

SCIZOPHRENIC REVOVLER

by

LK & SK

Chapter 1

When I woke up this morning, I felt something was a-rye as I watched the sunrise, as I do every morning, to make sure the adjustments made, while the world slept, had imprinted into reality. The vibrational pattern of the world is never as obvious as it is in first light and any last minute adjustments are done here right before each wave is sent off in its perspective path. Just as I was tweaking a deep shade of purple, which is essentially a pedophiles spider web of sorts, I noticed a deep burgundy hue coming from the west. I watched the color as the morning sun light altered its shade ever so slightly something that only the initiated could decipher. I assumed like always another soul was awakening to the truth around them.

This soul... that has awaken has called out and I answered the call by recognizing it. Today was going to be about finding the transmitter, the person,

and help with their transition into our realm of consciousness. Just then, the burgundy hue deepened into a very distinctive reddish hue and I clearly saw a flicker of a star in the distance. To see a star as dawn has arisen. Well let's just say I have never seen that before. My curiosity is peaked and an overwhelming sensation of anxiety came over me.

Never in a million years would I have thought it was going to turn out to be a trap. We obviously missed something or to be exact someone. That display this morning, bears a signature of our skills and techniques of communication. If that's true and it's not us then they must have one of us in an unconscious state of being suppressing their true essence. Which one of us could they possibly have in captivity? How am I not aware of it?

I was on the east side by the river in New York City right behind the United Nations building. The cops here lovingly hate me. My presence is a constant reminder of the breaches in security around the United Nations lot. I use this spot at least once a week but always when it's a full moon, which it

happened to be the night before. I find that if the waves are in perfect harmony

using this spot has a broader impact on what's happening across the world.

Just as the city was starting to wake up and come alive, I heard a tic that was

out of place. For an initiate/Keeper every noise or blow of the wind not only

has a rhythm but a pattern that it is governed by and year after year these

patterns only change when we change them. Slight shifts are known to occur

but nine out of ten times that signifies, a soul becoming conscious to what's

actually going on around them. They see through the illusion and once that

occurs they see the fabric of the universe, Akasha, and it in turn sees them

and alerts us its Keepers.

New York City just like most cities across the world. It's a well-oiled machine that you could always distinguish its vibration especially between the

hours of 4 to 6 a.m. in the morning. Every tic is like a gear in that machine

clicking into alignment and like clockwork brings the world alive again with

programmed precision. The garbage men are the first to arrive every morning

and with their head nod acknowledging their awareness to our existence. We are off and running towards the new day as they whisk away the mistakes of yesterday. There it was again a tic and grinding in the gears as if something in the machinery itself was jamming. One of the garbage men looked up and directly at me noticing it as well. Right then and there I really should have given it more notice or weight than I did, instead I put him back asleep and set him to function mode. Having one or two awakenings a day has become more of the expected in recent times. A group awakening on the exact same day is our opposition causing a distraction in a soul's journey. The mechanism that maintains, regardless, is off limits to anyone but the Keepers.

There it was again this time manifesting itself into our material world as sirens of an ambulance in the distance, that's two full hours earlier than what was designated to occur today and that's when I spotted the burgundy hue coming from the west what appeared to be north Jersey not even my territory. With three separate shifts I had noticed in New York and now these impromptu

but distinct variations of color in the sky, I felt I should be there for this awakening to determine if all of these occurrences were in fact connected.

What I failed to notice at the time was although the tics were out of sync they still had a rhythm of their own and could not have come from someone just awakening to our realm of consciousness. This was someone who has been around a lot longer than most. I left the United Nations building and headed for the A train. Before going underground to the train station, I decided to have a cigarette and get a beat on the vibration coming out of New Jersey. I recognized Daniel, an initiate within Elia's circle. His grin was uncontrollable as he came up to me.

"Sir did you see what's going on over in Jersey? Elias says that whoever that is may have been a Keeper in a previous incarnation. Two keys in Orion shifted as we were adjusting the veil this morning. It was unreal, Sir. I thought it took thirteen of us to change something like that. I mean granted, it only shifted for a second or two. It didn't really change more like flickered but still whomever it is Elias said they would've had to have been one of us to be able to do that even for a moment... You know?" I was in a new place, the unknown, as a level 5 psychic who has been intimately involved with the High

Council since inception unknown is not my territory. "What do you think Q?"

He could barely hide his enthusiasm as he stood there waiting for me to say

something that would blow his mind. Q is short for Quinn. Although, I was

never Quinn by all intentions of who Quinn was meant to be. My father put a

stop to that poor bastard's life. When I was 3, he sacrificed himself with a

shotgun to the head to ensure I was ready for war. The moment I saw the

aftermath of my father's suicide, the veil was lost to me. I watched my father's

image/soul whatever travel from his lifeless body to the first responder and

console me using the man's body. "You needed to know the truth, Q !" he said

as he stared at me tears in his eyes. The eyes of another man, but I saw my

father. So, I have a reputation for blurring lines between sanity and conscious

insanity which when you verbalize somehow is regarded as profound. Truth is

true. We all know what is true, most just cannot accept it. Bending the truth

is a coping mechanism.

In retrospect, I think this conversation thru me off entirely because Elias

is on the high council with me and I trust his input implicitly. I told Daniel,

Elias's initiate, "I'm heading over to Jersey to open the door for whoever it is...

I'll check in around four p.m. once I have a handle on the situation." I had to

ascertain who this was. Their identity and the identity of whoever surrounded them needs to illuminate the purpose of this. Nothing is without cause.

Immediately like any good initiate, Daniel asks me if I would be in the *Twelve Noon Alignment of Thought* which is where all Keepers across the world take fifteen minutes to make sure all harmonic vibrations are in order and on track to achieve the proper flow of energy for every souls' *Continued Progressional Path*. In truth, Keepers repeat this six times a day every four hours for thirty minutes each time. The *Twelve Noon Alignment* is when we allow our initiates into the process. They are given limited access to get acquainted with Akasha and her inner workings. In the event, they are caught misusing a gift or their knowledge, they have to be put back to sleep until their soul is ready for another try. It's a security measure to monitor our own which is the main reason we keep them unaware that we are connected and in tune with Akasha 24/7 until their final lessons when they become a Keeper. All initiates like Daniel are not shown or even fully aware of the Shadow Arts. Within the psychic realm, the High Council maintains the impression that everyone has to be involved in the alignment of thought.

Even within the in-between Shadow mode, a piece of us, our signature, is always present in the physical world. Some of us are able to exist in any and in all realms. Those that cannot have no knowledge or awareness of the ability. Therefore, on this one I had to take his memory of this question and conversation all together rather than give him an explanation. I utilized his vessel to connect with Elias and speak with him briefly. “Elias, I will be sending Daniel to monitor my purple tracer web.” I could hear his hesitation originate, he quickly moved passed it.

“Understood, I will account for his absence.” Elias stated.

The web is a metaphysical bait of illicit images to catch the souls of repeat pedophile offenders and mark them for personalized rehabilitation. I then sent Daniel on his way. Elias objected a bit as Daniel wasn't ready for this type of assignment which he most certainly isn't. But, he agreed that I should go silent or shadow as of now and Daniel would point me out if it wasn't for this being way over his head and his enthusiasm has him mentally distracted.

When I got to the bottom of the stairs and thru the turnstile, I heard exactly what I needed for a perfect cloak to stay in the shadow all day. A

saxophonist is playing the blues every note carrying and vibrating right into your heart chakra. There were easily a hundred people on the platform all of who are now vibrating at the same frequency which is the exact place to hide. On that platform, I was able to gel within a harmonic signature shared by over a hundred people who were about to spread that same vibration throughout the tri-state area. As I slipped onto the train, I chose my personalities that I would be wearing for the day to stay silent and masked. The first personality is that of a burn out who seems aloof to the realities of the world. That personality always delivered when I wanted to avoid anyone seeking my guidance or looking to make eye contact. The second was a plainclothes detective. Although he is dressed to blend in to the NYC crowd, his vibe sticks out and therefore anyone with a sixth sense that would usually recognize my presence within this cloak so to speak would in turn avoid me at all costs. The third would be a homeless person who very few people could or even would try to relate to so they would immediately go the other way as a first reaction.

That was all irrelevant because from the moment I stepped onto the train I had someone tracking me. Yet again looking back on the day I did not notice that I had a tracker on me from the moment I stepped onto the train. It is

extremely rare for me to actually be spotted let alone followed. In the past, I would merely change the physical reality of the wannabe tail and without any answers as to how, that person would then be in a completely different location, surrounding, timeline ... You see where I am going with this. I am not the one to fuck with.

The war has obviously taken a new turn. It seems our adversaries have learned a few of our skills and they are able to get closer than ever before. On my way to Penn Station to catch the train into Jersey, I recognized two more of them joining my tail trying to box me in. I was sitting in the middle of the subway car in a corner chair next to an attractive woman wearing a fashionable mid drift blue velvet skirt with a white blouse. Next to her sat her equally attractive blond friend in a skin-tight outfit. Both smelled of fresh lilacs, which on any other day would have drawn all attention away from me but not today. That's what first caught my attention to my tail when he walked in from an adjacent car while the train was still in motion he looked right at me totally ignoring what everyone else could not stop gazing at. The same with his backup when they got onto the train at fourteenth street they both walked in one on each side of me making eye contact with him standing about six feet

from me then both after he gestured towards my direction simultaneously locked their gaze on me. One of them appeared to be some sort of trained officer judging by his disposition not necessarily what he is wearing: street clothes and cloaks of their own and are trying to blend in like me. What really stuck out to me even at that very moment of cognition was their telepathic link. I watched them having a conversation telepathically yet still insecurely needing their eyes to confirm they had been spotted by me and agreeing to hand me off at Penn Station to a fourth that I could not see. They were blocking me from locating the fourth individual.

Once again because of my conversation with Daniel telling me Elias's take on the situation, I figured this initiates awakening I was going to Jersey for, may in fact be a high council member who has reincarnated and is coming of age. Any member of the high council when coming of age is capable of inhibiting others minds and manipulating their movements and lives for weeks at a time especially whenever one of us is physically approaching them.

Keepers are not the only souls in this universe who are capable of manifesting reality or manipulating time, however we are the only ones able to communicate with Akasha and realign physics. The ability to manifest a

reality is merely manipulating perception or changing the illusion whereas realigning physics is the ability to change water to wine, a mountain to an ocean, and so on. Any Keeper or even those with abilities when someone approaches you like that you do not immediately recognize your reaction is very similar to my ride on the subway it's a sort of verification process so to speak. Any new initiate would never have this level of awareness to reality. My true mistake was not verifying whether they were Indigo themselves or being pupated by an Indigo. An Indigo is born with an enhanced awareness and abilities. A Keeper has completed the initiation into the knowledge and responsibility of these gifts and the only ones aware of and with an intimate relationship with Akasha.

As I arrived at Penn Station, I attempted to shift cloaks and transition into the undercover changing both my vibrational disposition and external aura from light blue to a dark bluish green tone. I thought it was enough to thru them off but when I got upstairs, stepped onto the marble floor and started heading towards the Jersey transit ticket window I noticed one of the men on his way up the escalator just as I was shifting my aura again to match my surroundings to an angelic white. Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted a

woman watching the man's decent up the escalator and him point me out once again and she then matched my aura and latched onto my vibration their hand off was unfortunately successful. This was proving itself to be a precise operation with several trackers. After about five minutes in line, and various cross-conversational past life regressive interaction in the crowd, I got up to the window. At the window, the girl's question to me was not "where to" rather:

"My grandmother wanted me to tell your grandfather that she is planning on being reborn in 2007 and would love it if they could reconnect maybe even recreate what they had in the 1700's".

Right then, I realized how much these tails had distracted me, for both sides to have let this many walls come down without being in a controlled environment even if I was trying to evade them. Penn Station is not the place for inter realm star realignment there are times and places for such things. I responded by switching the frequency and letting the crowds conscious everyday routine hear the background chatter. I told the ticket clerk, "I'll let my grandfather know." Just to verify the window or channel was in fact closed to which she replied, "Huh, what are you talking about... Whatever, what's your destination."

I replied “Good back on track I will have a one way ticket to um let's say Rutherford.”

As she was making change, I scanned the room to see if my new tail was still on me but she was a quick one and in the commotion of the séance tucked herself neatly away somewhere in the crowd. Having matched my vibration short of me shifting or coming out of shadow for now at least, I wasn't going to be able to watch her watch me. As the clerk gave me my change I asked her “what time was the next train and on what track?” Her response was “next train is in 20 minutes and track 07.” I said, “Thank you very much and tell your grandmother that was very cute and my grandfather will think about her proposal.” I then made my way outside for a cigarette to kill a few minutes and check to see if any ripples from reincarnation station needed to be contained.

I was also hoping my tail would be drawn out and even the playing field. Just as I took out my cigarette and went to light it, an old soul in a young man's body asked me “could you spare one and realign my path Sir.” What a day, this is turning out to be. I gave him the cigarette asked him what he means exactly by his request. He laughs and as he lights his cigarette says to me:

“I don't know what you call yourself now but the first time we crossed paths you showed me who I truly was and where and what I was supposed to be doing with my existence and like that it all fell into place. Look at me at twenty four right now and I've been homeless for three years why am I doing this? Please I know who and what you are.”

I looked into Akasha and it was then that I realized who he was, he was one of ours... a sleeper who collects all souls' information and marks them as to whether or not they are turning a blind eye, kicking you while down by taking advantage, or being true and real by lending a hand. I told him who he was and where to find us and at this point, he was going to start reporting in and coming out of the cold. I sent him towards Elias with a vibrational marker just in case Elias did not recognize him on sight, like I should have. The closer I get to Jersey the more out of whack my senses are getting. I should have noticed him the minute he approached me and really a mile before that once I read his record is way too late. Whoever that is in Jersey could only be a few people at this point to have me so far off center.

My tail had not emerged as I had hoped so off to my train I headed.

When I got to the platform, everyone was hurriedly boarding as it was now rush

hour so any hopes of finding my tail was pretty much gone but just as I boarded the train and found my seat two Keepers boarded with me. One sat all the way in the front of the train four cars ahead of me her name is Skylar. She is an especially gifted inadvertent trainer of Shadow Arts or teacher of sorts as she pushes the envelope and boundaries every lifetime even for us. The other one was Mikai a true warrior of any age his ability was harmonics. Some of my fondest lifetimes were with him when we set up the Stonehenge which actually took seven centuries to attain perfect alignment within the stars and symbiotic harmonic resonance with Akasha. It was quite different back then and our families paid the ultimate price along with us as we were slaughtered multiple times in the process. The outcome however was an invaluable instrument used for re-birthing and proper placement of one's soul in accordance with their original birth stars.

Mikai took a seat directly adjacent to mine and spoke out loud which peeked my suspicion. Keepers communicate in between words like double meanings hidden within lyrics and rhymes when we speak but for clarity we speak telepathically. For as long as we have known one another he only spoke aloud before a battle that would prove bloody and cost us many a life. To my

knowledge there have been no immediate plans for battle and as far as what we have discussed this particular lifetime our enemies do not have any Armies at their disposal with the proper skill set to even compete in our dojo. This is where it first dawned on me that the council had been hiding things from, why now of all times with 2012 and the Age Of Aquarius coming would they deem it necessary to keep me in the dark on anything especially when we have only done that three times in our existence as conscious beings.

I tried to read Mikai yet he would not allow me to and he had back up, a covenant a full thirteen. Why? I asked him to explain himself using mental-telepathy and he answered me out loud, “No Q I'm sorry we had to keep this from you and the minute you find out just how much we had to erase it's going to hurt like hell brother... Sir but it had to be done it was 100% necessary to protect Akasha herself and everything we have built since before time itself. If this is who we think it is Sir until we know exactly what is going on, any connections had to be severed and realigned Sir.

I asked feverishly ...“how is this even possible I'm one of three we have always retained last say why have you begun End Of Days with us you all

know you could never win last call is ours for infinite reasons this should not be...”

Makai put his hand across the aisle onto my arm and griped it tightly with love & compassion and said in both telepathy and spoken word, so it hurt.

“These are your orders Sir we only erased what you told us too what you felt needed to be stored in Higher Akasha and I assure you by the end of today you will be whole again.”

Next, I only needed to see the starfish to know what I needed to know.

“Trust. Brother. Tell me what I do need to know about what I can feel is about to occur.” He looked at me but I did not see his eyes, I saw Akasha.

I did as Mikai asked. As I released the starfish, the atom, and the world of fluid before we became solid, *The Corridors Of Three* were unlocked... the council was gone and we were left alone in the utmost of sacred *Hall Of The Akashic Records*. The first three original thoughts that stepped out of the source and choose form and singularity over eternal oneness and brought expression, texture, color into existence within the simple concept of eternity's what ifs'. Each of the three original thoughts carried an infinite amount of variations from the core entity that came into being. Mental telepathy is a way of defining

a form of communication without verbalization, so it is much more sensory influenced experience. Images, sounds, smells and if the one communicating has a whole incident, it can be a humbling but intensely enlighten experience.

Makai showed me images of:

My own past lives that had been lost to me. I count fifteen of them at least and then I see her, a love that was mine with children, sacrifice, joy, pain and death. We were hunted, slaughtered, locked away and ripped away from one another.

Who was she? Did this happen as result of them trying to get at me?

Next, I saw the beach between the world of solid and fluid. Yes, that place we go to birth new energy, a culmination of centuries Nirvana's and enlightened ascension's but then there was a rift a tear in the fabric. We were ripped from the Sea of Souls and into a vessel. We were being propelled towards solid at an uncontrollable rate of velocity by an entity with an undeniable determination.

Could it be an initiate who had yet to learn how to shift in and out between solid and fluid unable to move always like water? What became of the new souls that we had cultivated? Did they get dragged into reality with us?

Why was Mikai not giving me solid images?

Again Makai spoke aloud.

“Q the images are coming directly from Akasha I'm only acting as one of three and really a messenger, now it is not the time for questions nor answers you instructed myself, Siah and Akasha to deliver the information as needed to

protect the source in case of true compromise. Just receive what we give you for now... Sir it's for all of our safety truly all of us. With Aquarius on the rise, Sir... if this plan is to work and shift us all to a state of fluid solid conscious beings melding the two realms like never before there can only be one key and it must be precise. Now you need to listen and receive again.”

He put his other hand on the back of my neck. Then, he used a technique that Keepers use when we link mind to mind with a soul that's been manipulated, to their core, for either their energy or their earthbound minerals. It is necessary in order to see, who or what was behind the vampirism, robbing them of what should never be anyone. That includes the Keepers and Akasha as well unless they are or prove too dangerous. In that case, they are put into status until we as a whole evolve to a level where the method of being can be discussed and understood properly without causing harm or digression of any beings involved in the equation.

The next sequence of images Makai showed me traveled through me with a lightning fast force and intensity. Imagine a dream that you can feel the emotions, sense familiarity with whoever is there in the haze of images, but you know, you were there and something significant happened.

The vessel we are within is then, forcefully propelled into tree. I could hear bits of the argument that led up to us transitioning from fluid to solid. Then came three similar deaths she and I had shared, spaced out between two thousand years, all three involving this same soul that was somehow intertwined with us. All three lifetimes in a span of seconds.

I felt it all, every laugh, every cry and watching each other die. We were robbed to our core by another. The burning heat of rage ignited and I could no longer deny it. This only leaves me with more questions as to who he is and why they are not showing me a face or signature.

“Is this one of us sabotaging elevation? Is he an enemy and if so how could he have gotten so close to us so many times he would have to have been one of us is this who is in Jersey.? He must be on the council but if he wasn't high council we would have detected his betrayal immediately and to be able to get between the three he surely must be high council but who...”

Akasha spoke to me again, thru Mikai. “Enough questions, the strands you are allowed to view are only those that I provide one of three! You no longer have full access. Now, receive and interpret what is allowed until you are ready for all again.”

Then Makai returned in his voice overly apologetic, "Sir I am so sorry that wasn't me I would never Sir I don't know what came...".

I interrupted him and told him "no worries brother it is the burden of three when Akasha speaks it is final and she only speaks through one of the three, now that you carry that cross do not apologize for eternities echoed of the truth ever. No apologies not even to one of the three brother. Show me the rest."

I saw the details of the argument she had sacrificed herself for. The vehicle was wrapped around the tree and she was pinned between fluid and solid a death worse than any other death.

When any soul on this planet dies, it dies only in solid form its soul is eternal. The soul then returns to fluid matter where all energy exists. This is not the case, we have not authorized or initiated this.

She is being directly attacked on both planes of existence. I realized she was going to die in both.

When that occurs, if it's not planned, a soul, its signature can be erased. Unless done properly and prepared over time, like when a star is extinguishing in the night sky only to be propelled across the heavens then rebirthed hundreds more. This not being the case she was about to burn out and since

both planes of existence were overlapping the new souls, thousands of years of progression and the next wave of enlightenment and experience, were about to be extinguished in a death? The whole reason we created solid form to begin with was so that this would never occur again. Yet, here we are, a founding thought, about to go out of existence.

At the point of impact, I ended my life and marked him to save her and the new energy she carried inside.

It flooded me like a tidal wave of raw emotions bringing me right back to that moment in time inciting anger and pure vengeance. I understand now why this was kept from me. I have no idea what is exactly about to occur when we arrive in Jersey but I know what I need to know.

He was the first of them. They are the ones we, Keepers, are at war with. We are the children of existence that have achieved awareness in spite of limitations of the physical world and yet within the illusion of the physical form. They, the Others tainted by the vampiric nature of their decisions, are those that have throughout time robbed, murdered, raped and have forcefully taken what was never theirs to take. The war is the culmination of eons of

Kenworthy/ Schizophrenic Revolver

battles fought on battlefields or hidden from the eyes in order to usher every being into the next plane of existence. The physical world is a manufactured component, in existence, for beings to experiment, experience and decide, what is acceptable behavior?... Especially, when existence is forever and the undeniable fact that we are all inexplicably connected to each other, is known all over the world.