

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT



JOHN NELLIZZ vs  
THE ALL SEEING  
EYE

JOHN ELLIS



# Johnellizz VS. The All Seeing Eye

An Autobiographical Account

**By John Ellis**

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## CHAPTER ONE

johnellizz had placed the mushroom kit on his pool table. There it could get plenty of sunlight.

In addition to a pool table and a mushroom kit, johnellizz owned a house, a giant television and a vast collection of DVDs and comic books...And yet he had never done much of anything to obtain these treasures. Avoiding stress and hard work was the only talent this thirty-five year old man seemed to possess. Now halfway through life, he had decided to avoid all responsibility...no marriage, no kids, no career, no friends. Life was easy and fun...but *what was it all about?* Really, he wanted to know.

He could play pool all night long in his game room - surrounded by his own handmade illustrations painted on each wall: Sexy Anime girls, screaming devil heads flying through outerspace...and soaring above them all near the ceiling was Taarna - the sexy warrior woman from the film, "*Heavy Metal*". Eating a magic mushroom had given his senses a new appreciation for "*Heavy Metal*". Under the spellbinding influence of the 'shroom, the film came alive with new meaning and depth...And it became 3-D! johnellizz marveled at this new way of watching movies. Mushrooms might be a big part of his future. They made colors glow with a vivid intensity and enhanced every moment of "*Heavy Metal*".

This is why he had ordered another mushroom kit and placed it on his pool table. Soon he would have two jars full of dried psilocybin mushrooms to ingest whenever he wanted to watch his favorite cult movies in glowing 3-D and grok their deepest meanings. johnellizz had never indulged in drugs, alcohol or nicotine. His mind was a self-contained oasis of calm contentment so there was no need to medicate himself to escape from some abyss of emotional pain. He was living a charmed life. Nothing bad could ever happen to him. Mushrooms were just a way to elevate his mind to an even higher level of imagination and adventure. If johnellizz wanted something it would happen for him. If he *didn't* want something it would not happen to him.

Many times he had listened to the radio all night as it played his favorite program, "Coast To Coast AM" while he shot at billiard balls and Anime and cult horror films played on the television mounted in the upper-corner of the game room. The radio program often focused on the marvels available to anyone who experimented with mind-altering drugs. The promises the radio made had enticed Johnellizz - even though an occasional warning was also issued from the radio: "*Nothing is more terrifying than the eye that looks within.*" That strange sentence was mumbled by one of the voices - a 'Coast' guest who would be murdered in a jail cell shortly after daring to make such a bold allusion to the ultra-secretive All Seeing Eye.

These warnings meant nothing to Johnellizz. Life was easy for him. Nothing bad could happen. Nothing bad had ever happened. So he ordered mushroom kits and grew his own supply. Maybe he could discover the hidden secrets of the Universe...As it turned out, he discovered only the fun of watching "Heavy Metal" in psychedelic 3-D. *But what fun it was!* Now it was time to do it again. It had been over a year since he had watched "Heavy Metal" on 'shrooms. He was ready for another experience. Another cult movie classic was selected and he popped a mushroom into his mouth. Time to watch "Walkabout" as the 'shroom turned it into a 3-D movie pulsing with vivid colors and deep layers of hidden meaning...

But not this time. As Johnellizz laid back on his couch he again felt the tremendous excitement of 'blast-off'. His mind seemed to elevate him into a psychic stratosphere of vibrating energy. But this time his smooth lift-off was suddenly interrupted...he was attacked and dragged down onto the rough tarmac of a Reptilian Hell-world. In his mind he saw an endless cascade of snakes. His objectivity was being destroyed as fear and dizziness flooded into his awareness. "*Is this a bad trip, then?*" he wondered. Well, at least they were *pretty* snakes - adorned with incredible geometric patterns as they slithered across the landscape of his inner-mind. There would be no movie-watching this time. Instead, there would be sickness, fear and an overwhelming sense of evil manifested as a relentless 'snake hell' that his mind could not evade. This hell was not merely visions but also sensations like 'shizzle' and 'slither'. It was like touching down on an alien planet devoid of human qualities.



He decided to take it standing up. For hours he stood in one spot in the center of his living room (dying room)...feeling slithering little snakes squirming inside his belly. To make matters even worse, johnellizz happened to be wearing a neon-colored "*Creature From The Black Lagoon*" T-Shirt that looked like a Reptilian - and every time he looked down at his chest he saw the malevolent lizard man glowing with majestic evil. In his mind he saw Marge Simpson suddenly morph into a Medusa with a snake body. No matter what he thought about or visualized it was instantly assimilated into the snake motif.

"*Well, I've got to throw this shit up,*" he thought. Stumbling to the kitchen he jammed a huge wooden spoon as far down his throat as he could until he regurgitated some of the green psycho-active bile. Snakes were now staring directly at him in his mind. Merciless predators who could zero-in and target him for engulfment. ...Were they somehow...*real?*

"*I'll listen to the radio,*" he thought feverishly. "*Maybe that will restore some sanity to my mind.*" It was Christmas Eve and there was a Disney musical program...except that the announcer was saying weird stuff about 'terror' and 'obedience' in between the normal, happy stuff you'd expect to hear. "*What is this?*" thought johnellizz. "*Am I hearing some sort of subliminal level of the broadcast or am I just hallucinating this weird, Satanic speech?*" Then they played a special message from the governor of California, Arnold Schwarzenegger. He sounded just like a demonic, Reptilian-alien Nazi and seemed to issue nefarious threats to the listeners. What the hell?

"**You have no hope.**" The powerful Reptilian superstar bellowed. "**We dominate and you submit forever.**" johnellizz tried other channels...the radio personalities would speak normally...except every now and then they would suddenly say, '*slither!*' Surely this couldn't be real. Must be the bad mushroom. The single most frightening moment of the night came suddenly when johnellizz closed his eyes for a moment...From a deep black void a gigantic 'cosmic serpent' flew right at him! This was clearly a '*serpent god*' of absolute evil and chaos. The head of the hissing serpent was flanked by ancient, Mayan stone architecture heralding it's unholy virtues. From that moment on, johnellizz decided to keep his eyes open at all times. As long as he didn't shut his eyes he didn't see this crazy shit. (He also turned off the radio.)

By dawn the hellish ordeal was subsiding just like it did in many of his beloved horror movies - where the first light of morning always seemed to free the protagonist from the nightmarish power of evil. johnellizz had read that these 'bad trips' only lasted a few hours so he never panicked. It was over and he had escaped from the clutches of a vile, evil power beyond his comprehension. *"I have obtained the knowledge of good and evil,"* he thought. *"Wait until I tell mom about this!"* How many have glimpsed the true nature of evil and survived, he wondered? It was deep insight into a power of pure, destructive malevolence and it was hard to explain.

*"I will never eat those friggin' mushrooms again!"* And yet within a day he had begun to plan on another attempt to experiment with his tantalizing jar of mushrooms. The fear had begun to fade, but his curiosity was growing. *"I took their best shot! They SUCK! johnellizz cannot be defeated!"* His T-Shirt was, once again, merely a movie monster and not a Reptilian snake-demon. His mother arrived and brought him a platter of pork chops. By this time he was hungry again and wolfed them down. In a weak, cracking voice (that spoon had ripped-up his throat) he described the long night of snake hell to his mom. *"The true nature of evil...it's devastating, mom. People have no idea,"* he croaked.

*"I'm worried, Johnny,"* his mom said. *"What happens if you start getting those 'flashbacks?'"*

*"Oh that won't happen,"* said johnellizz dismissively between gulps of pork chop. *"And I'm never doing any drugs ever again."*

## CHAPTER TWO

The soothing glow of his giant screen television enveloped him as johnellizz relaxed on his couch. He did not own a bed and never retired to a bedroom. He didn't have to wear pajamas or set an alarm clock to go to a job. He could watch science fiction and horror movies all night until he lapsed into sublime unconsciousness. His dreams were always fun and full of weird adventures. All his time was free and belonged to him alone. Perhaps he would play 'NFL Fever' all day tomorrow before going out for a refreshing jog along the scenic trail that ran behind his home. The mushroom trip had confirmed that he could always escape from any hidden powers that sought to dominate him. Freedom and happiness were easy for him. Three days after Christmas he was again living a life of carefree frivolity.

But four days after Christmas he began to feel a little strange. Something was creeping toward the edges of his mind: A dreamlike quality was seeping into his reality. It wasn't bad...just really weird. "*Maybe I shouldn't have eaten that pork,*" he mused. "*Isn't there something in the Bible about that?*" He wondered why his mind was dwelling on bizarre religious concepts. The world was becoming more mystical and eerie. If his life were a movie this was when the warped camera shots would have begun. Everything was coming toward him at strange angles. A car broke down right outside of his house. That had never happened in the fifteen years he had resided there. Stealthily, johnellizz listened to the muffled voices of strangers just outside his window as they tried to get the car started in the chilly December air. It was four PM.

By ten PM a large group of strangers had gathered around the car. How could it take so long for them to repair this car or tow it away? He thought from inside his home. And why were there so many of them? He felt very disoriented as he walked slowly toward the mysterious strangers gathered right outside his house in the dark night. "*Do you guys need a light?*" He asked them casually.

"No." One of them said simply and coldly.

Johnellizz turned and walked back inside his house, trying not to lose his balance or allow the feeling of dread to rise up and betray him. He couldn't let the intruders know how spooked he was. Reality was seeping away and a limbo of dread was encroaching. By midnight they were gone at last. Eight hours of strange people hovering around his house in the stark winter coldness? Really? Did this sort of thing really happen? He had read "*The Mothman Prophecies*" and knew that this kind of mysterious interloper was widely reported in Occult happenings. People would see 'utility repairmen', for example...Except the utility company would deny having had any repairmen in the area that night. The mystery interlopers would coincide with bizarre supernatural occurrences happening in the same area.

But they had gone and nothing strange had happened. Johnellizz went to sleep early. Maybe he could sleep-off the strange, dreamlike trance that was growing in his mind. Perhaps he had not escaped after all...

New Year's Eve - seven days since the hellish mushroom trip and Johnellizz was lost in a twilight zone, hoping to recover his sense of well-being as he rested on his L-shaped black, leather couch. He watched television. Maybe the celebrations and parties broadcasted into his living room would finally cheer him up...2004 was just a few hours away. But now a deep and ominous gloom settled over his brain. He looked around the room: Everything was dark...too dark. A despair was overcoming him. Johnellizz had experienced depression as a teenager, but this was somehow much worse. This was suicidal! How could

his own brain betray him like this? He tried shaking it off like a case of fleas. But all his head-shaking couldn't free him. Maybe a shower!

johnellizz washed himself briskly as if the gloom inside his brain could rinse out and swirl down the drain. He *did* feel a little better. He had taken an action and this always produces a feeling of momentary optimism in a weary mind. "*Maybe I'm pulling out of this awful mood,*" he thought as he laid back down on his couch. Thoughts of suicide! Where could that have come from? This was completely alien. Never had johnellizz been flooded with suicidal thoughts in his entire life. Feeling weird, he laid back and tried to relax...Hoping his freshly-scrubbed head had been cleansed of the crazy, hopeless thoughts. Life was totally meaningless...totally meaningless...A void of death now surrounded him on every side. He thought: "*Why am I struggling? Let it end.*"

*But it was only beginning.* Suddenly a bright flash of intense, neon colors struck like lightening inside of johnellizz's head! Just as lightning quickly reveals an entire landscape for a fraction of a second, this inner-lightning revealed something inside of his head: For a brief instant johnellizz saw a large, single EYE looking at him from inside his mind! In this crystal clear moment he could see a kaleidoscope of colors swirling around the single EYE. He also saw the slitted pupil - like some alien Reptilian from another planet.

This was really insane! And totally unfair! johnellizz had not taken any mushroom this time! He had not agreed to this experience. In this moment he made a terrible realization: A 'flashback' (if that was what this was) is infinitely more frightening than a mushroom trip. He had no control! This was not something he had done *to* himself...it was being done *to him*. It was a mind rape! His mind was being invaded by an alien EYE...a slitted alien EYE! He was not dreaming, but he was not truly awake. His gradual descent into the twilight zone had prepared him for this nightmarish communion with The All Seeing Eye. His mind had been rendered weak and a crippling subjectivity overwhelmed him. Fear.

"*Maybe it's gone,*" he hoped. But suddenly there it was again! Flash! The EYE was tuning itself to his brainwaves. Each flash of lightning brought it in more clearly. Until the EYE was a completely real, highly detailed image fixed inside his mind. He thought, "*It looks human now.*" Yes, the bright colors and slitted pupil had been replaced by a human-looking eye that gazed with total objectivity into his very soul. There was no expression in the EYE. It simply observed as a judge might. *Was it a judge?* Was this 'God' and his soul was being scrutinized for all his hidden sins? The EYE was so...powerful. Yes, he thought...this could be God. And I am a bug. God is observing me the way a scientist might study a germ under a microscope. This was a feeling of absolute powerlessness, he realized.

His body felt paralyzed. There was no way to escape this All Seeing Eye. The examination would continue, perhaps forever. A super-intelligence is looking into my soul, he realized. And there is no debate...no discussion. This EYE watches you and learns everything there is to know about you. Meanwhile, you squirm and writhe in perpetual agony! For this is a terror beyond all human imagination. Only insects understand this kind of fear and humiliation. Am I just an insect, then, he wondered? You will learn nothing about this EYE. It feels no need to explain itself to you, he realized. And it never blinked. The EYE only *appeared* human. But it was not. And why did he feel so terribly subjective? Was this part of the EYE's mind-control? Overwhelm the subject with fear and confusion - never give a sucker an even break. Was this EYE's power absolute? Could it even send him to hell if it decided to condemn him?

This EYE looked human now, but he knew what he had seen in that sudden flash of momentary disclosure: It was really an alien Reptilian. He didn't want this telepathic communion and didn't trust it. As johnellizz squirmed and writhed under the gaze of the awesome alien EYE he became aware of a new, horrible condition: Time had been slowed down! Each second seemed to last ten minutes! Within each of these seconds was a wasteland of fear and misery he had to slog through. After several minutes he was exhausted - having dragged himself through the endless bleakness of a thousand wastelands. How could this EYE create such an effect? Clearly it was full of strange and painful surprises.

Finally the image of the EYE began to fade away. The terror and oppression also faded and johnellizz found himself alone again on his couch. It was over. He was free. But where had this 'flashback' come from, he wondered? And *why* did it take the form of an EYE staring into his mind? In fact a *'flashback'* is caused by the metabolic-process by which the body draws upon stored fat cells for surplus energy. Within these stored fat cells remain small deposits of the previously ingested psycho-active substance which can be metabolized days, weeks or even years later. But the EYE? Perhaps merely a mechanism for keeping the poisoned subject awake? *"If the body has identified a poison and doesn't want you to fall asleep and lapse into a coma it might just place the unnerving image of an EYE staring at you to keep you from closing your eyes,"* johnellizz speculated as he walked down the road to clear his head. But as he caught sight of the stars he perceived them in a new and different way: To him the stars looked like the beady, glowering eyes of a bunch of snakes staring furtively down at him. Then he beheld the street ahead of him...it seemed somehow too dark and filled with a dismal gloominess. The meaningless little houses were like large tombstones erected in a giant cemetery. Inside were the dead. The earth

was a world of dead people who shuffled around like zombies - unaware that they were languishing in some kind of purgatory where subliminal Reptilian overlords cruelly deceived and mocked them eternally.

He went back to his own tombstone - the little blue house his mother had given him. He sighed and turned on the television. But the altered perceptions continued television was weirder now. Many channels seemed far more sinister than they had before. There were festive cooking shows where many top chefs were competing in a sporting-like contest to create the most delicious meals...everyone cheered as they carved up the delicate flesh of once living creatures. They even boiled crustaceans alive for the audience's amusement. Suddenly it all seemed wrong to Johnellizz. He began to understand that all this victimization was not merely for entertainment! *It was victimization that made the world go around!* This purgatory was entirely about victims and predators. He turned to another channel...A jolly man was delighting in the mouth-watering cuisines he could sample in many different restaurants on one of those food travelogue shows. He could eat so many types of burgers or ribs prepared with total devotion by the chefs. Johnellizz, however, was noticing weird little details that he never would have noticed before: As one man opened wide to fit a wallop chunk of flesh into his mouth the camera cut to a bystander watching him eat...To Johnellizz it looked as if the bystander had slitted Reptilian eyes! This Reptilian in a human body needed to see the carnivorous man devour the flesh of the animal victim...*This was what allowed the Reptilian to devour the flesh of the man!* *"It's all part of a cycle of life and death"* thought Johnellizz. *"How did I never realize this before?"* He asked himself. *"It's so obvious!"*

He could see that people on earth were choosing to live in a zombie world as mindless flesh-eaters who also choose to be eaten in turn by an even more clever predator - the Reptilians. Yet all of these choices were being made *subconsciously*. This was the genius of the Reptilian predators: They made the choice as easy as possible for their human cattle by staying out of sight...appearing only in their human form as 'masqueraders'. Wolves in sheep's clothing! Was all this insight merely the deranged by-product of a bad mushroom trip, he wondered? No. No it was all just too clear, too self-evident. What was amazing was the delusion he had lived under all his life until now! How had he ever accepted the 'official story' he was force-fed about how 'normal' and 'happy' life on earth was? That was horse-shit shoveled out by these Reptilian masqueraders and this big-ass snake God they served. *"We tend to accept the reality we're presented with."* Except now he had been given some strange gift of X-ray vision...He saw *through* the world-deception with ease!

## CHAPTER THREE

Miles to cover...an endless journey on a ten-speed bike as the wind blew through his long, dark blonde hair. He glided silently through a lush, green countryside until he arrived at a gleaming, state-of-the-art elementary school. Children went to this place - maybe his own nieces and nephews. It was totally real. Then Johnellizz woke up. He was back in his living room again. What a vivid dream, he thought. It was the morning after his flashback. He stumbled toward the kitchen but he could only eat a couple of bites of food. Then it hit him like a tidal wave: *"I'm thirty-five years old!"* He screamed inside his mind. Half his life was gone. Death was closer everyday...closer. This made him panic - something he had never experienced. Panic and anxiety suddenly overwhelmed him. His new level of awareness had focused on his mortality and the unknown terrors that awaited him after death. He struggled and staggered back to the couch as the dizziness induced vertigo. Now the horror of what was happening became obvious: The EYE was back! Again Johnellizz gasped for every breath as the powerful EYE pinned him down onto the couch to resume its merciless examination of his pathetic soul.

Again the subjectivity reduced his mind to something like an incoherent, mumbling drunkard. The EYE did not care about his distress or fear. It simply gazed with total objectivity into his life and memories. *A swirling miasma of long-forgotten people, places and events were being churned-up into his consciousness. A bittersweet nostalgia and deep melancholy accompanied this mental excavation process.* *"You! You take my life, my memories, my soul and stick it up there on that screen! You're part of a nightmare THIS nightmare. All this...I know it's only in my own mind!"* Everything slowed down to a crawl as it had last night and each second contained a new wasteland of pain and confusion. But now there was something else: A new form of attack had begun in his mind...Or was it someone else? Johnellizz perceived a presence...some invisible being had snuck into his head as he writhed and moaned in pain. He felt a bizarre sensation of pressure in the center of his brain - an invisible being was pushing from inside there. Johnellizz now felt as if his own inner-being was getting pushed out! He was apparently the 'controller' of his brain and inhabited it...but now someone else wanted to occupy this 'control room'.

*"Oh my god, this is so fucking crazy!"* Johnellizz cried. What would happen to him if this invisible creature got what it wanted? Would he lose possession of his own body? If so, where would he find himself? He became convinced that this process would result in his total annihilation! He



was struggling for the very right to exist at all! *"I'm not going anywhere!"* He growled. Listening to himself surprised him. He sounded like a demonic entity from an "Exorcist" movie vowing never to relinquish the body he inhabited. But that wasn't the case! This was *his body!* This motherfucking EYE had no right to invade his mind and evict him from *his own body!* *"C'mon, you bitch!"* He challenged the EYE. *"What have you got? You've got nothing!"* The intensity of the inner-wrestling match increased. Every second seemed to last an hour as johnellizz grappled with the invisible opponent - which seemed to have an inexhaustible supply of energy. How could he possibly survive, he now wondered?

*"I've been hustled,"* he realized. *"All the guests on the radio...all the articles I read about the wonders and insights that mushrooms and LSD could bring. It was all a damn hustle!"* Anger flared up inside of johnellizz. Now he knew that these 'experts' and proponents of psychedelic experience were really possessed people who wanted to trick others into using these drugs so they could become possessed as well. No wonder it had been so easy for him to obtain the mushroom kits. This network of possessed 'meat puppets' must be everywhere! Always trying to recruit new slaves under the watchful control of this telepathic EYE and it's invisible infiltrator. And the worst part was that by the time you realized you'd been tricked it was too late!

*"Too late for everyone but johnellizz,"* he now decided. johnellizz was special. Somehow he just felt that this was true. Nothing could ever truly defeat him. He started to enjoy the futility of the invisible creature...His anguished moans gradually became laughter! johnellizz now laughed at the invader and knew it could not push him out of his mind and body. This laughter was, perhaps, intolerable to the EYE - which faded away for the second time. Free once again!

johnellizz felt exhilarated. *"I'm fucking Zaphod Beeblebrox,"* he quipped inside his mind. *"I short-circuited the Total Perspective Vortex!"* All his anxieties faded away and he felt completely normal for the first time in days. He could eat, didn't stumble

across the room or fear death. In the early evening his mother came by and drove him to Wal-Mart. johnellizz said nothing about his flashbacks. It would only worry his mom to know about this scary ordeal. Besides, it was probably all over with. The EYE had given up, he assumed. At Wal-Mart he bought recordable DVDs so he could build-up his already very large collection of movies and television shows by recording new ones off the cable channels. He also had to transfer some of his remaining VHS tapes onto DVDs. This trivial pursuit was his main hobby in Life. He hoped he could get back to it with no more interference from Life's hidden Occult powers.

## CHAPTER FOUR

His mom dropped him off back at his home at about 8 PM. It was New Year's Day and there was stuff to watch on TV. He felt so confident now. He decided to dare the EYE: "C'mon," he mocked. *"You're a better parasite than that. You haven't given up...have you?"* At this point johnellizz had no idea if any of this was real. It seemed very real. Was this just a metabolization-process that produced bizarre side effects? Or was he *actually* the sole-survivor of an unfathomable supernatural power that assimilated entire populations of unsuspecting victims? He considered the dollar bill...It had the EYE on it. This EYE controlled the whole fucking government? Or maybe those rich assholes just did too many drugs and *imagined* that this EYE had possessed them? johnellizz tried to dismiss these thoughts as he watched TV on his giant screen.

There was a safari-type program...johnellizz observed two adventurers drive around Africa in a jeep. This was interesting. The two guys sat in the jeep and watched as a baby elephant came under attack from some vicious lions. The other elephants ran away and left the baby to fight for its life all alone. The poor little elephant fought valiantly and won the respect of the two men in the jeep. *"Good fight!"* They exclaimed as they watched the baby being dragged down to its violent death. johnellizz became ill. How could these men watch this poor creature being eaten alive and not help, he asked? It seemed impossible - as if they had no souls. Watching the innocent baby elephant get mauled became too much for his mind to deal with. johnellizz was suddenly back in the abyss of despair as the illusion of normalcy crumbled around him. He was immediately dragged once again into the 'tomb world' of The All Seeing Eye!

*"And like a detective that had been watching from around the corner and now moved in to make the arrest"*, the EYE abruptly flashed yet again into johnellizz' mind. By now he knew that he would need to lie down on the couch unless he wanted to stagger and stumble. He accepted the new challenge from the EYE. It was going to try again! johnellizz now regretted his decision to taunt the All Seeing Eye. Had he mocked The Almighty One? Was God Himself appearing in his mind as a single EYE? How many times was this going to happen? This new attack came on with fresh intensity...The invisible creature was trying very hard now. No matter. johnellizz had already discovered that he could remain inside the 'control room' of his mind. The EYE could play its games and expose his every hidden sin and weakness as it gazed impassively down upon his damned soul. But the truth was that johnellizz had no horrible hidden evil lurking inside of him. It was as if this was how he was *supposed* to perceive himself and finally relent - allowing the EYE to take control and replace him with this other invisible spirit.

johnellizz had always doubted the religious concept. He remembered his childhood when he had first observed the arcane symbol of the EYE on the dollar bill: *"In God We Trust"* it had declared on the money he spent on candy and toys. But he never once had his young mind considered this EYE to be his 'god'. So *what* if the weirdos in the

government worshiped an EYE? These ass-clowns ALSO started wars and exploited poor folks! Their 'god' was no authority on goodness or compassion.

"*Want to visit the President?*" johnellizz' dad had asked him when he was four years old. "*No, John, no!*" johnellizz had pitifully pleaded with his alcoholic father. ('*John*' was never around after the divorce, so young johnellizz never called him 'dad'.) John's plumbing van drove past the White House and returned safely to Arlington, Virginia - the childhood home of johnellizz. Even at the age of four johnellizz had somehow understood that the President must be some kind of cruel, evil beast. To attain such power in *this* world you would *have* to be a monster hiding in the form of a man. No. No, johnellizz would NOT meet the President. His father might as well have asked him to visit Dracula in his castle!

'*John*' soon disappeared from his childhood and johnellizz' mother had to raise him by herself. She was completely devoid of religious impulses...but she enjoyed socializing in church. So johnellizz was forced to occasionally attend Sunday schools. This was a bizarre and disturbing form of child abuse, he quickly discovered. These places were brainwashing children everywhere to accept a mysterious '*spirit*' inside of their bodies. if they refused they were threatened with cruel tortures that would be inflicted on them forever and forever! What the hell was *this* crap? johnellizz saw some of these kids actually being possessed! It was very weird and...wrong. These little kids would cry and convulse as grown-ups held them down and told them not to fight what was happening to them. johnellizz never returned to this house of horror.

Now he had been tricked into the same situation decades later! The EYE-god of these possessed weirdos wanted *his* body know. And he had been stupid enough to eat those friggin' 'shrooms and let it get into his head. johnellizz was not frightened anymore, though. The EYE gave up for a third time and vanished from his mind.

The next morning he felt more objective and totally free of fear. His sleep and dreams had been uneventful. johnellizz entered his bedroom that he never slept in and approached his bookshelf. Now he intended to re-read "*The Illuminatus Trilogy*" of Robert Anton Wilson. Perhaps this deeply occult book might help him understand the insane experiences he was going through. johnellizz had completely abandoned all plans to ever try mushrooms again. He knew with certainty that all such drugs were a horrible deception from the EYE and it's invisible agent that could sneak into a human mind and take possession. To his amazement the book admitted that this was completely true! But everything in the book was put forth as wildly imaginative fiction! Eventually johnellizz would come to realize that this was how the total conspiracy disclosed itself: Agents of the EYE (meat puppets) would constantly put the truth before our eyes by presenting it as an endless stream of '*fictions*' constantly being introduced into popular culture. Books, movies, comics, videogames and TV shows were loaded with real admissions and confessions from the demonic EYE - which allowed its legions of meat-puppets to produce all of our mass-entertainment. Here is what the book stated:

*"The first humans were contacted by the serpent people of Valusia - who brought fruits with strange powers. These fruits would be called psychedelics*

*today. They opened the eater to invasion by the Lloigor...The eaters became enslaved. Lloigor feed on human sacrifices."*

## CHAPTER FIVE

After reading for a few hours johnellizz began to feel the symptoms of All Seeing Eye attack coming on again. He decided to remain in his bedroom for this particular round of psychic combat...which he assumed was going to last all afternoon. He laid on his bedroom couch (there were no beds in his home at all) and let the subjectivity begin to flood his consciousness...To his surprise the experience was totally different this time. The harsh, implacable EYE of judgement did not flash into his mind at all. Instead, he saw a different EYE! The new EYE was softer, more compassionate. It was even pretty! This new EYE was so much less intimidating that he could close his eyes and let himself stare at it for long periods of time. He could not believe how crystal clear and totally real the EYE looked - even though it was just an image existing only in his mind. He felt calm. This EYE was sympathetic and human. Eventually he became convinced it was his own EYE. This confused him.

*"How can you possibly stare at your own eye without a mirror?"* He marveled. He was not looking into a mirror...he was simply closing his eyes to view his own eye looking back at him. Despite the confusion, he never felt any harsh or painful sensations during this entire episode. But he had no idea what to make of it. This was the last time he would have the experience. Finally the EYE was a memory. johnellizz had survived three days of this without seeking help or even letting his mother know what was happening. He went for a long walk and came home for a peaceful night of gentle sleep.

But it was naive of johnellizz to hope that his suffering had ended. The weeks and months ahead would be the worst time of his life. Yes, the EYE was gone...But somehow his brain had been damaged. Or was it his psyche that had been so severely traumatized that it *resembled* brain damage? He phoned a college professor to ask about the negative effects of eating a bad psilocybin mushroom. *"No. The mushroom couldn't have damaged your brain,"* said the professor. *"Just drink lots of water and try to process the inner-conflicts the experience has exposed in your subconscious."*

But johnellizz found it hard to believe that the incredible subjectivity and dizziness that still snuck up on him was merely psychological. He started drinking insane amounts of water to flush all the psycho-activity out of his body. He tried scrubbing the strange, new consciousness out by showering constantly. He stared at himself in the bathroom mirror and felt the alarming sensation that someone else was in there with him! Everything he saw was sharper...clearer.

He could notice a thousand little details about his face. **Whose eyes was he using?** Had the entity gotten inside of him for good? Was this super-acute perception the entity dwelling *within him*? This was freaking him out! Now he almost began to hear a voice inside his head...but not quite. The thoughts appearing in his mind almost seemed like the voice of the indwelling entity. This foreign thought-process haunted johnellizz. Was it real or merely imaginary? The ghostly thoughts would persistently remind johnellizz of how selfish he was. *"Why do you insist on seeing to your own comfort?"* The ghost would ask him. *"This is a world of suffering. You could spend your time alleviating the suffering of others, you know."*

johnellizz found himself placating the ghost: *"Alright, alright. I'm gonna do a lot better. Just give me time to recover from my ordeal. I'm gonna make some changes and live a less selfish life, I promise."*

johnellizz decided to take an action that he hoped would make him feel better: Stumbling dizzily to his jars of mushrooms he grabbed them and purposefully headed to the kitchen where he kept the bleach. He poured bleach into both jars of mushrooms as he thought, *"Die, die my little darlings!"* The bleach seemed to produce horrible death-squeals from the mushrooms! At least this was how his damaged, subjective mind heard it. Certainly there was a weird sound coming from the jars. Now he left the house and carried the two jars a mile in the darkness...He dumped them behind K-Mart in a dumpster. heading back home he thought, *"This is the first day of the rest of my life. Day one of a johnellizz forever free from the incredible terrors of psychedelic drugs."* It did make him feel good to know that the poisonous mushrooms were gone forever and couldn't harm anybody anymore.

But in his dream-like state of subjectivity he feared that his decision to murder the 'shrooms might be held against him by the hidden, higher power that was always watching him.

*"What will my life be like a month from now?"* He asked himself. *"Will I be the old me again or will I have killed myself to get this thing out of me?"* He could see it going either way. johnellizz had no idea what to expect next. And although there was no more EYE staring into his soul, he could still see random colors and shapes floating around in his mind whenever he shut his eyes. And the ghost was always shaming him. Shame was now a physical feeling of discomfort that could suddenly electrocute his body. *"Hot, wet shame."* It was as if the current of shame was being used to condition him. he needed to control his thoughts to avoid triggering this intensely uncomfortable 'shame-shock'. *"Think less selfishly,"* he thought. *"Think less selfishly. Think less selfishly."*

The next morning he decided that vigorous exercise was the best way to clear his head. Maybe he could sweat some of the psycho-activity out through his pores. It was a weird jog. The ghost was along for the excursion, it seemed. The incredibly weird feeling that someone else was with him must have distracted johnellizz - for he stepped off the curb and twisted his left ankle severely. He writhed on the ground in sudden agony...the excruciating pain of his sprained ankle now filled him with an optimistic hope: *"Maybe this entity can't stand physical pain,"* he speculated as he groaned in torment. *"Perhaps the ghostly being will flee from my mind and leave me alone rather than endure this intense injury I've suffered."*

He limped home to find that he had no ice cubes in his freezer. He awkwardly perched himself atop his kitchen counter and ran ice-cold water on his swollen ankle instead. Now his mother arrived to the shock of johnellizz roosting on his kitchen counter-top. He still couldn't bring himself to admit that the after-effects of the mushroom trip were kicking his ass...so he said nothing about it. instead he simply asked his mom to run to the grocery store for some ice and some snacks. He was going to be stuck on the couch for a few days and planned to get a lot of reading done.



## CHAPTER SIX

As Johnellizz read he became aware of the total information black-out that seemed to exist regarding the All Seeing Eye. There was *absolutely nothing* about the true nature of the EYE: its telepathic power to invade human minds, its invisible entity that took possession of the body, or its direct connection to psychedelic drugs. Instead everyone ignored all this and portrayed the All Seeing Eye as a mere symbol. Yet millions of people seemed to understand what this symbol *really* was and placed it everywhere without ever explaining it. Johnellizz began to realize that the EYE *did not want to be understood*. It would allow its meat puppets to allude to it in a symbolic way...but they must *never* explain what it really was to the uninitiated (meaning the un-possessed).

Finally he recovered enough to limp to the Kroger grocery store near his house. In the store he discovered that it was impossible to focus on the simple task of gathering his favorite foods. Instead, his ghost companion was constantly redirecting his attention toward the suffering of other shoppers. For example, if an old person shuffled by his mind was suddenly flooded with deep sadness and sympathy for the silent hardships and loneliness the old shoppers must be experiencing. Being old was a real cross to bare, he now realized. Now he saw a mildly disabled shopper using a cane...but the ghost-mind was filled with despair as it witnessed the infirmity of the slightly disabled shopper! No matter who he passed in the aisles his mind was instantly focused on their pain, loneliness and isolation. The grocery store was now a sad purgatory where lost souls shambled through the lonely corridors of pain and disease. It was as if Johnellizz had become Jesus Christ and could feel all the suffering in the world. His mind shared the sadness and hopelessness of their futile insect lives...he had no power to change this desolate wasteland place...he could only sympathize.

Now each morning he would awaken in his living room to discover that he could not move. He wanted to lay perfectly still and avoid all motion and activity. A petrifying awareness of his mortality was suffocating him with irrational fear. Finally he would drag himself to the kitchen and force a small bite of food down before beginning the thousand mile journey back to the couch. He could not watch the disorienting TV screen with its flashes and colors and noise. I'm

getting worse not better, he realized. At least this was great for his weight - which was dropping fast. That was okay since he was always too heavy. He had gone from 225 to 206 in the last week. It was time to walk across town to see if his mother could help. On an overcast day he knocked on her door.

*"Mom, I'm really having trouble. It was that mushroom trip I mentioned back on Christmas. It did something to my mind and I'm having some kind of nervous breakdown."* johnellizz wanted

sympathy and concern...but his mom was surprisingly dismissive and seemed to think he was over-reacting. But she agreed to drive him to the emergency room of the hospital - where johnellizz would discover the harsh fact about brain damage: There is nothing anyone can do! A fried brain cannot be repaired or replaced. He was stuck with his horribly wounded brain...perhaps forever. Would it get so bad he would need a straight-jacket? The doctor did have one idea: A substance known as Ativan. It could be addictive but when used sparingly it could eliminate panic attacks. As johnellizz approached the pharmacy he took note of an eerie synchronicity: The 'P' in 'Pharmacy' was unlit

in the sign and this made it read, 'Harmacy'. *"Harmacy?"* johnellizz found this very disturbing. His damaged mind instantly took note of weird little things like that and obsessed over their ominous, hidden meanings. Now he looked at his bottle of Ativan...The pharmacist's name on the label was Baccus

- like the god of wine and intoxication. *What...The...Fuck?* This was *not* good.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Ativan provided instant relief from the hellish anxiety that had totally crippled johnellizz. Now he could watch TV sometimes. It was truly amazing that a person could be in hell one minute and then pop an Ativan to suddenly find themselves in a serene oasis of contented happiness. johnellizz wished he could always feel so blissfully unaware of suffering and fear. Ativan was a magic balm that beamed him up from hell and onto a sane, calm starship of smug, smarmy satisfaction.

While watching television one day he saw an amazing reference to the All Seeing Eye: A christian channel was running a cartoon about the garden of Eden. Adam and Eve were talking to God - who was represented as a single EYE floating above them in a cloud! (The EYE was condemning the naughty pair, of course.) *"Damn,"* thought johnellizz. *"So how do these animators and writers know about this?"* Obviously they were Occult insiders, he reasoned. Meat puppets who served the EYE.

Then one gloomy midnight johnellizz was watching a preacher on TV describe the process of accepting the Holy Ghost...It was strangely accurate to johnellizz' ordeal as the preacher mentioned how 'Godly sorrow' would flood into your mind as you saw the earth from God's perspective. Then the preacher said, *"You can't hide your true self from God! His EYE looks into you and sees all your hidden sin!"* This astonished johnellizz. Here was a christian describing the experience of the All Seeing Eye - but only in a vague, hint-dropping manner. *"Why can't this asshole just explain exactly what he's talking about?"* johnellizz wondered. *"Why are all these people so damn secretive?"*

The preacher continued but suddenly johnellizz felt alarmed...the 'ghost' was present! johnellizz had not felt the presence of this 'holy ghost' for a while now. He had hoped it was gone. But the preacher talking about the All Seeing Eye had somehow triggered the ghost to make its presence felt in the room around him! *"On, no!"* He panicked. *"No! No! No!"* johnellizz leaped like an Olympic athlete off his couch and sprinted toward the

medicine cabinet where he kept the Ativan - for only the power of Ativan could repel this ghost! He quickly gulped on of the pills before it was too late...before the ghost could get inside him.

He relaxed...everything would be okay. The EYE and the ghost...they could only work through fear and in Ativan there could be *no fear*. But how long could johnellizz use such an addictive drug? Not for long, he knew. His mother took him to a low-income medical clinic where a new plan was devised to treat his anxiety: He would transition to Zoloft, a serotonin re-uptake inhibitor. It was non-addictive. But this '*yuppie drug*' was an expensive medication for a peasant like johnellizz. He had to wait two weeks for the paperwork to process that paid for the cost of the Zoloft. During this time he would have to rely on Ativan. While in the medical clinic he had saved the life of a single wasp: The psychiatrist lady was about to crush the unfortunate insect...but johnellizz now had unlimited sympathy for all living things...He daringly scooped up the wasp and ushered it to freedom out the back door of the clinic! Watching the tiny creature buzz away into the warm, blue sky filled his mind with a sweet optimism.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

It was mid-January and johnellizz needed to survive for two whole weeks without Zoloff. During this time he discovered something that astounded him: He was now two different people! johnellizz would awaken every day and soon he would feel and hear a loud squirting noise in his neck...this loud squirt would travel up into the base of his skull and within minutes he would begin to experience horrible panic and fear! For the next eight hours of each day he would be in hell (unless he took an Ativan - which he usually didn't do since it was so addictive). These grueling eight-hour panic attacks reduced him to a mumbling, incoherent mental vegetable obsessed with morbid religious fears. And yet when this attack subsided he would become a *totally different person*. As the evenings began johnellizz started laughing and joking - becoming totally indifferent to all the world's suffering and tragedy. This personality flip happened like clockwork and he began planning his nights around it. No matter how much misery and 'godly sorrow' he endured during the day he knew he would become a gleeful joker by nightfall. He could pig-out while watching sadistically violent movies all night long on his glorious big screen.

He wondered if this had something to do with his two brain hemispheres becoming de-synchronized. He started reading library books about the human brain. Could this knowledge help him to heal his own brain? Among other thing, he learned that by eating blueberries, almonds, spinach and fish oil he could supply his brain with all the critical nutrients it needed to repair itself. To re-train his brain for optimism he slept with all the lights on in his house and listened to Mozart. When despairing thoughts began to crush him he quickly headed for the door and embarked on a brisk, long walk or a jog on the trail behind his home. During this time he exercised constantly. If he wasn't moving he was dying, he thought. The EYE had reprogrammed his brain with such oppressive negativity that he had no choice but to deliberately reprogram himself for optimism. He used mantras to slow-down his racing thoughts before they could induce a panic attack. "*I Am Me, I Am Free,*" He would repeat over and over again as he exercised. He was not a meat-puppet but was himself. And he *would* be free!

The brain books explained why his mind had become filled with so many fears: It seemed a healthy brain has a discriminator circuit that can easily distinguish between inner-subjective fantasy thoughts and outer-objective thoughts about reality. But a damaged brain loses this ability and assigns equal importance to every thought! This means that any random, ridiculous idea become totally real and you cannot dismiss these crazy thoughts. johnellizz also discovered that his overly subjective mind made reading fiction feel incredibly intense and scary - like emotional 3-D. Stephen King's "Dark Tower" books and Philip K. Dick's "Do Androids Dream Of Electric Sheep?" became so real in his mind. He got lost inside their vast, interior landscapes of grim adventure and pathos as he munched 'Three-Cheese Doritos' incessantly. He thought to himself, *'It would be nice to turn this off and on...just become subjective while I'm reading a novel and then switch myself back to objectivity after I'm done.'* But, of course, it didn't work like that.

At last johnellizz was able to afford Zoloft and began taking it on a Friday before the Super Bowl. He was really looking forward to the big game between the Patriots and the Panthers since he had been to sick and disoriented to watch any football for over a month. But in a cruel irony he now discovered that Zoloft required about a week of usage before it started to work its magic...And he had no more Ativan! johnellizz tried to watch the Super Bowl but his hellish anxiety prevented him from paying any attention to the game. The whole weekend was a horrible nightmare as terror engulfed him and it was the first Super Bowl he missed in decades. He remembered one thing about the game: During a commercial he watched as two cheerful women on the TV sang and danced around at a gas station as they filled their tank. Then they hopped into the car and speed-off into a vast, desert highway as the sun was setting and night was encroaching. This freaked johnellizz out terribly, for some reason. In his feverish mind he thought: *"No! Don't drive out there, girls! It's a dark purgatory filled with merciless alien predators! How can*

*you sing and frolic like two fools as you drive straight into the jaws of Hell?"*

One night shortly after johnellizz had begun his Zoloff he laid on his couch dreaming of a giant. The giant stumbled and fell over a rock which sliced off his big toe as he crashed thunderously to the Earth. But as the giant looked down to inspect his injured foot he saw a tiny snake nipping at his heel! At this moment johnellizz woke up and felt terribly disturbed by the odd, seemingly symbolic dream. And suddenly his mind was invaded in an extremely aggressive manner by the All Seeing Eye! "Oh, No!" He thought in terror. *"It's back again and now it's got me for good!"* Except that this time the EYE appeared in the center of a glowing, electronic matrix of perfectly geometric designs and pixels as if it were the "Tron" Master Control Program of his enslaved techno-brain. johnellizz also heard a deafening electronic squeal reverberate through his head. *"That little snake that bit me when I was the giant,"* he thought, *"put this venom into me and now the EYE has finally WON! Oh, God! I'm being assimilated!"*

He flew up from his couch in an uncontrollable panic and quickly headed for the door and the chilly February night air. The EYE vision had already disappeared from his mind. As he walked up the road toward town he thought, *"Could it have been a dream? Maybe I overreacted."* As johnellizz walked around the quiet, almost empty streets of the town he realized that he could not feel his face. It had gone completely numb! Later he learned that when a person is in 'fight or flight' mode and is truly afraid for their life all the blood in their body rushes to their legs so they can escape. This lack of blood supply to his face had made it go numb! *"Fuck this Zoloff,"* johnellizz said to himself. *"There's no way I'm taking it ever again. Look what it did! I've never had such a weird dream before...and then it opened my mind to All Seeing Eye invasion!"* He wasn't really sure that his mind had been invaded, though. The EYE had vanished as soon as he leaped from the couch

as if it had only been a dream. Still, he knew that he would never risk using Zoloff again.

The next day johnellizz found himself living out a real-life "Twilight Zone" episode he had once seen: In the episode a man was afraid to fall asleep because every time he did he went to a bizarre carnival world where a predatory being tried to eat his soul. The being disguised itself as a woman named 'Maya'. The man forced himself to stay awake to avoid his doom. johnellizz tried to sleep...but every time he nodded off he felt the same other-worldly carnival about to engulf him - except that the Being would be disguised as 'Jesus', he feared. And 'Jesus' would devour him - turning him into a mindless, robotic christian. *"If I go to sleep...whatever wakes up won't be me anymore," he thought in dread. "I'll have been replaced!"* It also reminded him of "Invasion Of The Body Snatchers".

Finally he got his mom to drive him to the low-income medical clinic to see if they could help. Along the way he did something he had never done: He took two Ativans. johnellizz was desperate and wanted to see what a double dose of this miraculous substance could do. As the effect of the Ativan took hold johnellizz marveled...How it transformed his mind! This was a form of consciousness he had never quite experienced before in his life! *"My mind is totally free from all anxiety and worry. It's like a smooth, creamy form of consciousness,"* he thought as he enjoyed the strange sensation. *"If only my mind could be this way all the time."* Nobody at the medical clinic had any idea how to help but johnellizz was feeling so sublime and secure that it didn't matter at all. The Ativan had resolved the crisis. There would be no carnival of religious predators awaiting him in his dreams anymore.



## CHAPTER NINE

Now halfway through February, johnellizz had gone off all drugs. The *Tron EYE* had convinced him that any drugs could open his mind to a mental invasion. This was an easy decision because of his natural disinterest in drugs (which he assumed he had inherited from his mother, who had also never shown the slightest interest in drinking, drugs or smoking). He continued to discover natural alternatives such as eating really hot peppers to focus his mind on the burning sensations on his tongue and away from his anxieties and fears. He felt he was slowly making a recovery. "*Even if this takes a year, I'm going to completely heal my brain.*"

Sometimes he would have doubts...Once he was driving his mother's car when the whole world ahead of him suddenly rippled and warped! *What had just happened?* The entire landscape had suddenly undulated. He didn't mention this to his mom sitting in the passenger seat. Then there was the *shizzle*. Sometimes his brain began to shizzle as if someone had injected acid directly into it with a needle. This was uncomfortable and could last for hours. Once it was so painful that it felt like a form of torment from Hell. He tried to watch "*Star Trek*" to take his mind off it. As best he could he would ignore the feeling that his brain was being deep-fried. "*Is this some kind of punishment from the EYE,*" he speculated? No matter. He could always outlast the shizzle and eventually it went away for good. House cleaning chores could be tricky. Suddenly a wave of dizziness could send him *stumbling* around as he tried to sweep the floor.

The weirdest fear that remained was '*synchronicity*'. Somehow his brain was always associating unconnected events...They often defied logic and seemed connected in impossible ways that frightened him. Birds and snakes were major themes of this. If he saw a snake on TV he would turn to another random channel and *there would be a bird!* It would happen this way over and over. He knew from reading that the snake was the symbol of Earthly existence and the *Will To Survive*. The bird was symbolic of the Will to fly away from the temptations of the Earth and ascend to '*heaven*' or a more evolved level of existence. He remembered the movie "*Birdy*" that had shown a scene of a snake coiled around a bird so it could not

fly away to its freedom. Is that what earth life is, he wondered? Are we like birds being encoiled by the Reptilians? Could we escape?

*"Your life is really yours to do with as you please. You can choose to escape if you want, but you may never be able to return. don't let anyone decide for you."* (That message had been delivered by the Reptilians in the movie, *"The Exorcist"*. It had been surreptitiously slipped into the movie as an announcement playing on a radio.) Not just movies, but also certain songs seemed to contain strange Occult messages, it now seemed to johnellizz. He was convinced that the 'Crowded House' song, *"Don't Dream It's Over"* was really all about the way the Reptilians control us and prevent our escape. *"They come to build a wall between us."*

*"Mom, do you think I'm going to Hell?"* johnellizz asked his mother in a choked voice in the quiet of early dawn. She couldn't offer much reassurance. *"I think if you try to be a good person who loves others than God sees that and that's all that matters."* She said. The fear of going to Hell was super-intense for johnellizz during these early months after seeing the EYE's impassive and withering gaze. All this misery and grimness had convinced him of one thing: He would never have children. Being a logical person, he had already decided not to - even before this crazy EYE and Reptilian stuff. But this stuff erased *any doubt* in his mind...It just made no sense to drag anybody else into the world he now wished to escape from: The world of human slaves and Reptilian overlords and bizarre telepathic EYES. By March johnellizz knew he was going to make a total recovery. He was having more good days than bad ones and the ratio was always headed in the right direction. He was destined to escape from The All Seeing Eye...Had many people ever done so? He doubted it.

The Harlem Globetrotters were playing a game at the local arena and family members invited johnellizz to attend the event. He was feeling great as he took in the spectacle...Thousands and thousands of people just laughing and having fun. It was jam-packed and full of happy life, *this arena*. But then a sudden insight flooded into the mind of johnellizz: All of them are already dead. Dead and gone forever. It was terribly sad. Every person in the arena - even the giggling, *radiant children* - were already gone. Their

lives were just ephemeral. From the EYE's perspective this tiny sliver of time in which they lived had already transpired. The arena was a tomb and these were dead people! They had no true life inside of them that could last. But johnellizz realized that his own life would never end. Was this perception real or just something he imagined? Had the EYE given him this final, gloomy insight before finally leaving him alone? Do most people live only once for a brief flicker of an instant while a few go on and on?

## CHAPTER TEN

johnellizz walked past the church...it was now the year 2013 and his mother had recently passed away. For the last four years of her life she had been unable to move the left side of her body after suffering a massive stroke. She had become the baby that needed *her* diapers changed and johnellizz had changed them, just as she had done for him forty years earlier. He remembered the last time he had ever spoken to her as a whole, healthy person before she became bed-ridden...they had met in the parking lot of this same church on that day. "*Mom, I found eight cartons of Krispy Kreme doughnuts in the Food City dumpster,*" johnellizz announced. "*You can have some, too. But I need a little money to buy some milk to wash them down with.*"

His mother had refused. johnellizz would get no milk to wash down his *Krispy Kreme* doughnuts with. That was four years ago and now she was dead as he walked by the same church. He glanced down...there was something on the curb: A crisp, five dollar bill! I've been out walking for years, he thought as he picked-up the five bucks. Never have I come across this much money just laying there in front of me. "*Could this have been my mother,*" he asked himself? Was she somehow giving him his requested '*milk money*' from beyond this world? "*To find this money in the same parking lot,*" his mind staggered...it seemed beyond coincidence to johnellizz.

By this time the Reptilians had been making strange references to johnellizz in movies. (In one film, "*Carrie*", the actress Chloe Moretz is shown with a replica of johnellizz' own hand scar placed with *perfect precision* on her right hand to match exactly where the scar was on johnellizz' own right hand. The actress says, "*To the Devil*" in this scene just before she displays the scar.) johnellizz had been making highly accurate videos showing how Hollywood's actors shapeshifted their Reptilian eyes in brief, subliminal moments as part of their subtle disclosure method of informing humans about the true situation. His videos were surrounded on YouTube by completely fake shapeshift videos intended to obscure his efforts by camouflaging them among every imaginable variety of silly, fake shapeshifting. He had also been making videos exposing the bizarre Hollywood agenda to promote cold-blooded, judgmental murder as some kind of a heroic virtue. "*They come to build a wall between us.*" Yes, apparently the Reptilians wished to separate humans from love and compassion by using their movie industry as propaganda for instilling

murderous hatred into the minds of potential escapees. They didn't seem to like what johnellizz was doing and wanted to threaten him with the punishments of Hell. No matter. johnellizz had long ago defeated the All Seeing Eye and completely overcome all such fears. His investigations would continue...

***THE END?***

## SHAPESHIFTING BASICS

\*Shapeshifts are done in one eye (almost never in both eyes simultaneously) at a distance from the camera.

\*Speed is also used to make the shapeshift subliminal. The combination of speed and distance prevents the conscious mind from perceiving shapeshifts.

\*The intelligence that produces the shapeshifts can perfectly calculate all the factors (such as speed, distance and lighting) to display the shapeshift in a subliminal manner.

\*Humans can only perceive the phenomenon by using the DVD functions of zoom and frame-by-frame to isolate these fleeting, subliminal moments.

\*All of the actors we see in movies and TV display these shapeshifts.

\*It is easy to predict when shapeshifts will occur by analyzing the psychological motives occurring on-screen. Shapeshifts are not random but are used to subliminally enhance the actor's performance.

\*The main motives include: Homicidal intent / Deception / Guilt / Posing as an imposter.