat outside to wait.

It barely took 3 minutes. He had a report. I got up and proceeded to give me instructions:

Dr.- You take aspirin 100 mg. a day as prevention...

Me.- That is, 100 mg. a day as prevention yes, but not 500 mg. in the episode.

Dr.- That's it.

Me.- Well, and when does the episode take place?

Dr.- In the episode you take a paracetamol. Only one!

Me.- Just one, fine. And if it doesn't stop?

Dr.- Then you take a nolotil. Only one!

Me.- Well, a nolotil. And if it doesn't stop?

Dr.- (turning to turn his back on me). Well, then you are coming here, if there is little left.

Me.- (shaking his hand). Thank you Doctor. (I took the report and left quickly).

How horny this guy. In short, he told me: "If you are dying, don't take an aspirin because it can kill you." And he was dismissing the possibility of aspirin saving my life. But he didn't give me cafinitrin.

On the other hand, that aspirin can cause bleeding is solemn nonsense, a dogma of medical faith. What happens is that it makes it difficult for the blood to clot. So if you have a bleeding wound, you should not take aspirin because it hinders healing. I have taken thousands of aspirins in my life, it was usual until a few years ago, for headaches, lower fever, and all kinds of pain, and it always worked for me. Everybody did. It never caused me to bleed nor did I know of anyone to whom it happened. So, although it may happen, the probability is minimal. I will not be so stupid to die without taking advantage of this resource, no

matter how many doctors tell me. I had more episodes since this. I took Paracetamol, it didn't stop it. I took Nolotil, it didn't stop it. So I took aspirin and it stopped. I am alive for now thanks to not trusting the doctors.

Later I learned on the Internet that angina pectoris is effectively stopped with aspirin, but taking 100 to 100 mgrs. up to 4 times, and better chewing it. This has been going very well for me ever since. However, no doctor has wanted to give me these vital instructions. I also switched to smoking electronic cigarettes, much less harmful, almost nothing. This has saved my life for now and surely for a long time. Neither did any doctor tell me. What scoundrels.

Well then, I left there hungry, exhausted, thoughtful... I thought about going through an on-call pharmacy, but it wasn't necessary, I had enough aspirin, and I found myself parking next to my house. I hadn't considered whether to go there or not, or the danger that this posed but, hey, since I was there, I decided to go in, ate something and slept long hours.

When I woke up I was pretty cool, and I started posting on Twitter. I don't remember what I wrote, it shouldn't have been very fat, and I ran out again. This time I took a lot of tobacco, the mobile charger, which I had left plugged in and was full, a blanket to sleep well in the car and, of course, the sleeping pills.

I went to the urban area of the city. I came across a tremendous police contingent. I did not know if there had been an attack or what, but the controls were brutal, not a car and a motorcycle, no, there were controls with 2 or 3 vans, 3 cars, several motorcycles, and an endless number of men armed to the teeth. Sure, I said, this montage cannot be to catch the Antichrist, but I immediately realized that it was. In my understandings since I ran the first time, I had realized that the human being has represented the End of the

World over and over again, this is wars and other riots. So the police in general is the body against the Antichrist, at all times and in all places.

I decided to go out of town in the most direct radial direction, and soon found myself driving on very quiet back roads. It was wonderful. I was flooded with a sense of peace similar to that induced by morphine when its strongest effect has passed, an exquisite, magnificent tranquility. I spent the next 3-4 days from town to town. I bought groceries, looked for a little park, smoked there relaxed and at ease for a couple of hours perhaps and, when someone noticed my presence strange, because people are very sensitive to what is different and, above all, to well-being, because with great calm and secrecy put land in the middle of the next town, and again.

One day I saw a Chinese restaurant and decided to eat well there. How wonderful, I was attended by a super friendly girl. I asked her if the spring rolls were big or small, to order one or two, she replied that big, so I asked for one. Delicious. Then I had a duck stew I don't know what. Delicious, what a pity that I could not finish it, I apologized for it. A very good dessert too. And very cheap. I was delighted. I was having a great time, like never in my life.

The problem was still that I was not sleeping, not even with pills. One night I found a good place, ideal but, when I began to relax, it was dawn and I was fully awake and active. I decided to go nowhere.

Another night the time was good, the place was unbeatable. It seemed that I was finally going to sleep well. I took the pill, smoked a couple of cigarettes, I was relaxed when I saw that the car in front had a hanged cat as an ornament on the rear tray. That bad roll. I could not believe it. For a moment I made sure that my

perception was not misleading me, but I stopped judging and got going. I am not guided by signs or omens, I only feel and deduce.

There are two types of strange manifestations: omens and signs. When an omen occurs, one waits to see what happens, with caution, as it can be good or bad, but when it is a sign, one runs away. And that I did this time, the feeling towards that was very bad, I was not going to sleep there. It turns out that the place where I was was a fund, and I pulled out, very inappropriate for someone fleeing his lynching, and I had not noticed. I looked for another site, putting land in the middle, but it didn't work. One more day without sleep.

Despite my exhaustion, I had been tying up the dots and, in a quiet village, I began to write my next Twit. It turned out like this:

LYNCHING OF THE ANTICHRIST

November 19, 2018 1:30 p.m.

Hospital 12 de Octubre, Madrid

Sponsor Fedán Minions

Colossal show

Let us listen to the voice of the Infinite!

(Fedán is the deformed name of the psychiatrist who set me up. And minions the other psychiatrists and policemen who participated).

Of course, a lynching, and especially your own, must be taken with humor. The Spirit was setting up a building and I had to follow it. If I had not had the episode of angina pectoris, and if I had not entered the emergency room, even if it was no longer necessary, the young doctor would not have screwed up, and I would not have known that I had been set up on my visit to cardiology. All these coincidences had to be played, and I did.

What a problem! I was lost on some highway in the south of the country and, although I had my mobile, with which I could tweet, I did not have the password, it had not occurred to me to take it, I work with the computer, the mobile is cumbersome. Well, it has a solution, I thought, I ask for the password reset and it is solved.

This is an automatic system in principle but, when I asked for it, it did not respond. Wow, what an ugly business. I decided to leave the communication open to see if the message ever got through. And it arrived 4 hours or so later. Why does an automated message take 4 hours? This has to be thought about slowly, I'm not going to tweet now, I decided.

I continued to circulate from town to town in a sea of exquisite pleasure, but exhaustion took its toll. I had spent about 7 or 8 days having slept only one night in the middle of the adventure, and sleep is very necessary, in fact, a very used trick, especially by religious people, to have visions is not to sleep. Hallucinogens may fail, but lack of sleep doesn't fail, hey. The problem is that in this way the visions and all the thought are blurred falling into a state of confusion. Let no one think of using this trick, go to hallucinogens, well rested.

The idea of going home was gaining strength, although the decision had not been made, when I found myself driving on a highway. I did not like to go on primary or tertiary roads, but only secondary ones. I took the first detour and... Take chestnut. I found myself in a cage. All fenced without being able to leave on walk, no longer with the car. Three exits with the barrier down and a red light in each of them.

That bad roll! I stood at a distance and thought a bit. The first thing I did was put the double blinker, so as not to cause an accident in my confusion. I backtracked a bit, the intention was to go back to the highway that I had left, but back out onto a highway... I discarded it. I was stopped for maybe 30 seconds

until, without making a decision, I approached one of the red lights... It turned green and a metallic voice told me “take your ticket”. What whorings! Is such a stupid thing possible!? I took the damn ticket and the barrier opened. I continued, there was no other possibility.

I had been avoiding the toll roads for 15 or 20 years, a savagery carried out by the right-wing government of Aznar. A gift to the rich, and guaranteeing profits and bearing losses to the public herald. Anyway, I do not go into this anymore. The fact is that when I least looked for problems, avoiding all risks, I am going to fall into one of these traps that I did not know. I had already gone through many tolls in my life but, where you could get out, the traffic light was green, damn it!

Well, I calmed down, I didn't want to and couldn't get into angry thoughts, I was exhausted. No, I don't get into trouble, now less than ever... And about 10 kms. there was the toll gate. Nothing, I pay whatever and I continue but, well, when entering the empty road, there were several and a few cars were waiting, there was a young man arguing with the machine. The young man said that the traffic light was red, while the machine insisted that it was green. I couldn't pass without more. I stopped the car, got out of it, and gave a tremendous cheer to one of the machine, while he fought awkwardly for just once.

I already knew at this moment that the End of the World trick was being performed at that toll, which consists in believing that when we approach the abyss, at the last moment and with no possibility of return, a new world will open up. And it is really like that, but the new world must be opened before reaching the abyss. Here the red traffic light that turns green when approaching it represents the mistake that will cost us the atrocious suicide of the planet perpetrated by all the human beings who, when they are next to the abyss, will twist in horror before the crime against the

Existence that they will be committing without the possibility of reverting it already, knowing then the Horror of the Face of God. However, I did not want to show these cards here. Just defend the young man, who did not know how to express himself.

Me.- The traffic light is red, you scoundrel. And when you can go through there, the traffic light has to be green.

Machine, male voice.- And you too have backed down so as not to pay the toll. (Without denying my accusation).

Me.- I backtracked because I didn't know what was happening. And I have put the double blinker in case someone passed by, be careful with me because I am confused and I do not know what I do. But do you know the scare you gave me, you idiot? Do you think I did that so as not to give you 2 euros? No, look, I'm going to put you 10 euros...

Machine, female voice.- You shut up.

Me.- No, the one who has to shut up is you. I've been driving for 40 years, and I've never encountered a red light that turns green when approaching it. Red traffic lights are expected and, if those traffic lights do not expect anything, what am I doing in that cage? Wait for death, you scoundrel? If you can get out there, put the traffic light green, asshole. But what ghoulish trap have they given you?!

The two fell silent while I tried to put the 10 euros into it. The machine said "they are 1 euro and 85"

Me.- No, don't tell me how much this is worth. I give you 10 euros and you open the barrier for me, then you do whatever you want.

But I couldn't find the right slot, and the asshole of the machine told me to put the money in.

Me.- If I'm trying, but where do you get 10 euros?!

Then, the young man, who had remained silent throughout the discussion, indicated the appropriate slot, the barrier opened while the machine gave the change, which remained there. And I continued my journey to nowhere.

I must have traveled about 200 kms. Northbound by public highway, no longer toll, without knowing what I was doing or how, both because of exhaustion and because of the tremendous scare they had given me.

I came to a town. At a crossroads, when I was about to pass, another car appeared on the perpendicular and stopped giving way. I looked at my stoplight and it was flashing orange, so I braked hard. I immediately saw that his traffic light was also flashing orange. I started the car and, rolling down the window, I said:

Me.- Sorry. Is that if all the traffic lights are orange, what do we do?

Young woman in the other car.- You will be president!

I found a quiet place, relaxed and had dinner in the car, with what I had, which was plenty.

Well, nothing. I'm going home straight, I'll arrive at night, before the beast wakes up, my mother, I tweet the lynching of the Antichrist and go to sleep. I'll see later. But it was not going to be like that, the Spirit had more adventures in store for me.

On leaving town I stopped to take a little piss. As I did so, I saw a strange scene ahead, at a distance. It was a fight. Someone had thrown another to the ground and was about to kick him. I didn't believe it, but looked back at the car. It was running and with the door open. What recklessness, what failure. I cut the piss and went back to the car, stopped it, took out the key, closed the door and finished my piss again.

I realized that I was seeing unreal images, hallucinations, from exhaustion. I considered going to sleep, but I was very confused and, although it would have been the right thing to do, I decided to get home and I would sleep well by now. I saw the indication of my city by highway. Great, I'm doing fine here. Leaving the town I saw two motorcycles starting and heading towards me. Nothing, hallucinations, I kept on my way. On the road I found the entrance to a bridge and on both sides of the road there were signs of construction. What a bad roll, I don't like it, so I stopped, put the double blinker on, turned around, took the double blinker off, and went back to town. He must have followed the indication wrong.

I got back on the road. I looked at the indication again and the same thing happened. No, no, it can't be. Back to the town. I followed the path different from the one indicated and, leaving the town there was the correct indication, to my city by normal road, a sign in white instead of blue. Could it be that the way is wrong right now? This time the road was correct and, after a few kilometers, I came out onto the highway. Ok, everything is fine, about 200 kms. and I'm home.

Calm and wonderful music, "The dark side of the moon" by Pink Floyd. Pin pan, all good, and behind a smooth curve appears a guard with the light bar indicating me to enter the detour ...

How stupid. This looked like the Normandy landing. A tremendous display. On a paved esplanade there were 3 or 4 rows of police posts, 5 per row. I say "I'm hallucinating again", but no, it was very true.

Two subsections here:

1°.- I was smoking hashish. I have smoked it most of my life since I was 15 years old. I discontinued its use in college for the simple reason that the group of friends I met there did not smoke it, but by breaking this group, I regained its use. I have talked a lot

about hashish and other drugs on this website. The fact is that hashish has been my teacher on the path of knowledge. Who does not want to consume hashish or other drugs, do not do it, nobody forces him or her, but do not deprive others of it, do not mutilate Existence, you scoundrel.

2°.- It is a stupid thing to put police controls to avoid driving under the influence of drugs, alcohol and others, because whoever drives in these circumstances is the first person who puts himself or herself at risk. If someone decides for me how I can or cannot drive, they are degrading me, as they are in a higher position to decide for others. This is protected by Article 1 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights: "No one shall be subjected to degrading treatment" but, of course, no one, nor defenders of such rights, realize this. On the other hand, I am an experienced witness that those of us who drive on drugs are generally very cautious, while those who do not take drugs, not even a beer, commit tremendous negligence. It is not proven, because it is the other way around, that drug use increases the accident rate. See the statistics published by the same DGT (General Directorate of Traffic).

I had fantasized a lot about how I would act in the face of such an aggression and, when I came across this brutal wall, I couldn't hide myself, and I had to do what I tell you below, which can be titled "The drug sermon." Luckily, I had the Twit of the lynching of the Antichrist that I mentioned earlier and I repeat here so that you do not have to look for it.

LYNCHING OF THE ANTICHRIST

November 19, 2018 1:30 p.m.

October 12 Hospital, Madrid

Sponsor Fedán Minions

Colossal show

Let us listen to the voice of the Infinite!

Upon entering the esplanade, a second agent indicated a direction with his light stick, I went there very slowly and, when I found another agent, I stopped next to him and asked him:

Me.- Hey, is something happening here?

Agent.- Yeshhh!!! We are looking for drugs!!

Me.- Well, we are fine.

A.- Stop there! (indicating a different place in the queue to a control, which I did and put on the double blinker. He approached me like the most aggressive of the pimp I've ever seen. A enraged).

When he came to my side, the window was down, of course, I presented him with the paper with the happy Twit, asking him, please, to read it, to which he resoundingly refused.

Me.- Listen, if you want any documentation from me, you will have to read this paper first or commit to reading it later.

A.- (Very aggressive, but beginning to calm down). You have to identify yourself.

Me.- Yes, identification yes, of course, I do not deny that to anyone, (and I gave him the ID and the driver's license) but if you want any other documentation of me or the car, you will have to read this. (I spoke with a very strong voice, just like him, and added) I never deny my identity. Sometimes I post something with a pseudonym to see what reception it has, but once I decide, I publish everything with my name.

Another agent came to his side. They examined my documentation and the second one went with her to some position. I went after him, yelling at him not to take my documentation. Then the first, seeing that this situation was out of his repertoire of possible situations, surprised, lowered the tone of his voice, and he told me, almost with kindness, but still authoritative, to turn off the car lights. I said no, indicating with my finger. He, upset but

looking for aggression, told me that it was so that the battery would not run out. So I said yes, thank you, but the double flashing stays. I did it with his assent and the other one was coming back with my documentation and some onlookers, policemen and countrymen.

I do not remember very well all the development of events but, at this time, the main pimp read the role of the lynching of the Antichrist and smiled pleased but with reservations, then he passed it on to the other...

He continued with his degrading and humiliating routine, he was not going to stop being a badass cop for a funny tweet. He asked me if I have drunk or taken any drugs. I told him that I have smoked cannabis a few hours before I started driving. I explained to him that I have been smoking cannabis since I was 14 or 15 years old, and that when it came time to drive, at 18, I tried to drive while smoking, with great caution. Well, yes, no, it seems that there is an apprenticeship, but I did not complicate my life, simply, when I go to drive I do not smoke cannabis for a while before. Now, what I am not going to do is count the time calculating when I am going to go out and when I stop smoking, not that.

This was partly true. That's how it was at the beginning but, of course, little by little I learned the necessary skills to drive while stoned. This time I was blind with joints, as always lately.

But this is not important. I had already realized that this aspiring God was not preventing people from driving under the influence of drugs to minimize accidents, but as he said in his first sentence "We are looking for drugs" it was a moral question.

At one point, the man wanted to try to win the argument, he read me a short text that supposedly, according to him, talked about

drug abuse. I heard it: what if loss of attention, what if double vision... "I do not see the word abuse anywhere," I said when he finished. He didn't get very angry at the moment.

At a later time, he said:

A.- ... Heroin, cannabis...

Me.- (I cut him off quickly) Hey, I don't allow you to put cannabis and heroin in the same package! Heroin is a ghoulish trap, cannabis is a beautiful drug!

A.- What's beauty about it?

Me.- Cannabis is knowledge, creativity, experience, relationship with other people and with the whole world... How can you call that abuse?!

By then the badass policeman was defeated and a squad of onlookers had formed who passed the role of lynching the Antichrist from one to another and awaited my sermon. They had abandoned, both the police and the humiliated, the 15 positions that would be there, and they came to listen to me.

He had already made me blow, testing negative for alcohol, and I had put a stick similar to the ones of the ears under my tongue, testing positive for cannabis.

Me.- Hey, who do you have to talk to to let me go my way?! With Rajoy, with Donald Trump?!

A.- No, I have nothing to do with Trump.

Me.- What has nothing to do with it?! Hey, that man is tearing 7 and 8 year olds from the arms of his parents and abandoning them thousands of miles away. Do you think that man is going to stop at some point? (Here I raised a murmur of astonished acceptance and recognition from the audience).

Me.- What is it about Hitler killing Jews?! He just had to start somewhere. In fact, Hitler did not start with the Jews, he started with the idiots!

An idiot in the audience.- Ahh, you call us idiots?

I do! And I can say a much stronger word to you, do you want me to say it to you?! (He was already nodding, knowing what word I was going to say to him and asking me to say it to him) Coward, Great Coward!! You are refusing to live out of cowardice in the face of the immensity of being alive!

The next thing that happened, let's remember that I was exhausted after 8 or 10 days without sleeping more than one night, is that the badass cop showed feigned condescension and asked me what else I was going to tweet. I told him that I had a tweet thought out and not written, but it was already published in 2 chunks.

Me.- You have to have Internet there, look at it. Look for @jesusestrada.

A.- No, I don't have Internet here.

Me.- You don't have Internet here?! Hey (pointing to the ground with the index finger from above and shaking it down) You are doing this without information?!!

Of course, this man was not avoiding accidents under the indications and authority of the government based on objective data. Let us remember that this humiliation and denigration has been mounted by the governments of the left, but was "looking for drugs" at his own risk, according to he presented himself, and without any backing of knowledge or data.

In fact, when the brutal persecution and hunting on the highways began at the hands of the police and the Civil Guard (What are the military doing watching the civilian population. No. As civilians, supposedly and stupidly, we give arms to the military so that defend us, but turn their weapons against us. But the same applies to the police, who are civilians) When the hunt on the highways began, as I say, back in the eighties and many, commanded by The left-wing government gave data similar to these (I say similar

because they are remembered, I have not looked for them on the Internet because they were given on television in an advertisement) "Alcohol is present in 30% of traffic accidents" and " 60% of drivers do it after having drunk". From this it follows that alcohol increases safety at the wheel. I explain.

If 60% of drivers are drunk, and alcohol does not influence accidents, then alcohol will be present in 60% of accidents. If alcohol were present in a higher percentage of accidents, alcohol would increase the risk, but if it is present in a lower percentage, alcohol reduces the risk of accident. Is this understood? How can they be so stubborn to give this data and interpret it the other way around? And how can the population not realize the incongruity? Hey, when you talk about effort, sacrifice and humiliation, they eat them all with potatoes, without checking anything, but if you talk about Freedom, they cling to the slightest error or indeterminacy. Even corrected the problem, they reaffirm in the dismissal and contempt without looking further. No, do not look to the reader for more explanations than suicidal behavior in tantrum because life is not eternal. Now everything is understood. The Human Being is saying goodbye to life by making it unpleasant to justify his and her refusal to live it.

Okay, well a van passed by me, I looked around, everyone had gone, policemen and blowers. The esplanade was empty except for my car, a police car with two waiting policemen and me. I looked at the policemen questioningly. One of them said:

Agente 2.- Well, Jesús, we cannot keep you here.

Without saying a word, I turned around and started walking towards my car.

A 2.- Wait, Jesús, things are not so easy. We cannot let you drive after testing positive.

Me.- What a problem. And can you think of a solution?

A 2.- Yes. I can drive your car and take you to a hostel until 8 hours have passed. Then you can drive.

Me.- Sounds very good, go ahead.

He drove my car with me by the side, he was friendly at all times. I mentioned two aspects to him in the short walk. One, that when I was driving before reaching the control, a very strange phenomenon occurred. I was going slowly on the highway, 2 and sometimes 3 lanes, however, nobody would overtake me normally, but they would approach, they gave me lights, I would put on the right turn signal and dim the lights... At first they would overtake me like this, which is very strange now. On the highway, you pass without preamble using the left lane. But one of them stuck to me and, even with the right turn signal, the low beams and leaning a little to the right, it did not overtake me, but rather leaned closer. Then I put on the double blinker, and they finally overtook me. From that moment on, no one would overtake me until I turned on the double blinker.

I explained to the policeman that something strange was happening throughout society, that people were realizing the End of the World and behaving with extraordinary kindness and courtesy.

This was true in that month of November 2018. I have explained it at the beginning of this story, they were going from pretending to survive to knowing that the suicide will be Total, although I did not tell the police the last thing, in fact I had not fully accomplished, he was on the trail. But there was another reason for this strange event, and that I did not express to my interlocutor either, this time out of mischief, I was not going to be so stupid to tell the policeman who was guarding me that when someone is hallucinating, when they have moved their assemblage point (see report by Carlos Castaneda, *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, and other writings of mine) projects strong psychic waves that produce the madness of those around them.

And the other aspect that I mentioned to him is that the tweet that I was going to publish, that of the lynching of the Antichrist, could already provoke the Change of the World, and that, although once the matter had stabilized, there would be no problems of violence, but only specific and unimportant, during the process it would be very dangerous if some idiot, I was thinking of Donald Trump, even though I did not say so, started making fools. And that I would have to be prepared and willing to make a joke on him. There were no comments on any of these explanations.

To say here that I knew, because of the fool Saint John and other religious people who published their writing, Apocalypse, the last book of the Bible... You have to be an idiot to tell in public the plans of the religious regarding the Antichrist, because it was clear that the Antichrist would read it. I knew, I mean, that they were going to let the Antichrist preach without confronting him. This is why I had fun telling these things to the policeman.

Anyway, we got to the hostel, got out of the car, he gave me the keys and said:

A 2.- Close the car and enter the hostel. The car is immobilized. At those hours two agents will come, they will give you a test and, if you test negative, you will be able to leave. (And they left).

I went to the door of the hostel, it was closed. How strange, I thought. I rang the bell 3 times without getting an answer. Then I realized something that was not true, and that is that that policeman and his companion had left me free to go when they understood my task of publishing the happy tweet of the lynching of the Antichrist. I quickly looked for a piece of paper in the car. Fast for 2 reasons, first, because in the confusion caused by exhaustion I was in an urgent hurry to publish it. Second, in case they opened the door of the hostel answering my call.

It turns out that the puffing scoundrels (those who blow submissively at the police checkpoints) listeners of my drug sermon, as the paper in which the twit appeared circulated slowly and no one dared to read it aloud for everyone, they had cleaned my messy car of the papers I had lying around with annotations. There was no paper left. There must be some chunk left, I thought, and there was it under something they hadn't registered. I made a quick synthesis of what I wanted to say in gratitude to that policeman and wrote: "I called and they did not open. Thanks. I come back." My intention at the time, although I immediately discarded it, was to re-pass the control.

I went to leave the message on the door of the hostel, running, but there was no way to fix it, it had no adhesive tape. I ran to the car, luckily I had some clips in my backpack and I put the sign. I started and ran to tweet at home, much more comfortable than in the hostel, it was appreciated the release of leaving me in front of a closed hostel.

My plan, before running into the police checkpoint, was to arrive in the middle of the night with time to tweet before the monster, my mother, woke up, but with the setback I arrived just as she was getting up. I proceeded anyway, even though I knew the fool was going to intervene.

It was about getting the Antichrist lynching twit promoted, which would take a bit of time and complication, and I was completely exhausted and freaked out. The objects spilled when I looked at them, as if they were going aggressive to devour me. I did not care about this. What did bother me is that my mother's fucking tyrant was sticking me notes under the door, which I had locked. It said: "I love you", "This is your house", "You still have your mother" ... And various things like that.

I came out and yelled at her that this is my house because my father left me with the right to live in usufruct when he died, not because she took me in. Sure, this was extraordinarily dangerous, and she knew it. The thing is, although I had already discovered that human beings are suicidal, I had not yet implemented that knowledge in my behavior. So, I didn't realize that my mother wanted me to kill her at that event. I knew later by remembering the face she wore as I yelled at her, and the earlier discussion, narrated here, in which she told me that she was thinking of ending her life, was really referring to this. She didn't care what I said to her, she only expected the act of her death. Not only for dying her, but, above all, for destroying my life, which was always her purpose, since she decided to name me Jesus. Let the reader know that her name is Maria.

Not in vain, the special circumstance of my life, being mad, is described by Saint John in Revelation, specifically in chapter 12. This is the life story, not only mine, but also of Jesus Christ and of all those who do not surrender himself. Of course, San Juan tells it very badly and fancifully and religiously. I have written a lot about it on this website.

It's curious. San Juan solves all matters until the Total Suicide of humanity. However, he does not resolve the Antichrist issue. I explain.

This chapter 12, which narrates the phenomenon of Madness that gives rise to the Christs and the Antichrist, ends by saying, in 18 and last verse, "And I remained standing on the beach." And this after having said that The Dragon went to fight against the rest of the offspring of his mother. I have narrated the struggle with my brothers, against his tyranny towards me. Anyway, which does not resolve here, he stares without knowing what happens.

But it also does not resolve in chapter 10, which is that of the decisive action of the Antichrist, the guy with the Rainbow over his head, the little book that tastes sweet in the mouth and bitter in the stomach, the one that discovers and divulges the Mystery of God. Here he ends by saying, in the 11th and last verse, "Then I was told:" You must prophesy again about a multitude of peoples, nations, languages, and kings." (verbatim words in the Bible published by the Vatican on its website in spanish, and here translated). Sure, the Antichrist breaks the End of the World prophecy and he needs to prophesy again, but he doesn't. San Juan goes headlong into Total Suicide, he can't consider anything else, he's a criminal to the bone.

Okay, I went back to my room, luckily my mother didn't bother me anymore, and I put the damn twit. It was a joke in 2 parts. I put here the main twit and the one set in the profile.

LYNCHING OF THE ANTICHRIST

November 19, 2018 1:30 p.m.

Hospital 12 de Octubre, Madrid

Sponsor Fedán Minions

Colossal show

Let us listen to the voice of the Infinite!

Infinite mathematical concept, not mathematical possibility

Equations break up appears Infinite

Nothing is not math, that's why it exploded

Mathematics is Existence

2nd Thermodynamic Principle: Totality is messing itself in time.

Death is back... left... Look, don't ask me.

I couldn't think anymore, so I put it on promotion to all audiences and without a time limit. It warned me that by doing that I could lose all my property, money, house... But I couldn't do anything else. I clicked and fell asleep when...

Shoot! I noticed that the expression “I called and they didn't open. Thanks. I'll be back” my father had said it as the sign that Jesus Christ had left. And I was falling asleep at the Gates of Heaven, on the limit of Infinity, I thought. So I got dressed quickly, grabbed my backpack, and ran out again. Now without the car, as it was already marked and identified, I walked away.

We'll see. I have not spoken of my father in this regard for 2 reasons. 1st because I began to realize what my father knew shortly before these events, only about 2 months. So, I have kept silent about it only in the sections “Tearing down the Wall now” and “The Key to the Wall”. In the previous ones my father meant just another thing to me. 2nd because Jesus Christ was speaking, it is assumed, since he did not leave anything written, of "my father who is in Heaven", referring to God. No, my father is not in Heaven or anywhere, he does not exist at all because he died. And while he lived he was a mortal human being, like everyone else, he did not have or has anything divine.

My father was a social fool, a smart fool. He was completely insensitive to the feelings of others, and he sacrificed me instead of slapping my mother hard at the right moment, that is, he sacrificed the weak, a 4 or 5-year-old boy, so that the world of suicidal was still standing. And he brutally despised me throughout his life from then on. It is the father who causes at ultimate the madness by failing to defend his son from the brutal betrayal of his mother. I have counted this several times on this website.

Fortunately, when my father was dying, a situation that I let him know, changed drastically and I was able to speak with him for 2 or 3 months, which lasted his agony from cancer. He even he asked me what Death is and I told him, because I had already gathered enough power for that. Anyway, we said goodbye cordially and fruitfully, without fixing the past, because I did not

allow it when he tried, of which I am very happy. My father died like the great brave man that he always really was.

Well, my father not only knew what the human problem is, we all know this, but he had also rationalized it and put it into words, if only in pieces.

I have only known this by discovering for myself the words that he had already said in our long relationship as father and son because, when he said them, loose expressions, and not said to me, but playing smart, I did not understand what he was saying, although the bell rang loudly in each one of them. I was a kid, and when I started my path of knowledge, he not only didn't help me, but he continued to brutally despise me, as always. But there are his words, and said exactly as I formulated them in its day. I count it.

My memory of it starts when I was a preteen. I asked him: "What does this belief in God mean?" Of course, I sensed that believing in God was not something spontaneous and gratuitous, that did not make sense, it had to mean something else. He looked at me smiling, pleased, and said, expressively, "Look, don't ask me." I didn't quite understand, but I knew that he invited me to look for myself, only that I was a kid and I couldn't do it right away, I had to wait to go mad.

The five expressions occurred at disparate times in my teens. Out of the blue, he spoke them in my presence. I only remember the exact words of the sign that Jesus Christ left on the Wall, Jesus Christ and all the Christs, of course, but surely they were formulated by him as emphatically and elegantly as by me discovering them for myself.

1st.- << Look at a cemetery. Do not see dead. Feel those signs that you have in front of your nose, and that scream: "I wanted to

be rescued, do it for me too, please. Know you Freedom, also for me, and do not wait I resurrect" >>

From this I remember the exact words of him in the first 2 sentences and in the last one, which coincided with mine: "Look at a cemetery", "Do not see dead", "and do not wait I resurrect." So he said and so I said on Twitter. In the days after I wrote it, savoring my words of power, as I always do, I realized that someone had said that before. "Who would it be... Who would it be..." Damn, he was my father!

2nd.- << I called and they didn't open. Thanks. I'll be back >>. This is the sign of the Christs. I've talked about it here.

3rd.- The Mystery of God. He said it, I think I remember, while we were watching a movie. He said something like: << And whoever wins will bury it and go into the grave with it >> Sure, he was referring to the Human Secret, but I don't remember these words in him. He never said that no one believes himself or herself immortal. Although it is clear that he knew it, I did not hear him pronounce it or I do not remember it.

4th.- The Tantrum. Watching a movie of some great conqueror, he said: << What a tantrum he has because they do not grant him immortality >>

5th.- << The human being is in a horrible hurry to destroy the planet >> When I heard this, unlike the other expressions, I could not believe it, I thought that he was wrong. Recently, when I discovered it, I understood that it entails, and why I could not believe it before although now I see that it is completely evident. A round of applause for my father for being able to see this and everything he knew when no one dares or wants to.

So my father knew everything, but he did not implement it in his behavior, he did not consider his own death, but he postponed it as long as he could. Nor did he ever write his knowledge, nor did he pretend to make it known in any way, except to me, I don't know, maybe just to be smart, he thought he was the smartest in the world, that is, God, or perhaps also as compensation for the sacrifice he made of me. Of the latter there are other samples, but I do not elaborate on it. It is possible that he gave me this information with higher purposes, I mean that I could change the world. However, this does not fit with his total refusal, even contempt for my initiative, when I set out on the path of knowledge. Rather I think my father was stupid, that's why he knew so much.

Well, I left the house with my backpack on my back and walked south, I always oriented myself very well with the cardinal points. It was night, I don't know what time, I didn't look at it, because I was so exhausted that I couldn't even do that. As I remember the events, it should have been in the morning, but it was certainly night because of the very low presence of pedestrians and cars. This experience lasted maybe 3 or 4 days, but I only remember events during the day on one occasion, everything else is registered in my memory as being at night. This is not very particular, because when the Luce Point moves (see Report by Carlos Castaneda), that is, when perception changes, changes are experienced in the ambient light. This clearly already happened at the police checkpoint, I believed that it was dawn and it was not true.

I quickly cleared up a lot, I didn't miss sleep now, and I walked with exquisite peace and quiet, I felt happy. A boy who passed me on a bicycle said to me, raising his arm in complaint, "Do I smell it?" And it is that going laughing alone on the street is very dangerous, but he continued on his way.

I saw a small open bar, rather low-key. I took the opportunity to eat something. There were some homeless in it drinking coffee and hanging out. I ordered a muffin and fresh orange juice. When I finished, I looked for the service but, once located, I left a bill on the bar top before using it. When I came out, the waiter said "here's your change, gentleman."

This fact provoked in me the half conscious game of being homeless. It's curious. Simply carrying a backpack on your back causes distrust and ignorance of the person. I tried asking an elderly woman for the time, when it was daylight, and she went on as if I didn't exist. How hard and how funny. I was very amused by the variety of people's reactions to my presence. On the one hand, I looked homeless, on the other, I was euphoric. Such a supposed contradiction drove some people crazy and produced exquisite behaviors in others, sometimes both.

I went to eat at a Chinese restaurant. I expected a similar delight to the one I experienced in the previous one, in that town while driving, but I met a woman with a hard and sad look who wanted to give me a dark table when there were light ones. I said "I'm going to the car for a minute, now I'll be back." And I didn't come back, of course.

Then I saw a very nice terrace bar. We were in November, but the temperature was high, it was sunny and the air was not blowing, so it was ideal. I sat down very quietly, made myself comfortable, and took the tapas menu. When the waiter passed, I asked him for an ear ration and a large tankard of beer, warning him that there was no rush. It was delicious and abundant. I ate slowly and with great joy, couldn't finish it, and smoked a joint. When I thought I was done, I put a bill on the table and went to the toilet. As I passed the bar, I asked him to put the rest of the rich ration so that I could carry it without staining the backpack and its contents.

I left the service and the friendly waiter told me, like the previous one "here is your change, gentleman." And he had put my ear in an aluminum foil container, and in a bag. "Ah, thank you very much," I told him, and I explained to him, very happy, that I had just fallen into poverty and had to learn, because he had told me to carry the bag in my hand, out of the backpack.

There were more very nice happenings, I spent time sunbathing in a park, smoking joints. As I walked, the angina pectoris did not appear. So I go to 2 very significant events.

I walked at night, not late, on a street with a lot of pedestrians. A young man told me:

Young man.- Could you help me with a little money?

Me.- Of course I do! (Taking the coins out of my pocket) How much do you need?

Ym.- 2 euros.

Me.- (giving them to him) Do you need anything else?

Ym.- No, with this I can manage, because tomorrow I see my wife and she helps me.

Me.- Very good, man, how wonderful!

Of course, I was thinking about what it would be like when my money ran out, how I would manage. And this young man comes to teach me how to do it: Ask for what is necessary and not accept more. I had a credit card, but I didn't remember this, that I had money. The funny thing is, I haven't realized until now that I had no money because I was spending it all on the lynch twit. But I also had a house and income, this I did not remember then either.

We talked a bit as people passed by. It turns out that he was in jail, and about to get out of it, that her wife helped him even though he no longer had a relationship with her (sexual, it is

understood). I told him that I had just lost everything, that I was a homeless newbie, and that he had helped me a lot. I still had the rest of the coins in my hand, there was enough money, thinking that I hadn't given him the 2 euros yet, not caring, I told him "look, we're not going to count", and I threw everything into his hand. I said goodbye asking him not to tell me his name and neither would I give him mine, that we couldn't become friends because we would tear each other apart, and that I wish we would meet again. He half understood and said goodbye with gratitude and joy. (I hope I find him again).

I continued walking euphoric and sat on a bench, in a relatively narrow and busy street. Turns out I was in front of a religious organization. A priest passed by and said "good night." I was going to answer the same thing, but instead I said "thank you." That they greet a homeless person is appreciated. The fact is that before me there was a small garden, next to the wall, and a plant formed 2 arches, one towards the other, and in the middle there was a knot that I interpreted as a flower, although I don't think it was. The fact is that I saw in this the Gate of Heaven, or the Wall, and the sign of the Christs that my father had imprinted on me so that I would not fall asleep before it.

This was half delirium, half nonsense. I explain. Nobody wants to know this, not even psychiatrists. A delirium is not the same as a nonsense. Deliriums are true, although they may be expressed chaotically and / or fancifully, but they are rigorously true, and are interpreted as dreams, if they are not organized, in which case they are directly understood. For example, when a madman claims that his relatives are persecuting him, this is true.

The nonsenses, on the other hand, occur in states of confusion, it can be due to lack of sleep, exhaustion, and / or desperate situation. And they are usually chaotic. Not chaotic, because in chaos there is organization, but disordered and with very little

meaning, like believing that the sun will never rise again. This is better not to try to interpret it, but as a set of confusion, and this can be interpreted based on a global situation.

In this case of mine, the thing was partly true. My father left me the sign of the Christs at the Wall Door, I don't know how much intentionally, but I could have slept in my bed peacefully. Of course, in that case I would not have entered the building of the Spirit, and what it had prepared for me was great.

Already very confused I walked north, getting closer to home. I spent another day or two. At night I found a very nice little park, I could have slept, but it didn't even occur to me. Then a police car passed. I ran to him and asked for a fire for the joint, without saying it was a joint, naturally, I had run out of gas from the lighters I was carrying. They got very angry and continued on their way through the park after I apologized saying that I knew they didn't smoke, but they could carry a lighter (in fact, all cars carry a lighter).

When I returned to my place a young man came running lightly and sat down next to me. I half understood that he had arrived in the police car, but I followed suit. Between the two of us we managed to light the joint and chat. I told him about my website and a little about my situation, he left scared. From there my confusion increased. I realized that my situation was desperate, although it really was not. And I walked home not knowing what to do.

A very important paragraph here, and I say it that I have written and spoken a lot against psychiatry. Sometimes states of confusion occur in people who require intervention, but such intervention should only be to provide shelter and protection until the state of confusion passes, not, at all, a moral and dictatorial intervention. You will see what I mean below. You can also see, in this regard,

my works with titles “Dr. Despacio” and “Cristo Pedales, Dr. en psiquiatría”, on this website.

All my confusion revolved around my mother's monster. I knew for a fact that she would not have committed suicide, and that I could have just walked into the house and gone to sleep, but I felt that I had to follow the thread of the Spirit. My confusion led me to pretend that I had to avoid being charged with murder my mother's suicide by all means. Yes, well, a forensic investigation would have cleared things up, but I am the Antichrist, how far could they play me? I could not think clearly about all this.

I thought about going up to Social Services and asking for protection there, that they would check if my mother was dead and, if so, that it would be clear that I had not been in that event. However, there were still three hours left for such a service to open. When I got to the portal they were cleaning. Although it made no sense, I asked the young woman and her partner, whom she had kindly greeted many times, and made some sympathetic comments, if they could certify that I was there at that time. To my amazement, they lowered their heads and continued cleaning, denying my existence even. That pissed me off a lot, and I yelled at them that they just had to affirm that I was there. To top it off, the girl asked me offended why I took it with them, and they left quickly.

So I took the car, which was parked there, and went to Social Services to wait at the door for them to open. Hell, I asked a couple of elderly people if they could certify that I was there, I told them my name and the time, but they continued on their way looking with contempt and anger. This enraged and despaired me beyond measure.

As there was a bus stop, I crossed the car preventing its exit, and I got on the roof shouting that I was there. Sure, this was my

downfall. They called the police and although I already realized my mistake, they caught me when I was trying to leave, they were very quick this time. Hey, the police, if you call them for an emergency, they take two or three hours to come, although they are going around the city burning gasoline like crazy, but if you don't want them to come, there they are in less a minute. Of course, this has an explanation because they were following me and waiting.

I explained to the policeman that I was waiting for Social Services to open, and I just wanted it to be proven that I was there at that time because I was afraid my mother had committed suicide. He ignored Social Services with a look that did not see anything, asked his partner if it was not a (xx, yy. The numbers that they use so that they are not understood), the other confirmed, and I realized that there was fallen into their trap, they knew everything. I needed confirmation, I asked that other:

Me.- Hey, is my mother alive and well?

Police.- Yes, she is fine. We have been following you from ++++ ++.

I thanks. (Not so much because he confirmed that my mother was okay, but that they were following me.)

The last thing I expected or wanted was to fall into the hands of psychiatrists, because they practice torture. So all my dedication went into preventing them from doing so. While they tied me up, I told the ambulance guy not to think of putting any medicine on me. He assured me that no, that he was just going to take me to the hospital.

To the orderlies who put me in the emergency room I said something loud, what a pity that I do not remember my words here, but they stopped alarmed and then continued quickly, so that I would not have the opportunity to say anything more. I tried to

shout that they were kidnapping me, some people passed around, the response was from a wall of submissive ignorance in those people humiliated for life.

Well, this is where the really funny stuff starts. They put me in a small room, I was tied up with straps, of course, and the psychiatrist came in. I asked him if he was the one who was going to torture me. He devoted himself to other things, like asking for my cell phone and asking who he could call. I told him a brother, and that he not call anyone else.

This brother of mine had drastically changed his attitude towards me long ago, I have written about it, and he was aware of my quests to change the world. Make it clear here that this brother is not my apprentice, nor collaborator, nor does he participate in any way in my purpose, we simply chat about various matters as brothers and friends from time to time.

The fact is that the psychiatrist, after leaving the room with my cell phone, returned macabrely smiling telling me that he had spoken with my brother telling him that I was in the psychiatric hospital, and that he had replied that he thought it was very good, that he would come to see me when he had a hole. I did not laugh because I was focused on avoiding torture, but I knew that this criminal psychiatrist thought that my brother was going to play his part in my torture, as the relatives of mads always do, and I knew it would not be well, but it seemed very good to him because he was aware that I was going to know how to defend myself.

Me.- Tell me if you are the one who is going to torture me or send me the one who is going to do it, you scoundrel! I need to rest.

He left the room again saying that he was letting me sleep and turning off the light. At the moment a recording of four or five voices began to play, arguing in psychiatric terms about me,

supposedly. What if he had paranoia, what if he is manic... things like that in incomprehensible gibberish, all voices at once. This is the psychiatric strategy, this is what they do with a confused and exhausted person, confuse and tire them more, harass them.

He went back into the room and turned on the light.

Me.- Look, you scoundrel. I'm not going to talk to you until you tell me if you are going to torture me or send me whoever is going to do it.

I don't remember if he said anything, he kept grimly smiling and defiant. He came out again leaving the light on this time. What he did was put the heating on full blast, he scorched me. Fortunately, it did not take long for him to enter, preceded by two nurses who went directly to open the window. In their presence, I yelled at him:

Me.- No, if you have already tortured me. Turn the heat down, you scoundrel, and run! Run, run, criminal against humanity!!

I was going to add that I would chase him to Hell to put him before a court of law, but I didn't have to. While I was saying "run, run", he was already giving in to his macabre smiling and defiant attitude, although he still maintained it, but when he heard "criminal against humanity" his face fell to the ground. He tried to recover without success and came out.

Two nurses came in and took me upstairs, they put me in the individual dangerous room, or I don't know what they will call it. Sure, when you defeat a criminal, he retires defeated, but he leaves the door closed. This scoundrel couldn't set me free. I had to go through Hell and come out unscathed. It is already said in mass: "He was crucified, died and was buried, he descended into Hell, and ascended to Heaven." I had just entered Hell, a psychiatric unit

is a hell in which you have to leave without falling into any of the traps. This I already knew, because I was in one 20 years ago. This time it wasn't going to be the same. Now I had power.

The first test was to get rid of my bonds. On that occasion, when I entered a catatonic state, they put me tied to the bed. What a fool, to tie a catatonic man! But they left a screw loose. I looked for it and found it. When I was untying me, four or five nurses came, saying they were coming, and they untied me.

Now the straps were made of some synthetic fiber, instead of leather, the clasps were different, they were plastic balls, and it seems that there was no trick, they had really tied me. But I had to try. I tried at first randomly, nothing, the trick, if there was one, was more complex and convoluted. I proceeded systematically and in an orderly manner to check each one of the clasps, there were four of them, and there was, in addition, a closing point without its ball and several loose strap ends, it was complicated. To top it off, the locks had to be actuated with magnets. Well, let's start, close up right..., nothing, close up left..., nothing... I kept trying each of the closures, remember that I was exhausted and confused, the thing seemed to be much more complex than it was when I realized that two voices commented on my situation, one male and the other female. They had been there for a while, but I didn't notice them because they were commenting on my thoughts. I received them with joy, because I knew that they were extrauniverses, that is, attentive beings from another universe (See Carlos Castaneda).

I continued with my task, and they discussed my actions and thoughts after they were done, but eventually they got ahead of me, so that they kept track of the closures and tested procedures, which was great, given my exhaustion. And I proceeded from then on following his instructions until everything was checked and well checked.

In addition to giving me instructions in my complex task, these voices commented on what my feelings should be, although I was not aware of them, although I recognized them. They related each of my checks with people who could not be left out of the Paradise that I was going to get, listing my three siblings and my mother, maybe someone else, but I don't remember, and they told each other that I couldn't leave no one out. These voices were friendly and calm.

There was no trick to the straps, but there was a possibility that they would slide under the mattress. So I started movements to slide them, like convulsive, pushing them down. I did a series and stopped to rest, it was very tiring. I continued for a while without result, but then the nurse on duty came in and untied me, it was early morning.

I tried to go out in my pajamas, but the nurse told me to go back to the room. Now, the male voice reminded me, "Take off your garments." I undressed completely and tried again. I thought I had to get out of there any way I could, even completely naked and wearing nothing, then once I was outside, I would see. But the nurse told me: "Jesús, stop being silly and rest." Here I already gave up avoiding going through Hell, I resigned myself to passing the tests, I went to bed and finally slept long hours, unleashed.

I don't quite remember the order of events, in fact, when I entered it was early in the morning, and yet when I made every attempt to escape it was early morning, that is, I must have slept a good few hours already. Rather I deduce how things happened than remember them in a linear order.

When I woke up I was in the living room, happy, greeting the mads entered there, but 7 or 8 thugs came and, without my denying anything in principle, they prepared to reduce me by force. I barely resisted, rather I followed their game, yelling

"lynching, lynching." They tied me to the bed and, between struggles, I felt a punctual prick on my buttock. I immediately ceased my resistance and they left me alone, tied up. I knew it had been a drill. First, the prick had been very brief and without injection of anything, second, I was sure, well, almost certain that they were not going to dare to torture me.

A subsection for those who doubt that psychiatrists are criminals against humanity by practicing torture. Neuroleptics, such as risperdal or haloperidol, neuroleptic, are, at least, hindering the functioning of the brain. And they hinder it by antagonism, that is, by doing the opposite effect of dopamine and serotonin, which are the neurotransmitters of well-being. It is terrible, a disgusting restlessness that makes you sit, lie down, get up, never finding relief except when you are asleep. And here I present the scientific proof. They have hidden it in the brochures for a few years now, but it cannot be completely erased.

Mechanism of action

Risperidone is a selective monoaminergic antagonist with unique properties. It has a high affinity for 5-HT₂ serotonergic and D₂ dopaminergic receptors. Risperidone also binds to? 1-adrenergic receptors, and with less affinity to H₁-histaminergic and? 2-adrenergic receptors. Risperidone has no affinity for cholinergic receptors. Although risperidone is a potent D₂ antagonist which is considered to improve the positive symptoms of schizophrenia, it causes less depression of motor activity and induction of catalepsy than classical neuroleptics. The balanced central antagonism of serotonin and dopamine can reduce the risk of extrapyramidal side effects and extend its therapeutic activity to the negative and affective symptoms of schizophrenia.



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I must have slept long hours, tied up this time. When I woke up the light was on, everything was silent, there was no movement.

This room had a large glass window, with a curtain, that overlooked the infirmary station, from where it was monitored apart from one or two cameras in closed circuit. I was quite concerned, what if they leave me here tied up until I die and hide my body?

Immediately, a pis entered (short for psychiatrist from now on) followed by two nurses.

Pis 1.- (Carefree and cheerful) How are you feeling, Jesús?

Me.- (Carefree and happy at the same time) Very well, just a little worried about whether you are going to feed me and that.

Pis 1.- Yes, calm down. We are going to feed and protect you.

This protecting myself, coming from a pis especially, sounded awful to me, but I didn't say anything. I do not remember more of this conversation, surely there was not much more. He left me with the nurses who, without untying me, gave me food, piss, I washed my mouth, and I went back to sleep for long hours I suppose, still tied up.

When I woke up the key experience took place, let's say that the whole building of the Spirit led to it and, although the Spirit has no purpose, the impression is that my whole adventure was developed to live this.

I was still tied up, it seems that no one noticed that I had woken up. It was early evening before the late shift ended. Behind the curtain, in the nurses station, about five or six of them congregated, perhaps a male nurse too, madness gives many, many jobs. They were looking at my writing, posted on Twitter as a "moment", of the "Letter of the Antichrist to Jesus Christ," as I deduced. They were very animated, they celebrated each Twit with exquisite amazement, with expressions like "how good it is". I suppose they were referring to good as quality when writing,

although perhaps they were referring to good as women want boys and men to be good. They were excited. When the writing finished they celebrated it with praise, the world was finally changed, I thought.

At the moment two nurses came in, very smiling and pleased, I told them:

Me.- Well, let me go and we celebrate it all.

Nurse 1.- It can't be. That has to do the pis.

They gave me food and piss, between joys and enjoyments, but without making specific comments, and they left, leaving me still tied up. I slept through the night and the next morning. Sure, he had spent almost 15 days without sleep, now I was sleeping what I owed.

I woke up hearing wailing. There were the same nurses from the previous afternoon shift, and they had entered the Great Tribulation. They pronounced half sentences, such as "but, then...", "however, San Marcos says...", "it can't be, it can't be...", "Oh, my God, my God..." In a state of utter despair. I worried about what events that might bring, what would happen. Let us remember that I was tied to the bed without the possibility of untying myself. I waited cautiously, a long time passed, they did not give me anything to eat, fortunately I did not feel like taking a piss, I kept waiting. For the rest, the silence was absolute, I couldn't hear the mads, or talk or walk around. The world was at a standstill.

The following events are mixed in my memory. Surely I slept more, a lot more. There is no eating or pissing, and yet two days must have passed, I reckon. The fact is that when the mads passed to the dining room, they knocked on my door twice, all or almost all of them, I understood as a sign of support. Then there was a

parade of pises who wanted to find out what kind of monster they were dealing with. I think there were three of them, and they were all cordial and very interested in my theories and arguments.

I remember little of these conversations. I was talking about mathematics, and I invited them to visit my website, what's more, I encouraged them to put my songs in the room, so that we could listen to them all. They responded with evasions, that if they did not have an Internet connection, then record them on a pendrive, I replied, etc., leaving everything in the air. One asked me what mathematics had to do with this, and I laughed, I was very nice. My intention was to explain to him next, but he left quickly, while I said: "I love you, Dr.", and the nurse smiled without wanting to let it be known.

The nurses they had recomposed and wore a ghoulish smile, concealed as much as possible. Then they untied me, I was able to shower, shit, and they left me already untied, not free, but having all the space of the unit, living room, dining room and hallway, there was no more, apart from the three offices on the floors, the dining room of nurses, the post of the last and a small medical dispensary.

Here began the stage of the traps. I explain. These scoundrels could not refute my ideas or declare me insane, but they could involve me in something illegal or, rather, outside the norms to enter a prison psychiatric unit. Then they would have defeated me and put me out of circulation, torturing me for life. This was their plan, and for it they used grotesque tricks at times and subtle at other times. The most numerous, getting involved in scenes of violence.

Let's review the tale of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp. Only the one who is completely clean of spirit can reach the lamp and go out with it without falling into the many traps. I am not

especially smart, I only know from a very young age that I am going to die totally, completely and definitely. Yes, we have all always known it, but I have never denied it nor I have fought it. This is why my mind is trained right. It is not that I noticed in direct and at the time the traps that they set me, no, I do not get to that much. It is simply that I knew I was in Hell, and I was not going to get involved in anything or participate in anything, however, I had all the fun I could. On the other hand, scammers, cheats, and prostitutes alike have a clumsy habit of giving themselves away up front. It's as if they deliberately did it to rejoice after how clever they have been to gamble on someone, but they do it unconsciously. I noticed these warnings, although without rationalizing them at the time. I have to admit that some traps were very ingenious and with a magnificent staging.

A previous issue, and that is that the fucking tyrannies cannot be made any concessions. I knew this from the Carlos Castaneda Report, but I had also understood it myself before and after studying such a report. Clear example, the concessions that were made to the Nazis in the years before World War II, this only emboldened them, this made they feel strong. Note that now the same is being done with the Liquidators, the so-called far-right parties. Anyway, I stood my ground and did not accept any unequal relationship. I put three examples.

As for the medication, apart from the number of admission, in which I scared pis a calling him a criminal against humanity, I had talked about it with pis 1, who was the head of the unit. I had made it clear to him that neuroleptics, such as risperdal and haloperidol, are torture, and he assured me, lying, that this was a nonsense that was no longer done. On the other hand, I had verified, with the false prick, that they would not dare to torture me. However, they gave me, under duress, a stupid pill, announcing that it melts in my mouth. I took it, and it had no effect, it was a placebo, they could not allow the other mads to

think that they did not force me to take the medication. Then, this pis 1, I don't know in what context, he told me "but you've taken the pill", and I replied "no, I cheated on you", and he had to shut up. Then, I took the placebo every night, at the time of the medication, administered by the nurses.

Then, my pis, which was the one that received me and that I scared, and "the one that took me", as they say, while I was in the room, a nurse sent me to tell me to come to his consultation. I said to the nurse: "Tell the Dr. to come and tell me," and she did. At the moment my pis came with this nurse and another one and he kindly asked me to go with him to the office. I asked him, "you and me with these ladies present?" He nodded and I accompanied them. I started the conversation, he felt somewhat self-conscious, the nurses smiling, because they had never witnessed such behavior in a mad.

Me.- The truth is that I was confused. I admit that I was delirious... (And I explained the difference between delirium and nonsense. I have written it above, in this same document) I remember the expression on your face, but not with that hair, have you worn a wig? Does your hair curl in the rain?

Pis 1.- No, I haven't gotten hair... Yes, my hair curls in the rain. (It was raining that day). (The nurses stifled their laughter).

Anyway, we talked about my website, I suggested that we listen to all my songs in the room... But I already said, human beings leave defeated, but they leave the door closed. This fucking torturer was going to play dirty. On another occasion he told me that he had listened two songs of mine, I commented on it, kind, nice and accommodating, such was my attitude always in this hell. How horny, I have forty-odd songs, and it compliments me having listened only two. In addition I have numerous stories and other published documents, but he already knew everything, he did not need to know anything that would destroy his idea of the world.

That was my whole relationship with the pises, they were kind and I corresponded to them, I invited them to understand and they gave long.

And the third example came from the fact that, when I ran out the third time, since I had missed the passwords on the previous getaway, I clumsily took the password folder and put it in my backpack. That I did it clumsily is partly explained by the fact that I was exhausted, but I am clumsy sometimes, like everyone else, I am not God, I do not want to win. The fact is that when the police caught me, they found all my passwords. A nurse, while I was in the room, said to me:

Nurse 1 (this girl was very nice) .- Jesús, a judge wants to talk to you about some passwords.

Me.- Tell him to come here.

N 1.- (returning to tell him). It is that he is not here, it is by video conference.

Me.- And can't you bring a computer here?

The nurse left and did not return. Sure, what the hell was that scoundrel going to say or ask me? No, the judge has to keep those passwords and nothing else. If I agree to his appointment, I could have gotten into a mess and, above all, made me lose my advantage.

Well, the traps they set me were basically of three types: 1. Involving me in scenes of violence. This they did four or five times. 2. Sneak a mole. This was two, plus one who also tried to get my password from the web. And 3. Offer me a woman and a lot of money. But I'm going to start with the funniest one, which is beyond these schemes, too. It was tremendous. Oh, and a young woman who tried to get me involved in her fight for the alleged torture she was being subjected to.

Saying that the steps, as a strategy that eliminated possible conflicts with the other mads, had progressively left the room almost empty, passing the others to the twin room, which was overflowing. There were, at the end, four harmless old women, a very religious woman who received messages when she watched television, a fool, two very nice young girls, with whom we had a great time some night, singing, dancing and such, and a schizophrenic hebephrenic, that is, disorganized, completely lost. Yes, then there was a woman with a comic movie witch look who couldn't handle her. This witch did not interact with anyone, she only studied alone and laughed, also alone, from time to time. The rest were policemen who entered the scene, and left when they failed. Someone else who is in doubt, or without relevance, people entered there and disappeared in a few days.

The worst trap started when we were about to start dinner. I looked forward to the meals because, in addition to being delicious, it was almost the only fun there. I was sitting in front of the nursing station, four meters and a glass separated me. Suddenly there was an old woman in front of me with a red and smooth cape to the feet, her hair turned inwards around her shoulders, very set, with a lot of hairspray, she had put rice powder on her face, she was pale, and to top it all they attended her like a mannequin, their movements were slow and minimal. Two nurses took off her cloak in coordination and with great care. I mean, I shit on his father, they dug up a corpse and brought it to me here. The two nurses accompanied the zombie as if it were made of glass. She crossed my mind that she could be blind when a girl, we all stared at the scene in amazement, she asked, "She's blind, right?" The nurse who accompanied us confirmed it. This relieved me a little, but I was still overwhelmed, they go and sit her in front of me, at my table. I got up stealthily and changed places, I was not prepared to face that situation. Fortunately there were plenty of free places, that was already empty.

The next night they sat her down in front of me again, but I had already made up my mind. This woman was truly blind. Knowing that the police subcontract people of all kinds to do investigations and set traps is like in the movies. Sometimes criminals are extorted by offering to get rid of their sentence.

The fact is that one or two nights later, when we were already in the rooms in readiness to sleep, I was alone in my room, without a partner, shouts of the zombie and another woman were heard, a very violent discussion with the intervention of the nurses. Then the zombie began to ask for help in heartbreaking wailing: "Help me, please help me...". I remained impassive, I was not going to intervene in anything suspicious. She was regretting about 15 minutes until she fell silent after the intervention of the nurses. You know what trouble they would have got me into if I had come to help her.

The next trap in the humorous hierarchy was the offer of a woman and a considerable amount of money. This was very elaborate and prolonged in time. Those who devised the traps had to be theater or film scriptwriters. To say that I did not isolate myself at all, but that I spoke with some mad people and others, and even advised them, I had fun, come on. Knowing that sorcerers take on fucking bullies, not just for training, but for their own fun. Of course, I came out of any commitment or mess drastically. Who would be the stupid one who made commitments in Hell? I did not acquire them in Samsara, I was going to acquire them there.

This girl was 46 years old, she was not very beautiful, but she had the grace of her. She was in the unit for a week or so without interacting with me at all, nor with anyone else. She walked with her arms close to her body without any movement, like a true schizophrenic. She received visits from two men her age, sometimes just one. I watched her, like everyone else, without

special interest, while she walked me down the hall with my Antichrist costume, especially at visitation time...

My Antichrist costume was brought to me by my brother, the good one, of whom I have spoken here. It was a gray long-sleeved T-shirt pajamas with a Harry Potter print and, most significantly, red pants. Revelation 10-1 already says "Then I saw another mighty Angel descend from heaven, wrapped in a cloud, with a rainbow over his head. His face was like the sun, his legs were like pillars of fire". Of course, my brother did not know this, it was a complete and funny coincidence. The case that I alternated clothes, and from time to time I walked with my Antichrist costume, especially at the time of visits, who looked at me from point to point, and I held back the laughter.

One day the nurses were covering with paper the window, the viewer, of the room closest to the center, in the men's wing. I asked them, sympathetic: "Wow, is a mysterious madman going to enter?" They answered me no, they were women because the women's wing was full. Grotesque lie. We were seven or eight people in a room for twenties, we were three men, there were no space problems at all. The intruder in the male wing turned out to be Naomi, I did not change her name because surely it was already false, our perfect schizophrenic.

As I walked down the not very long corridor I found Naomi leaning out from her strategic room, the doors were opening outwards, she was smiling at me flirtatiously. I approached her and we fooled around, she offered herself clearly to me. I kissed and hugged her, it was very nice. Then she would drag me into the room, I said, "Wait, wait, we'll see that", and I left the trap room while she asked me if there was a problem, to which I did not respond.

We'll see. When I was young, I was out, and I accepted any powder in any situation, but at fifty-something things are different. On the other hand, who would be the stupid one to get laid in Hell and in a room where there was a camera? No way.

So we had a little romance with postponed sex, holding hands in the living room and making some plans, like walking in the park, going on excursions to the mountains... I asked her, exploratively, what she thought of the pyramids, if she realized which are monstrosities that cover and impede well-being. She, astonished, told me that she saw great feats, avoiding any discussion or clarification.

It didn't take her half a day to start spreading her cobweb. It turns out that the one who visited her was hers, her ex-boyfriend who, after definitively rejected her, continued to take care of her, resulting in brutal harassment. In fact, the reason she was hospitalized was such an attitude. And the second man who visited her was a companion and spectator of the first, a grotesque thing. Both her stalker and her family members were considering putting her on medication, for which they would soon be reunited with her pis. To top it off, her stalker had taken away her credit card and even though she had canceled it, he gave it back to her, supposedly working. So she did not know if he had stolen 40,000 euros from her. This was the number she brought to our relationship.

What a mess this lovely woman was making for me. Naturally, I did not reject it from the outset, a sorcerer does not play like that, because in that case the mess would have multiplied. What I did was find myself a shelter. I told her, as if willing to be her quixote by dismantling the mess, that the first thing she had to do was not to receive her harasser as a visitor in that unit. Tell the nurse not to allow such a person access when he came to see her. She shyly refused, and I insisted telling her that this works, because I had

rejected my mother's visit and had been respected in it, I even pulled on her arm, but she did not agree.

The thing has a little more complication, but abbreviated. The next day she asked me, seeing that I was distant, if she was still up on the walk in the park and the excursions to the mountains. I told her that I did not know, that I had total uncertainty about all things locked there without being able to take care of my affairs. She lamented, giving a tremendous shame, that she also had great uncertainty, I did not continue the conversation. The next day I cleared her doubt. I told her that we would not continue together because she cannot go back to the same doctor if she has not taken the medicine, referring to not having adopted the solution that I gave her, refusing the visits. If you have been to a doctor, or you take their medicine or you go to another, but you cannot go back to the same one. She stopped talking. Of course, I had thought, if she told me that I was not her doctor, ask her: Hey, wouldn't you be thinking of making out with me without having solved the problem with your stalker? What trouble would you be getting me into? But it was not necessary. She made one more attempt. She offered herself to me again at the door of her room, but I did not look at her, I continued on. She quickly disappeared, she was removed from the unit due to the failure of the operation.

Another very funny trap started when we were getting ready for dinner, they were distributing the trays. He tried to sneak into my organization as a mole. He approached smiling and told me his name, José Manuel, holding out his hand. I took his hand and told him Jesus kindly realizing quickly that this guy was not mad at all. I asked him: "What brings you here?" "Things in life" he replied, still smiling.

This colleague gave me a lot of fun for quite some time. He became my friend and we chatted frequently. He was a little older than I was, nearing retirement, so we talked about the good old

days. He asked me, when the time came, why I was there. I told him, like everyone else, I had a lot of fun in this, that I am the Antichrist. This was not enough for him, so I explained that the best refuge for a criminal is a police station, the best refuge for a witch is a church, and the best refuge for the Antichrist is a mental hospital. He was very amused.

At the end of his stay, he told me about his supposed problem. That he had met a wonderful woman and they had made plans and they were about to start a wonderful life together, in a beautiful farm and such, but everything had been frustrated, I don't remember why, things were complicated. I told:

Me.- In other words, what you have now is an anxious depressive syndrome reactive to the current situation?

José Manuel.- (Smiling). Something like that, yes. (This guy was not depressed at all, nor was he anxious.)

Me.- But, let's see. Do you have a home?

JM.- Yes, yes.

Me.- And do you have life resources?

JM.- Yes, yes, I'm... Yes... Yes, I have resources. (Sure, he was going to say, I'm a cop, but he stopped in time.)

Me.- Well, it's done. Live the rest of your life to the best of your ability and voila. (I had healed him at the root).

It did not spend a day and he told me that he was going to be discharged. I congratulated him and warned him that they would delay it, that they always do, to see if you pike and rebel. But he told me that they had already been late.

Me.- Ah, well then that's it, you're leaving tomorrow. I still have a while, I suspect.

JM.- Wow, it makes me want to make your link out of here.

Me.- No, no, no. As soon as you get out of here, go ahead, don't ever come back for any reason. This is hell. Don't worry about me, I already have my links out. Thank you anyway.

A woman in her 40s entered. She was rude and coarse. She was allegedly tortured with risperdal, which caused a very unpleasant salivation at the corners of her mouth, and she cleaned it frequently at the request of the nurses. Risperdal does not have this effect. She always carried some sheets of paper in her hand, and wrote down everything they said to her. I advised her, but she did not have a ball when writing it, so I wrote it to her. There were about eight points among which were aspects such as always asking what medications were administered, taking them without question, because it could not help her and, most significantly, never violate their authority. In this way, they could ease her torture and avoid it soon. She was refusing to take the medication, which they had for her response to be forcibly injected amid hideous screams and wailing.

He asked, "What is authority?" Will it be possible? How does a 40-year-old woman not know and understand the word authority? She was unbearable, she did nothing but threaten, because she was a policeman, she said over and over again. Yeah sure, she was a cop or a subcontractor. And her move was for me to fight her battle for her alleged torture, she asked her witnesses for it. I used to spend a lot, but she looked for me to tell me that she carried my instructions in her pussy, while the nurses kept telling her to pay attention to Jesús, me.

Finally one night, at the time of the medication, I got tired of it, it was bothering everyone's tranquility in a grotesque way. I said, "What you have to do is walk from one side to the other, up the hall, down the hall. That's what we all do in your situation, pin pan, pin pan (indicating with the finger). You don't have to beat up the rest of us." Meanwhile, she looked at me in amazement, with

her mouth open, unable to believe it. I apologized to the nurse who presided over the medication, she was on the night shift and she was not into it, she was very nice. She told me: "Yes, no, if it is true." The next day the tostón had disappeared.

As for the attempts to get involved in scenes of violence, there were a few, unimportant, I just stood still without intervening when the thing was at a certain distance and, when it happened next to me, I would walk away leaving the room, being possible, but there was one very mounted and tremendous.

An Arab entered, he did not speak Spanish and they were looking for an interpreter by calling the embassy of their country and such, of course, they could have used a mobile with the appropriate application, it was already available but, apparently, they did not think of it. I kept quiet as a whoring, for nothing in the world would I have intervened in that. A few days passed. This boy looked horrible, unfriendly, and he was unhinged. As we also couldn't understand each other, I stayed away from him. It was not difficult because he himself kept away from everyone.

One night, when I was already falling asleep, by my door there were noises of tumult accompanied by shouts of alarm and request for calm. This was followed by a prolonged cry of pain from a nurse, as if her hair had been pulled, accompanied by a massive kick at my door. Two sworn guards soon arrived who reduced the Arab boy and took him away.

I kept still, shrinking my legs so that my presence would not be noticed, the thing lasted about two very long minutes. For nothing in the world would I have come out to intervene in this. After a while I managed to fall asleep. The next day, when I woke up, I looked through the viewer that everything was calm and, after showering, I verified that my door was locked. I shit on his father. I checked again and pushed hard, the door opened, there was no

considerable damage to the frame. When I got to the nurses' station, two of them were sitting calmly. I casually said: "What a night we've had," getting a malicious and silent smile in response. They were not going to comment or explain, as it had been a montage.

Finally, in the list of humorous events, the lady who received messages from the television, assured that she did not hear voices, but that they communicated things to her, and she was the only one left in the room since I was admitted, apart from three or four harmless old women, she once said to me:

Message lady.- Jesus has been here. You know it, right?

Me.- Yes, it is me, I am the Antichrist, and my name is Jesús.

We then had a very brief conversation. I told her that there is no God creator and governor of the Universe, but she quickly went on to tell me that I had to go to church to ask my father for faith. I didn't insist any more, it wasn't worth it and I could get into trouble. I left her with the word on her mouth with a smile. Also, I hadn't organized my newfound knowledge enough to rebut this endearing woman. I was discovering great and new things, and that takes time to organize.

Anyway, there would be many things to tell here, I was hospitalized for about a month, I did not keep the account and I do not know what day they captured me, but I prefer that this document is not too long. Here I tell the events as if I had known at all times what was happening and what the tricks were, but no. I took semi-conscious note of the failures of the scriptwriters and actors, however, drawing conclusions takes time, it took me a year to find out what really happened.

My strategy in terms of not falling into the traps, not planned but automatic, was not to get involved in any matter and to keep a

certain distance. I had nothing to gain there except understanding, and I know from long experience that understanding comes later, delayed. On the other hand, I did not get anyone out of her or his mistake, except the one that had my instructions in her pussy and, above all, I did not betray anyone. I never accused any actor of being one, nor pis or nurse of conspiring, it would be missing more. What mad would be so stupid to show mistrust interpretable as paranoia in Hell? No, I went along with everyone without biting the hook.

Sure, the reader will think, this guy is the smartest in the world. No, is not that. The smartest human being in the world is the one who wins the competition, he or she is God, and he o she is, say, on top of Everest. Mind you, God may be the most stupid, she or he just has to stab those who win in the back. I am in reality, in space, let's say, much higher, and there is no competition or relative heights, but life in collaboration and exchange of knowledge without considering who beats whom, that does not make sense. It is life increasing consciousness, the sense of Existence, and in this there is no absolute value, only increases. See entropy, it is defined in a differential equation and there is no quantity to be had, only variation. The same thing happens here. Discover reality and you will be in space, do not involve me in your struggles, do not try to win me. Take my knowledge and develop yours with it, as I have done with other people to develop mine, and don't worry about who is smarter, that doesn't make sense.

On the other hand, no one is safe from error and accident. In this Hell I ran a tremendous, unimaginable danger. Fortunately, I came out, not only unscathed, but also with the experience I needed to have a true, real and effective opportunity to change the world and prevent the consummation of human atrocity, the suicide of the planet. Let's see what happens.

Well, it only remains to tell the keys to my release and farewell.

My release was based on three key points. First, my general attitude and certain advantage over the pises in all aspects, knowledge of psychiatry and psychology especially. Second, the attitude of my brother who, far from supporting or pretending my torture, as the relatives of the mads always do, remained on the sidelines and considered my person as valid at all times, without any censorship or detriment. Third, my master play with my mother's monster. All this, together with the fact that they could not have that empty room for long, for me alone and a few more, disarmed them and they had to let me out, not in total freedom, but I did not return, of course, that is, I practically escaped. I count it a little.

In the first place, I did not accept my mother visiting me and, amazingly, this was respected. This fact was very important to mark my attitude towards my captivity. Then, I always showed myself above that and the people who carried out my kidnapping. I have already told something. My brother was in the third interview with my pis, and he was distant and distracted, he even managed the parking of his car with his mobile, passing everything and apologizing. This puzzled the pis, who always saw the relatives of his victims very attentive and concerned in the interview.

Then he brought me my Antichrist pajamas, greeted me effusively in front of the surprised nurses, treated me like a friend who is on a desired date, paid me some other visit, and brought me some more clothes, always maintaining respect for my person. This caused great astonishment among my kidnappers, pises, and nurses. On one occasion we chatted with great amusement in my room, in which there was a camera, and the sound reached them. I told him something about my adventure, the emergency room for angina pectoris, we burst out laughing. In short, he disconcerted

all the staff by respecting me, because the pises need the complicity of the relatives of their victims, and my brother did not give it to them.

My stupid mistake of taking the password folder with me on the run was also relevant. In the fourth interview with my pis it allowed me to change some, the most important, the one on the web, my bank, twitter... and check that twitter had stopped charging for the twit of the lynching of the Antichrist because there were no more funds, that is, that I was out of money, but I was not getting into debt. Well, this proves that what the boss pis told me was a lie, that those computers had no Internet connection. It turns out that my mother's bank password could not be changed, this was decisive in later asking effusively to let me go home to change it.

But the funny thing is that I had asked, with all the impudence, the boss pis, as if it were the most logical thing to let me do it, that they give me an office with their computer to do my campaign to change the world. Of course, I made him see that I was a refugee, and not a prisoner, in the safest place for the Antichrist, a psychiatric hospital. He was silent in the first instance without knowing what to say and, in the next interview, when I insisted, he told me that they were not going to do such a thing, to my feigned bewilderment.

The play with my mother's monster was not planned either. Simply, I wrote poems that I hung on the wall, enabled for it and where there were all kinds of writings from the patients. Some of these poems are published here, on the page “Derribando el Muro ya”. It occurred to me to write to my mother, without posting it on the wall, of course. I exposed her crimes against me and told her that we could no longer live together, that she would commit suicide. I asked the nurses how I could send a letter, and they gave me an envelope with hospital letterhead and postage paid, and to

ask any patient who went out to smoke to put it in the mailbox next to the unit. I put the letter in the envelope, wrote the address, but did not send it, of course.

In an interview with my pis I gave the letter to my mother, and I told him to open it and read it, because I was not going to send it. On the one hand, I did not want my mother to commit suicide, as there would be a police investigation that would complicate things and, on the other, I wanted my mother to also know about Freedom. However, I told her that I couldn't live with her anymore. He offered to mediate the matter, to which I gratefully responded, and indicated that the best solution was for her to move in with my sister. And so it was. The truth is that my mother cannot go live with any of my siblings, since they are married and neither her or his spouses nor they themselves would put up with such a person.

Okay, the whole riot is already assembled. In an interview with my pis he announced that they were going to let me out the following week, I gladly celebrated it, I told him that on Monday... "well, well," he said, "next week, it doesn't have to be the Monday". He told me what I was prepared for, that they were previously going out with a relative, and that he was thinking about my brother. I said, "No, but my brother is not for walking idiots." Of course, these people give the mad to their relatives like an idiot. On the other hand, I did not want to implicate my brother in my escape. My pis fell silent, and the nurse, who was present this time, stifled her laughter.

On Monday I reminded him, he told me that I was awaiting an injection of the medication, one of which lasts for a month, but that they did not have it in the hospital pharmacy, which would arrive the next day. The truth is that I was unhinged and wanting to get out now, so I complained that I had to change my mother's bank password, that all her savings were in danger, "what is this about having a person locked up without power? take care of his

business?" That although the password was in the hands of the police, I did not feel calm. And for him to let me out that afternoon and give me the injection again, making his promise that it was not a neuroleptic, like risperdal or haloperidol, but what they had been giving me in the unit (a placebo).

The fool agreed and, after lunch, I ran off with the keys and the wallet with the documentation, as if I were going to return. I left everything behind, the Antichrist costume, all my writings, including a letter to the magistrate of the mads that I had prepared in case the announcement of my departure was just another trap. When I left, I asked what time to return, to dinner, they told me, and I did not return, of course.

To my amazement, my pis called me the next day upset about my escape. I was very soft, why would I get this fool out of his dream? It was not about winning a battle here, I did not create grudges or revenge intentions. I told him I was not going to inject myself with a placebo or anything. He asked me, puzzled, what was wrong with the problem with my mother. I said, "Ah, that doesn't matter," "Doesn't it matter?" he asked me surprised. Uncle will be silly, how could he think that I was going to put the problem of my life in the hands of a criminal against humanity? This is how it turned out.

I was very careful in the following days, I acted very slowly. I did not say or ask my mother anything, nor did I inform her in the least. I had already understood that this grotesque woman is suicidal, and she would cause my misfortune despite her death in it. She herself, after three or four days, told me where the car was, the police had parked it near my house and told her about it and, almost a month later, she told me that my backpack was on the terrace. She could have left it in my room.

Quickly, in the first two days, I had changed the locks on the door of my house and my room, since the last one had been violated and my keys had been in the hands of the police and the pises, the guardians of faith in God.

For the rest, I organized at some time my new knowledge, the Human Secret, the Mystery of God, the Tantrum and the Pact with Death, the four key points that, together with the experience that those who experience the Great Tribulation also return to the Flock for suicide the planet, as the fool Saint John announced in his Apocalypse,... these four elements, I say, have given me the formula, the play of the Antichrist. I hope it succeeds, it is very possible, because the experience of the nurses tribulating and returning to the Flock did not include the Tantrum or the Mystery of God or the Pact with Death, and Saint John includes in his disgusting Apocalypse the Mystery of God, but not the Tantrum or the Pact. Anyway, with the proposed move and the complete explanation, with a Pact, which is the very origin of the problem, I believe that human beings will not commit the atrocity, the suicide of the planet, that does not make sense. It is true that you will have to have a little patience. Learning to face death is difficult and requires organizing being. Maybe we have time.

As for my situation, some matters should be clarified, but I leave it in abeyance. First, it's more fun this way. Second, they are watching me and setting traps. The pises already know that psychiatry, the non-denominational heir to the Inquisition, cannot with me, now, the police... I prefer that they do not know that I know that they know that I know that they know, because they know that I know that they know that I know that they know that I know And if I told you, they would know that you know that I know that they know that you know that I know. So, you better not know that I know that they know that you know that I know...

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