

The Biological Abandonment

Part One

Part One - My Notebook

They set up D, R and P housing to collect the last of the artists and communal psychics. We went through a time not far from now called the Reformation of Nature. Thirty-three years from now, the whole civilization would wake up one morning with a tattoo. 117 different ones to be exact and mostly it seems like there are only 50 for a few minor differences making 117 groups. It happened after they found a cure for cancer. The US government released a frequency based and nutritionally based therapy for every stage. The word frequency became a very popular buzzword. But one month later during all the excitement of getting in line to be freed of cancer, the mysterious tattoos appeared on everyone. On different parts of the body too. New Hampshire was the groundbreaking science and medical state that had focused on healing cancer though it seemed to come at a cost. They had become reclusive and designated to lust after years of strict and difficult work.

The country shut its doors and began its own investigation on the mystery. If, by, one year the progress is not sufficient, it will open its doors again it was said. It was like the space race all over again. In that every country wanted to be the first to unlock this mystery. For, it could hold power - given the manner it came forth.

The artists were the last chosen. It seemed that they could sketch ideas and dreams. Then these images could be put into computers that could analyze human existence through handwriting. Almost immediately there was a glitch. With this new tattoo phenomenon came a vibration that erred the machine whenever a car or vehicle was driving by up to 100 miles in any direction. That was a shock to say the least.

One of the first images they began studying was a teacher and students in a field. The machine or computer was supposed to help ground energy. But there seemed to be too much information as if an ether had

been set over our eyes to understand the data. We were so confused. They tried everything. But nothing. So, they made a communities and compounds of no vehicles. People in government hired. Citizens responded. And then the CII was born - the Crime Investigation of Individuals. **They** called it that in case the artists did have anything to do with the tattoos. Through magic or something like that. So far that was a no go.

My crew, and my name is Abijah, is small. It consists of 10 people. I tend to keep to myself. They say I hold clues. Okay, but I'm an introvert and I'd rather just keep my head down. But they found me in my shop, Abijah Thrift and Studio in New York painting and selling clothing. So, they enlisted me just like that because they liked my work. The artists are supposed to live a frugal-type life, but I don't know about that because it's supposed to keep our head cleared for the machine. And, to top it off, the machine doesn't like the smell of money, currency, or the vibration it gives off.

I've been working with a Sioux native who can pinpoint geological vibrations - meaning I can sense what a place looks like in my head, then tell her, then she can tell me where it is. That is work that I can do. I'm gifted in the abstract, they say. And I'm a medium.

I meant to tell you later but she's also helping me track a lost friend. But now's not the time for that at all. I'm at a command post, still in New York and no we don't use cars. I've been working on a notebook that tells of my drawings and insights for neuroplasticity, for emphasizing and strengthening of healing. I mainly focus on my ankles for this. They hurt from walking a lot some days and I think then about healing them. But this is what we did in healing cancer... Could something vibrationally have happened?

The vibrational machine is useful if we knew how to use it. If we could, we could locate the best place to re-ground the vibration of cancer and it is no longer in line in any of our grounded dimensions, it may

cause dissonance vibrationally. So, then, my cause is
to figure this

machine out and put cancer frequencies back into the ground where it can rest.

So, I'm working on my diary or notebook or whatever and I get this pulsating awareness between my ears. I know an image is about to be "downloaded" into my brain. Ha got ya. The machine cannot send out what we call psychic waves or Alpha waves to me. So, if you thought about that, I may have led you to think so, but no. But I knew I'd have a new and powerful energy image.

...It's here, as I sat in my office, Abijah Thrift and Studio, that I realized a strange vibration. Tomorrow would be different. I didn't know how but it would. I woke up from the daydream at my desk. I was an artist, not a prophet. End note.

I used to be an artist. And by my standard, a pretty good one though convincing others was difficult. I met a friend six months later that would

help me in some of my tracking. It will come in handy
knowing that, but later. Her name is Alice
Pennywhistle. She

changed her last name after the Reformation of Nature. She is a natural born Sioux.

Last night I had a trauma PTSD affectation. I've had them 12 times this last 2 years. At first, I'd find myself journaling. That didn't work. Then I painted. Nope. Then I went to a friend for advice. Nope. Then I asked my friend for a hug. Yup. It was a swaddling hug. I found out later that only male energy closeness in a hug worked. Not female. This last time it was a stranger. No, an acquaintance. It felt like I knew his name and rank before he told me. He had heard about me. And the hugs. So, when I almost fell over from the banging in my head from the PTSD, he grabbed my arm, made sure I didn't fall, and gave me a hug. He was rerouted to a different community the next day.

That night I had the worst PTSD case I'd ever experienced. Though I was in bed. About to fall

asleep. I remember crying so loud into my pillow. A
crash like the sound of thunder and the sound of rocks
being

thrown at my window. I fell asleep from the excess of crying so violently.

The next morning, I was different. I don't think it was the tattoo. I mean I'd forgotten that people had gifts, ESP-type gifts but now *I had them*. I don't know, maybe the tattoo phenomenon helped open the gifts because before the Reformation I had what they called schizo-affective disorder. I still do carry the vibration.

It was called the Reformation of Nature by the people because it seemed like an act of nature. That or our successes of late were so helpful to everyone gained a level or more of consciousness. Scientists and politicians didn't know what else to call it. So, it stuck.

We were married with nothing branded between us.
One male. One female. The earth went haywire after a
system upload to the selling structure of the fabric
of our being went viral. People went crazy and that
was the only marriage branding between our
consciousnesses.

At least hers. She was sensitive to mixed consciousnesses. Consider it a gift or a curse but this head happened to her four times until she went looking for it in the arms of 12 different men. It seemed she only really broke, went to her bottom, deep bottom when she felt he would love her then leave her. One of them always seemed to latch on and not let go like a fairytale. A robotic one but a fairytale.

Just ask the CII. It's a crime investigation of individuals. When one person seems not to fit the mold, they do research. They've just begun research on humans with abnormal brainwave patterns like her, like me. Her and I, we are the same person. Let me clear that up for you. It's not easy being me. Even having

my period doesn't make me feel like I am just as human as you. With enough. Even being naked doesn't give me the human commando lifestyle I desire. There are so many fences between myself and all other humans I am trying to explain here. What am I made of?

I am poor of hearing, so I only get part of conversations. It came from a grenade explosion trauma when I was 5 and I lost part of my hearing. Either that or when I stuck tweezers in a light socket when I was 5. I was in a stupid discussion with Erix and Linx. This is how I hear shit:

"Wait a minute, No!"

"What the..."

"I caught her stealing from my biological bag through my biological family with THEIR CONSENT!"

"Oh, Wenberger and Islaine Counties. I mean their people have no shame and they're smart!"

"Tsk."

"You stupid shit!"

"I'm just showing you how easy it is to open up
the data in your biological bag using the legal south
eneropening label of "primitive colon seed.""

"Whattttt...?"

