



A Hater's Synthesis



— written by —

a hardheaded hater

**Dedicated to
everyone
dreaming of
a dislike button**

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PART I

MUSCLE

HOW TO PLAY THE GAME MUSCLE AND WIN

Games have two sets of rules.

The first one is called authorized instructions.

The second one is what you are left with when the authorized instructions fail.

The main game in the fitness industry is called Mu\$\$le.

In this chapter, I will give you the second set of rules without which you cannot win it.

Mu\$\$le involves three main players: muscle heroes [puppets], businesspeople [Milkmen], and muscle fan-boys [cows].

According to the official agreement, each player is getting a marvelous deal.

The muscle heroes bath in popularity and money earned with hard work.

The businesspeople enjoy backstage fame and enormous fortune for providing outstanding opportunities to everyone.

The fans get to touch enlarged muscle fibers and receive access to secrets that can supposedly turn anyone into a muscular humanoid.

Final result: Everyone is happy and gets a fair share of gains.

Those rules, however, are nothing but a politically correct, candy-coated cover-up.

Here's what really happens.

The Muscle Hero Legion, made out of bodybuilders and fitness models on heavy steroids, is abused by the Milkmen to drill a hole in your head through which the ♣Grand Muscle Illusion♣ reaches your inner layers.

This virus acts as a parasite producing hallucinations that bond with your deepest desires. The mixture creates a fake environment in your head where your chimeras manifest and feel genuine. The experience becomes incredibly addictive because it also feeds your famished and depressed ego of a modern humanoid living the life of a gun shooting blanks.

When done correctly, the Grand Muscle Illusion emits vivid, magical colors that hypnotize you and transfer your psyche into another realm where you find acceptable answers to your questions and enjoy a sense of completion that your previous muscle-less existence has failed to deliver. You begin to feel fearless in your battle against the cold, computerlike universe.

Once the fantasy has signed a treaty with the pleasure centers in your brain, you are badly infected. The more you eat, the more you starve. And when the dose wears off, you return back into the previous cold, ordinary world you had grown to hate more than anything else because there your soul feels anemic, atrophied and fragile.

The end goal of the Milkmen and their pawns [bodybuilders & fitness models] is to turn you into a puppy that only knows one thing – how to ask its Masters for food. As soon as you accept that mindset, you lose the game and let the other players steal your chips.

The first step to winning at Mu\$\$le is **Withstanding the Seduction**.

The human world is a store full of items programmed to enslave you through persistent chanting of the sentence: "I am the gate to another universe."

"What are you talking about," you ask. "I've never heard this chant before."

You have never heard it before because it's never sung out loud.

Instead, it's contained in the aura of the products and reaches you through unofficial channels under the guidance of malicious language known as abusive and misleading marketing.

The promos [spells] are always targeting the weakest links in the chain – your ego, will, rational thinking and subconscious mind. Those three elements can crack at any given moment under the crushing magnetic strength of the anabolic dream constantly abusing your self-pride and insecurity.

If you want to win the game, you have to build a shield against the manipulative tactics. You have to activate your real brain and reject the overwhelming amount of sorcery coming your way.

Your level of addiction will determine the difficulty of the process. The more attached you are to the dream, the bigger the nightmare is. You will experience great suffering because abandoning the products thrown at you is the beginning of your separation from the illusion you have accepted into your life. It will be hard, but to become victorious, you have to endure the pain and move on. Later, after you have learned how to control the machine, you can come back in this world and own it, but for now – you have to leave.

The good news is that once you understand the basic core principles powering the attacks against you, it becomes easier to snap the strings attached to you.

To learn those principles, we have to go back to the starting line.

In the beginning, the first bodybuilding products were weight sets. Some were made out of iron while others were plastic spheres filled with sand. The profit from sales was good but not spectacular because heavy-duty stuff like iron rarely breaks. Thus, the Milkmen had to design a better product that muscle fanboys will have to replace more often. Rumor has it that high-level Milkmen met in a secret room lit only by the light of the moon and came up with the most genius solution ever – magical food supplements that make you more muscular.

The first prototypes resembled expired pig food filled with industrial waste and comatose inducing taste, but the retro muscle magazines and mouth-to-mouth gossip coming from the poster boys for muscular development allowed the Milkmen to take control over the brains of the masses.

People began buying the stuff because the hope to look like a muscled hero was greater than the ineffectiveness of the supplements. That trend continues to this day. The only difference is that now supplements and their friends come in HD format. The seduction is even harder to resist, but you have to remain firm and strong.

You must look at the woman in the red dress staring at you from the corner of the street and resist the hydraulic pressure in your gut generated by her inviting smile. Prepare yourself! It will be hard. The psychic energy in the air will make you feel like your soul is going to heaven when in fact it will be squeezing your heart until blood-drops starts streaming inside of you.

Withstanding the Seduction is a tough mission when you are not present in reality. Most people break under the alluring heaviness of the woman's stare, which seemingly holds the door to another domain full of otherworldly indulgence.

But you will not be one of those people.

You will not be a victim.

You will remain solid and persevere.

You won't get caught in the wiry and resilient net of this fake theater that leads to nothing but a twisted delirium extracting your energy while giving you nothing in return.

Once the mysterious fog of the night is dissolved, you will clearly see that the woman in the red dress is nothing but a vampire under a pretty veil that can never love you.

Nevertheless, this will not be the end of the tribulation.

The vortex will continue.

Shortly after you've reached the coast, you will face another demon – deep Insecurity

The drive to submerge into the fake muscle realm will be amplified by the inbuilt human need to find your role in the world and create your personal armor against life's hits. The other players know this particularity very well and want to abuse it by forcing you to worship a false personality through which they appropriate and consume your resources.

For this purpose alone, they have manufactured the image of a muscle knight serving as your personal guardian angel that can supposedly give you exactly what you want. This angel is the father and the mentor you never had.

To survive, however, you must never forget that this angelic figure is deceitful, and the other players in the game are your enemies.

Who do you think sent the woman in the red dress your way in the first place?

It was them.

I know it's tempting to believe that your muscle idols are truthful, and the muscle industry is one happy family brought together by the relentless fight against muscle atrophy, but that is base level thinking.

Before all, the human world is a business. And in business, you have neither friends nor lovers,

only customers, enemies and partners.

Your adversaries are playing games with your mind and dancing around the core issues. The muscle puppets controlled by the Milkmen can talk all day about protein flavor, but once you start questioning their motives and logic, you turn into a hater.

And as you already know, we live in a world where the hate against haters is considered love.

Finally, after you have passed through the fire, you will sit on the ground and wonder.

"I am hurt, burned, tired, famished and most of all hopeless. Did I really win the game?"

Then, you will fall asleep, and when you wake up, your wounds will be a little smaller than the night before.

You will even go to the gym without taking pre-workouts or other opiates such as motivation.

You will be ready for whatever.

Each set will make you feel better, even though there isn't an overload of protein in your bloodstream.

This cycle will continue for a very long time.

One day you will look at yourself in the mirror and realize that you have won <<Mu\$\$le>> by staying true to yourself and stopping the industry from turning you into something you were never meant to be.

Congratulations.

HOW TO BECOME A REAL LIFTER

The Grand Illusion is a sharp arrow that can penetrate through any material in this world. Its main aim is the heart of your ego. Once it's in, the spikes at the tip spread, and you cannot pull out the arrow without causing severe flesh damage and enormous blood loss. If you decide to proceed anyway, you will be left with a big wound that may take years to heal.

I was not an exception.

It happened a long time ago, but I still remember the insomniac nights I spent in a fanatical search for sacred information on muscle mass accumulation. To this day, when I write on the computer, I am attacked by déjà vu moments recalling the hopeful clicking of my old keyboard.

Possessed by a destructive obsession, I used to dig deep down to the last pages of the search results. Google was regularly asking me whether I was a bot or a human, but I didn't care. All I wanted was to know the truth, and one of my most frequent search queries was, of course, "ultimate mass building exercises and anabolic foods".

What did the Internet Oracle tell me?

It told me to squat, bench and deadlift, while gormandizing as if every meal were the last meal.

I subscribed.

In a week, the scale jumped a little, which in itself was a supernatural occurrence never experienced by me after growing up.

The miracle of muscle synthesis, I thought and felt like a true winner.

The scale kept on climbing for 3 or maybe even 4 months. I added so much mass to my frame that people had to look at me twice to know it was me.

They just can't handle the mass, I was saying to myself and walking pass the losers like a proud

tiger.

However, deep down inside I knew something was wrong because I was able to sense a touch of sorrow in the emissions towards me. People did not appear as jealous as I wanted them to be.

This made me furious inside.

I wanted my success to be special.

None of that "Let me hug you, my friend. I am happy for you." nonsense.

I wanted my success to be a "fuck you " success.

I wanted others to look at me and feel frozen by the newly synthesized awesomeness in front of them.

Initially, I failed to figure out what the problem was. The scale was telling me that I had gotten massive, my pants were singing the same song [#centaur legs], but something was wrong.

One day I passed by a car and saw my reflection in the side window. My first thoughts were: "When did I get pregnant?" I had to bend over a little to see my face and confirm my identity.

There was no place to hide, even inside of me.

I stated the obvious with deep pain in my voice:

"I know what the problem is. I'd become a fatso."

I got on the bus and headed back home. I sat on a free seat, slouched, started a mp3 on my phone and let my head hit the window on the right. I tried to appear as dramatic as possible. If I weren't fat, I could have easily passed as a depressed emo boy, but since I was fat, it was hard to pull the genuine emo look. You simply cannot be a complete emo boy when you don't fit into torn skinny jeans size insect.

Nevertheless, becoming a balloon loaded with fat cells was not my greatest concern. I hated being elephantine, but I also knew that going back to skinny was more than realistic for me. After all, I had joined the fatso army after months of force-feeding. Returning to my ectomorph roots seemed like an easy task.

The majority of my misery was generated by the unfair end of the movie. The industry played me. I lost. The Milkmen won. I hated the feeling of being consumed and owned. This experience

filled my heart with even more disgust towards the human race. Little did I know that my failure was just a negligible portion of the big lie called "The Human World".

A few days later, I typed "*ultimate mass building exercises and foods*" in Google out of habit. Writing those words felt as good as blowing cigarettes smoke in the face of a pulmonary doctor. All the links on the screen were in purple color because I had visited them many times before.

I didn't care. I was just a fatso opening another box of cookies.

Maybe I have missed something important, I thought and clicked on a title that got me interested.

I was about to experience a high and finally reach a minute of satisfaction. The feeling was only going to last a minute, but it didn't matter.

Unfortunately, or not, the page didn't load, and that made me mad.

Someone had stolen my cookie. What a monster, I thought.

I returned back to the previous page and clicked on the link again. No result. I tried a few more times without reaching a positive outcome. Then, I went to the other room, reset the router and hit refresh.

The message: "Sorry. This page cannot be reached." appeared on the screen.

Noooooo, I said and immediately called the Internet provider.

My anger and malice surfaced while I was punching the numbers. A woman answered and told that a team was working on the problem. After the conversation, I went to the living room, sat on the couch and stared at the TV without turning it on. I slouched. My fat gut got squashed and formed a set of rolls to remind me of its presence.

Lovely, I said to myself while pinching the fat covering my lower abs.

A minute later my anger began to die down, and the microphone was taken by an unexpected voice of reason that had prepared a mad assault against my way of life.

What are you doing, Bulking Soldier, the voice said.

Can't your beta cerebrum finally decode the message?

There are no ultimate mass building exercises. Why are wasting precious time Googling muscle secrets all day? The idea of ultimate exercises is nothing but a perverted illusion residing solely in the heads of the muscle worshipers and their handlers [the gurus].

It's true that some compound movements produce more mass than isolated Mademoiselle type of exercises but that's about it. There are no lifts that can conceive an anabolic storm on their own.

I knew this was true because my experience was pointing in the same direction, but as it often happens, my sabotage demon decided to shine in and demanded that I end this moment of personal judgment.

But the voice of reason was much stronger than the demon and did not cease its tirade. It continued with even more passion than before. The intonation intensified. I felt as though someone was holding me by the throat and screaming.

Then the voice continued:

Bulking soldier, look in the mirror. What do you see? Actually, don't! You apparently only see what you want to see. Let me tell you what I see! A person scammed into getting fat; a mental degenerate; a slave to trivialities and muscle deception; a moron.

Can you identify even a gram of extra muscle on you after stuffing yourself with colossal calories for months?

Moreover, do you really think the minuscule mass you gained was due to the sickening amount of squats you performed during the summer?

Can't you see that you could have achieved the exact same muscle metamorphosis doing other movements too?

Can't you see that the most important thing is following a progression and being consistent?

Bulking soldier, you will be able to move forward only when you stop fulfilling the muscle fetish of self-proclaimed gurus programmed by the Milkmen. You have to let go of exercise based identity. I know it's hard. I know you want to call yourself a squatter, a deadlifter, a bench presser, an overhead presser, a clean&jerker, a snatcher, a kettlebell master....

But you know what?

You are none of those things nor are you obligated to satisfy made up requirements.

You are a human being that lifts, and that's enough.

Let the insecure deadbeats lose sleep over titles and beg for online approval on forums.

Squats are anabolic, you say. According to whom? The fat losers on forums who are not men enough to admit they've become whales? Are those fatgutophiles supposed to be our idols?

Deadlifts make you a real man, you say. Know what? Fuck deadlifts. You can get the same results doing rows and hyperextensions.

Bench press? Are you kidding me? You earn the same salary doing dips, and there is no genitalia over your head because you need no spotters.

If you want to have a successful lifting journey you have to liberate yourself from those who want to mold you.

"I do it because I want to be a TRUE lifter," I replied.

A true lifter? What does that even mean? Nothing. It's a fantasy that exists only in the wet dreams of the gurus and the sycophants dancing around them. When the sunset comes, the only thing that matters is how well you did according to your own judgment. If you are in this game to receive the approval of a muscle priest playing the role of the father you never had, you need to reconsider your oath. I am sorry that your daddy wasn't there to buy you a Lego box when you were a little boy, but you have to let it go and grow.

Then, the sabotage demon in me pressed the stop button once again and the record froze instantly. My self-pride did not want to admit defeat that early. Listening to this tirade was getting tiresome even though some of the words were coming from me, or maybe through me. You never know.

I wanted this stupid voice of reason to fade away. I wanted my cookie because without it I was lost.

Somewhat ironically, a few seconds later, I received a message on my phone that my Internet connection had been restored, and thus connecting to the spirit of the 21st century was possible

again.

Hell, yeah, baby, I said, went back to my computer room and changed my search to "*how to progress on weightlifting exercises.*"

THE PERFECT BODYBUILDING WORKOUT

[THE WHOLE STORY]

I know how you felt that day.

You were attacked by a persistent gloomy vibe overwhelming your whole psyche with an inexplicable and profound feeling of menace generated by the invisible cosmic coldness in which all living beings are immersed.

You were frightened beyond belief, but the scariest and most painful element was not your fear. It was the blood infected with despair and doom hitting the chambers of your heart like a savage river out of control trying to rupture the walls of a dam.

You felt as weak and as hopeless as a small cell in a big organism.

You had to do something, but you didn't know what.

You had to find a shield, but you didn't know where.

You wanted to hide, but you were locked in an empty room.

You needed a piece of advice, but you didn't know who to ask.

I give up, you said and launched a movie.

The film pulled you in a chaotic hurricane combining reality and deception. The story recharged your batteries by giving you a chance to live in a world you will never visit, find friends that will never know you, see things that manifest only through a green screen, and before all forget the shiver generated by the cosmic coldness surrounding you.

The hero in the movie, who won everything in the end, was a man with big scary muscles. His

character grabbed your attention more than anything else because in him you saw someone who had found a way to hack the system.

He had everything you'd ever wanted.

Strength. Respect. Power. Money. Influence. Manliness. Sex.

But what grabbed you the most was his ability to win battles against the heartbreaking sense of inevitability part of the human condition. The man had created a kingdom impenetrable even by the dagger of desperation.

You wanted to live in the same world. You wanted to be untouchable just like your idol.

In him, you discovered something that appeared bigger than love.

You found a way to hack life itself.

As soon as the big muscle ideology was absorbed by every living particle of your body and soul, you decided to commit. You swore that you would rather die than give up on knowing how it feels to live under an armor of muscle.

Your next obstacle was finding a way to get respectably big.

You had to learn how muscle accumulation is done, but you didn't have much to work with besides the movie scenes where the main character does push-ups, sit-ups, pull-ups and flexes his muscles. The lack of information didn't discourage you. You decided to emulate and began doing one set of push-ups every 24 hours while also adding a rep or two whenever possible. In a matter of weeks, you got up to 50 push-ups in a row. They weren't perfect, but they weren't complete bananas either.

"Like a boss," you said at the end of the 50th rep and went to the bathroom mirror to examine your progress. There was nothing to examine. You were still a chicken.

"You have to be kidding me? I can do 50 push-ups in a row, and yet I am not big. Is this really the world we live in," you exclaimed while trying to flex your musculature harder in a miserable attempt to make yourself look more muscular.

The lack of growth took you from an ecstatic state to a nearly deadly depression in an instant. Your back hit the wall behind, and you slid down to the floor while keeping your head down.

The cosmic coldness captured you and locked you in its prison once again. You spent two days there before your hunger for muscles got you out.

You were disappointed, but you didn't feel like giving up just yet. It was too early, and stagnation felt like a small obstacle on your way to greatness. The desire to know the world of muscle mass was a million times stronger than drugs and temporary failure.

"I just have to find the TRUE blueprint on how to build muscle mass fast and try again," you said to yourself in order to scare the intrusive voice of failure abusing your mind.

And you began digging for that blueprint like your life depended on it.

Everything else lost its color and nothing mattered as much as finding the key to enlarged muscle fibers. From the outside, your search looked like a battle for survival. You were not just a brain dead teen trying to get swole for the summer anymore. You had a bigger goal – finding a cure for life through a perpetual accumulation of muscle mass.

At the beginning of your journey, you met many truth tellers trying to teach you how muscle building is done. They looked like muscle wizards and made you believe you can become one of them too. It seemed like an honest deal. They had what you wanted and were willing to show you a way to get it yourself for a small fee. You signed the contract and subscribed. Meanwhile, a demon smiled in the corner.

The plan they gave you was fairly simple: 3 sets of 10 reps of all basic exercises until your muscles fill with so much blood that your skin tears like an undersized T-Shirt.

"I have to get with the program," you said to yourself.

The next day you were in front of the gym 15 minutes before it was open.

Throughout the following six months, you transformed into a muscle monk. Your workout was the culmination of your day. All other activity was a minor detail. You were looking at other people around you in the gym like they were losers and sinners. In your mind, they were all spoiled metrosexual disco boys who go to the weight room to use the mirrors rather than the weights. You classified them as a disgrace to the human race.

"That's what's wrong with this world," you were always saying to yourself each time a brah was texting in front of your face instead of lifting with passion.

A small part of you was also experiencing a feeling of content because you knew that you were going to become better than the lifters strangers to dedication and ambition. You were transforming into a true beast while they were wasting time checking out who had liked their selfies. Knowing that felt amazing and was one of the main forces helping you get the job done. Your fear of the cosmic coldness and natural despise for losers turned out to be your best training partners.

Six months later, you found yourself under the slap of the same old despair once again. The fact that despite your efforts you were getting zero visible results felt like a corkscrew digging into your chest. You were following the instructions of the muscle wizards without deviation and yet there were professional reality TV show watchers bigger than you.

You felt like one of those guys who smoke for 40 years without serious health consequences except that your smoking was bodybuilding. You were immune to hypertrophy. You felt betrayed, disgusted, and your illusions shattered to pieces one more time. Your motivation drilled a big hole in the concrete floor, and your life faded into a deep sleep mode.

In the beginning, the hardest part was falling asleep. You were a slave to insomnia despite being covered in exhaustion. Your fears and regrets didn't allow you to leave this realm even for a little while. You had lost your direction and didn't know where to go nor what to do.

After a week in the land of idleness, your hunger returned.

You were too young to give up on and hide in the jungle.

Your journey continued.

"There has to be a secret," you thought one evening while getting ready to battle another sleepless night.

The next morning you found enough strength to continue your search and spent the whole day digging for muscle secrets on the Internet. You were convinced that you had missed something. You refused to accept that getting huge was not an option for you.

And finally, just when the Sun was about to be replaced by its partner in crime the Moon, you found a piece of information that made you curious. It was called: Bodybuilding Has Lied to You. The article was written by an old man who was doing his best to sound like a tough motherfucker. He got your attention.

You began absorbing the words of the condescending article as though they were vital nutrients desperately needed by your starving body. The main point of the document was that if you want to get big, you have to follow an alternative approach that is not outlined in the mainstream muscle magazines. You had to go back to the basics and treat the barbell like a savage.

You were convinced and decided to follow the rules of the grumpy old motherfucker whose life was filled with nostalgia for the past when "men were men" and the transsexual chromosome was yet to be invented.

You cleaned your training routine from all isolation exercises and machine nonsense. Your new program was made solely out of squats, bench presses, overhead presses and deadlifts. You knew the bench, but the squat, the overhead press and the deadlift were new to you. The only time you'd heard of them was on YouTube where people were calling those lifts back snappers.

"Cowards," you thought at the end of your first squat-press-deadlift workout.

The next day your ass felt like a vicious dog had bitten it, your back reported a sledgehammer hit, and your shoulders were hurting so bad that for a minute you thought you had painted a whole skyscraper two times.

You were miserable and yet happy. You loved the pain because in her you saw a path to success and inner peace.

This time, you were certain that you were going to get truly huge and receive the respect you deserve.

"I will never fail again," you promised to yourself.

Your hatred for losers in the gym grew beyond human imagination. You began to classify the brahs worshiping their iPhones in-between biceps curl sets as SOMs [sons of microbes]. You were a proud barbell warrior, whereas they were nothing but slaves to gadgets and had testicles made out of invisibility. In your eyes, they were nothing but humanoids living to satisfy society's standards and remain members of the losers' network contaminating this planet with pointless existence.

But as it always happens in life, the movie ended. After six months you were bigger, but the extra growth was visible only to you and your imaginary friends. The people passing by were

not saluting you nor running to the other side of the street because you were too huge to mess with. You were stronger and a bit more muscular, but the visual difference was still small.

Nevertheless, you decided to analyze what was the actual reason for your size increase.

At first, you thought it was the magic of the barbell because the old motherfucker had convinced you that you can boost your testosterone levels by just holding a barbell.

But then you did a small research and read that according to science holding iron does not increase your testosterone levels.

Then, you concluded that your growth was due to the otherworldly power of the squat.

Unfortunately, or not, science said that you are wrong again because the testosterone boost caused by squats is not high enough to produce any meaningful growth. [Honestly, you could just do wrist curls and get the same "boost".]

Finally, the answer hit you like a barbell plate on the head.

The reason for the success of the old motherfucker's program was not exercise selection but ***progression***.

"The heart of every successful program is progression," you wrote in your training diary.

In the end, you never became the hero of the movie, but you received a meaningful lesson bigger than big muscles.

No progression, no gains.

PROGRESSION

One of the eternal human dramas is the inability to find contentment.

No matter how many finish lines we have crossed in the past, the race goes on until the end of our existence.

And as long as the movie tape is spinning, we are fighting for acquisitions and titles that seemingly take us one step closer to the oasis called completion.

The explanation of this phenomenon hides in a peculiar drive pushing us to ask for more.

Like everything in this realm, this force is dualistic and made out of dangerous elements that can make you or break you.

Often the engine behind this compulsion is a combination of greed and jealousy preventing you from appreciating the beauty of your life here and now. Instead of being grateful for what we have received or achieved, we spend our time planning how to acquire the next trophy.

After we have been processed by the vortex of time, we feel like victims burnt and exploited by the pursuit of happiness.

But regardless of what the wise beggars in mind controlling movies say, being content with what you have is not the ultimate cure to this tragedy.

If we completely submerge in the present and never ask for more, development will come to an end.

The urge to always conquer new territory is one of the reasons we improve and condemning it will destroy all future progress.

People say that no matter how hard a situation is, it can always get worse. It's true, but guess what? Similar thinking does not trigger a progressive sequence. Once you have accepted a height as a summit, the only way to go is down.

But we are not built to go down, at least not so fast.

Consequently, when you wake up you don't think of all the elements in you that are working fine. The only alarm you hear is the loud voice of pain and trouble. You know that fixing the reported problem equals advancement.

And no matter who you are, the only way to betterment is crossing bridges. You don't want to be where you are forever, do you? You want to be there – on the other side of the fiery river.

The bridge that gets you there is called *progression*.

At first, there are a lot of volunteers because the mission seems easy when you are a spectator, but as soon as you put on the clothes of the main character and sense the intensity, your perception changes because the flames are no longer virtual. They are closer and closer to your skin. The heat wakes you up and bluntly informs you that the journey to progress requires sacrifices and will power. Consequently, most humans remain idle and stay on the safe side.

While you are walking on the bridge, you are attacked by questions testing your ambition and desire to cross the river. Under the pressure, you turn your head back, wondering whether the adventure is worth it. Few persevere and make it through to the other side of the river. If you want to be one of them, you have to push harder. Otherwise, you will simply return to the land of stagnation where most people spend their whole lives without realizing.

The individuals residing there gave up on the idea of progression a long time ago, although they will never admit this fact even to themselves. Some got injured and had no other option but to devolve, while others were too weak to continue the journey and gave up. No matter the case, most individuals have simply forgotten how it feels to seek progress truly. Every day is the same as the one before, even though it may not feel like it. Nothing meaningful ever changes, and the whole goal of existence is diminished to building a pillow life deprived of real effort and consequently of real values.

While you are on the bridge, you will be attacked by an army of dreams making you feel like you are moving forward, even though you are standing still, or maybe even going down. The dreams will feel more real than real life, but never forget that they are nothing but lollipops sent by the system to play with your head and prevent you from reaching your true goals. Prepare to be surrounded by sentiments that will elevate your spirit only to let you fall on the floor without mercy once the deal is signed.

Sometimes even your end goal will be one of those lollipops.

You will think you are doing better, but you will be playing a game the masters want you to play.

And, man, the world of muscle does not make an exception. To get further ahead, you need to fight for progress.

But how do you measure progress in the iron room?

It's tricky, but in general, you have to get stronger at different exercises without sacrificing technique. That improvement will trigger adaptation in your body that makes you more resilient and a little bigger...hopefully.

Many people brag about working the same job for years, thinking that makes them pros and otherworldly experts, but that's not always the case. Maybe some have developed super skills, but time alone does not make you a master. Frequently, the fact that you have worked at one place for a decade only means that you have done the same thing for 10 years in a row.

I know because I've done it.

The same phenomenon is observed in the weight room. People go to the gym and do the same workout for months without even thinking of increasing the weight or doing a harder exercise. As a result, there's neither mass nor strength increase.

The victims usually get mad and ask the universe for an explanation. Some may even launch a Rich Piana type of video and watch mentally deficient tattooed zombies on steroids do pump workouts as though biceps curls cause soul elevation and save lives. Those videos don't show true progression. They are one of those lollipops I told you about. Use them for what they are, but don't base your strategy on them.

When it comes to getting stronger progression is incredibly simple. You add weight to the bar for 6-12 weeks, then you cut back a little and build back up again to a number slightly higher than the starting point. This method is called cycling and can continue forever, provided that you respect your limitations, set realistic goals and take the necessary downtime.

An example would be going from a set of 8 reps with 70 kg/110 lbs to a set of 8 reps with 100 kg/220lbs, then reducing the weight to 80 kg/175 lbs and building up to 110kg/240lbs.

This doesn't seem like a mysterious secret, but following the plan is surprisingly hard. Before you know it, many of your friends will quit and switch to rumba and pump workouts, thinking

an amazing progress will come.

Another element that destroys progression is the never-ending attempt to feel diversified. People think changing lipstick changes lips, but it doesn't.

Exterior modifications do not equal progress even though they may look like a rapid progression from the outside. True development is achieved by thickening the core, not by playing with options that do not affect the engine pushing you forward. You can change your rims and Facebook background all you want, but you will still have the same overall strength unless you improve the essential and build up your character, which is the element holding everything together.

Most lifting warriors will never understand this and will continue to fight for diversification by modifying exercises, drinking the latest energy drinks, buying the latest supplements and looking for the perfect weightlifting routine. But nothing good is ever going to come out of similar strategy because the wrong variable is being altered. A variable that changes little to nothing.

In order for something to be considered valuable in your life, you must have a primary aim playing the role of a judge deciding whether your accomplishments equal progress or not. Without that goal, the house collapses and everything becomes meaningless and heartless. Like a beam of light without a focus, our effort loses its strength and fails to start a fire. You have everything and nothing at the same time. Only when you have a purpose, you can begin looking for actions that get you closer and closer to the real juice.

Goals are both personal and universal. When it comes to all things gym, a universal goal would be getting decently strong through progressive overload. The personal portion, on the other hand, is something you should determine yourself.

The same mechanism is observed in the world of the modern humanoid, where people kill themselves to protect a business that hates them.

We stay late at night, accept the insults and disrespect, lie to ourselves that everything is just fine, pray for miracles, hope that destiny knows what it's doing only to remain at the same place for years and then get fired.

The boss gives us a smile, maybe a spa ticket too, and we feel like we have received something of value, but we haven't. The joker is still laughing in our faces, knowing that the deal has been rigged.

At the end of the night, there's nothing there except a mixture of political correctness, pretentiousness and lies.

When it comes to work, the truly valuable reward would be a meaningful salary increase, more authority and respect.

But since true progress is dangerous, you just get another lollipop.

For some that lollipop is more than enough because we know that somewhere there are people who have even less than that. But if you want to get better and progress, you have to hate the lollipop and know that it is not your friend, nor your dream. It's just another element in the system used to replace the worthwhile experiences that actually make a difference, push you forward and give you a short moment of peace that makes you feel content for a little while.

BODYBUILDING - REPLICAS OR REAL MANLINESS?

I clicked on the link.

It took me to a picture filled with so much wrong that the laws of physics were barely enough to restrain the madness trying to jump out of the screen.

It was supposed to be funny, but it wasn't.

Apparently, a former coworker had polished the nails of her son. She was right next to him, making heavy metal signs to enhance her stupid grimace and ugly teeth.

The caption underneath said: "Just did our nails."

The insane amount of neurosis stored in that *supposedly* cute photo unlocked the fury factory in me, which then filled my body with rebellious anger.

But my animosity had a purpose.

It started talking to me as if it were a mentor physician explaining what's wrong with this world.

The conclusions seemed a little harsh but fair.

My coworker was a recently divorced woman who had turned into a professional man-hater because her husband was a clinically insane wacko frequently teleporting himself to places where only the magic of drugs can take you. Simply put, the man was a heavyweight cokehead.

The photo also reminded me of the day someone called at work to inform that woman that her wonderful husband had just been arrested for running naked in the street while screaming like a savage monkey tortured by spiritual monsters.

She reached mad mode in seconds and since I was the only male in the room, I immediately became a target. She grabbed the glass of water on her desk and threatened to throw it in my

face because "all men are garbage". This came as a surprise since I had not said a word. Honestly, back then I didn't even know her whole name because I rarely show interest in divorced female trolls overdosing on feminism. What good can come out for me from a conversation with such specimen?

All I know is that if the same psychosis continues, the boy of that woman is destined to grow into a metrosexual emo kid complaining 24/7 that the world is not fair.

Why?

The father is a drug addict whom one can only meet in a deep hallucination whereas the mother had transformed into a mentally unstable amazon wannabe polishing the nails of her 4-year-old son.

Seriously. What's next? Shaving the poor boy?

This story is a side effect of a much deeper problem – the destruction of manliness and its replacement with over-sensitivity, irrational thinking and poorly understood feminism.

No matter how you look at it, manliness has been under attack for decades. It seems that every man in the world has been raised by a single mother trying to be a superman. Children don't have fathers anymore. Instead, they have a second mother that looks like a man.

Therefore, one could rightfully say that we are living in the Era of the Metrosexual Eunuch.

The reasons for this apocalyptic phenomenon are complex and vary from malicious occult beliefs destroying the human soul to the devolution of the mainstream human culture. Through various social mechanisms, corrupt idealism and money based slavery, the modern male has been degraded to a realistic vibrator/sperm donor.

The attempt to make the differences between boys and girls appear negligible sends solid male figures into extinction. Women are taught by the system that they need no man and can do everything by themselves, while men are encouraged to be emotional and illogical creatures who should nourish the spoiled whore in them. This phenomenon is essentially crossdressing of values.

As a consequence, the world has turned into a place where the manliest activities most men are left with is replacing the big water bottles in the office, although sometimes even that is done by women.

I don't make an exception. I've never had a strong male figure to follow or learn from directly. I know my father, but he was absent most of the time. When he came back, it was too late. The same can be said for my grandfathers. They were there only on my birthdays.

To intensify the issue, I've worked with so many women in the past at my office jobs that I still wonder how I hadn't drowned in the sea of estrogen around me. This pitiful and yet hard to ignore melodrama pushed me into the iron game when I got older. Many males who get involved in bodybuilding or martial arts have very similar motivation.

In the world of muscle and iron people see a way to reclaim their manliness. Most don't even realize it, but this is one of the main driving forces behind the so-called relentless pursuit of muscle. You seek what you didn't have in the past. You see the iron as the role model you never had. You want an environment where you can finally be a warrior instead of a rat. There's a strong desire in you to express yourself, and the weight-room seems like a plausible solution.

The gym is one of the few places where the difference between males and females is still distinguishable. Men are naturally stronger than women and no amount of value twisting can change this fact. The only way women can beat men in the iron game is by taking steroids and mutating into hermaphrodites. Some do it.

Once you have been sucked into the muscle realm, you begin to lift like that's your only mission in life. The weight room becomes a battleground where you are the fighting hero. Bitches can't match you even if they try real hard. They may be doing CrossFit and facebooking about it, but they are still on a lower level. They are weak. They are females. You are the true fighter. They are nothing but cheerleaders stretching yoga pants.

Your bosses aren't there either.

It's just you fighting gravity – your cold and rigorous teacher.

The rules are the same for everyone.

You cannot hide.

Your true self is naked.

There's nothing to protect it. You are alone against the cosmic coldness talking to you through the barbell. There is no "if" or "but". The barbell does not think you are special. It has no

feelings. Gravity neither loves you nor hates you. Its power is undeniable and cannot be altered by your connections, successes or failures in the human world. It is what it is, and that makes it one of the greatest equalizers on Earth right after death.

Furthermore, lifting gives you something that very few people have today – physical strength above the average level. Nowadays you don't even have to be amazing to get above the threshold of mediocrity where most humanoids reside. Through training, you can reach a state allowing you to reconnect with life itself. When you're in-between the weight and the ground you are alive. You are real. There's no falseness. You no longer feel guilty when you call yourself a man.

But then comes the inevitable question – is it too good to be true?

Can you really regain your manhood by marrying a barbell and renting a gym for your body and soul?

Can you escape the dance of the modern humanoid through a lifelong battle against gravity?

Is the feeling of masculinity real or simply a replica, a simulation?

I am sorry, but the road of iron does not guarantee more manliness.

Generation #cablecurls proves that every day.

And no, the issue are not the curls themselves. After all, curls are simply an exercise. The problem is the attitude. Most people getting into the muscle game are always looking for an easy way to satisfy the superficial needs sets by society. When your drive consists of similar forces you end up as a mind controlled mannequin, and there are no guarantees that your lifting journey will make you manlier.

Sometimes the exact opposite happens. Men lifting weights become too conscious of the way they look and turn into divas slaving to the external. Instead of reaching a manly status, those guys become muscle nymphs specializing in metrosexuality.

When that happens weightlifting transforms in a cover-up. You may have big muscles and look like the action heroes from the movies, but inside you are still an insecure little boy. In fact, you are even less of a man than you were before because now you are a shaved slave bowing down to the protein shake. You are afraid that you will lose your muscle mass. You love your armor of muscle, and you are not willing to give it up easily. I understand. I would hate to lose something I have worked for too. But there is a difference between a fear that mobilizes you and irrational corrosive anxiety eating you from the inside out to the point where you are nothing but a frightened subject.

The iron may dig out the man in you from the bottom of the Estrogenic Ocean, but it cannot recreate it out of the nothingness. By itself, the barbell is simply an amplifier, a magnifying glass, a wake-up call.

The miracle may happen, but the sound of masculinity has to be there in order for the spell to work. When there's no signal, there's nothing to boost. You need a source. You cannot become a real-life hero by lifting heavy weights. It's not that easy. You can't bench your way to manly status. The iron room is a scene where manliness can come out of the thick obscurity for a short dance, but the power of the barbell has limitations that the authors of legends always omit from the report.

Regardless of what the gurus say, you don't have to be a lifter to be a real man. Manliness is bigger than a bench press, a squat or a deadlift. It's a collection of life principles, qualities and a mindset. It's not a weightlifting competition.

Few lifters comprehend this fact. Many iron addicts wrongfully assume that their manhood is a number on the bar. Accepting this false statement is a recipe for becoming a king in the gym and a slave in the real world.

In similar situations, the gym is nothing but a vacuum envelope where manliness expresses itself for a few minutes a week, and your workouts are just yard walks in a prison.

As soon as the time is over, manliness is back in its cell, locked and guarded by spiritual and physical limitations causing global emasculation and abnormalities.

LOOKING FOR THE SECRET TO HYPERTROPHY

[MY QUEST TO GETTING SWOLE]

Reality pressed my reset button.

All programs, including the movie player making my body produce dopamine, disappeared.

The machine started loading again.

Each line of code was a hard-to-answer question waiting to be processed by my brain.

A bomb of melancholia exploded in my chest, and low spirits began spreading inside of me like a continuous shiver produced by a slow & deadly romantic kiss.

It worked.

I was crushed.

My energy levels dropped to the underground. I could only stare and think about the wrong choices I had made as well as the uncertain future in front of me. It was scary, but when the infection is inside of you, there is no place to hide. You have to respond somehow. You have to fight.

One of the questions zigzagging in my head was:

"When are you going to leave the world of fragility and muscle deficiency? When are you going to break the chains of weakness?"

The questioner definitely knew me well because his inquiry made perfect sense.

I had been living in the land of the frail for far too long. A change of direction was in order.

I had to transform. I had to get bigger and stronger. The mission seemed clear and simple, but I knew well that the road ahead of me was an adventure.

I had tried to get big before, but the compulsion during that moment was something else.

It was colossal.

I promised to myself to put all prejudices and fears behind and go all in.

I lifted heavy. I lifted with passion. I lifted with dedication. I lifted with love. I lifted with hate. I lifted in the gym. I lifted at home. I lifted in the street. I lifted in the bus. I flexed my muscles. I stretched my muscles. I did compound exercises. I did isolation exercises. I got hyped before the final sets. I took pre-workout drinks. I had a training journal. I had a food journal. I bought protein powder. I bought creatine. I bought an apple, a banana, a second banana, a third banana, a second apple...

I never missed a workout. I was there when others were resting. I was there when it was hot. I was there when it was cold. I was there when I was healthy. I was there when I was sick. I was there when I was injured. I was there on my birthday. I was there in my sleep. I was always there.

I squatted, I deadlifted, I benched, I overhead pressed, I leg pressed, I power cleaned, I did push-ups, chest presses, rows, pulldowns, pull-ups, calf raises, dumbbell curls, cable curls, spider curls, hammer curls.

I did it all.

I got stronger than half the gym made out of croissant boys and lovers of the tank top. Many looked at me as though I were one of those delusional gold diggers who never give up despite finding nothing but dirt. Some understood my mission, whereas others saw me as an autistic loser. It didn't matter. I had made my promise already. Besides, I knew that most of my critics were simply jealous of my dedication.

After two years, reality decided to press the reset button of my bio-computer one more time just to show me who's boss. I looked at the mirror and saw a major improvement over my previous insect like state. My back was thicker, my lats were wider, my legs were no longer bamboo sticks. There were noticeable, undeniable changes. Without a shadow of a doubt, my strength training had caused some serious adaptation on a cellular level. My core had gotten

thicker and more resilient. And yet I wasn't super impressed nor were the people around me.

Once again I had failed to achieve remarkable muscle hypertrophy. Why? I didn't know, but I desperately wanted to identify the reasons behind my failure. I was missing something. There had to be a way.

I started a vigorous, obsessive, sickening, mind torturing research, in the hope to find knowledge leading to Ms. Hypertrophy.

"I will do everything to make her mine," I said to myself.

The first method I wanted to try after my failure was bodybuilding high-rep training.

Previously, I was focusing primarily on low reps and not really paying attention to the pump when it came down to the big exercises. In my mind, the pump was something only a tiny, lost soul would worry about. But since I had failed so badly, I had to try and give a chance to the method. I was willing to change in the name of the greater good.

I converted and left the world of low reps to the delusional recreational powerlifters who look more like hotdog eating competitors than muscle warriors. I rewrote my routine and increased the number of reps per set to at least eight. I even added burn out sets consisting of fifteen to twenty repetitions.

And the pump embraced me in its deceptive world without asking questions.

At the end of each set, especially the final one, the boiling blood in my veins wanted to jump out of me as though it were a 3D picture coming to life. The experience felt otherworldly, and if it weren't for my pessimistic nature, I would have been convinced that growth was taking place before my eyes. I quickly learned this wasn't the case.

The pump reminded me of going to the theater.

For about an hour, you teleport into another world larger than anything you know. As soon as the spectacle is over, you are left alone on a cold deserted street looking for a taxi to drive you home. Your problems are still your problems. The world is still the same place. Nothing is solved. You have simply received a painkiller allowing your mind to rest for a short hour.

The pump is nothing but a sweet liar playing with the heads of the perplexed muscle constructors. I had no choice but to eliminate it from my list with roads leading to Ms.

Hypertrophy.

However, I didn't give up.

I still had enough strength left to continue looking for the real key.

The desire to get bigger was digging a tunnel close to my very essence. Sometimes I was going to bed and continuing my intensive research in my dreams. Lifting was slowly taking the best of me and forced me to leave many things behind. Most of my thoughts were hijacked by the desire to get bigger. Every observation I was making had to pass through an artificial muscle focused filter residing in my brain. I was not a regular person anymore. I had been altered.

The food was not the same either. I see meat, I think protein. I see fruit, I think carbs. I see butter, I think fats. Even the way I perceived everyday movements had changed. I was always thinking of the muscles engaged in those activities. But at the time, I did not see any of this as a problem. I was proud to be an addict because normality seemed like the path of the loser.

I was too deep into the game to come out clean.

I had to continue my quest for hypertrophy.

I had to give it my best.

Giving up felt like voluntary annihilation.

In a moment of desperation, I read an article explaining why the bench, the squat, and the deadlift are the still best exercises in the world. One of the experts in the comment section was supposedly relying on Soviet tactics to create elite ninja warriors and had an interesting theory on muscle growth.

According to him, muscular growth is the result of high volume routines done with heavy weights (above 70% of your 1 repetition maximum).

Put simply, he believes that the muscle is a pool, which you have to fill with water. And the only way open the valves is to fight against heavy weights. If the resistance is too small, the valves don't open fully, and you get poor results.

At the same time, if you do a low volume workout, there is not enough time to fill the entire pool with water because the valves open only for seconds. Therefore, you need extra reps per

workout in order keep the pipes open for longer and flood the muscle.

One day, my wandering mind reminded me of this training principle, and I actually woke up in the middle of the night to search and read the whole comment again.

The method and the explanation resonated with me.

I decided to follow it and wrote a simple 10x3 routine on the spot using Notepad.

[10x3 is a scheme allowing you to lift heavy weights while still reaching high volume – 30 reps per exercise.]

I thought I had found the missing piece of the puzzle.

I followed my new routine for about 10 months.

The results? I got stronger, but muscle growth remained a daydream. I still had the frame and posture of a fragile ectomorph boy raised by a single mother.

After another consecutive failure, I felt like I was getting over a heart-corroding breakup with a girl constantly making me feel inferior and unworthy of her love. I had tried to do everything to preserve our relationship, and yet my efforts were meaningless. If there weren't so many successful examples pushed in my face by the mainstream muscle media, I would have thought that hypertrophy is merely an invention of the comic books.

The only possible explanation was that either I was defective, or the industry had manipulated the facts. Naturally, I decided to side with myself and condemned the Milkmen.

Despite the initial pain, all failures turned out to be a very valuable lesson for me.

Only after you have passed through all the lies, you can finally start to hear your intuition and reason because they are no longer distorted by naivety and the curse of being a beginner putting too much faith in the legitimacy of a fake world.

The secret to hypertrophy is similar to the secret of getting rich, albeit a lot simpler. **Everybody knows how you supposedly become wealthy. You work hard. You work smart. You remain patient, and eventually you become successful.**

It's actually true. People who work hard and smart will reach much further than the idle

population blaming luck for everything. But that success will soon reach a barrier requiring special tricks not included in the manual.

And, baby, believe me – there is always a trick. The mainstream approach can only take you so far.

It's the same with weights. You follow the plan and you receive some gains. You become better, you do better, but the leaders are always a step in front of you.

Why?

What's their secret?

It's a trick called steroids.

While experienced lifters know that virtually all popular bodybuilders are on steroids, each year there is a new generation of gullible boys and girls who turn 17. Those kids are the new you and me.

At the end of the day, the secret to hypertrophy for the ordinary person does not hide in a special rep range.

To get to your potential as a natty, you have to do three simple things.

1. Find the right exercises for your body. [Your selection will change over the years.]
2. Progress with the help of cycles (overloads, but also deloads)
3. If you are fat, eat a deficit until you are leaner. If you are not fat, eat to maintain your weight. If you want to gain weight, increase your calories slightly.

How many reps you do per set is important, but reps and sets alone cannot teleport you in the world of Photoshop muscles.

If you want to pass the natty limits, you will have to join the steroid warriors, and that choice should be yours and yours alone.

THE PERFECT REP RANGE

[GIVE ME THE FORMULA]

"How many reps per set?" is an enigma the muscle industry has been seemingly trying to solve since the creation of the iron room.

The conventional muscle science found in thong catalogs, I mean mainstream muscle magazines, recommends 10 reps for 3 sets.

Why? Because this style is politically correct and less likely to cause an injury. As an added benefit, you also get a nice muscular pump meant to help you experience heavenly emotions and trigger massive muscular growth.

Over the years many have been criticizing this method and rendering it ineffective for the average natural bodybuilder stranger to the anabolic cocktails of the pros. This caused the low rep revolution led by persistent marketers and supported by an army of confused noobs.

From 2005 onward, the gurus have been advising beginners to follow a strength routine such as the popular 5x5. This resulted in the formation of 5x5 zealots and other forms of recreational powerlifting idiots who consider high reps the choice of the insecure bodybuilder who uses the gym as a metrosexual spa center rather than a place where men go to forge their testicles. Many members of the low rep community are afraid to do a set above 5 reps or a biceps curl, whereas the pump fanboys think they will shatter into pieces if once in a while they perform a heavy triple.

But guess what? Both are nothing but subjects to combative dualism.

The supporters of each method only see the truth in their choice and the lies of the opposite side. Those individuals fight each other using ego pleasing methods until they transform into the very thing they were fighting against.

The two sides are too confused and illogical to open their minds and think outside of the basic formulas.

They are not willing to accept the third approach, but there is one.

It's called synthesis – a combination of separate materials into one unified entity.

Ultimately, the term *rep range* is nothing but a simplified expression of a bigger idea.

No matter how many reps or sets you do, it all comes down to **tonnage** and **intensity**.

Those are the two essential elements of any workout. To achieve progress, you have to unify them into an acceptable form generating progress.

Tonnage per workout equals the total amount of weight lifted in one training session. For instance, if you perform 3 sets of 10 reps with 100 kilograms, the total tonnage is $3 \times 10 \times 100 = 3000$ kilograms [1363 lbs.]

But that number can be achieved by doing 5 sets of 6 reps with the same weight or by lifting 200 kg / 440 lbs for 15 repetitions. The tonnage is the same, but the intensity in the second case is higher.

The combination of tonnage and intensity is similar to earning money.

High intensity equals decent money earned in a short period of time with tremendous effort, whereas high tonnage is the equivalent of earning money over a longer period of time with less effort.

An example of high-intensity training would be a bank heist.

Technically, the operation shouldn't take a lot of time, unless you count the planning, but you can end up with some serious profit that may otherwise require 50 years of regular work. However, high intensity is really stressful and demands longer recovery time. You can't rob a bank every day.

On the other hand, going to work every day, earning little for decades, and accumulating some decent tonnage [bank] is way more realistic. The downside of this method is that you may never live to see your money. Therefore, the best approach is the synthesis of both elements. In money terms, this means that you have to find a bank that you can rob more frequently without

getting caught or injured.

One of the ways to combine repetition training (higher tonnage) and intensity training (heavy weight) is to split each into different periods of one training cycle.

The classic approach is to start with high reps at the beginning and then progressively add weight each workout to increase the intensity.

Here's a simple linear cycle combining high and low repetitions.

Week 1: 15 reps with 100;

Week 2: 10 reps with 120;

Week 3: 8 reps with 140;

Week 4: 5 reps with 160;

Week 5: 5 reps with 170;

Week 6: 3 reps with 180;

Week 7: 2-3 reps with 190;

At the end of the cycle, you should start another one with a heavier weight such as 110-115 and build back up again to a personal record.

Obviously, if you want to focus more on reps rather than intensity you can increase the number of weeks during which you do high repetitions.

Another technique that allows you to combine the best of both worlds are *back-off sets*.

Back-off sets are high rep sets done after heavier low rep sets and are meant to increase the tonnage per workout.

For example, doing a set of 10 reps with 100 after a heavy set with 200 would be considered a back-off set.

You can also combine linear periodization starting with high reps and add back-off sets once you reach the low repetition weeks.

Next comes another eternal question:

How many sets per workout should a muscle apprentice perform in order to reach the land of otherworldly muscle development?

Honestly, unless you are trying to improve your technique, you don't really need a lot of sets. 2-3 working sets per compound exercise are more than enough.

There is no need to do an endless amount of working sets to stimulate growth.

Proper warm-up and a few work sets cover the requirements for growth stimulation.

A hidden benefit of doing less working sets is that you can invest more energy and concentration into them.

The fewer chances you have, the more you appreciate them.

The Two Myths

There are two big myths linked to low and high rep training.

The first myth is that high reps build "unfunctional" faggot muscle, whereas low reps only increase your strength and stimulate synthesis of "functional muscle". I used to believe this lie when I first joined an actual gym with weight and stuff. I had my clock winded by the 5x5 zealots and considered high rep jedis losers. While my attitude was justified because most people in the gym are really brain dead idiots who have no idea what they are doing, my mindset was wrong. I wasn't better than the average person. I was convinced that I was building quality muscle by doing low reps. In reality, however, I was nothing but the opposite part of the spectrum. Then, after my low repetition era of training failed to deliver the muscle I thought I had earned, I switched to high rep bodybuilding routines and did all the sins 5x5 zealots and other sycophants love criticizing. I did high rep sets, burn out sets, drop sets and numerous isolation exercises.

Obviously, I didn't get the growth I thought I had earned that way either.

In the end, the culprit was obvious – I was a natural lifter expecting too much. I was a regular clerk thinking he can work his way up to higher management by playing Mr. Nice guy and working hard.

The problem were neither high nor low reps.

The problem was my naive mind convinced that the world is an enormous place full of ideas, concepts and even individuals looking out for you. I was a gullible person, trusting the authorities despite the fact that the evidence was suggesting otherwise.

The truth is that there isn't a magic rep range that can change your genes and offer you unnatural muscular development.

We just want to believe there is one because that dream makes us feel like in control.

But we aren't.

You can't tell nature what it can or can't do.

It's the other way around.

WILL I GO TO HELL IF I TAKE STEROIDS?

ARE JUICERS SINNERS?

When I realized that every man carrying an appreciable amount of muscle mass is a steroid junky and a pathological liar masturbating to his own reflection in the mirror, my internals filled with epic hardcore anger that made me feel capable of turning rocks into dust with my bare hands.

Back then, I saw myself as an equalizer ready to provide justice for all and punish the homoerotic falsifiers of truth for their sins.

I wanted to line the con artists next to each other, make them kneel in front of me like they are my subjects, beat the hell out of them with a heavy duty weightlifting belt and finish the payback operation by forcing them to stab each other's glutes with extra-long "steroid" needles until they all regret every single steroid shot they had ever taken throughout their miserable, pointless, grotesque existence as lying dimwits living with malfunctioning and heavily atrophied raisin like testicles.

I didn't question the reasons behind my anger even for a second.

I was 100% convinced of my rightness.

Back then, my psyche was still pristine enough to let me act upon my idealistic drive. I wasn't completely systemized yet.

I couldn't imagine a future without revenge.

It took years, but gradually the XXXL anger in me started to downsize and eventually reached slim status again. I wasn't as interested in inflicting punishment upon those bastards anymore, although throughout that period I collected even more evidence that my initial conclusions

were correct.

Surprisingly, or not, I reached a point where I was ever so slightly higher than my previous state of consciousness. I wasn't a naive paper knight trying to make the human world fair anymore.

This is when I saw the muscle warriors on heavy steroids from another angle. They were no longer my oppressors but pawns in a much bigger game they couldn't even comprehend. When I realized what it takes to acquire a physique worth 10000+ real likes on Facebook, I lost interest in pursuing the mainstream muscle dream. The slavery caused by the drug life was something that never appealed to me. I would rather be small than a bald king of the needle.

The explanation of the above transition is simple.

When your fragile mind is first exposed to a profound revelation or evidence refuting mainstream concepts taken for granted, your natural reaction is to enter a state of denial and then either ignore the new data completely or seek a solution and/or revenge.

If you survive long enough, this period passes and you lose your innocence/naivete. You reach the obvious conclusion that the game is bigger than you, and there is only so much you can do.

I still believe that lying to naive individuals and manipulating them through muscle voodooism is a sophisticated form of theft. You promise something to your customers [big muscles like yours] but never provide the means required to reach similar results. The label says airplane, but inside there's a second-hand tricycle.

But is this really enough to send steroid users to hell?

Are you really a bad person if you take steroids?

Five years ago, I would have said yes, but my opinion on the subject has evolved. I don't think that taking steroids is that big of a crime against society anymore. If you want to play darts with your glutes and load yourself with synthetic hormones to increase the downstairs humidity of local village whores, so be it. You certainly have the right to do so. You are one of the main owners of your body, and thus modifications are allowed.

The key term here is "conscious choice."

How many people truly know what they are doing when they use steroids? Are you choosing to become a steroid user because you truly want to follow the path of the needle or are you simply

too weak to fend off the attacks generated by your drunk ego serving false heroes and illogical societal expectations?

Are you the one who wants the drugs or is the system sending demons to mess with your head and push you into a pit you may never come back from?

Take a minute and think before proceeding any further with your muscle dreams.

Of course, some steroid users are smarter than the mannequins who want big muscles just to collect Facebook likes and Instagram followers. Those guys don't pin themselves solely for the Photoshop look drugs give you.

While having big muscles is a great bonus in a society spending most of life on its butt, there is another incredibly important source of energy that keeps the factory of steroid user afloat.

That source is called money.

We often look for complicated explanations, but more often than not the true motivation behind everything is financial profit – a necessity for humans living outside of the jungle.

Steroids have made many men millionaires.

Drugs allow you to develop a body that can never be matched by the natural bodybuilders losing precious time in a never-ending search for a workout or a supplement that can produce muscle monsters. That otherworldly body serves as an advertisement selling all kinds of products from personal coaching services to protein dust.

Even if you are an amazing natty bodybuilder, you will have a hard time matching the muscular development of thong warriors abusing steroids. The naive kids [your potential customers] will often ask you mentally challenged questions such as "*Do you even lift?*". For this reason, many bodybuilders start out as naturals but join the grand chemical experiment in order to become competitive in the muscle world.

This leads me to the question – What are people willing to do for money?

Since money equals not only pleasant physical existence in this realm, but also freedom and status, there are no moral barriers when it comes to fighting for your personal pot of gold.

People have been doing much worse things than taking anabolic steroids to earn cash. In fact, filling yourself with synthetic hormones could even be considered a noble business sacrifice since the side effects of your union with testosterone based pharma are all yours, baby.

Moreover, a well-paid lawyer may say that steroid users rightfully deserve more cash than the natural losers afraid to join the world of tech based muscles.

I agree to a certain degree.

If I am going to eventually lose my hair, get bitch tits, possibly become infertile and have to stay on steroids for the rest of my life to avoid becoming a sack of estrogen, I would definitely demand a higher salary too.

The bigger the risk, the bigger the reward, right?

At the end of the night, the world of muscle and steroids showed me the requirements to succeed in this world.

Those would be hard work, environment friendly to your goal, talent, patience, understanding how the system operates, luck and one more thing that very few are willing to admit – a trick that makes it all happen.

Even if you have everything else covered, you are not going to reach the top without a little push that bends the rules. In the muscle industry this would be the false idea that you can get as big as the thong warriors by training hard and eating right.

This is the blueprint responsible for the existence of the muscle conglomerate as you know it today. Without that little mechanism, monetizing biceps curls would be incredibly difficult. The industry needs this exact design like politicians need the media. Every other part of the equation can be changed or removed, but that little wheel has to remain there in order for the machine to continue the operation smoothly.

But even that questionable technique can be rationalized by a good attorney.

We have all worked for ungrateful companies with questionable policies.

During my long career as a translator I have written texts for tobacco giants, banks, politicians, pharmaceutical conglomerates and other clients with malicious practices.

Nevertheless, I don't feel bad for doing so because I know that you can't survive in this world unless you get your hands dirty. If you are making any money, chances are you are linked to immoral practices directly or indirectly. A realm where your money comes solely from pure and honest sources exist only in the fairy tales told by authors of self-help books promoted on morning TV shows and the like.

The question is where do you draw the line?

When does a job become completely unacceptable?

Let's look at the tobacco world for an answer.

For the most part cigarettes are nothing but a union between bad odor and different cancers wrapped in movie fantasies and masturbation mentality, allowing the masses to feel alive during the yard walk on a Friday night. And yet the heads of huge cigarette companies are considered ballers, even though their money technically comes from poison sold to "innocent" people.

However, the situation is not so simple

There are many areas where people would starve if it weren't for tobacco cultivation. Furthermore, some of the deaths caused by cigarette smoke are actually sponsoring doctors and pharmaceutical companies selling quit-smoking medicine. Therefore, a portion of the money received from tobacco victims undoubtedly saves the lives of people who may not even be smokers themselves. In a weird way, or not, cigarettes cause death and preserve lives at the same time.

But does this mean that cigarettes are something pure that needs to be protected? I don't think so. The example above simply shows once again that you cannot create something bad in this world without it resulting in something good. [The opposite is also true.]

The very same logic applies to the world of muscle.

The lying bastards repeating the "*I am natural! Trust me cause I say so!*" story may be increasing the filth in this world, but their existence also contributes to positive trends. Children and adults get into lifting and become better than their previous version despite the corrupt mainstream

muscle world.

It's true that some jump on the steroid train and sacrifice their livers and kidneys to win a plastic trophy and pose in thongs in front of old and filthy homoerotic bastards, but there are also many individuals who live much healthier lives thanks to the barbell.

My answer to the question "Are juicers sinners?" is a classic:

Who isn't a sinner on this Earth?

Nobody's perfect, even perfection itself.

And yet I will continue to expose those bastards because the world needs an antithesis to balance itself.

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THE LIFE OF THE DESPERATE NATURAL

TIME TO BREAK OUT

The inability of natural bodybuilders to acquire cartoonish muscle fibers often results in a depression that can easily turn your life into an inexplicable tribulation seemingly leading nowhere.

All windows appear closed, and there's zero light in the cave.

The overwhelming bleakness feels like a road roller going back and forth over your chest until there's nothing but a flat pancake on the ground, and your heartbeat is quieter than a broken drum buried 10 floors underground.

The reason for the despair may seem completely baseless and unsophisticated to the outside world, but it goes pretty deep and is enough to send many non-hardened and naive souls in a domain where oxygen is replaced by self-destructive melancholy.

More often than not this state is part of a vicious cycle common for natural bodybuilders trying to keep their blood as pure as possible. It all begins when you decide to join the club of big muscles.

You start dreaming of a wonderful world where all your troubles are negated by the circumference of your arms and the thickness of your chest.

In big muscles you recognize an exit, a savior, which could bring you back to life and protect you from all dangers of the jungle.

But when you realize that your methods are not working despite lifting until your psyche bleeds, and your friends declare you a mad man leaking brain cells through his ears, you will be attacked by agents of doubt demanding a plausible explanation for the failure.

The self-torture will initially feel infinite and excruciating.

But one day a fountain of hope will come out of nowhere and trigger the cycle again.

The source of faith will be another gimmicky training method, a new supplement, an anabolic secret given to you by a big bro, or worse – a testosterone booster that close-fisted communist scientists have been hiding from you for decades.

Once you have passed through all the stages of *natural* desperation, your home will look like the den of a clinically insane worshiper of enlarged muscle fibers and men in thongs. There will be numerous boxes of protein powder, creatine, glutamine, BCAA, vitamins, pre-workouts and testosterone boosters in every room. At the same time, posters of professional bodybuilders advertising supplements as the cure to cancer and the road to human immortality will serve as wall decoration.

Moreover, your browsing history will consist primarily of bodybuilding sites. All your searches will include the keywords "muscle", "secret", "squats", "bench press", "meal timing", "anabolic window", "boost testosterone", "online testosterone meter", "how many set for big arms", "an inch to bicep in 7 days", "big dick vs. muscles for girls"...and many more.

But the madness will not be complete until you start following the advice of a guru teaching you how to increase your testosterone levels *naturally* by dancing in the sun, going to bed at the right time and eating bull testicles without brushing your teeth. Only then you can consider yourself a human dehumanized by the relentless pursuit of chimeras that were never meant to happen.

One day, probably during your regular testosterone boosting sun dance, you will see your reflection in a big puddle and realize that your mission is going nowhere.

Massive depression will try to knock you out cold and sent you for repair once again.

But guess what?

There is a way to get out of that trap and extract the acid out of you once and for all. It's not going to be easy, but once you are out of the washing machine, you will look back and realize that it was worth it.

As always, the journey to liberation begins with the three magic words: "Enough is enough."

When you say those words with your heart, you are ready to continue with the rest of the program, which includes 7 basic steps.

Step 1: Understand the Limitations

Far too many people live in a world where everything seems possible in some distant future, and all it takes to get there is finding the right key/secret.

It's true that progress is more than real if you are willing to work in the right direction, but there are physical limitations that couldn't care less about your efforts.

Naturally, people never admit this fact even to themselves and chose to eat the massive amount of voodoo contained in phony new age books teaching you that the universe is your personal servant constantly looking for a way to make you happy.

Guess what?

The universe does not care about you all that much. We are nothing but decaying organic matter to it. There may be other spiritual powers out there helping us, but the universe itself feels colder than a machine to me. It has neither compassion nor love for its inhabitants. One day it's kind to you, the next day you are at the bottom of the ocean. Therefore, if anyone should try to please the universe it's us. And we are doing it whether we realize it or not.

In the world of muscle this means that you cannot get as huge as your idols naturally because it is physically impossible and natural law does not allow it for whatever reason. It can't happen. Forget about it and don't look for secret routines and muscle leaders who have supposedly done it. They are liars with physiques built with the help of anabolic pharma. All of them! There are no exceptions! Not a single one!

When you comprehend the existence of those limitations, you become less limited because the freedom of knowing what works and what doesn't liberates you from the fairy tale.

Step 2: Don't Trigger the Cycle

Instead of looking for a new dose, you have to stay strong and think outside of the box.

The depression mentioned above is there for a reason – to teach us something.

We have to look for a long term solution instead of a patch.

I know that it feels tempting to believe in the existence of a sacred routine, a pill or a herb, but in reality, there isn't a natural "cure" that can match the results of steroids,

A lot of people lose their minds in the search for a way to boost their testosterone levels naturally, and while some methods work a little, the increase is something like 20%, which translates to nothing in the real world.

Seriously!

Even a low "beginner" steroid cycle could increase your testosterone by 300%! That's why searching for a "secret way to become an alfa male with mind blowing test levels naturally" is the equivalent of riding a skateboard to work and expecting to get there faster than a bike.

When depression knocks on your door, embrace it with a smile because it will teach you something about the world and your soul. The only way to make it go away for a longer period of time is to listen instead of writing the same values in the formula and expecting a miracle.

To survive, you have to ride the wave of depression.

Step 3: Be proud of yourself!

One of the system's many tricks is the destruction of the slave's self-worth. The goal is to make the slave feel like a complete loser and a bottom feeder with below worm level self-esteem.

That self-hatred opens you to suggestions of which the system has a few too many.

Once you reject your personality completely, you empty yourself for the Cosmo garbage prepared for you by the mainstream whirlpool of trash.

You begin to modify yourself until you suit the needs of the society, and if you fail for whatever reason, you begin to hate yourself again.

It's time to end this.

The less experienced you are, the harder it is to break free from the chains of fake expectations meant to keep you chasing unicorns and flying bananas, but eventually you will get there.

It will be hard at first, but it can be done.

Step 4: Understand that Big Muscle Are Overrated...[sometimes]

Many confused lifters believe that their lives will become perfect, once big muscle are registered in the mirror. That will not happen because the human life is more than just muscle mass and ego bases satisfaction. There are many losers with big muscles who are incredibly miserable and hate themselves despite having large biceps. Being massive has never been a requirement to be a successful or a happy person.

There are more important elements such as career, family, freedom, money and more. If those are in check, you are less likely to beg for hypertrophy and cry at night after measuring your biceps.

Step 5: Move on/grow but don't turn your back on lifting

When I first got injected with the desire to build big muscles, it was impossible to stop me from lifting.

Skipping workouts was an unthinkable act.

Like a naive and young 18-year-old husband, I thought that my love for the barbell would last forever.

It didn't.

There were times when I felt completely betrayed and victimized by that bitch with a heart made out of cold iron.

We started arguing on a daily basis, and the fights gradually escalated into hardcore disputes.

I even left home [the gym] for a short period of time a few times.

We needed some time away from each other. This was the only way to recover.

This method of temporary separation worked for about two years, but the inevitable rainy day. We had a massive fight, which resulted in a full divorce.

I stopped lifting for more than a year. I quit doing all kinds of exercises. I saw no point in lifting

because my efforts as a natural seemed deprived of logical sense.

Would you go to work if you know that at the end of the month the boss will not pay you anything?

I know I wouldn't.

But sometimes the payment is not in money [muscle].

There is more to lifting than hypertrophy.

Training makes you stronger and can teach you many things about the world and yourself.

When I realized this, I got back into lifting.

I started with a few sets of pull-ups and dips every five days. I had little to no expectations and thought that I will quit in a month or two once I remember how pointless the whole game is for a natural.

Well, I didn't quit.

I kept on lifting and I don't regret a single minute of it.

In fact, I was even happier than before because my mind was free from the burden of unreachable goals.

This is why I advise naturals never to give up on lifting completely. Even if you are just doing push-ups and pull-ups at home, it's good enough. Just don't turn your back on training forever.

You are the only one who will lose from this separation.

Step 6: Set Skill Based Goals

Becoming massive as a natty maybe impossible, unless you get fat as hell, but you can definitely develop incredible skills and get really strong compared to the rest of the humans out there who often break their legs trying to climb the stairs.

The goals are entirely up to you. It could be a 225 lbs /100kg bench press for a set of 5, a front lever, or both. It doesn't matter as long as the skill keeps your passion alive.

Still, your goals have to be realistic if you want to succeed.

Far too many fail under the pressure of pipe dreams.

For example, there are many individuals out there who want to learn how to play a musical instrument, but never commit because they are ensnared by the false belief that you have to be great at something in order to enjoy it and improve. Those poor souls launch YouTube and see Asian babies that can't walk yet but play the Moonlight Sonata perfectly while drinking Coca-Cola. This discourages the individual from even trying. This mindset will take you nowhere.

Of course, there are people born with much more talent than you, but this life is not about beating them. It's about getting better. Unfortunately, most never realize this obvious fact and look for excuses such as: "I don't have time.", "I am too old.", "I am the wrong race."

Guess, what?

If you replace ½ of the time you spend on Facebook with practice, in six months you will be miles ahead of your previous self.

This is the power of setting difficult and yet achievable goals.

Step 7: [.....write your own story.....]

I will leave this blank because the only plan that works is the flexible one.

Your story is different from mine.

Sooner or later, there comes a time when you have to kill all external noise and let your inner intuition talk to you.

FITNESS GURUS A.K.A. DREAM DEALERS

HOW THEY GET FAMOUS

I've been in this game for 10 years.

I've seen the rise and fall of many fitness gurus.

In this chapter, I will reveal how their little crafty brains operate.

The plan below is used by 99% of the fitness gurus to establish themselves as authorities and make bank off the dream that anyone can become a muscle superstar.

Step 1: Find a Way to Jump Off the Page [Become Special]

To acquire massive fame in the fitness world, you need a unique melody that has the power to attract as much attention as a big fat leather wallet in the middle the street.

You have to make your audience believe that you have that wallet.

You have to convince them that the ultimate secret lies in your methods.

You have to send people into dream mode and keep them there for as long as possible.

But this does not mean that you have to reinvent the wheel and create a business around a gimmick device like the ab swinger, the frog master, or something equally retarded.

Similar strategies may work for a short period of time, but they are a heartless, short term solution that undoubtedly will fail on you one day.

It's better to stick with the classics.

This means recycling old material.

You have to present the basics to the world from another angle.

Think of it as directing a love movie. They are all the same but different.

This is what every single guru on the Internet and TV has been doing since the beginning – remixing old love songs.

Kettlebells are a perfect example.

As you can hopefully see, kettlebells are simply an iron bell with a handle allowing you to make humping motions against resistance. The greatest advantage of kettlebell lifting is that it combines a little bit of everything [strength, endurance, cardio] without requiring a lot of space to train.

That's pretty cool but definitely not enough to make them look like the holy grail of training.

Kettlebells are heavy, expensive and hard to find. In order to make people buy them, you need a story. That's why kettlebells are advertised as the secret Soviet weapon used by champions and mad ninjas for centuries. This marketing part has been crucial for the success of the kettlebell.

I learned about kettlebells in the summer of 2006 when I was looking for a way to get good at push-ups. One thing led to another and I found myself on the website Dragondoor.com back when Pavel Tsatsouline was still the king there.

The guy was often presented as the "Evil Russian" [former trainer of the Russian spetsnaz], which is not entirely correct. I can't tell you whether he is evil, but according to his Wikipedia page as of February, 2016, he was actually born in Belarus. Also, in one of his interviews is written that he grew up in Latvia. When you considered that he immigrated to the U.S. in his youth, it looks like the guy has never spent that much time in Russia after all. Who knows whether he even has a Russian ancestry...

More than likely terms like "*Russian Training Secrets*" and "*The Evil Russian*" are meant to act as a hook attracting customers who think that every single Russian out there is fighting bears on a daily basis.

Obviously, similar manipulations are part of the wonderful world the fitness gurus have been trying to paint for a long time.

It worked in my case. I was hooked.

By the end of that summer, I was convinced that kettlebells are an otherworldly muscle builder that can help me grow wings. I labeled myself "extremely unfortunate" for living in an area where kettlebells are nowhere to be seen.

I wanted to have one.

I wanted to become a bad kettlefucker.

And one day my dream almost came true.

I was buying weight plates for my adjustable dumbbells when I saw a kettlebell in the same shop. The poor thing looked ancient but boss nevertheless. I grabbed its handle and immersed into another world instantly. Every external source of information died down. It was just me and the kettlebell. I felt as though a stream of unknown godly energy were coming into me through the iron bell. I immediately thought of buying the bell but its price was a little too much for my piggy bank.

As much as I am annoyed by the kettlebells, I have to admit that their reinvention was an excellent business solution and a textbook example what successful gurus do to jump off the page.

You can think of the process as music sampling too.

Most rap and some pops songs are made on drum machines with the help of samples from other tracks written decades ago. The so-called hip-hop producer simply finds a nice loop, tweaks it and presents it to the crowd in a modern package.

The fitness world operates the same way.

Find your sample.

Tweak it.

Make people dream.

Win.

Step 2: Promotion

You may have a great idea or product, but you don't go from zero to hero without some form of advertisement.

The more people know about you the better.

The classic way to receive some love from the crowd is to attack the Internet and/or mainstream TV channels with a massive advertisement.

This is what Mike Chang did back in the day to get his moronic six-pack-abs shortcut program out there. I have no idea how much money he was/is spending on ads per year, but it is probably more than most people will ever earn in their entire lives.

But, of course, this method only works for the rich kids with generous sponsors or trust funds.

Most young gurus don't have the power to do something like that.

Therefore, they have to use the poor man's approach.

The first step of the poor man's plan is to find an already established fitness authority out there and join the club. This is what Mark Rippetoe did back in the early 2000s. He was part of GrassFed, I mean CrossFit, and used to say good things about the movement. I also learned about Rippetoe from his CrossFit seminars where weaklings went to get educated in it. Gradually, Rippetoe branched out and left CrossFit behind. Currently, his whole crew of sycophants and permabulkers considers CrossFit the thing girly men do to feel like real men. However, that doesn't change the fact that the whole Starting Strength madness was launched through CrossFit's network.

BONUS: Internet Trolling and Fights

As they say, bad publicity is still publicity.

If nobody wants you, make them talk about you by trolling the hell out of them.

The goal of trolling is to trigger people's primitive reactions and manipulate them.

Since fitness boys have sensible souls and God complex, they will usually feature you in their next video or blog post without realizing that they are just feeding the troll.

But who cares anyway? They should know better.

Once you are famous, it's time to settle down, stop trolling, and join the cartel.

Step 3: Become an Established Part of the Muscle Cartel

The fitness industry has been a cartel since the very beginning. Businessmen may steal from each other occasionally, but they always stay together when it comes to milking the public and maintaining the dream alive.

To make the most amount of money and get the needed promotion, you have to be part of the network too.

Whenever I see fitness gurus together, I think of the preaching morons who go on TV shows to "interview" each other and promote their new books. They tweet each other's posts, link to each other's articles and refer braindead people to each other.

One guy sells you a penis pump.

The other guy sells you a kettlebell.

The next guy sells you a barbell.

And the final guy sells you a muscle-up/gymnastic training.

...

Step 4: Keep The Drive Alive

To be a successful guru, you have to keep the dream alive. There are many ways to do that depending on your niche, but the classic approach is to create an unreachable ideal for your clients. Old and new recruits should be constantly pursuing a mythical image created by you for them. This is what keeps the mechanism spinning. This is the fuel.

For example, there are nutrition experts who keep on finding new ways to become anabolic and acquire muscular development rivaling the level of steroid monkeys. Since we want to be lied to, this method works rather well, especially when you combine it with an army of trolls negating the critics.

Conclusion

The above practices are not necessarily bad.

You gotta do what you gotta to succeed a.k.a. live better before you die in this world.

You can't always play Mr. Nice Guy and win.

Truth be told, most nice guys in this world are turned into bottom feeders rather fast because past a certain point kindness is not a virtue but a weakness.

Another big problem is that many naive kids unprepared for the world think that everybody is telling the truth. It's not like that at all. Every person is a liar, and the real question is who lies the least, not who doesn't lie at all.

Everything in the human world is strictly business, and even the good products are always packed in dreams. To avoid getting burned, you have to focus on extracting the principles offered to you instead of expecting to receive a solution to all your problems from the gurus.

Don't treat the gurus like mighty kings and the ultimate source of truth. Make them dance for you.

DOMINATING THE GYM AS A NATTY

The vitriolic scrutiny in barbell houses can easily crush you if you have a fragile soul, malnourished ego and a false perception of reality.

The gym is like a pub from a Western movie – as soon as you open the doors, all eyes are on you.

Back in the day, I spent a lot of time in an underground gym. To enter the heart of the weight room, you had to go down a long set of stairs. As soon as my feet were on the first step and visible to the mad monkeys fighting gravity downstairs, I was always attacked by an immense dose of criticism.

I was under a microscope, and each step was increasing the strength of the lens.

Once I was in the weight room, the faces of the cowboys there were unequivocal:

"What is this ectomorphic gender ninja doing here?"

Over the years I learned that bodybuilders are rather good at analyzing people. It's a quality that develops as a result of being obsessed with the way you look for years. You project your self-analysis upon others, and since people part of the gym breed share common insecurities, you can reach deep down to the last layers of other lifters' psyches. You know how they feel because you have experienced the exact same emotions many times before.

I would like to say that those examinations didn't affect me but they did. I hated them deeply. I was happy when the gym was empty, and there was no one to evaluate my muscular development. I hated being treated as a horse for sale.

This process continued for quite some time, but eventually I was able to mute the external attacks to a very large degree.

But to get to that level you have to pass through the process yourself.

You can't learn how to play the game by watching other players while drinking Coca-Cola.

You have to hold the gun yourself in order to reach the necessary realizations and give a chance to your inner self to experience the realness.

Once you have gone through the process, everything will look extremely simple to you.

"Is this really it," you will ask.

Yes, that's it.

Think of the process as learning how to read. At first, it seems impossible, but after a while you, don't even remember a time when you were unable to do it.

The first step to total gym domination is *plan construction*.

If you have a solid plan [training routine], you are ahead of most gym goers. Actually, you are so far ahead of the crowd that you can start to consider yourself a true winner.

Most people simply have no idea what they are doing in the weight room and outside of it.

A solid plan has three main pillars:

- Proper exercise selection;

All basic muscle groups have to be covered by *real-deal* exercises.

- Progression;

Your lifting should be built around training cycles no matter what. That's the only way to trick your body into getting stronger.

- Proper form;

You must learn how to do your exercises safely.

If the above is covered, you are on your way to victory as a true natty.

However, you will not be able to reach this point without experiencing your fair share of nightmares. But if you push through and listen to your intuition, you will undoubtedly reach the next level.

Once you have established a solid plan, you have to follow it no matter what.

Remember that this is lifting, not Kama Sutra. You don't have to change the position every time to satisfy a book. In fact, changing the position is detrimental in the world of iron.

Keep doing what you are doing until you have reached a milestone and only then think about removing exercises or modifying the programming of your routine. This doesn't mean that you should follow the same regimen until you die, but unless something bad happens, I don't see a need to change things more often than every three months. Those principles should be the backbone of your training. Once the machine is in motion, you will be miles ahead of every gym brah out there.

The next step to total gym domination as a natty is *perseverance*.

This is the hardest and the most important part.

Pretty much anybody can find a half-decent routine and follow it. The real test comes once frustration and disappointment start knocking on your door. This is when you begin to feel the realness.

You may even find yourself saying "Mommy, you were right." more often than before.

Obviously, the hardest part is admitting that the whole industry has been built on steroids. This may not be super easy to accept, but once you comprehend it with every brain cell you have, you will feel like a fool for believing otherwise in the past.

I think it's obvious that natties grow really slow for the first 1-2 years of real training and then stop growing completely. Oh, you didn't know? I am so not sorry.

The question is, what are you going to do when that happens?

Will you be able to continue?

Who will drag you to the gym?

How will you deal with the gym brahs who are twice your size after their first steroid cycle?

Can you handle their brainless but deep looks filled with pity and mockery?

Will you hate yourself even more?

What are you going to do, bad boy?

Buy a protein powder, a bottle of creatine and hope for the best?

Hell no.

That's what your natty ancestors did and it didn't work. You have to get yourself together and digest the big picture instead of playing the role of a girl with small breasts who considers herself inferior to women serving as silicone vaults.

Where's the logic in that?

When I realized all of this, I changed. I stopped walking with my head down. I wasn't ashamed of my natural self anymore, even though the whole muscle world wanted me to be. I was no longer the naive boy feeling bad for "not training hard enough" and "not following the rules of anabolic nutrition".

"Am I finally free," I asked myself.

Unfortunately, or not, I wasn't.

The sense of liberation didn't continue long enough for me to consider myself victorious. Something in me woke the inferiority complex once again. I even stopped training for a while. I saw no point in doing something that gives me nothing in return.

"Natural bodybuilding is mental illness," I said to myself. "You are doing the same thing over and over again without visible results. What's the point in that? Should I just pin my glutes and move on?"

Finding an answer to this question is the third step to becoming a gym dominator and a proud natty lifter.

The first thing that immediately produced results for me was asking myself another question:

"Why am I not using steroids?"

The answer for me was/is: I am healthy and I don't need steroids. I like my hair too much, and I don't want to deal with bitch tits and possible sterility. Moreover, I have no desire to become an addict spending money on something that ultimately can hurt you badly. I also don't enjoy the steroid lifestyle.

This explanation made sense to me. I knew that at the time my life would be better if I remain steroid free.

The goal of this step is to get to know yourself and find peace with the inner voice constantly pushing you to ask for more.

Nevertheless, I have to admit that for many natural bodybuilding has indeed turned into a mental illness.

There are guys who refuse to change despite the obvious fact that their muscle dream is not going to work.

There are guys who feel guilty for skipping a meal or a protein shake.

There are guys who think they can naturally weigh 220 lbs / 100 kg and have shredded razor sharp abs.

There are guys who believe the world loves them.

To be a dominator in the gym, you have to remove similar deception from your head because it's keeping you in a state of perpetual hallucinating.

You have to replace it with strength and skills. This is the real currency of natural bodybuilding. If your workouts are making you stronger and helping you develop skills, you are not mentally ill because progress will come sooner or later.

In short, after you have a clear plan, control over your insecurities and fear, some inner peace, and meaningful goals, you will have all you need to dominate the gym as a natural.

Some will laugh at you, especially in the beginning. Some will feel happy for not being you. Some will look at you like you need a sex change, but none of it will matter.

This state of mind is called *not giving a damn about meaningless factors* and equals perfection.

You are no longer hurt by false dogma, mean looks, insulting words, vicious puffing and pity. You are strong because you know the truth.

You will look back and feel ashamed for being ashamed in the past.

This is when you are a true gym dominator.

TIMELESS EXERCISES AND PRINCIPLES

PIANO VS. VIDEO GAMES

I woke up with an alarming, tenacious, hardcore, heavyweight soreness in my eyes. I felt like there were microscopic sand like particles under my eyelids. Each wink was painful and rusty.

For some reason, my giant LCD monitor was turned towards my bed instead of my chair. It was looking at me like a demonic bat that has my soul wrapped in chains. The screen was in sleep mode, and the blue light emitted by the blinking power button was aggressively repeating: "You are my subject." in Morse code.

Why is the monitor turned towards me, I asked myself.

Seconds later, I remembered – I had turned the monitor around because I wanted to watch the latest Starcraft championship in my bed.

I lifted my torso and began observing my surroundings without blinking. The chaos in the room revealed the grandeur of my decline.

There were a couple of empty glasses containing residue from cheap soluble vitamins, traces of peanuts all over my desk, a half-eaten waffle, clothes on the floor, a bag filled with trash and many other spectacular signs of pathetic existence.

The ambiance of the whole room was spelling the word: d-e-a-d-b-e-a-t.

I am really in a deep hole, I thought.

I tried to get up and begin the day as usual but had to stop and sit at the corner of my bed for a moment because the change in altitude made me feel like my brain was bouncing off the

walls of my skull. I stood motionless, hands on my head, for a little while. Eventually, I gathered enough strength to meet one of the main judges we have in this world – the *mirror*.

As anticipated, my reflection synthesized a great deal of pain inside of me. The blood vessels of my eyes reminded me of overflowing rivers at the beginning of the spring except that the water was replaced by blood, my blood.

My soul was calling me for help, but was I strong enough to listen?

I would like to say that this particular morning was an accident, but it wasn't. It was my main routine. I had transformed once again into a video game addict living a digital hallucination destroying my reality.

Each day Starcraft was eating my productivity and causing regression in most aspects of my life.

But that day something changed.

I don't know if it was my guardian angel or common sense talking, but I simply couldn't continue with this lifestyle. My existence revolving around digital aliens had to cease. It was time to press the reset button and seek a solution that could help me jump off the deep bottom.

My inner EQ readjusted, and I started talking to myself with a voice of reason:

"Look, inept loser. You are spending 2-4 hours a day playing a video game, 1-2 hours reading about it, and 1-3 hours watching other nerds play it. Guess what that makes you? An addict, a slave to digital monsters fighting on a computer screen.

Look, at your eyes, you piece of wasted sperm. They are martyrs crying for help.

When will the torture end?

Try to move your right wrist in a circular motion, you hunchbacked trash.

It hurts, doesn't it?

It's because you do more mouse clicks every day than there are ants on the planet.

And let's not forget the game rage. Oh, the game rage...

Baby, admit it!

It's not you when you lose points on Starcraft's ladder.

Every time you lose a game to a basement dwelling loser, king of the milf porn, you fill with anger that can take down an army of zombies. You hit the screen, scream at your family and friends and ask deities to bless your opponent with cancer, milky bitch tits, a very large but ulcerous penis, a rain of acid urine and, of course, infinite virginity.

Do you want this to continue?

Do you want to get to know the deeper layers of the hole?

Do you want to waste your potential playing a video game?

Is this your plan or do you want something more out of life?

Are you man enough to leave LoserVille?"

"Yes," I said out loud.

"Then listen to me carefully because I won't repeat a word, and we both know that most of the time I am not here so please take a deep breath and appreciate the moment.

To get out of the trap, you have to do something profoundly simple.

You have to press the uninstall button. Nothing more. Nothing less.

Can you push that button?"

"You bet I can," I replied to myself.

I launched the computer, which loaded rather fast thanks to the magic of SSD drives, typed "control" in the run box, went to add/remove programs, located Starcraft and pressed uninstall. The uninstall blue bar started progressing. The feeling was glorious and yet painful. Seconds later, the game was no longer present on my computer. It was history that only the deep, deep, deep layers of my hard drive were going to remember.

"You see? I did it," I said to myself and went to the kitchen.

While I was peeling an orange, the voice of reason called upon me once again and said:

"Do you get it, loser!?"

"Get what!?"

"You were not investing your time in the classics?"

"The classics?"

"The classics are things that never change. They are timeless."

"Aren't video games timeless too?"

"Not really. As soon as the developing company adds a patch, you are playing a different game. Many great gamers have been victims to patches."

"You may be right about the patches, but there are many gamers who make a lot of money playing video games. How is an office job any better?"

"An office job is not necessarily better or worse. By the way, are YOU making any money out of your gaming career?"

"Not really."

"Then, you need to shut the fuck up, work harder and focus your free time on the classics."

"What do you consider a classic?"

"Playing the piano is a classic. It's part of the fundamentals that never change. It is what it is. There are no piano patches to worry about. Can you imagine how good of a piano player you could have become if you had been practicing instead of worrying about moving space marines around the screen?"

I have to admit that I had a point.

Back in the day, I used to play on a music keyboard a lot, but once I got re-addicted to Starcraft, I put all music behind me. I exchanged the classics for passing trends draining my energy without giving me long-term gains.

At first, the recovery was hard. I even installed the game and uninstalled it a few more times.

In fact, I even went back to full addict mode for about six months after my moment of truth.

But then I naturally stopped playing, and the uninstall remained permanent.

Little by little, I completely replaced my gaming hours with keyboard practice. Once my new healthier habit was established, going back to the life of a game addict was unthinkable.

Believe it or not, the same principles apply in the world of iron.

Instead of focusing on the classics we focus on gimmicks which may work for some but more

often than not lead you nowhere. We waste energy on exercises and training routines that were destined to fail from the start. I am talking about the guys who read something in a valueless muscle magazine and decide to follow through.

No. This doesn't work. You have to stick to the classic, timeless exercises and most importantly respect the principles. Those are the only things that will produce results in the long term. This is the real investment.

Of course, most don't want to recognize this truth.

We keep on searching for shiny labels, secrets, gimmicks, fancy stuff, special effects and elves, instead of focusing most of our efforts on the classics.

At their core, the classics neither change nor evolve because there is no need to. They are not perfect either but they are close and that's more than enough. The classics serve as a reference point for generations to come.

In the word of iron, the classic exercises are often the best ones.

They are real-deal exercises that will remain part of the lifting world until the end of times.

They are the piano of the barbell room.

I know that you are already familiar with those exercises, but I will repeat the hook of the old song one more time:

back – pull-ups, deadlifts, rows;

chest – push-ups, bench press, dips;

legs – squat, leg press, deadlift; calf raises;

arms – biceps curls, close grip bench press, dips, push-ups;

shoulders – overhead press, handstand push-ups, bench press, dips;

But there's a problem.

Exercise choice is always subjective. Each movement is replaceable and while some are better than others on paper, only a liar would tell you that there is a must-do exercise.

Therefore, the only elements that remain timeless *for sure* are the principles of the weight room.

Those never change and never will regardless of who you are.

Why?

Because our bodies are also classics obeying to the rules of iron.

Some of the principles are:

- injury free progression is a lot more important than training variety;
- it's better to do a few exercises very well than to be a gym equipment whore;
- supplements are nothing but tech food turned into powder;
- all bodybuilders lie about steroid usage;
- 99.9% of the popular fitness guys are at least on TRT;
- eating too much when natural will make you fatter, not more muscular;
- chasing the pump is the equivalent of chasing a fancy job with no salary;
- after 2-3 years of dedicated training you already know everything, but don't want to admit it;

Don't be surprised when you see people who stay away from the classics.

That's to be expected. There will always be more kids playing video games on their iPads than there are kids playing pianos and guitars. It's easier to be the pre-workout guy than the sane guy.

And, no, I don't think video games should be avoided completely. They are perfectly fine unless they are eating your life and turning you into a hopeless nerd. The best way to prevent this scenario is to fill most of your work life and free time with as many classics as possible.

Having said that, the classics are not limited simply to activities or exercises.

There are real life classics that stand above all else.

Those would be health, family, love, personal development, career, money... [you finish the list].

All else are passing trends and video games.

PART II

**MANY
MASTERS**

**MANY
SLAVES**

ONE LABYRINTH

**THE SYSTEM IS NOT HERE
TO SAVE YOU.**

**IT CAME TO BURN YOU
ALIVE AND URINATE ON
YOUR ASHES.**

Many summers ago, when ice-cream was 50% cheaper and the Illuminati was not the most popular search on YouTube, I spent a lot of time watching the British TV series *Hustle*. The characters were masterful confidence tricksters, relying on slick strategies to milk greedy rich men.

The main motto of the crew was:

"You can't cheat an honest man. Find somebody who wants something for nothing, then give him nothing for something."

Sounds lovely, but the first part has a faulty mechanism.

Candid people are taken by the system all the time. I would even say that one of the major requirements to get shoved into the firebox powering the Grand Mechanism is to be honest and open. The modern human world is a card game. If you give up your hand, you immediately lose leverage and allow your enemies to draw a twisted blueprint meant to appropriate your assets.

The other requirement is to be criminally naive, ignorant and stupid. People who combine these qualities represent an attractive and delicious prey for the dedicated and ruthless thieves.

Trust me, the killers have an inbuilt radar for gullible victims and can feel the weakness from a distance.

The neat tricksters, like the characters in *Hustle*, are nothing but a TV invention! A Grand Illusion that exists only in the heads of scriptwriters and hypnotized viewers. It's the 21st century – the Era of the iPhone. There are no knights, only memes.

The *heavyweight* tricksters in real life are natural-born psychopaths. They don't know compassion. They pull the trigger, blow your head off and buy a happy meal with your money afterwards. To them empathy is a weakness and a liability that only holds you back from success and true mastery. Wolves in the wild care more about their victims than those soul grabbers.

"This guy is so sweet and honest. I won't take his money," said no heavyweight Grand Illusionist ever.

The hardest people to trick are astute and smart but not necessarily honest and kind. Tricksters consider similar individuals an extra hardened steel and avoid them whenever possible. Thus, having a sharp mind slicing through the vicious attacks is the main condition NOT to be exploited and dismantled for spare parts after you are no longer useful in your current state.

But nerdy *bro*, be careful!

I am not talking about the Big Bang Theory kind of smart.

I know one very capable radio engineer with decades of experience who gets taken all the time.

The guy is intelligent and definitely knows his way around wires and antennas, but that did not stop him from buying a second-hand hair clipper from a dirty street dealer with hygiene that makes pigs in the mud appear cleaner than a surgeon ready to cut. As a bonus, the product was open too. Nevertheless, Mr. Engineering Wonder concluded that he was getting a great deal and paid as though the machine were a brand new unit. Later he found out that the cutter had a deep scratch, and an extension was missing from the package. I guess the seller had tested the clipper prior to selling it to this naive worshiper of the radio wave.

The same engineer took his family money and invested 90% of it into a very expensive vacuum cleaner. You read that correctly! A V-A-C-U-U-M cleaner. The funny-sad part was that his savings were microscopic, and he couldn't afford the whole thing. The poor man almost lost the jacket on his back in an attempt to finance an overpriced vacuum cleaner that he was not going to

use anyway. [Too lazy!]

Paradoxically, the man had graduated from one of the most respectable universities in the country. I call people like that smart idiots.

How did it happen? Two words: a cougar and a fool. The radio expert was seduced by one of those middle-aged women born with a talent for increasing blood flow in the right places.

That's why when I say smart, I don't mean an expert in a field. I am talking about an individual who understands how the organism of the human world operates. You can spend your whole life developing amazing skills that other people can only dream of, but apparently that does not stop you from being an illogical idiot with zero common sense and wisdom.

How many educated doctors can easily be mistaken for sumo wrestlers on the street?

I know a former brain surgeon who got so fat that one of his knees almost gave up. Another smart idiot.

The second part of the motto:

"Find somebody who wants something for nothing, then give him nothing for something."

is a better shield against low blows and indoctrination.

A good example would be the lottery, which is nothing but legalized, state-approved form of gambling. People buy glossy tickets and wholeheartedly dream of guessing the right combination, even though there is a higher chance to find a shark in the middle of the desert and make out with it than coming up with the right numbers.

I don't trust the lottery one bit. It's filled with deep manipulation, and the whole bingo drama serves as a front for money laundering done by businessmen and politicians with deep connections. I am not saying no one is winning, but the chances are pretty slim and the concept seems rigged. The question is, why does the number guessing continue to this day? Why do we see lottery commercials on TV?

The number fiasco goes on for two reasons. First, we want something for nothing or very little. Second, the Grand Architect exploits our inbuilt desire for instant gratification to the fullest.

Every day thousands of humans exchange a few dirty coins for get-rich-quick tickets while

eating hot dogs made out of whatever was in the garbage that day and cheap soy loaded with hormones inducing fabulous bitch tits. The aim is to win 100 million, buy a mansion plus a private jet, invite experienced but young Rock 'n' Roll whores to party and post hourly Facebook status updates revealing how many times a day your sex machinery gets attention.

Reminds you of someone? Yes, I am talking about the famous poker guy with the stupid-looking smashed potato face.

When you expect to get a lot by doing nothing, you easily fall in one of the system's thick spider webs prepared *especially* for you with extra love.

Getting a lot for little can only happen in an environment controlled by men.

Example: A spoiled boy learns how to spell his name in Japanese with no more than three spelling mistakes. Daddy's heart fills with massive hope, and the old man starts believing that his son is finally getting out of the idiot zone and thus buys the kid a mini motorcycle and a pink pony worth as much as an apartment with a nice view in the heart of the city.

In nature that can never happen.

You want something, you pay for it with effort, time, blood, tears, heartache, and worn parts.

Natural law does not allow you to have something for nothing.

The price has to be paid!

And you can't hide when the night is over! It's you against the elements.

Nothing in nature can be lost.

A trivial and yet perfect example is the water cycle – the liquid changes its state a few times but never disappears completely.

In other words, the smile of the spoiled rich kid riding the pink pony while texting on the latest iPhone has to be bought with something – the effort of daddy's employees. That's the hack that the chief commanders of this world engineered a long time ago.

You may not be able to cheat nature, but ordinary men not only can be cheated – they must be.

Let me ask you a few rhetorical questions.

Do you think learning a new language is easy?

Do you think spinning on your head is easy?

Do you think becoming a good pianist is easy?

Do you think flying a plane is easy?

Most of you would probably headshot me with a firm "No!" right away. Then why does our perception change when it comes to material things? Why are we so strongly persuaded that Santa is real and wants to give us free stuff?

The truth is that most of us will never win the lottery or prize money from a TV show starring moronic hosts and bimbos with $\frac{1}{4}$ brains. All valuable possessions that you are going to get in your life will require personal sacrifice unless you were born rich to begin with.

Once you know that, it is harder to spend money on lottery tickets or go to the casino and test your luck against machines programmed to take your coins. It's also unlikely that you are going to invest in a pyramid scam seducing you with a 500% return on your investment.

The golden rule has not changed. If something looks too good to be true, it's a Trojan horse that will eat you from the inside out.

Never turn off your firewall!

The system is not here to make your life easier.

It's here to burn you alive and urinate on your ashes while smiling towards the sky with its golden teeth reflecting the sunny and yet cold sunset. One hand is holding a fat cigar, the other one is in a pocket of a tailored suit with silver strings. Who is holding the dick? Unfortunately, we are.

Ordinary and not so ordinary people are degraded to nothing but economic units. It has been this way since the beginning of humanity. The difference is that today medieval kings are replaced by dictators and fascist corporations. The only thing that matters is economic growth and having more and more slaves.

At the top stands the so-called elite consisting of old, hunchbacked, rich dudes who would take the last money of a pregnant woman on the street without feeling guilty. In fact, they would

actually sue the pregnant woman for not giving them her money in the first place and take her child as a compensation. At the bottom, you find an element that the masters call human material. To them, people like me and you are simply fuel keeping the big machine spinning.

The term *human resources* is deeper than you think.

We are all put into a tiny box. There is not enough air for everybody. Some people don't make it and die right away. Others survive and live the life of slaves or semi-slaves. Not only that, but we are forced to fight for our slavery. The modern code name for servitude is employment. We are taught to stab each other over stupid jobs, which at the end only make the wealthy elite wealthier.

Forget about PlayStation, Xbox, personal computers, sports, hunting, sex and gambling. Slave&Master is the ultimate game. Nothing is as fun as being one of the evil minds commanding the human race.

The Masters' strategy is seriously neat and adequate. It's so well designed that we (the prey) set traps for each other as though we are the hunters. Our actions wind the Grand Mechanism while old and ugly dudes, part of the Richest Wankers Club, sit comfortably in their mansions and enjoy the stage play. They don't even have to load the machine with fuel anymore. We have accepted our destiny and simply jump and/or push other people into the firebox for them.

Have you ever thought what actually happens when a person revolts?

Imagine the following:

You have a bitchy, sinister boss who forces you to do endless work and pays you just enough to catch the dirty bus and buy an apple.

Gradually, you start feeling the coldness of a big vise slowly tightening your soul and decide to riot.

What's going to happen?

Undoubtedly, you will be left completely alone. Your coworkers will NOT support you because they have children, mortgages, bills, and slave mentality. You will get dismissed, and in a week, another hungry person will be taken out of the box to replace you.

You will lose, the Masters will win. Sorry.

Enjoy the expired canned beans and the cold bench in the park, they will say.

And if you decide to be a violent rebel, take a heavy duty titanium pry bar to the office and obliterate everything, your boss will unleash the dogs.

"Somebody call security!!!!!"

30 minutes later, you will be in the closest district, writing a report on a filthy table, wondering whether they will feed you to the rats.

They will.

Your boss will not let you leave without extracting your dignity and crushing your social status. You are not going to get away with a harmless warning and a small fine that you can pay after selling the couch. He will call all of his crooked wanking buddies and make sure that the only job you can find in the country is "personal servant of a mall toilet cleaner". He will also hire a lawyer with a bouncy fat gut and sue you until you have to sell your key ring and shoe laces.

Any way you look at it, the pry bar fun will not be cheap. The system will hammer you and make an example out of your unsuccessful riot.

Similar behavior classifies as a sophisticated modern suicide.

In the end, your sacrifice will not have a large impact on the overall situation. Most people will simply remember you as the crazy pry bar guy. While you are receiving your punishment and preparing to join the bottom rungs of society, your coworkers and other office gangsters from all over the world will be laughing out loud while watching a video of your revolt. Help? Respect? Compassion? Are you a fucking idiot? Who do you think recorded that clip and uploaded it on YouTube?

I doubt that the overall game will change positively in my lifetime. The rich will remain rich and in charge, while the poor will be poor, uneducated, stupid, exploited, mind controlled and sad. It has been this way since the iron age, and there are almost no indications that change will come. The game has been rigged since the very beginning. The virus has reached a critical point.

Never forget that the biggest strength of the system are its multiple faces.

It can transform in an instant. One day it's a violent police dog running after people that may or may not be criminals. The next morning it acts as a high class escort (banks) promising you the time of your life (loans) only to tie you to the bed with iron cuffs, take your money and charge you with sexual assault (interest).

Another crucial part of the system is the never-ending exploitation of the human nature. There are Grandmaster Psychologists, working for the Grand Mechanism, who play with our brains every single day. To a certain extent, they know us better than we know ourselves. Human emotions and thinking are not a mystery to them. They hit where it hurts and can control everyone's mental focus. It's a sick science that has been working amazingly well. The chief controllers are on another level when it comes to mind manipulation. Compared to them, we are like insects – stupid ants running around, thinking they are doing something.

One of the Masters' major goals is to erase your memory and stop real knowledge from entering your brain. Some are afraid that one day the Grand Engineers will begin inserting electronic devices in our bodies. Those chips have already been installed through manipulation of the environment, which models human thinking and determines our choices, thoughts and desires.

Having said that, the real electronic chipsets are coming too.

A shipment from China is expected to arrive real soon.

Have you chosen in which body part you want yours to be placed?

The aforementioned master psychologists have designed a prison for your mind, which you enter when you are born.

It's unavoidable.

There's a small cage waiting for you as soon as you come out of your mother.

That cage is called environment.

The question is, how can we reduce the damage and unscrew the false concepts inserted in our heads?

Is it possible to shut down the main frequency and live freely? Maybe, partially.

Once you know some of the tricks the system employs, you can claim more and more of your freedoms.

Like I said, the hardest victims to trick are those who know all the tricks.

How are you going to steal a lollipop from a kid that doesn't buy lollipops and saves its money for something bigger like a bike?

How are you going to trick someone who knows that loans are slow death?

How are you going to trick someone who is strong enough to resist the seduction of credit cards?

How are you going to trick someone who knows "easy money" exists only in the word of the rich?

How are you going to trick somebody who knows that the amazing muscular physiques in magazines are the result of a strong symbiosis between anabolic cocktails, artificial lightning and Photoshop?

I wouldn't say it's completely impossible, but it sure as Hell is much harder than attacking a candid idiot who thinks the world is a good place looking out for you.

Believe it or not, nobody on this Earth will ever be completely free.

As long as you exist in this realm, you will remain a slave to time and space forever. That's unavoidable because we are all equal when it comes to those two elements. You may be the richest person on Earth, but you can never escape the trap of time and space.

They own you too.

I understand.

It's much better to be a time & space slave in a nice home surrounded by luxury than to live the sad life of a homeless person with a single pair of clothes. However, sooner or later, the Grand Reaper will come for your old body too. And baby, I am sorry, but there are no guarantees that the devil will keep her end of the deal.

Be careful who you make business with.

I personally have no interest in being a rich satanic wanker, smoking a cigar on a snobbish yacht named after my mistress, waiting for the Viagra pills to finally kick in. However, I also have no interest in being a homeless person robbed by the bank and thrown in the mud. I refuse to accept the doctrine of today as the will of a higher power cause it's not. It's the will of the psychos.

Remember that there are two systems.

One of them is universal and cannot be changed by humans.

Examples?

A bullet in the head is a bullet in the head regardless of your bank account balance.

Gravity is gravity and does not ask whether you will pay for your trip to the ground with a credit card or a check.

The second system is a small subdivision of the bigger one and is co-designed and operated by humans. To a certain degree, this is the world we have built for ourselves.

What's money? A human made idea.

What is politics? A human made idea.

What's marketing? A human made idea.

What's economic growth? The fuel of mass consumerism. A human made idea.

That's the only system we can revolt against, even though I personally hate both. [sad laugh]

But screaming on the street like a mad monkey searching for its lost banana is not the most effective way to rebel. Sometimes, there is a time and place for this, but the real riots are the

personal choices we make every day. For instance, many criticize international reality TV shows like Big Brother, but that doesn't stop the producers from filming season after season. The negative talk only creates more publicity for the show and keeps it going. That's not a revolt, but paper put in the money printer of the mass media. Real riots are made out of actions. If people stop watching the show, it will die like a plant deprived of water and sunlight because advertisers will not be investing money in production that doesn't attract viewers. I consider that a real fight that produces results. Screaming? Not even once. Just cut the supply and show them you are not a fool.

Examples like the one above can become a reality only if are aware of the system's traps and perversions forming the labyrinth where the slaves are locked. The good news is that most of the basic principles are kept the same. The Grand Mechanism is heavy and moves slowly. Therefore, we have time to understand it and adapt. The much harder part is to commit and act on your knowledge.

I don't think people should go in the other direction and start obsessing over everything. Obsession and guilt are another way through which the system gets in your head and makes you a puppet. You become one of those conspiracy theorists afraid to breathe because the air is poisoned. The goal is not to be a saint who only eats clean food, never smokes and goes to bed at eight with a rifle in his hands, waiting for the end of the world to come. If that's happening, the system is controlling your soul through the other side of fear.

I would rather be the guy partying than the doomsday wannabe a saint weirdo posting pictures of his homemade bunker on Facebook through proxy servers in North Korea. The goal is to find a balanced approach that preserves as much out of you as possible without driving yourself completely insane – something that the so-called "preppers" brushing their teeth with baking soda and burying ammo in the ground have a hard time understanding. If you want to build a bunker and hide your precious possessions in it, it's fine, but you are reading the wrong manual.

In the search of the complex, we ignore the obvious. We behave like mathematical prodigies unable to calculate the interest imposed by banks, which can only be one number – the you-own-ZERO-number.

Why? Because most of us are smart idiots.

You have a PhD? Cool.

If you are so smart, why are you going into debt to buy the latest BMW? Ride a bike, smart idiot.

The system not only tolerates smart idiots – it adores them and tries to produce them faster than iPhones.

After all, who is going to build the world if there are no smart idiots?

WHAT IF YOU ARE WAY TOO UGLY TO BE A MOVIE STAR?

Sad news: This book is not written by your mother or a trashy motivational speaker, overdosing on hair gel, who wants to fire you up, switch on your "beast mode" and help you live the life of your dreams.

I am also not here to assist with the activation of your Chi or tell you that you were the prettiest baby in the hospital the night you were born.

Truth be told, you were actually an ugly baby – like all of us.

I am here to hit the perpetual illusion spread by the criminal media with a bat molded out of heavy-grade polypropylene that can break the leg of a rhino.

And, baby, hold your breath and close your eyes! It's going to hurt.

One of the main problems of this world is that most people are living a never-ending hallucination in which their big hit is waiting for them.

"I don't know when but someday I will get a piece of the pie and walk on the red carpet. Hollywood, you better be ready! Here I come," tweeted Sammy, a 55-year-old man from Lapland.

Sorry, Sammy, the only thing you are getting is a sweater with a hole in it.

The movies, the talk shows, the commercials, the success stories, the system approved books carry a virus that installs an erroneous belief in our heads that there is a place for everybody in the big theater, but there isn't. Only the mafia and its protégés have reserved seats.

"Stay positive! Anything is possible. The age of the Aquarius is coming," keep on saying the new age quackers with ultra-white teeth promoted on TV shows treating the spectators as mentally

deficient zombies.

Cool story, Mr. ProfessionalTalkShowGuest! What's next? Should we hold our hands and sing "We are the world" while visualizing that all evil is disappearing? Sorry, bro. Your words smell worse than fermented urine. Try harder next time.

The reason why the fantasy goes on is that admitting defeat hurts. It's painful to say that maybe, just maybe, it was all a vivid dream that was never meant to be. Most people prefer to continue living in visible and invisible cubicles built on the basis of fake concepts widely spread in this world.

Do you know what people call me when I tell them that their Grammy award is a pipe dream?

A hater.

In the beginning, I wasn't paying attention to this term, but its usage has increased to epic proportions in our society. Then, the obvious hit me – smart idiots really hate people who point out truths. It's much easier to hold on to the idea that you too can one day become a success by following the rules instead of looking in the mirror and admitting that magazines a.k.a. advertisement catalogs are soul thieves.

I try not to laugh too much when I see deeply confused iPhone nerds reading the fake autobiographies of wanking CEOs from the Silicon Valley while waiting for the metro or the bus. Baby, it's simple.

Do you really think they will tell you how it all happened?

Do you really think they will share with you the occult practices they had to go through?

Do you really think they will show you the bloody contract?

Do you really think you can become as successful as them by playing the good guy and coming from a family with zero connections?

Do you really think those bastards had to risk it all to get where they are?

What does the golden rule say?

It says: Money goes to money.

Extremely rich people always come from money. Big fat bloody money.

"We started our company in a small basement invaded by rats! Do you own a basement? If yes, you

too can one day become the next leading innovator. Dream big and never give up," says Mr. Rich in yet another Forbes interview.

Oh, brother! Please, stop!

How are you keeping a straight face while talking so much nonsense? You must be a natural-born actor, excuse me, psychopath.

Those autobiographies are simply PR fairy tales and a business opportunity.

The only way for an autobiography to hold value is to be written by an independent person who knows the true truth. That never happens. Therefore, instead of reading the life story of another sleazy corporate exploiter, you might just as well read a guide on how to become a unicorn. Both will contain an equal amount of practical information and facts.

You have to understand that keeping the dream alive is absolutely crucial for the proper functioning of the rat system. That's why the human elements (movie stars, ball chasers, singing cows and other clowns) supporting the dream are paid so much. They may be dummies but have two very important roles – supporting the perpetual sleep and motivating the masses.

What's better than slaves? Motivated, determined and entertained slaves.

The classic *I-want-to-be-a-movie-star* dream can very well be considered the oil of the grand mechanism. When you are a puppet master, you don't want the slaves to see that there is no light where you are leading them. Consequently, the Master creates a fake light to mislead people. You can't just drain all hope from your workers and expect them to work at the highest possible capacity.

You have to give them something – a chimera showing the glamor while hiding the wounds.

The controllers don't want the world to see through the fake smiles of the stars walking on the red carpet like soulless robots. That would be devastating to the final goal. This is where PR teams a.k.a. writers of corporate fiction join the parade.

You know there are sophisticated teams made out of dedicated PR zealots creating false stories to promote your made-up idols, right?

Of course, we all know that.

But why are we still on celebrity websites, wondering what's the height of that new guy starring in that new movie? Yeah, baby! I am talking about that same guy.

Why do you think the leaked photos of celebrities tuning their private parts hit the public?

Do you really believe hackers are behind those attacks?

Maybe the nerds are involved in some, but not in most. This is just a genius way for a celebrity to show her perky tits to the world without being called a whore or a bimbo.

"I am not a slut, blame the hacker," says the "gifted" girl famous for being famous.

Sure, baby, I was born a few minutes ago. Tell me once again how hard it was to get where you are right now. I really want to follow your steps. It can happen for me too, right? I just have to work hard, correct? Try harder next time, slut.

So, what happens when the frustration reaches hard to take limits, and you begin to wonder whether the movie star dream will happen for you?

There are two main ways to react.

The most common one is to keep lying to yourself that one day you will meet somebody on the street while eating chocolate ice-cream, and your discoverer will start talking to you with the voice of a sexy angel: "Oh, my heavens! You're so amazing! Those eyes can captivate souls. Do you want to be part of a new movie? You are a natural-born movie star. You will have it all. Sign this contract, please. Sign it right here, right now!"

Believe it or not, there are many people like Sammy from Lapland who keep the illusion mindset described above until the day they die. Their never-ending mentally ill optimism soaked in crazy chimeras may taste as sweet as a mango, but it also eats their flesh and brains until the bone is reached, and the only thing left is a decaying skeleton buried deep underground.

The recommended reaction is to simply move on and admit that it was not meant to be.

When I say things like that many victims of the fake motivational movement chime in uninvited and open their smelly mouths.

"Just because it did not work for you, it doesn't mean it won't work for me. I will work so hard that the Earth will start spinning in the opposite direction," commented Molly – an angry soccer mom who watches morning shows to get fired up. A closer look at her profile reveals that her main picture is testing the limits of Photoshop.

Look, Molly, my goal is not to tell people to give up and become perpetual losers and underachievers sharing the defeatist mentality. My goal is to hit you with a fact harder than concrete – life is not a recorded movie. I understand that smart hard work has the potential to catapult you ahead of the crowd. I am not against it, and I am not saying it doesn't work. Sometimes it actually does work. I am simply battling the pursuit of illusions spread by the system that only holds you back from reaching your true potential. There are many people who never appreciate what they have because it's not Cosmo approved. Those individuals are complete idiots, victims of mainstream dogma and will never feel free until they stop drinking the commercial venom clouding their judgment.

People say that you are as big as your dreams, but that's a lie too. You are not as big as your dreams. You are as big as your actions, which represent the only way we communicate with the universe.

The universe does not particularly care about your thoughts, dreams or words. You can think or talk about disgusting things such as making people prettier by cutting their heads off with a machete. You can also curse until you feel dirtier than the curse itself, but dirty talk will still not give you the biggest possible punishment regardless of how talented you are at it.

Unfortunately, or not, this does not mean that your actions have supernatural powers that can help you overcome all forms of hindrance as believed by humanoids who have a strong affinity for Cosmo logic and tunnel vision thinking. Sorry, baby, but hard work does not always equal success. If you are not in a position where your services and production are appreciated, your efforts are almost irrelevant as far as happiness and growth are concerned. You know who works hard? The working bees in factories who build our world and get paid pennies. Are they happy and satisfied?

You can achieve only as much as your genes allow you to. Those who undermine the role of genetics are either accomplished idiots or ingenious manipulators selling you a masquerade dream. Genes are part of natural law and a decisive factor whether you are willing to admit it or not. Who has bigger chances of becoming an NBA superstar: a tall black guy born in California or an Eskimo shorter than an igloo? Get serious. I don't care how hard the Eskimo works, there are more chances to get impregnated through Wi-Fi than to see an Eskimo in the NBA. And yet people behave like Eskimos aspiring to become basketball superstars. The cause

is the red carpet chip the human-made world has installed in your head. We have been swimming against the current and fighting a losing battle that forces us to sell our valuable assets in exchange for dreams that only exist in the movie editor.

The made-up positive thinking movement purposely omits this fact when talking about carving your own destiny and reaching the sky. Pointing out the problems is not politically correct. The masters don't want the puppets to know the limits because that makes us even more powerful. They want us to march like soldiers, dream on and wait for our big chance to shine.

Our destinies are predetermined to a large extent by our starter pack – era of birth, country, hometown, gender, physical traits and 100 other things. The other two shaping factors are natural law and our actions. While the last one may seem like the element giving us free choice and will, that assumption is not entirely correct. Why? Because your actions are chosen by your personality, which is also genetic.

Is everything predetermined? Probably yes, but there is also a tiny percentage of free will. That little fragment may be an illusion too, but few know for sure. You may not be the one choosing your character and physical traits, but your actions determine whether you are going to be a plus or a minus, a brave person or a coward, a fatso or a man in shape. The choice or illusion of choice may seem small, but it does exist, and we have nothing else left. One of our missions is to preserve this tiny light and give it an opportunity to shine.

Today, we dream so big that we become small.

And, baby, that's what the system wants – a horde of big dreamers too stupid to realize they've been digging in an imaginary gold mine since the start.

There are many people in a position to achieve big things, but most refuse to do so due to brain cell leakage and unwillingness to grind harder in the right direction. They fall for mainstream concepts that in a different era would insult the intelligence of insects. One of them is the popular pseudoscience known as the law of attraction or the idea that your mind can attract anything you want in your life: Ferraris, BMWs, cash, status, prestige, sex, more sex, immortality and many other things humanoids lust after. People who support this concept are usually fans of positive thinking and live in a "Yes House".

A Yes House is a place where only positivity is allowed.

Rumor has it that haters like me are not invited there. That's fine. I am not interested in joining the club anyway.

Here's a positive thinking story for you:

A long time ago I found myself in a taxi with a few classmates. One of them was a vegan girl who does yoga nonsense and abuses smiling emoticons in online chats. She is the type of girl that constantly says that love is the best thing in the world. As you can already guess, she is also part of the fake positive thinking crew.

Stats?

- dyed blonde hair;
- not too stupid, but not too smart either; materialistic, but not extremely greedy, but still pretty greedy – gotta have the latest iPhone, Galaxies, Milky Ways and stuff;
- skilled at annoying people like me;
- not my type;
- did not like me much, but respected me;

"Where to," asked the taxi driver and scanned her from top to bottom with his hungry eyes, while she was sitting on the front seat. The poor guy invested a great amount of effort into hiding his emotions, but it was obvious to me that he was hyperventilating.

Then, the usual value deprived senseless small talk between a taxi driver and his clients started. Eventually, however, the driver opened the glove compartment of the car, and to my surprise, I didn't see decaying pizza slices. Instead, there were a few books dedicated to positive thinking and fishing for success with your mind. The senseless talk shifted towards the power of the human thought. Besides the usual "there are humans who can bend a spoon by just looking at it" drivel, the core of the conversation was the trendy law of attraction. At the time, I was not the intermediate hater I am today, but something told me that guy was stupid. I guess the five books on positive thinking in his car gave him away. Instead of trying to make it happen, he was trying to read it happen, and, baby, that never happens.

Truth be told, if you are waiting for positive thinking and the government to give you a better life, you are up for infinite waiting. People are too ill-advised to realize that the media has been pumping the "thoughts become things" idiocy with the help of stupid books, fake actors and wannabe spiritual gurus, in order to make money on the back of the naïve public and push us into a passive state.

One day I took a thick philosophical brick with Voltaire's name on it. I decided to play Russian roulette and opened a random page. It was a hit. Boom. The guy was explaining why people fall for the tricks of charlatans who try to sell fake cures that simply do not work. His explanation was incredibly simple – it happens because somewhere there's a real cure. It makes sense, doesn't it? Would people be faking Rolex watches if there weren't real copies? Of course, not. Similar actions would be deprived of business sense.

What's so expensive about a timepiece besides its brand anyway? The mechanism and the brand. The low-priced copies are powered by quartz, which right now is the cheapest way to build a watch. On the flip side, luxury watches contain hundreds of small parts united into a sophisticated mechanism that requires an incredible amount of time and skills to engineer and assemble. The original model and the copy may look identical from a distance, but they are profoundly different. The real one has an expensive heart; the fake one is a generic robot.

The same principle applies to spiritual beliefs and ideas. The system produces fakes and sells them at premium retail prices.

For example, there is a real law of attraction that deserves respect, but the concept is not marketable and rarely gets exposure. The system would rather sell you a shiny knockoff.

The real law of attraction is not in the catalogs because you are the one who has to manufacture the product.

You can't buy it or steal it from someone else either. You have to build it yourself – not by thinking positively, but by working positively.

Unless your genetic start-up pack is a deal-breaker, you can achieve your goal with enough effort and perseverance, but first, you have to free yourself from the fake dreams imposed on you by the mind mafia controlling all sources of information. Only then you can finally be the person you were meant to be. Once you understand this you will experience a liberation.

Some people never get a chance to reach their potential because their initial launch is against them and the obstacles cannot be overcome physically without the help of a higher force. Others like us are more fortunate. We have access to resources that can give us a few hours of inner peace and joy throughout life.

What's between us and the anesthesia?

It's the system and its multiple pitfalls waiting in the shadows at every corner like a dirty copper giving you the "Where's my cut, son?" look every time he sees you eating a bagel on the street. I don't know about you, but I will try to get my few hours of peace. I have nothing better left to do anyway.

Finally, I have to admit that you may indeed be way too ugly to become a movie star.

Sorry, you got a very unlucky starter pack.

However, there's no need to lose hope. Disgusting looks are not a deal-breaker anymore. The good looks era is long gone. There are tribes of ugly bastards in the movie industry nowadays. Currently, anyone can be a movie star if his personal drama can overload the servers of Tweeter, Facebook and Instagram.

It takes a certain amount of strength and intelligence to look in the mirror and admit that it was all a chimera, but most people are too weak to do it. I am not an exception either.

Instead of getting on the right track, we start to eat ourselves from the inside out because our faces will not be on the big screen. You should only be sorry if you haven't tried, and even that's not 100% certain.

If you did your best and hit a concrete wall, there is no shame in changing your direction.

Movie stars may be movie stars, but nobody in this whole world is better than your best version.

GENERATION IFONE

For an in-depth analysis of 21st century zombies, jump on one of the modern roller coasters called vehicles for public transportation during the busy hours of the day. The image during that time of the day is wonderfully sad: humanoids hypnotized by small LCD screens are enjoying their yard walk.

Most of the time the robots are scrolling through lengthy Facebook feeds consisting of disinformation proudly sponsored by the corrupt local media, small talk messages, and memes explaining what one does when doing something that one doesn't normally do.

Example: I don't always use my bed as a garbage bin, but when I do, I make sure I sleep in it too.

The important question here is where did those small screens come from?

Why did Big Brother give us those entertaining ankle bracelets?

What's his motive? Is he trying to give us joy or is he a jealous control freak?

Where and by whom are smartphones made?

...

Surprisingly, the answers to the questions above are written on the box, which people tear apart brutally in a hurry to unite with their new plastic companion.

What does the box say?

It says Made in China.

Amen.

Back in the day, when counting to 10 was difficult for me, I used to believe that factories work as follows: A human (preferably a sexy woman) presses a button, and hundreds of robotic arms slide from the roof to begin the assembly of a new product. Then, the worker starts guiding the machine with the help of a few buttons and control sticks. On the outside, the process seems effortless. This was the trailer the TV showed me, and I bought the illusion on credit without asking too many questions.

When I was little, it never occurred to me that companies are relying on armies of human workers to build everything from the ground up. Hypnotized by the media, I was left with the impression that the system is trying to ensure the mental happiness of all people, including low-level workers. Later, I naturally lost interest in learning how things are made and began treating everything as if it falls from the sky. Like most people, I only had two questions in regards to my new purchases:

What will others think of me if I buy this?

How much does it cost?

I was up for a big surprise.

For almost an entire decade, I worked a job that required me to read epic amounts of newspapers, magazines and online news sites – an activity that can cause brain damage if you jump into it without sufficient preparation.

For a little while, the tasks assigned to me were heavily focused on the IT industry. A nerd heaven, right? It seemed that way until one day I read that Chinese workers manufacturing iPhones have been jumping out of the factory's windows due to the horrible work conditions and low salaries. My nerd heaven broke that day, and I felt like a kid seeing death for the first time. I quickly entered shock & anger mode and needed a short break to stabilize my brain and recover my emotional equilibrium.

I knew factories were bad because my mother had worked in a sewing workshop for a little while when I was a kid, but killing yourself after making an iPhone was too much for my brain to process at the time.

I kept on reading, and it only got worse.

What was the response of the company to the wave of suicides?

They installed a safety net so that the dissatisfied employees can't kill themselves by jumping out of the building anymore. Moreover, the families of the victims received incredibly low financial re-compensations.

The true engine behind the accidents was, of course, Mr. Profit - the king that dictates company policies and procedures. Why do you think most production jobs were exported to Asia in the first place? Do you know how much it would cost to make a phone with a tag "Made in

Switzerland" on it? About three times more.

The human labor in heavily populated poor countries is much cheaper and concepts such as full insurance, fair salary, and safe work conditions cause errors in the main computer of the elite.

The explanation is rather simple: Whenever you have more of something, it loses its value.

Are you impressed by stainless steel? I am not. It's nice, but it's also everywhere.

Are you impressed by rocks? I am not unless, of course, they are falling on my head. I respect them, but they are not considered extraordinary because they come in abundance.

The same rules apply to humans. Countries, where condoms are a myth, tend to see less value in a human life. Consequently, greedy corporations take advantage, set up shops there and enjoy ball freezing profit margins.

The other sick part of the game is that the actual work done in factories is incredibly boring, repetitive and disheartening. You are not really learning how to make a phone. Most workers are just doing one really simple task over and over again. For example, a single person is cutting the logos all day long while receiving an hourly spanking from the supervisors. Fun and educational? Not even once.

When I was a kid, I used to think that the human race has advanced to a level where robots do our dirty work for us. Today, I see that we have reached a critical point – it is cheaper to hire a human with a soul and make him do soul-crushing work than to rely on robots. In the eyes of the big enterprises, we have become less valuable than machines.

The same practice is embraced by evil fast food chains.

Do you know why there aren't any real chefs in McDonald's? Because it's much cheaper sell tech food that can be quickly prepared by a young and inexperienced acne survivor with deep pimple scars and strong masturbation addiction than to hire a master chef, who may share the same physical traits but, at least, can cook.

At this point, many will jump and say: "Do you know what would happen to those workers if the Western world doesn't export jobs? They would have to go back to the plantations."

In reality, this is the equivalent of saying – eat shit, at least, you are eating, but it's also the truth because the world is not a warm place. The only individuals who benefit from this situation are the Masters.

Many are afraid that if cheap labor abroad is cut short, we would have to pay more for our toys, but this is not entirely true. We would have to pay more only if the companies want to keep their super-high profit margins.

Also, if we receive the true revenue generated by our labor, we will be able to afford the higher prices. However, the king wants to buy an island and fly a helicopter. Meanwhile, the little suckers like his status updates on Facebook without realizing what's going on because the drink tastes so good.

In short, the ordinary people in the Western world and those working in the prison factories suffer the most from the current situation. The first group loses its own production while the second is treated like garbage.

As expected, the naive Generation iPhone does not understand the severity of the issue. Most kids think the same way I used to: You press a button and voilà – a phone. It's actually getting worse by the day. Low self-esteem youngsters get crazy when daddy does not buy the product in the requested color. The drama is hard to take. Many children develop suicidal thoughts expressed in angry online Tweets: "I wanted the black one, but daddy got me the green one. I want to kill myself. Fuck my life. #FML."

Most representatives of Generation iPhone are completely clueless and consider corporations heroic angels building and protecting a road to heaven. The willingness of humanoids to fight hard for their toys exposes our mental midget mentality and severe identity loss. I can't deny that the companies you choose to support *partially* reveal your personality and social status, but living the life of a brand worshipper leads to total depersonalization. You should never subscribe to corpo approved ideology with your whole heart. Don't you get it? Corporations are not your friends and never will be.

In the past, placing the logo of a brand at a visible place was not fashionable. The labels were either hidden inside or missing. Nowadays this practice would be considered outrageous because we have been taught to take great pride in representing certain brands, and consequently companies have been stamping their stupid occult emblems on our chests while laughing out loud and enjoying free advertisement coming from the slaves.

Our eyes have been extensively trained to first identify the brand of a product and only then think about other important characteristics such as material, function, quality and style.

I got my first Nike shorts when I was 19 and took great pride in wearing Nike's Saturn logo on me. Today, I look back and feel ashamed of this moment of mental midget mentality.

The reason why Generation iPhone has a hard time understanding the problem are the power features offered by modern phones. Can you compare video communication to stationary phones and paper letters? Ha-ha! Generation iPhone has no idea how it feels to open and read a handwritten love letter.

Sorry, but waiting for another needless eBay purchase is just not the same!

The powerful symbiosis between smartphones and social media increases the aforementioned superpowers. Before the smartphone epidemic, you had to look in the phone book to find the number of the girl you had been stalking. Today, you just type her name in Facebook and more often than not, there is an original, multi-angle, thong photo in HD waiting for you.

With powerful phones comes powerful addiction.

Joining the horde of robots walking with heads in texting position is incredibly seductive, especially when all your friends are club members. Nowadays each person has an online image to maintain. We are all guilty of living through Facebook, aren't we?

In the past, I've worked with a bipolar co-worker experiencing periods of complete inactivity and depression followed by intense action expressed in shallow Facebook posts. Her weapon of choice for wrecking online havoc was, of course, her iPhone, which she got from a pawn shop owned by her brother in law. The device is always with her, like a demon in a shadow, and her nonsense posts, revealing severe mental problems, have been infecting the online realm for years. I am pretty sure that wannabe slut is spamming as we speak. Let me check! Yes, she has been posting since the early hours of the day. I guess her active mode is on since the data reveals post density of 1 per minute. Some of her posts are a repeat from a few hours ago.

What could be the root of her online madness? The answer is incredibly simple – the magic phone makes her feel alive and important as if she is Batwoman. Her online adventures create the illusion of change and progress. In reality, she is nothing but a clown posting drivel and promoting absurdity for free.

The system wants us to be just like her – iPhone gangsters without identities who read and spread valueless content all day while carrying monitoring chips with great pride and love. In the past, when mobile devices were bricks, some of my friends (back then I had friends) told me that without their cell phones, they feel naked. Keep in mind that back then, mobile phones looked like TV remote controls and had neither colors nor mp3 sounds. Today, when phones are essentially pocket computers, the addiction has reached the point of no return.

What's the global result?

Control. Passive activity. Slacktivism.

A few years ago, I was in a situation when I really wanted to make an anonymous call, but it was almost impossible. There are no burner phones where I live, and coin phones are nothing but a street legend. It hasn't always been like that. At the beginning of the mobile industry, it was easier to use your phone anonymously. Today, there are binding contracts allowing mobile companies to know everything about the owner of each number.

That day I found myself wondering whether a person can make a call without being tracked anymore.

You can't do it from a stationary phone.

You can't do it from a cell phone.

Street phones have become a rare breed.

Post offices have cameras...

Then it hit me – you are only free until you try to do something that questions the system.

I know that the official justification to demand an ID for a SIM card is to battle crime, but this measure also comes with a side effect – total control over citizens. Truth be told, most criminals rarely use their phones for important conversations. Unless we are talking about incredibly dumb wannabe gangsters, most mafiosos don't even take their mobile devices to rendezvous anymore because modern phones can be tracked even in off mode. Thus, the tracking tactic is often irrelevant.

At this point, you are probably asking yourself: What's the problem? I don't plan on breaking

the law.

Look, I am not one of those guys who think there are trackers in your toothpaste, and Big Brother is listening to your breathing all the time. I know there aren't agents constantly monitoring our actions. That would require an infinite amount of humanoids. Besides, who will control the slaves controlling you? No. That is not how total control works. The goal is to make tracking possible whenever the Masters need it. Your online file will not be open unless you are a target. Also, nobody is truly interested in your actions when you are a well-behaved customer who takes loans, votes and pays the racketeers. Problem is, you never know when you are going to become a mark.

With the right commands from the mafia, false crime fighting can always turn into a slavery installer. Law enforcement proves this fact every day, doesn't it? The guys in uniforms are supposed to protect you from the criminals, and yet they are also bodyguards of the biggest criminals - the Masters. It's the same with phones - they have properties making you feel like a superhero with an opinion that matters, but they can also transform into a personal GPS system tracking your moves and taking your freedoms away.

At work, I had a chance to witness the behavior of a few generations. A few years ago, a girl with almost zero work experience was hired. Do you know what she bought with her first salary? A smartphone that took 90% of her paycheck. Not a surprise since smartphones are essentially lollipops for older kids and adults.

If you take a decent chunk of money and give it to most people, they would probably upgrade their phones first. Even older people follow through and are now part of the smartphone club. But that's hardly a surprise because Generation iPhone is not restricted by age. Anyone who spends most of his time in a texting position and feels complete as long as his phone is charged can be classified as a tribesman.

My old Nokia stick-phone with a deeply scratched screen has created many funny moments in my life. People, especially younger individuals, stare at it like it's from another world. The thing is so ancient, strangers think it's new technology. Sometimes, when I am in public, I just take it out of my pocket to contemplate the reactions of humanoids near me. It's more effective when you are not surrounded by the poverty class. The best time is when the rich young fellas are going home to their wives while looking for images of ugly females on their phones to justify their choice.

"It's not that bad. There are plenty people on the Internet who are way uglier than my wife," they say to calm themselves.

When I do this experiment, I make sure people around feel pain. I bring out the phone like it's a huge pistol, and then I launch that old school snake game with the volume pumped to level 5. When people hear the 1999 sound, something in them breaks. This is when I give them the classic why-are-looking-at-my-phone look. I usually win, and they return to their Facebook feed rather fast while trying to rationalize the madness before their eyes. I guess it takes more than a smartphone to win a phone measuring contest.

One time, a kid dressed in Disney approved apparel stopped playing on his iPhone and gave me a what-the-hell stare when I decided to check whether somebody had tried to do the unthinkable a.k.a call me. The boy's jaw dropped. He couldn't move his eyes away from the ancient telecommunication gadget in front of him. The look on his face was priceless, and if I didn't know he was just a stupid, spoiled kid, I would have thought he was thinking intensely about the meaning of life. He was obviously confused and somewhat worried. He felt bad for me as if I were sick and about to die.

"How can this person use such an old phone? That must be worse than cancer," was thinking the little iOs gangsta.

He looked at his dad for a second and then his wondering eyes attacked me again.

"Daddy, daddy, look! Is this a dinosaur approved phone? Daddy, please, don't ever make me use this phone. I will do my homework with extra precision from now on," was more than likely his next line. I can't tell you for sure, though, because I had to get off at the next station. Who knows? Maybe, the kid will include this story in a future essay entitled *Anti-Role Models*.

Having said that, my goal is not to be the guy who tells you to break your smartphone in half. Technically, I currently don't own a smartphone myself, just a stick phone, but I have a computer which shares many similarities with modern phones. Both can be monitored and are made in China by people who often feel like jumping out of the window. Therefore, I cannot play the saint card because I have plenty of blood on my hands too. Having a smartphone does not make you a bad person despite what the green activists say.

To keep my brain sane in similar situations, I apply my nutrition philosophy, which follows the 90/10 rule because the 80/20 is way too mainstream. The 90/10 rule says: eat 90% good food and 10% junk. That way you are not hurting your body too much while still taking a small dose of poison that keeps your drug addiction in check. The aim is to avoid getting crazy in your

quest for perfection. By allowing yourself to crash a little, you avoid a worse crisis in the future.

We are all born with a tumor (imperfections/sins) and ignoring it accomplishes nothing. You can try living in the woods, but that's just giving up. I would rather feed my tumor with a few drops of nutrients and keep it quiet that way.

I believe the same method can be applied to technology. Don't reject it, but be aware of its downfalls in order to protect yourself. Use it, but don't let it use you. You don't want your phone to become an extension of your arm, or worse – your only brain.

Sometimes I wonder whether modern technology is taking over the human soul by turning us into robots, or it is simply saving us the pointless, worthless, and cheap human contact to which we have regressed.

Do the Masters want us to live virtual proxy lives through digital machines?

Are they trying to convert us into watchers?

Are there any doers left?

Are our souls drowning in an ocean of binary code?

Is face to face talking considered a virus today?

Can people speak without relying on abbreviations such as "lol" and "rofl"?

...

As always, there isn't a duality free answer that makes sense. It all goes down to the classic question:

How big is your dose?

GENERATION LET'S GO THE MALL & LOL

That day Mr. Sub Zero was swinging his big dick in the streets and making the puppets promoting global warming look like a band of illiterate morons once again.

I was trapped in a fridge, and even the warm salary in my pocket was failing to get my mind off the iciness.

The nasty unpleasantness inside was complete by my hurting knee. Due to a partially torn ligament, I couldn't stand upright for more than 30 minutes without severe pain. Unfortunately, stopping to rest meant freezing. I had to choose but to keep on walking through the cold city desert.

Luckily, I saw a light at the end of the tunnel – the sinfully red building of the newest mall in the city was looking at me. There was a billboard the size of a dinosaur on the roof. The woman on it was staring at me with her hungry devilish eyes. I knew that 50% or more of her was Photoshop, but the magic was working. Is this my savior, I thought. The only way to know was to let the imaginary net of the mall grab me and pull me into a world where dreams can be bought. I had to get closer.

As soon as I entered the mall, a whole new world embraced me.

I started seeing my surroundings through a filter turning everything into a happy mystery.

I was still upright, but my knee pain faded once the air of the mall began filling my lungs.

The oxygen felt as good as under the counter painkillers.

Everything around me appeared otherworldly and had a peculiar glow resembling shiny rose gold storing the soul of the sunlight.

People were walking around with big smiles on their faces and not a single worry in their eyes.

It seemed as though the mall had the power to turn humans into particles electrified by a sense

of inexplicable joy.

There were numerous groups of girls holding each other's arms and laughing out loud like it's getting out of style. Their winter boots were hitting the ground violently. The sound reminded me of marching soldiers following the commands of a general.

The visitors were receiving their boiling vitality from the large, ready to burst at any moment, shopping bags in their hands. The bags were storing the Mall's magic.

The dream was completed by ethereal sounds transmitted to our domain through live musicians. One of the players was a young female dressed in erection inducing clothes. She was softly hitting the keys of a big white piano. The sound was infecting the space with deep emotion making the dream bubble we were in even more unreal.

After 5 minutes in the mall, my fight against shiver and pain was history.

Is this heaven, I asked myself.

I began walking slowly down the hall as if I were on the Moon, exploring a completely new territory.

The high doors of the boutiques had tremendous pulling strength and looked as gates to unknown dimensions.

The first shop that got my attention was a jewelry store selling luxury watches.

I decided to enter despite looking like somebody taking regular naps in the closest garbage bin.

The staff of the store consisted of a few women and one man who was a security guard.

The women, all dressed in black and white clothes, were suppressed by strong red lipstick on their lips. As far as the guard is concerned, I only remember that he was fat and had a stupid look on his face.

They all stared at me with a sense of distrust. I guess they thought I was about to pull out a desert eagle out of my dirty clothes and obliterated the store. That made me angry, but the mall's painkilling properties were still working, and the mean gazes didn't get to me. I wanted to know more.

In about 12 seconds, one of the women asked me: "Are you looking for something specific, sir?"

The "sir" part sounded so unnatural that even she felt weird saying it.

Back in the day, the only luxury watch brand I knew was Rolex. I had heard about it in the movies.

"Do you have any Rolex watches," I said.

The atmosphere changed immediately. They felt confused, but quickly the look on their faces switched to "maybe he is a garbage millionaire."

{A garbage millionaire is someone who is rich enough to afford to look like garbage.}

Then, they took me to the magical Rollies. The hype and the glamor made me feel as if I were looking at sources of alienesque power. In the middle of the examination, I heard the annoying robotic voice of the same woman.

"Do you want to see a specific model, sir," she said with a voice reminding me of iPhone's Siri.

Not a big surprise since most sellers are instructed to act as humanoids built to sell.

Whatever, I thought and pointed towards a golden model.

"Very good choice, sir," she said. "This one is called Datejust and was used in the movie American Psycho."

The woman had some sick logic – I was supposed to like a watch more because it had been part of a movie where people kill each other over business cards. Today, I think about this and laugh, but back then this neat fact gave the watch a seductive dark character that I liked.

"How much?"

"10, 000. We accept all popular cards too."

When I heard the number, time stopped for me, even though I could still see the hands of the watch sweep. My surroundings and the faces of the vendors started to fade. It was just me and the watch staring at each other's mechanisms. From the outside, it looked like I were holding a bomb ready to explode. It was a special kind of bomb – one that only kills you even if there are others around. I didn't want to activate it and had to be extra careful. I mobilized myself and

handed it to the vendor with extra caution. I also tried to hide my inner turmoil, but it didn't work. My poverty was decoded, and they all made the I-told-you-he-was-a-bum grimace.

My next stop was a large sports store. It had everything you could possibly want to buy. Balls? All kinds. Sneakers? All kinds. Clothes? All kinds. Baseball bats? All kinds. Tennis nonsense? All kinds.

I decided to check out the sneakers because the soles of my shoes were working after retirement. I was still a massive brand bitch and naturally gravitated towards the Nike row first.

That day I was loaded, compared to my piggy bank years, and pulling the trigger wasn't physically impossible.

The sneakers I chose were black and had the perfect combination of fire and style.

"Do you have my number?"

"Sure thing sir," said the seller and clicked with his tongue.

He was wearing wannabe rap star clothes and reminded me of a classic iPhone gangsta if I had ever seen one. After a few short minutes, he got back from the storage room and gave me a shoe to test. Seconds later, my new horseshoes were on. Sorry guys but I looked amazing. My whole aura changed once Saturn's black magic was on my feet. I felt an escalating increase of power – I had become a superhuman.

Is this real life? I have Nike on my feet, I thought.

My heart started beating faster than before, and I was instantly convinced that I can run faster than my Nikeless self.

Then, I had to ask the inevitable question.

"How much?"

"200 bucks," answered the wannabe rapper who appeared terribly distracted and unable to stay at one place without constantly jumping around like a rabbit on cocaine.

I had the cash to buy the shoes, but I started hesitating. I couldn't just spend most of my liquid money on shoes. I wasn't raised like that. The situation became even more critical when I looked to the right and saw a commercial saying: "Just do it." The slogan was written underneath a professional sports photo of a popular celebrity. The world captured in the photo was deeper

and larger than life just like all good commercials. However, the message had the opposite effect on me, and I decided to just not do it. You know what they say: One the best ways to make someone do something is to tell him not to. I guess it works both ways.

I put the shoes back in their box and left. Naturally, the wannabe rapper looked at me as if I were an alien. Shortly after, he returned back to his normal activity – iFone gangsting – and forgot about me.

After 1 more hour of pointless walking in the mall, I got really hungry and decided to go to the supermarket and recharge. I bought a croissant with chocolate and added some cheese to cover my protein needs.

I sat on a free bench nearby and started battling my mind while looking at the humanoids around me. Nothing had changed. They were still acting weird under the influence of well-engineered shopping sorcery. One specimen got my attention. It was a woman from a very peculiar type that I call – U.M.B. (Ultimate Mall Bitch).

She was essentially a walking makeup store, and everything on her was fake – hair, skin, eyelash, lips, tits... all of it! She was even holding a small funny dog under her armpit. The dog was almost as fake as her. It had a barbie haircut and a pink ribbon. For a second, I wondered who is dumber – she or the dog? It was probably a tie.

The bitch passed right by my nose without even noticing my exceptional presence, but that was hardly a surprise since I hadn't bought the Rollie. She was followed by an intoxicating amount of perfume residue in the air. The final touch were the five or six shopping bags she was dragging behind her. The comical image forced me to add *soul* to the list of artificially enhanced parts worn by this classic U.M.B. That didn't stop me from checking out her ass, though. It was level -0 *a.k.a.* non-existent.

Then, I asked myself: "Why didn't you buy anything? You have the money."

It's true that I had the money, but that day something stopped me from following my desire to own.

I was put in a classic life situation: I was able that have something I'd wanted badly before, but I didn't want it anymore because I knew it was not going to fulfill the original void in my heart. Of course, the price tag of the things I evaluated helped me tremendously in the realization of this profound truth.

A few minutes later, I found myself at the exit.

The big spinning door at the front swallowed me without hesitation. The air was getting colder and colder with each step. Once I was out, I could sense with my whole body that the dream was leaving me.

I bought almost nothing, but that did not stop the system from consuming me.

A minute later, my knee began hurting again.

The shiver welcomed me with open arms.

REALITY SHOWS

THE POWER OF THE NIPPLE

The only real thing about reality shows is the lack of reality in them, as well as the gold producers, sponsors, and advertisers appropriate. The media created those poorly staged comedies of intrigue as a way to stimulate financial growth while humiliating and degrading the average watcher. The money magic started approximately 15 years ago when leading TV gangsters realized that spectators are tired of looking at people answering questions and guessing prices. The Masters knew it was time for a revolution and gave birth to a fresh TV monster powered by the inbuilt human desire to analyze and spread gossip.

To understand the driving force behind reality TV, try this:

Go to the local store and observe the way people look at you. No one will register your presence besides the usual stalkers. The next day visit the same store but be naked, or at very least expose your nipples ever so slightly. The experience from the second day will teach you well what reality shows are all about: SEX and GOSSIP.

Here's a step by step plan for producing reality TV shows that earn big money.

First off, you need to bring together a team of broke celebrities who desperately need coins to pay for the alcohol+ecstasy+whores+Ferraris adventures of their sons and daughters. Then, you offer each of them a contract for a tragicomedy called Reality Show X.

You must keep the script as uncomplicated as possible because many of your actors won't have the mental perseverance needed to memorize long sentences.

The primary goal of the story is to create controversy and vitriolic battles between the participants. Most of the time, this is enough to keep the show moving, but turning the spectators into blinkless watchers demands a little more effort.

Luckily, the solution is relatively straightforward.

All you have to do is implement the classic **Tits** in the **Face** of the **Public** strategy.

As soon as the middle of the show is reached, and the initial wow factor has subsided, it's time to show some breasts to the undersexed watcher. For this reason alone, smart producers and directors never get rid of women with big tits in the beginning of the season, or at the very least include a clause allowing resurrection when ratings start dropping. That's your trump card for generating views before the final of the show. Nothing brings as much attention to the TV screen as a pair of bouncing tits property of a celebrity. For the plan to be effective, you have to prepare tits never seen by the public before. This is a rule as essential as breathing! I repeat: You have to showcase tits that haven't served as a public masturbation material ever before.

If you provide this asset, success is certain, especially if we are talking about a IHAWHSLN (I Have Always Wondered How She Looks Naked) celebrity. In that case, your number of views would be limited only by infinity.

However, not every producer gets that lucky.

There are only so many unseen tits in the world willing to participate in the show. If you can't afford a pair, the second best option is forgotten tits – tits that have not met the eyes of the public in the last 10 years or more. While this method does not gather as much attention, it does work and saves you money.

Note: The above techniques do not work with dicks and rightfully so.

The next version of TV reality is known as **Swine Battles** A.k.a. Survivor and operates a little something like this:

You take a bunch of mentally unstable but otherwise healthy and athletic people on a trip to an exotic island. The location you choose must be sizzling hot because cold weather requires heating and expensive equipment, which smart producers are not willing to buy. Not only that, but it's rather unpleasant to work in cold conditions. The filming crew will be complaining constantly: "Boss, I have a sore throat, and my dick is freezing." Who wants to hear this?!

The third and main reason to select a hot location is to take advantage of the boiling sex appeal around you. Small tits or big tits... It's almost irrelevant when the model wears five jackets. That's why you need really hot weather to facilitate the exhibition of genitalia. Exposed flesh is what earns you views and keeps the advertisers happy. This is also the reason we will never

witness a reality show entitled Dancing with The Penguins or Igloo Wars.

Of course, sunny beaches come with shortcomings too, but you shouldn't feel bad for the filming crew or the actors suffering from deep mosquito bites. They want money, they have to earn it.

When selecting your actors, look for muscular village people conditioned to endure hard physical work. Never sign contracts with weaklings who cannot handle the plague of the island. These people are nothing but liabilities! You don't want to be paying for a helicopter to transport fainted losers back home! The only exception are girls with 10 out of 10 tits.

Once you have your crew of angry and ready to fight in the mud humanoids, you have to create all kinds of jungle games. The dirtier, the better. Make sure that the players are completely covered in garbage by the end of the day. Clean people do not generate views! People covered in vomit, dirt and sweat do. Your goal is to make the pigs fight for you because that's what the spectators love – swine battles. If in each episode there's, at least, one mud fight and two nipples exposed to air, you have a gold mine, my friend! Let the losers strip and wrestle in the mud for pennies, while you bath in solid 24K gold!

Finally, we arrive at my favorite reality format – Bullshit Idol.

Unfortunately, talent reality shows do not make an exception – it's business as usual.

Here's how the game works: The minds of talented and over-ambitious people are attacked by heavy spam selling T☺H☺E☺ D☺R☺E☺A☺M.

The winners who sign up for the show constitute the meat of the sandwich, the content. Once the virus is unleashed, it's time for selection. The poor souls looking for fame are given a few minutes to do their dance and impress a group of judges who currently have ninja statuses but were the bomb back in the 70s. The players must provide mind blowing performance satisfying the requirements of the talent inspectors who act as gatekeepers – you only enter the success realm if you please them.

Honestly, most judges are so full of themselves that a rock in their stupid faces would not be unjustified. Who are those guys to tell me whether I have talents or not? Half of them made it to the top by renting their genitalia to the right gangsters anyway. Not to mention that these people don't have the vision to see real talent due to their massive jealousy.

The W☺O☺W factor comes from the artists, but they don't keep the financial value of their

labor. The real money is taken by producers, directors and advertisers. Once the curtains are closed, almost all artists are forgotten. Nobody wants them. They have been used (to attract a massive audience) and when the show is over, the applause disappears too. At the end of the day, only the winner (one person) receives a little exposure, but it also comes at a cost – a blood contract with the Devil.

You think big music corporations love you? No. They just want to milk the hell out of you while you are still relevant, and teens are Tweeting your "leaked" bikini photos. That's it. No hard feelings, just money. For this alone, I consider reality shows nothing but talent abusers. Never forget that all mainstream media is pure evil and greed. They just want to squeeze you like a lemon and extract your juice.

The noobs who buy the big lie are basically agreeing to sing and dance for free in the literal and metaphorical sense of the words. They are nothing but CD players repeating other people's songs. It's amazing that you can sing, but it's called music business and singing is just a part of it. To become a star, you need your own songs and lyrics. This is the only way to create a following and connect with the public (your clients). Reality shows, however, do not give you songs. There's no time! All the money has to be made here and now, and that's why time-tested music hits are performed instead. Don't you get it? It's a TV disco. Your fame is gone almost before the end of the night. Sorry, but this is the price you pay for buying into the media's in vitro road to fame. Enjoy the hangover, you've earned it.



In the end, a few get to drink from the fountain of fame, but most end up as filling material. Don't let this fact leave your head while you are shaking the hands of the judges. You may think they are providing you with a once-in-a-lifetime chance, but in reality, you are giving them a lot more. Never forget that talent owners are the content. No content, no show.

Does this mean that you should never audition for reality shows?

For most people the answer would be yes.

For some, however, a reality show may be a legit option despite the negative sides.

Let me explain.

Rules may exist for everybody, but they also apply differently.

What will happen to you if you jump out of a window? You will either die or injure yourself for life.

What will happen to a healthy bird? It will fly away like a true baller.

Does this mean that gravity does not apply to the bird? Gravity is always there, but the bird is built in a special way.

The rules are the same and yet different.

Make your own choice.

LIVING THE CORPO-DREAM

Despising the government due to its dictatorial properties, while loving big corporations, due to their sweetness, is the way of the modern humanoid.

Even dirty city rats are now complaining of their social benefits and demand more cheese. Not many realize, however, that nowadays most governments are simply a front behind which hides the supreme will of corporate interest. The right thing to do, as you can already guess, is to hate both – the government and its business partners in crime.

Without regulations, which at the moment can only come from governmental structures because people are rather stupid as a whole, the big enterprises are allowed to do whatever they want in any industry. Companies can increase the prices of commodities until the last coins of the sleeping crowd have entered the accounts of executive directors who at the end of the apocalypse naturally transform themselves into saviors offering low paying jobs.

If the only thing that sanctions big companies is the imaginary honor and moral system, you can expect to see traces of advanced genetically modified rats in your meal pretty soon. To prevent this, the government has to do its job.

However, since the government consists of satanic bastards, it refuses to exercise its role of a protector, and thus in many countries the real ruling system is rightfully accused of corporate fascism.

Enterprises may create jobs [servitude], but in reality, they steal much more than they give back. I would say that most of our labor is stolen – first by the corporations [low or zero salaries] and then by the government [taxes and other fees]. And yet we are supposed to be incredibly grateful for having a job...

Do you know when I will be grateful, dear motherfuckers? When you give me the Ferrari I bought you with my overtime. And while you are at it, prepare to work as my driver too.

Under the influence of heavy and persistent paramnesia, many refuse to admit the truth and

continue to put their trust in the CORPO-DREAM.

This reminds me of a mental case secretary I used to work with.

To not hide her identity, I will simply tell you her real name – Catherine, better known in my mind as the educated espresso maker.

Catherine was a classic straight out of the factory employee up for sale.

She even had a master's degree in something. I don't know the exact discipline, but it definitely wasn't espresso making.

I remember one of the first times I saw her sitting at the front desk. I wouldn't say she had the stupid look on her face, but she definitely didn't have the smart look either. She appeared confused without knowing why. I, however, knew why – she hadn't learned yet that her corpo-dream is nothing but a fairy tale.

A few seconds later, our boss came out of nowhere and said:

"Hot espresso. Now!"

Thereupon he entered his luxurious office, grabbed his fablet and sat on a large presidential chair supported by a powerful hydraulic suspension. His aura of a dirty and angry businessman was right behind him and found the time to show me a middle finger while the door was closing.

In an instant, Catherine rocket-launched herself into the kitchen without hesitation as if it were a life or death situation. She made an espresso and put the cup on the desk of the caffeine hungry bastard. Her gestures contained a high dose of pretentious tenderness – a quality that bosses appreciate highly and translate as "You own me, boss."

"I hope it's not too hot, sir," she said and left.

At the time, I didn't know that Catherine will turn out to be a crypto-bitch talking behind my back and thus felt bad for her. Bringing water and espresso to this greedy closet homo could be hard on your self-esteem.

She went back to her desk and restarted typing. The clicking of the keys was rather sad.

"When the keys cry," I thought.

I got back to my desk and started typing myself. My keystrokes were mad and angry to the point where my finger joints hurt a bit, but I loved it.

While smashing the keyboard, I tried to recreate Catherine's job interview in my head and glued it to the day we first met.

Below is the hybrid story my unstable brain offered me:



Catherine woke up in her pajamas, which she had been wearing since 8th grade. The first thing she did was damage examination also known as looking in the mirror. Her naturally curly poodle style hair had formed a weird ball. It was pretty terrible actually, but her face made the train wreck look somewhat cute. After the required restoration and tuning rituals, she was ready to go out and make her mom and dad proud. She was a big girl making a career in the big city.

The first obstacle was the metro – a dangerous place where the sexual fantasies of various people meet in the air, and the oxygen mutates into a substance Sigmund Freud would love to get high on. Initially, Catherine was sitting alone, looking at her iPhone. Little did she know that her smartphone Nirvana was about to be disrupted.

At the next stop a middle-aged man with appearance describing the true meaning of low-life got on the train. In his dirty hands he was holding a newspaper corresponding perfectly to his bottom feeder lifestyle and dirty nails. When he saw that the seat next to Catherine was free for the taking, he got a massive pump downstairs [as much as his age would allow] and sat next to her.

As you already know, she was yet to learn that the world sold to us is a fairy tale. That's why she smiled back at the guy. He responded with his variation of the "I will fuck you really hard, even though you could be my daughter." look. She was unable to decode it, or worse – she didn't want to decode it.

40 minutes later, Catherine was in front of a semi-decent office building. At the reception, she was welcomed by a woman wearing dyed black hair and five trucks of make-up. I call this type of women chemical bitches. The name fits them just fine.

"Where to?"

"I am here for a job interview."

"Which company, there are many here...," said the chemical bitch with a slightly annoyed voice. She wasn't that ugly actually, just way too chemical.

"The company is called Q2055," answered Catherine.

"The door on the first floor right next to the elevator," answered the receptionist and got back to the deep Facebook analysis she was performing with the help of her smartphone.

Catherine hit the door bell, and 15 seconds later a metrosexual male diva [one of the many personal assistants of our boss] opened the heavy door.

"I am here for the office assistant position," said Catherine.

"Of course, wait here," said the metrosexual diva and with luxury movements went to the office of our boss and said:

"A girl is here. She says she wants to be your secretary."

"Of course. Tell her to wait. I will call her," replied our boss.

45 short minutes later, the motherfucker finally decided to invite her for an interview in his office. Catherine did not see the waiting period as disrespect. She defined it as a welcome present giving her an opportunity to feel the ambiance of the office.

"So, you want to be my assistant," said Mr. Boss while checking out Catherine. He didn't need more than a glimpse to analyze the prey because he was experienced.

"Of course. That's why I am here," she said.

"Fine. Do you have any credentials?"

"Yes. I finished first in my class and just got my master's degree."

"In what?"

"Mass media and communications."

"Sounds about fine for a secretary," replied Mr. Boss and looked at her from top to bottom again.

"Really?"

"Yes. When do you want to start?"

"Anytime you say."

"Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?! That's amazing. Thank you for the opportunity. I will work really hard."

"I hope so."

They shook hands and Catherine left his office with a delusional mind riding the clouds. She

even forgot to ask what her future salary was going to be. She was way too excited to think about such trivial things. Besides, she didn't want to leave a wrong impression by talking about money. Money does not equal happiness anyway, right?

On the way out, she started texting on her phone but fascinated by the amazing [in her mind only] office she stopped and looked around. She saw a horde of busy people doing what the movies call work: the metrosexual diva was talking on the phone about an order; a girl in a skirt was printing documents; a couple of employees were looking at a computer graphic. Lovely, she thought. Taken by the moment, she forgot where the exit was and by mistake opened the door of our department, which at the time consisted of six people working in one room with very little sunlight. I remember that day. I was there too working on something stupid.

"I am sorry. I am new here. Can someone show me the exit," asked Catherine. The look on her face was priceless. She was actually feeling sorry for us. We were closed in a small can, while the cool kids were doing "real" work.

I knew right away that she was going to be a secretary that will one day make the keys cry just like the rest of them. What I didn't know is that I will keep on hearing that sound for over five years. She didn't know it either.

"The exit is to the right," said one of my colleagues. Catherine left immediately while hoping to never return in the losers' room.

As soon as she was out, she called her mother.

"Mom, I got it. I am going to make it. I got a job in a big company. I was there today. It's like in the movies: big office; people in suits; paper; printers; computers; mugs... amazing."

"How much?"

"How much what?"

"Carrots... money of course!?"

"I forgot to ask."

"Are you serious?"

"Mom, it's not about the money, and I am pretty sure they will pay me enough to buy Gucci apparel."

"It is about the money, girl. All jobs are about the money and fuck your Gucci Mucci nonsense"

"Mom, don't be so negative," said Catherine and ended the call. "Why can't my parents be happy for me," she asked the invisible angels around her.



The simple story of Catherine exposes many deep problems.

One of them is the common but false belief that we should thank our enslavers for the opportunity to work for them. This is an equivalent to loving a pickpocket buying you shit infested ice-cream with money stolen from you.

I've been to many job interviews and most of the time the corporate bastards try to make you feel inferior. Employers love to demand a lot from their workers, but when it comes down to their obligation everything's forgotten. Sometimes I feel like beating the hell out of those sleazy morons who want me to dance for them.

My favorite question is "Why should we hire you?" followed by "Do you think you are the right fit for the position?"

When I hear those two phrases, I feel like taking a pry bar and digging a hole in the stupid heads of those motherfuckers. Seriously! If you are going to interview me, and you don't want a hole in your brain, stop asking me stupid questions.

And idiots, you better believe me when I say that I couldn't care less about the prestige of your firm and the social acquisitions you are promising me. What I demand is a 10% increase of my salary every time the company reports growth. I also want every second of my overtime paid, a lunch break and a complete social insurance. Do you get it, dear motherfuckers? Dance for me now.



Of course, similar demands are nothing but an illusion that will never take place because there will always be idiots willing to work for less and even if that's not the case, corporations [criminals] and governments [dirty cops] have the power to control people physically to the point where you almost don't have a choice but to obey.

The overall result is a cartel, which puts humans in a box without holes in it. It takes a great effort to make one yourself and see what's really going on outside. Rumor has it that those who try are either killed or called haters.

Never forget that your employer is not generous, the supermarkets do not want to feed you, the movies do not want to teach you, the Ministry of Finance does not want to give you money, your Nike shoes do not love you, and your smartphone is not your best friend.

TAXES/GOT MILK?

Taxation /hater's definition/: You are drinking multivitamins on the balcony. A dark SUV with mirror polished rims seemingly spinning backwards and reflecting the sunlight straight into your eyes approaches and stops right in front of your home.

A few predatory men wearing deluxe suits come out, slam the doors with a touch of barbarity and begin an examination of the area. "This is the place," says one of them with a voice that could mean only one thing – someone is in deep trouble. A few minutes later, you hear a layer of stacked sounds consisting of your doorbell's ringing and persistent, cold knocking. You open the door, and one of the men gives you the following speech without even giving you a chance to say hello.

"We are going to place a garbage bin in front of your home. You are going to put your trash in that same bin every day just like the rest of the losers. There will be no other trash bins in the area – only ours. With a small part of the money you pay us, we are going to hire a group of low-life losers to take the trash and drive it away to trash heaven. We don't care whether you are happy with our service or not, you are still going to pay for it. If you refuse, we will impose a large fine on you, and if things get even more serious, we will beat the hell out of you with the help of police force, which is also prepaid by you. Moreover, people who are much richer than you will receive our services for free. You have the right to complain, but we are never going to respect your demands. Capisce?"

Example: A person buys a real estate property. The size doesn't matter. It could be anything...even a dog house. After weeks, months or years of bureaucracy, the contracts are signed, and the new ownership is inserted into the register. Every year the proud owner of the dog house has to pay property taxes no matter what. When the owner becomes worm food, his family inherits the dog house and the property tax that comes with it.

A sane brain reading the above would ask: Why are we paying for things that are already ours?

If I go to the taxing unit and ask the same question, the humanoids there will tell me that I am actually paying for maintenance of the local electricity network, water supply, garbage collecting and other services performed under the guidance of the municipality in the area.

There are two problems with this statement. First off, I am already paying my electricity and water bills. Why should I pay even more fees? Second, does anyone ever ask whether you want to use the services offered by the municipality in the first place? Let me choose, please. Thank you very much.

Then again, people with slave brains, drinking from the fountain of fake positive thinking to the point of heavy intoxication, will say:

"What's the big deal? The state needs money to build roads, buildings, factories, hospitals, pay the police..."

It's actually a big deal.

You are forced to pay for services that you may or may not want. Also, the state spends your tax money on whatever the sick politicians and the CEOs of big corporations desire. Who do you think pays for the elite whores (unspecified gender), expensive restaurants, helicopters, cars, vacations and the large mansions? The taxation system is as transparent as black painting on a black canvas, and 90% of the money never reaches the people or the ideas that need it the most. Finally, once the bellies of the satanic fatsos have been somewhat satisfied, they put a recycling bin in front of your house, call themselves activists and ask you for cash.

Not only that but the majority of the taxes are actually taken from the poor working people with ripped hands and one pair of clothes. The rich don't pay taxes of any kind. That's why they are rich. The taxes paid by the biggest corporations represent a rather small percentage of the total collection.

At this point, the jumpy wannabe saints usually say: "Our tax money goes to the poor and disabled people."

Look, morons, the first portion of your tax money is sacrificed for the primal needs of the rich, the second is given to the big corporations forming and owning your identity, the third cut goes to the military, which often engages in senseless wars, and the next part is given to the leeches – various bottom feeders who have chosen to live off welfare because they are too lazy to do things different than eating and reproducing. Finally, after everybody has received a present, the people in unfavorable position get a few coins.

Back in the day, one family member of mine had the displeasure of working with the wife of a former politician. She and her husband were a satanic couple with zero compassion for anybody. They were the type of people that don't even blink while watching a bomb explosion

in a kindergarten in order to see every detail.

They had real estate property all over Europe worth, at least, a few million. Despite their fortune, the wife was receiving social benefits because of a minor scoliosis issue. Unsurprisingly, this physical condition was neither severe nor preventing her from engaging in sick sex adventures so common for psychopaths. As you can guess, she didn't need the money. She was simply experiencing great pleasure from playing the game called Social Darwinism.

One of the ways to reduce this madness is stricter control over tax spending. Instead of fighting tax agents digging into our accounts, we should be able to log on a site and see where every single tax coin goes. People who don't have computers could receive paper letters in the mail or the local post office every month explaining just that. Every taxpayer should be able to choose where at least 40% of the payments are invested. For instance, if you want better roads, you put your money in road infrastructure. This could be considered a direct investment in your own country, which is currently not happening. Can you imagine the potential of your country if its resources are used in a more effective manner?

The means to make this happen are available, but the will, the brains, and the hearts are not. Misguided by peculiar consciousness combining slave mentality and pussy spirit, we continue to pay for the sick games of the Masters.

Sadly, or not, the wound of the society is too deep, and many generations will die even if the personal blood bank of a master vampire is available for transfusion. I would be a liar if I told you that the best approach is just to quit paying the government. You can't do it on your own unless you want to follow the destiny of Mr. Pry Bar from the previous chapter and work as a personal assistant to the junior Mall toilet cleaner. We have a good idea what has to be done, it can be done, but nobody can do it alone.

I could leave you with a profound and touching ending saying that love is the answer or another populist nonsense, but love is not always the answer. Sometimes, fighting back whenever possible is the answer.

BUSY PEOPLE ARE ENCOURAGED.

ACTIVE PEOPLE ARE KILLED, SILENTLY.

In the past, I've worked as a phone boy in a company providing Internet services. This was a long time ago, but I doubt much has changed in the wonderful world of call centers.

My workplace was essentially an alternative version of a boiler room. The difference was that we were not calling people to sell them stuff. Our clients had already done this step. Our job was to make them believe they'd made the right choice. This wasn't always easy because customers are hard to please.

Allow me to illustrate.

When the Internet connection of a chronic masturbator goes down in the middle of a wild Tarzan session heavily dependent on HD porn streams, he calls the support center, hoping that the operator would be a girl with inbuilt guilt and a sexy voice, but instead he finds me – a half-asleep, hardheaded hater with no compassion, too lazy and unmotivated to finish a sentence.

"Hello."

{Most operators were adding "*You are speaking to Mr. X. What can I do for you?*", but I learned pretty fast that I am not a magician.}

"I have no Internet. AGAIN. When are you going to fix it?"

{The anger escalates with each consecutive word.}

"One second... Yes, we have technical difficulties in your area. We are trying to fix the issue as fast as humanly possible. Have a nice day."

Many people, usually noobs, were ending each phrase with "sir", but that's not the way of the hater.

"Fuck you and your stupid company. Do know how deep you are screwing me right now? I paid for fast Internet, you piece of trash. Fuck you and your stupid company! I am changing my internet provider next month. Can you hear me? You piece of fucking trash!? I will come over there and break your fucking nose!!! I'll take that phone of yours and hang you on it. Get ready. Do you hear me? Fuck you and your fucking company!!!!!!!! Suck it!!!!!!"

At the beginning of my phone boy career, I was staying on the line until the very end of each call because our supervisor had instructed us to do so. According to the rules, the client had to finish the conversation. I quickly realized that this method was going to kill way too many of my precious brain cells and decided to follow a different approach. I started to reduce the volume of the phone down to zero after the first "Fuck you!". It worked fabulously until I learned the hard way that the supervisor was listening to about 25% of our calls at the end of each month. The firm cut my pathetic bonus and justified it by saying that my voice was "way too sleepy and indifferent to the pain of the customers".

Pretty much every day was a nightmare, but sometimes the level of madness was higher than usual.

I will never forget one delirious, rainy Saturday. The night before a massive storm had fried the network outside. The clients were not only trapped by the rain, but the Internet they had paid for was not present. For many, this was the end of the world.

Since this happened on a Saturday, there were only three operators working. The phones, however, were ringing non-stop. As soon as you hang up, the damn box starts beeping again while your hand is still on the headphone.

People were furious, and after a few hours both of my ears reported bankruptcy.

But wait, it gets worse!

We had to write a few sentences describing each conversation in a special database.

{But how do you describe something that never ends?}

As a bonus, we weren't using headsets with microphones. We had regular old school phones with cables. Our manager said that he will buy new equipment, but I didn't spend enough time in the firm to learn whether this was for real or a classic political. Nevertheless, I have to admit that I didn't really care about headsets because we were constantly switching computers. I didn't feel like sharing a headset with 10 other people.

A couple of hours later, I found the perfect solution to my problems – at the end of a conversation, you simply don't hang up the phone. That way nobody can reach you. I did that for about 1 hour, and the number of calls per 10 minutes dropped from 10,000 to 1. However, due to the greater volume of work that day, my colleagues discovered my evil tactic rather fast, even though I was trying really hard to make the experience look real.

They didn't buy it, and my riot spirit was met with massive amounts of disgust. My phone buddies began screaming at me as if I had stolen their pants. They were desperately trying to please our supervisor – a midget bitch with long red hair, feeling constantly sad that her epic sex days were over, and her only foreseeable future was pancake production. I was an obstacle in their plan.

Ironically, my coworkers were not obligated to protect their job at all costs. There were no children waiting for them at home, and the unemployment in the city was not crazy high at the time. Most, if not all of my colleagues, were single/occasionally not single young students trying to make a buck to buy a chicken burger and go to a low-class disco.

That day I had a profound revelation. I asked myself: "What would happen if we simply stop answering the calls of the clients and wait for the technicians to fix the problem while cleaning our workspace in the meantime? The answer is simple – Nothing. We were busy, but we weren't really active. Telling people that they will soon get their Internet back was not speeding the recovery process. However, my colleagues didn't agree, and we kept on answering calls until the phones started hating us more than we hated them.

At the end of my shift, I dressed like a ninja due to the criminally cold weather outside and left. I was extremely tired and wanted to kill the world much more than before.

The light at the end of the tunnel had retired.

I began asking myself difficult questions: "What was the point of those 55,432 calls? Did I really help someone or myself? Was this a day well spent? Is this work? Is this being active?"

29 days later, I left my job as an octopus answering phones.

However, I took the aforementioned questions with me to my next job, where looking busy, depressed and overwhelmed was seen as a good thing.

After spending a few years at the new place, I developed a system allowing me to do some of my tasks a lot faster than before without sacrificing quality at all. In short, my mechanical skills reached the next level. Hardly a surprise, since repetition often makes you really good at things.

Later, I also found a special software allowing me to speed up the technical process even further. My work was better and two times faster. I began finishing my office missions an hour earlier. At first, I was spending that hour surfing the web. I didn't want others to know that I can do my work faster because there were no speed awards coming my way. Thus, I rewarded myself by giving me a free hour on a PC with fast Internet.

Sadly, my manager decoded my secret after analyzing the log files. Instead of promoting me, letting me go home early or jumping on my dick as a thank you, she gave me more work. After applying my newly developed system to my new mission, I was still finishing at least 30 minutes before the end of my shift. She identified the problem once again and gave me even more work. The whole time she was treating me as if I were a criminal and a cheater. She was always looking at me suspiciously and wondering whether I was outsourcing work outside.

This is when it hit me.

What's the point of actively seeking improvement when it does not pay you back?

I gradually returned to my old tempo, although I kept on using the new software. In the end, I was doing much less work than my potential, but my manager was happy because I was back to the previous timings and looked just as busy as the rest of the crew.

The mentality of my manager was shared by the rest of the office as well as the kingpin who was always making people work overtime even when there was no need for that. My idiotic colleagues were often losing precious hours in long lunch breaks only to stay in the office until 9 in the evening to please the boss.

But why am I surprised? In this posing society focused strongly on the external it is more important to look like you are doing something instead of actually doing something.

This false belief creates the busy aura of the inactive modern world.

The system rewards busy people and usually strangles the active ones. Those who play by the rules and do as they are told receive more love because they are easier to control and mold. Those actively seeking real results instead of a fake simulation are killed or fired.

Some of the busiest people I know are actually quite passive. They have bought the lie that your job is your only identity.

Many people put on hold the development of their real personality because they think they don't have enough time. I guess they are right. There are way too many stupid calls to be made, way too many torrents to be downloaded, way too many memes to be liked, way too many newspapers to be read, way too many people to be satisfied and most of all – way too much procrastination and fear to be conquered.

The result?

We have turned into a society that's busy all the time and yet does nothing at all.

MONEY

THE ULTIMATE PROXY?

Heavyweight, ultra-bad, beep-beep-beep words come to me when wannabe saints turn their broken clock mode on and start preaching the false idea that money is the most destructive force in the universe.

Baby, it's not true.

The sins money is accused of originate elsewhere. Even if there isn't a single banknote in the world, the madness we witness today would still be possible.

What is money?

The mainstream definition says that money represents a medium of exchange in the *human* world.

If in the sentence "*Money is the root of all evil.*" we replace the word "money" with a product you can buy with it such as jeans, the phrase would transform into: "Jeans are the root of all evil." I don't know about you, but I have never seen evil jeans. Ugly jeans? Absolutely! But, evil? No. The closest thing I've seen are evil motherfuckers who wear jeans. The evilest wear suits and dark robes, though.

There is a peculiar group of delusional positive thinkers, who believe it is possible to live in a utopia where people simply exchange the fruits of their labor instead of money.

Here's a conversation from that world:

"Hello, dear friend. Take this pot of honey. It's personal production."

"Thank you. Here is a pair of pants I sewed the other day. I think your husband will really appreciate them."

"Hmm... I gave you so much honey, and you are only giving me one pair of pants. Can you give me one more? My son needs new pants too."

"But those pants are so hard to make. I can't afford to give you another pair."

"Not sure if serious? Those pants look like something drifters throw in the trash."

"Hey, bitch, give me the pants back!"

"Here, take your pants. Try selling them to a hobgoblin !?"

"Ha-ha-ha. You have to be kidding me. You know what? Your honey is so disgusting that my husband does not want to lick my tits when they are covered in it."

"Kill yourself with your pants, stupid bitch."

"After you, honey."

{fight}

If instead of money we rely directly on goods as a medium of exchange, the fundamental issues that come with banknotes will not go away.

The problem is not money, but the system controlling the way money is produced, spread and earned.

Where does our money come from?

In an ideal situation, the money of a sovereign country is printed by the state and regulated by governmental institutions. Since similar policy would give too much freedom to a state, the big boys force countries to borrow from nonsense organizations such as the IMF and corrupt central banks.

You can think of each state as an individual human being.

In the best scenario, your money is either a payment you receive for your services or a return on your investments. If you rely on a bank loan as your main source of income and purchasing power, you are in a deep trouble. Once the bank starts giving you money, you are on the hook f-o-r-e-v-e-r, and your freedoms are slowly evaporating. The same happens when an entire nation borrows money from monetary organizations.

Since bankers are smart, when it comes to robbing people, they use our valuable material possessions such as houses, cars and even organs as a collateral. If you can't pay your debt, all your good stuff is taken. It's not much different when nations take loans.

When a country starts receiving money from evil monetary organizations controlled by

complete and total psychopaths who call themselves the chosen people, the production force of the state is used as a collateral. The country exchanges its organs for fake money produced by a fake organization. If the country cannot pay its debt back, all of its assets are privatized and taken by the mafia literally. This has been the destiny of many small countries around the world. Greece is a recent example.

But can we honestly say that money is the primary cause of this enslavement? No. The driving force is the dark foreign policy of big countries with powerful armies.

Meanwhile, we (the smart idiots) barely understand what's happening because the economists speak a different language. The bought media certainly does not make the task any easier. Therefore, I consider money, and its influence on our society, the side effect of much deeper issues.

Ultimately, banknotes serve as a dual-proxy.

The first proxy is used to create a distorted idea what our life purpose is.

The Masters have convinced us that the most important thing is accumulating more and more coins. After all, this is how you buy the pleasures of this world, right? As a result, everything we do and think about is linked to money. The Masters always tell us that there is no other way. "We need economic growth more than anything," they say. This is how banknotes became our God and moral leaders. While money is really important, accumulation of financial wealth is not the true purpose of anyone's life.

The second proxy is a false target created by the never-ending hate against money.

We hate the gun, not the shooter.

We are snipers aiming at a shadow the whole time.

Money has become an umbrella for the evil people operating behind the scenes. The bad guys have us chasing ghosts while they are stealing the real assets, including our souls.

The next problem is the criminally retarded way money is distributed in this world.

The largest amounts of money are controlled by the so-called higher powers – CEOs, bankers, investors, army generals, leading scientists and religious leaders. Naturally, those guys want everybody to work for as little as possible so that they can have as much as possible. In

consequence, people get paid just enough not to die fast. The whole idea of a salary is demoralizing to begin with and shows that everyone is treated as an economic unit without growth potential. No matter what you do, your salary remains stagnant, and unless the sky splits in half, you don't get a raise, nor a bonus. Most bosses would rather die than increase your salary. The best you can get is 5-10% increase every 10 years if you are lucky. That increase, however, is not really an increase because each year your money loses its value due to inflation anyway.

The reason for this mentally ill behavior is King Kong greed and a never-ending flow of hungry people willing not only to take your place but to work for less. That gives extreme leverage to employers who treat us like printers – you have to print as many pages as possible (work fast) while using as little ink as possible (small salary). If you break prematurely, it's not a big deal. You can easily be replaced by a new model with many more functions and better looks.

I've been in a similar situation myself.

Things were going bad at the firm, although our team was working decently. Some people (bitches with rich husbands) started to complain and said that they will soon quit. They did. At that point our boss gathered the rest of us to tell us something really important.

"I don't know what your plans are, but there's nothing good waiting for you outside. Do you think you can find another job in those harsh times? It's a crisis – there are many people outside who would gladly replace you, and do your job for much less," he said while belly laughing with his bouncing fat gut.

As anticipated, I envisioned taking my 15-year-old ancient monitor and smashing my chief's pointless head with it but felt bad for the device and its constructors.

Looking back, I can say with certainty that this was the right choice. Putting the head of this idiot in the toilet makes much more sense. Fewer casualties.

Even if you hate money (you don't), it remains a genius idea for two important reasons.

First, it's compact and allows a rather easy and efficient exchange of goods and services. Second, it creates a social hierarchy, which is evil and imperfect but also unavoidable regardless of what populists say.

Here's something that the members of the fake positive crew would hate to hear:

We can't all be driving Lambos around the city while drinking orange juice. Somebody has to clean the toilet. Who is going to do it?

I hate to say it, but money and labor division take care of this problem.

The wages, however, have to be respectable. Those who do the dirty work should be paid at least as much as the rest. Yes, you read that correctly. A worker in a factory should be paid more than enough to live normally. It can be done. The money exists. The only obstacle is the desire of the Masters to have more power and control the little man. If money was distributed somewhat appropriately (total fairness is an illusion) among people, we would have a happier society.

Therefore, you have to hate the game – not the cards.

Next comes another ancient inquiry: Can money buy happiness?

While the answer to this question is a firm no, people forget one very important fact. Money is not supposed to buy happiness. If once again we replace money with some of the things you can buy with it, the question would look like this: Can pants buy happiness? Can cars buy happiness? Can food buy happiness?

The conclusion is that money cannot buy complete happiness. Money can only buy comfort, which is an occasional requirement to be somewhat happy in the physical realm. If you don't believe me, don't forget to tell me how good your soul feels when you are walking outside in the cold with no pants.

In addition, money gives you more freedom in the human world. If you have some decent money, you don't have to take as much heat from stupid bosses. That's why the banks and all other credit institutions work day and night to make people poor. Poor people make the best slaves.

It may surprise some of you, but I advise all people reading this text to make as much money as possible while remaining as honest as possible. I am sorry, but as long as we are here, we have to play the game. Don't try to be a saint. You are a human.

The system has been infected, and it is close to impossible to earn money by doing something that's 100% pure and good. There is simply dirty money and less dirty money. I recommend

sticking with the cleaner version so that you can plead for a better sentence here or in your next life.

Many people are still living with the idea that all bad can be removed from this world, but that's a chimera.

You cannot have good without bad. You can't have smiles without tears. It's a dualistic world, remember? The existence of one value is impossible without the presence of the exact opposite. That's why a good only world is a complete illusion that can never take place in this realm and trying to achieve such a thing by removing money shows baby logic.

THE SYSTEM IS A DRUG KINGPIN.

WE ARE ADDICTS AND DEALERS.

A few years ago, I watched an interview with the wife of a big time drug dealer responsible for the destruction of many weak and vulnerable souls. She was defending her man as most mafia wives do. Somehow those greedy anorexic bitches always find a way to justify the actions of their psychopathic and nefarious husbands.

The moral code of the mob wife is incredibly simple:

"I don't care how you do your work, honey. As long as we live in a castle, and my jewelry costs as much as an apartment in the heart of New York, I'll ride with you."

This delusional woman refused to admit that the fortune of her family had reached its grandeur on the back of many ruined lives. She had a rather pitiless way of rationalizing the way drug dealers operate.

"Can a drug dealer causing so much suffering sleep at night," asked the journalist.

"Nobody forces you to buy anything! My husband is not putting drugs in people's veins. People do it to themselves," said the mob wife and pulled a pack of cigarettes out of her Victoria Beckham style, or should I say *lack of style*, purse and added: "You see this? It's the same thing. The box says cigarettes cause death, and yet we are still buying them."

After a few more minutes I switched to another video. This benumbed female humanoid was neither interesting nor aesthetically pleasing enough to deserve any more of my attention.

Nevertheless, her explanation stuck with me, and I tried to analyze it.

If I take a bottle of poison, write "*killing you softly*" on the label and give it to my customers, am I an evil killer or a smart businessman?

Is it a crime to take advantage of people's stupidity?

And most importantly, who should take the blame? The anemic souls that do not have the strength to resist self-destruction or me?

Undoubtedly, anyone who takes advantage of high-end idiots to the point where they suffer terrible consequences is an immoral person, even though there are no drug dealers willing to admit this truth. The most heinous criminals do not even bother to include DEADLY on the label of their products. They replace it with COOL and HEALTHY.

I've never taken dope or opiates, but I have been offered on a few occasions.

The first time it happened I was a 4th grader. I remember being outside, trying to make sense of the snow covering the city when an older boy, probably in his late teens or early 20s, approached me and asked:

"You smoke, brah?"

"No," I answered.

"This is dope brah, it will give you wings, brah," he added and handed me a joint.

Since I was instructed to never take anything from strangers, I gladly refused. He then began the *do-you-want-to-be-a-gangsta-boy* speech – a trick meant to make his offer more attractive. I don't know whether it was my 4th grader brain or my 4th grader fear, but I refused and ran away.

This dope distributor gave me a valuable lesson at an early age.

He showed me *The Way of the Drug Dealer*.

Professional drug dealers don't just stand in front of you and say: "This is dope. It will make you feel good for 30 minutes, but ultimately it will kill you. Want some?" They are much smarter and know that only unaware amateurs rely on the direct approach to complete a mission. The pros use a special tactic. They never sell poison directly. Instead they contaminate the water.

Furthermore, drug dealers are always looking for vulnerable individuals. Confused representatives of generation iPhone with rich dads penetrating the secretary regularly make some of the best targets.

Drugs come in all shapes and forms. You don't have to be a cocaine lord to rule over people through abuse of master psychology and back stabbing. You simply need an illusion and someone willing to buy it.

A popular example would be a hot woman lying to a naive emo loser that he is the best she's ever had only to milk him until his only blanket is the frozen pavement outside.

This reminds me of a compelling story.

A guy I knew faced a serious dilemma – to have sex with a 10/10 girl or not?

Here's the short version: Mr. ChickenBurger is eating junk food to support his acne when an expensive black BMW SUV with tinted windows stops next to him.

A 10/10 girl opens the front door ever so slightly and starts a conversation:

"Do you want to have passionate monkey sex with me, wonder boy?"

"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes. Do you want to fuck me hard or what," says the girl and makes a grimace that could cure the erectile dysfunction of a skeleton.

"How much?"

"Oh, boy! For you, it's free to ride."

The woman is so hot that the desire of Mr. ChickenBurger to cooperate earns him a miracle – his dick gets fundamentally bigger and never returns to its previous size.

I wasn't there, but I am pretty sure the experience felt as ridiculous as finding a new car in your garage. Since when are 10/10 girls offering sexual pleasures to average guys dressed in mickey mouse approved apparel?

Mr. ChickenBurger admitted that he thought about the question really hard but decided to say no. It was the right decision because you never know what it's in the cake. In his case, it was something really, really bad, and yet he was not able to sleep for a few nights, thinking he'd missed his biggest chance to infiltrate the temple of a 10/10 girl. In reality, however, this was

simply an opportunity to get robbed, beaten to death or lose a kidney over a stupid bitch.

Who knows? Maybe she had AIDS too.

That's why I cannot accept the self-righteousness of the drug dealer's wife even though she tries really hard to believe herself.

I guess repeating "*We don't kill our customers, they kill themselves.*" makes sleeping in a golden bed bought with five tanks of blood much easier.

There are many similarities between the drug business and the Grand Mechanism, which is essentially the biggest drug kingpin on Earth. The Masters project a dream that you want badly, only to take everything you have – money, health, soul, time, dignity. A classic example would be bad food. Technically, there are no people who force you to eat death sponsoring garbage. However, the battle is won on a subconscious level with the help of misleading marketing tactics pumped by the criminal media.

Classic bad foods, such as Coca-Cola and other sugary drinks, are considered amazing by most people not because of great content, but due to the professionally made commercials and never-ending marketing games meant to increase the sales of venom.

People and their stupid kids fall for this scheme all the time and will continue to do so forever. We have reached a point where drinking rust remover loaded with tons of sugar is the norm. If you ask one of the fat gutted representatives of Cola like companies in your country, he will say that nobody is making you buy the stuff. He would be wrong. Altering people's perception through psychological manipulations may not be a direct order, but it's still a push towards the trap. The same applies to everything else the system tries to seduce you with. The drug dealing approach is always the go-to way.

The sure way to get on the system's drugs is to always follow the path laid out for you by the establishment. Where does that lead you? Once the system has taken everything you have to offer, you end up at one of the following places: a hospital, a mental institution, a coffin, a garbage bin or in the ocean.

Everywhere you look, you see the system's cake.

I know it looks delicious, but there's a catch.

You can't have it unless you exchange every bite for a piece of your true self until you turn into a big fat bitch without a soul.

I was that fat bitch when I was younger.

I was stupid enough to believe in the dream.

I was convinced that the stores and the media were my friends – a big mistake.

We have no friends.

The best way to avoid the traps is to always ask yourself the question:

♣ Who's going to pay the price? ♣

Yes, don't look at me like a sad puppy! That's the right question because there is always a price/bill to be paid.

Let's go back to the kitchen once again and look at that delicious cake.

It's sweet and nice, but baby – who's going to pay the price once you eat it? Your body. And who is going to get the money home? The system.

If you always ask yourself that question whenever the system comes with its army of 10/10 whores, you become a hard man to trick.

The value of everything is created through suffering and pain. That's the only way. Whenever that side of the story is hidden, you can be certain that you are going to take a hit no matter what. Stay away and keep the fruits of your suffering for yourself whenever possible.

Say no to drugs.

WOULD YOU RUN NAKED IN THE RAIN FOR A DIRTY CHICKEN WING AND A FEW COINS?

I was skateboarding [*breaking myself with style*] when a horde of urban hippies with questionable mental efficiency arrived at the skate park and asked me and my semi-friends whether we were interested in auditioning for a commercial of a waffle loaded with peanuts.

My embryonic brain was naive enough to let me believe that this event could teleport me on the red carpet, and I decided to sign in. As soon as I joined the queue, my vitriolic inner voice calmed down a little.

Ten minutes later, it was my turn to dance for the camera.

A guy with long gray hair and searching Husky eyes put down his cigarette and told me to look at the recorder and concentrate. Logically, I tried to appear as natural as possible in order to showcase my artless beauty and deep stare capable of slicing stones. It worked.

Two months later, the phone rang. I had been approved.

After the call, my knees gave up. I sat on the bed and started daydreaming of the future. My inner-self was deeply thrilled, and the acerbic voice of my ego took over the microphone without waiting for permission and said: "The new James Dean? Could that be you?" I didn't know how to respond and shamelessly let my greedy smile come out ever so slightly.

They wanted me in front of a big stadium at six in the morning the very next day. This was hardly a problem for me. I woke up at 4 without an alarm, unless of course we count my inner turmoil as one. I needed the extra time to perform a few beauty rituals.

When I arrived at the place, I saw two of my old skating buddies. One of them was apparently pursuing a career as a smoker and had mutated into a walking chimney, whereas the other one

had quit skating because of knee pain, although I think the real problem was malfunctioning of another body part.

There were about 200-250 people besides us. At first, I wondered why the directors would need so many actors when they already had me, but later I learned that we were going to be a part of a large football crowd.

"How are the managers going to notice my excellence when there are so many monkeys around," I said to myself without losing faith.

After a few hours of waiting and passive smoking, we were at the stadium. It was raining, which made the whole experience even more adventurous. The director was an old, foreign motherfucker whose strategy taught me what outsourcing truly is – going abroad to find cheaper slaves. We were the cheaper slaves.

The first part of the filming process consisted of endless sitting and getting up. They were moving us back and forth to simulate the presence of a full stadium. Occasionally, the old motherfucker was telling us to switch our jackets, put on or remove our hats and change places. I guess the budget of the advertising agency was insufficient to provide the needed amount of cheap slaves, and we had to compensate. Most humanoids didn't realize what was happening, though. They were smiling, happy to earn a few coins in two short days. The days were indeed two, but baby, they were all but short.

At about 1 p.m. it was time to recharge our bio-batteries. We were separated into different groups and each one had an overseer guiding the herd. Our supervisor was a RYMWTH [Redhead You May Want to Hit]. As a result of her missing brain, our group was always the last to eat.

Initially, I was happy and impressed that they were giving us food and tea {or coffee}, but there was an occulted agenda that only a few decoded successfully. The goal was to prevent people from running away and coming back only to get paid. We were prisoners locked in a stadium.

For lunch, they gave us a chicken wing, which I attacked like a savage controlled by mad hunger. Baby, it was bad. I decided to save it for my cat [R.I.P.]. She didn't like it either.

The real fun, however, was scheduled for the early afternoon, when the stadium was supposed to get real dirty.

This experience granted me an opportunity to witness one of those surrealistic images that can

never be unseen.

Here's what the old motherfucker had planned:

Two teams are playing football when a naked wacko comes out of the crowd, grabs the ball and starts running with it. Then, everybody gets inspired, strips and follows the guy. Thereupon, an image of waffles with peanuts appears on the screen. The End.

Before the beginning of the adult show, we were asked whether we want to undress and join the nude parade. I said no, even though I was already 18 years old and had received my right to strip for cash legally. The smoking chimney said yes, but he was only 16 and therefore not allowed to show his genitalia. The other guy had left the scene.

However, another boy that I knew decided to get naked for the old motherfucker. He even tried to convince me to make him company by saying: "Come on, out of 200 people somebody has to have a smaller dick than you." It didn't work.

The supervisors made those not willing to *move it, move it for big poppa* transfer to the other part of the stadium. The logic was simple. If people can't see yours, you don't have the right to see theirs. Problem was, we could still identify "theirs" from a distance. This was the first time I saw 200+ naked people run in the rain. The crowd was mixed – men and women, dicks and vaginas – all variations. The old motherfucker made them run like wild horses around and through the stadium, at least, five times. People using the sports facility the right way stopped and stared at the horde of invaders in birthday suits. I understand why – it was a sight to be seen. Unfortunately, or not, this story took place before the birth of smartphones with potent cameras, and social media was yet to enter the bloodstream of our society.

The adrenaline of the nude ponies had elevated their temperature to ice melting degrees and the shiver was their last problem. They wanted to dress, but not because they were freezing.

30 minutes later, the naked dance in the cold was over, but the filming day had to continue. There were more scenes to be recorded, and the cheap slaves had to be milked for a few more hours.

The naked group dressed and we united once again.

It was time to record the part where the solo naked hero grabs the ball and runs away with it.

The man chosen for this amazing feat was separated from us. Why? I don't know. I guess you

receive some privileges when you play naked rugby in front of 200 people. They made the poor guy run like a mad monkey from hell for about 20 minutes, but at least, he received special treatment – a woman was constantly covering him with a bathrobe in between recordings. They didn't want his ass to freeze, I suppose.

At about 9 p.m. the filming crew gathered us around a dirty bench, because the old motherfucker wanted to detect cheaters. A few of us had left, but for the most part the group had remained intact. At 10 p.m. we were finally free to go home. I took the bus, and throughout the whole ride I was trying to make sense of this perplexed situation.

Later the same week I returned to the crime scene. It was time to film the football part. As anticipated, there were no real players – only fragile actors. In my eyes, this was a major flaw in the directing of the old motherfucker. His selection of footballers was rather poor and consisted of boys representatives of the new gender.

Simply put, most of the alleged football kickers were nothing but confused emo boys finding the separation from their skinny jeans a painful experience. They had extremely thin legs, and I was highly skeptical of their ability to hit a ball without hurting themselves.

The second day continued until 11 p.m. but there was no stripping. They told us that we will get paid some other time.

"You will receive a call," explained one of the supervisors.

"Shut up, fat cow, and give me my money," I responded in my head.

One week passed. Nobody called.

I was getting desperate to the point where even hearing the voice of the fat cow seemed fine as long as she was going to tell me where my money was. I didn't receive a call until 15 days later. They gave me an address, and my cash hunger rocket-launched me there in an hour.

I entered an ancient building located at the center of the city. The structure looked like it was about to collapse on me, but I had a mission [take my money from the fat cow] and decided to follow through on my plan despite the danger.

Minutes later, I was in the pay room. The fat cow, some undecided male specimen and our RYMWTH supervisor were looking at me.

They asked for my name and demanded to see my ID. Thereupon, they played a few clips from

the commercial to verify whether I had remained present throughout the whole event. Apparently, they were taking their job seriously and behaved as though they were scanning me for weapons at the airport.

After 15 minutes of analysis, they concluded that I had been a good slave and gave me a total of 50 euros. This was a shock because I was expecting only 25 euros. The extra 25 felt like an unexpected bonus. I felt rich.

Later, I learned that the naked ponies were paid only 115 euros for their amazing performance.

Yes. True story. Read that again – 115 euros for running naked in a TV commercial on a cold rainy day. I felt bad for my naked half-brothers.

After taking the money, I went to a shop nearby, bought a waffle and started thinking about life. I tried to look sad just like an overpaid actor from a popular movie.

The experience remains memorable for me not because I had the opportunity to witness a large amount of naked people in public, but because I learned firsthand how the system forces us to sell for a dirty chicken and a few coins.

GENERATION EBAY HUNTERS

If you don't exist in this world primarily to buy overhyped consumer products, you are as useful as a banshee's shadow to the cold furnace called economy.

Never forget that working and purchasing form the lifeblood of the human world ruled by the monetary system.

And, man, if you refuse to play the game, one gorgeous day you will find yourself detached from the main circuit board made exclusively out of money conductors.

You should know by now that similar disobedience is harming economic growth, which, according to guys wearing costumes more expensive than your home, is a phenomenon that will one day turn the Earth into a paradise. *Of course*, this is a political prognosis and should be read backwards.

The extra revenue and overall gains generated by economic growth are always appropriated by the major shareholders, board members and other powerful people, whereas the frequencies that need to be boosted the most get little to nothing. In the end, the only thing that grows are the reserves of CEOs with fat guts married to 20-year-old women eager to please a mummy's dick for a comfortable life.

In the eyes of the Grand Economists, the impeccable modern humanoid would be someone working assiduously only to spend most of his salary on goods that have little to no investment return and simply prolong the hallucination.

The whole process is a game called *Work Hard. Give Me Your Money.*

Level One begins as soon as you leave your home.

You start as a famished human on the street whose first mission is going to work.

But first, you need to mute the raging hunger inside of you.

You look around and identify a burger stand.

You approach it and order the system's classic – genetically modified flesh.

A rude man, hidden behind a polite mask, takes out a pancake, supposedly made out of meat, from a container with hygiene worse than the one under your car and slaps the substance on a burning pan. The smell is nice and wakes up the daydreamer in you. You begin to feel like the hot shots you'd seen in movies so many times before. I am talking about the lawyers closing major deals while eating hotdogs in the streets of New York [The Big Apple].

Normally, in their world, you would look like a car mechanic who went to a wedding in his working clothes, but that moment feels different because you are buying a burger from the same place conquering heroes allegedly go to. It feels unreal.

A few minutes later, your mouth's firewall is turned off, and the Trojan horse is allowed to enter inside. It feels delicious and juicy. Tasty magic, you say to yourself under the influence of the dead GMO sliding down your throat.

Then, you transport yourself to a place where you play the role of a bio-robot trying to get paid. Throughout your whole work day, you are dreaming of the evening when you will finally be able to take a walk and smell the polluted air of the city.

At last, the Sun is down, and the fatigue is stronger than the voice in you making you question things.

You are finally free to leave and walk in the prison yard.

Your mind feels like an overused mechanism.

You need to lubricate it and rewind it.

No, problem!

The Grand Architect has just what you need – malls, shops and plenty of billboards.

Similar to burgers, shops and neon lights also make you feel like a real player, a baller even. The sexually suggestive images, the Hollywood actors holding their arms in unnatural positions in order to showcase their luxury watches, the washed up 70+ year-old celebrities promoting

perfumes and other provoking imagery operate like a sophisticated elixir of life that puts our brains to sleep while energizing our bodies and making us feel as capable as James Bond on Viagra.

But, baby, it's not real!

Nothing ever is, real.

But we have to believe something is because otherwise the pain and the turbulence are way too great.

Finally, after your hunger has been satisfied, and your feet hurt from the prolong walk in the world of fake dreams, you go home to recharge and prepare to play Level 1 of the same game until the end of times.

Many human androids grow to love games like this and enjoy playing them every single day.

Some even call their purchases "friends".

I get it, but I also don't get it. How can a thing be your friend when it's essentially dead matter? It can't. You are the one who gives it life. Therefore, after a certain threshold is reached everything extra becomes redundant and does not fulfill you. It's like getting fat, but instead of adding extra fat cells to your life, you add extra stuff. You need nutrition, but not so much that you transform into a lard collector, who can barely move. Stuff can create the same problem and turn you into an inefficient person.

Have you ever wondered what's left when there's nothing to buy? What are we going to do with our extra money and time? We will go insane.

The older I get, the easier it is to see through the nonsense. In fact, as a child I was more materialistic when it came down to basic consumer stuff. I wanted the robots, I wanted the games, I wanted the kicks and luckily I couldn't have it all. If my hunger for plastic toys had been satisfied, I would have become a lover of the system, and in my eyes that sucks.

In simple words, shopping has turned into modern day hunting, and many of us have earned the title eBay Hunters one way or another.

Here's how eBay hunting works.

Step1: Find a prey/search for the best deal.

During this phase, you go through different review sites in order to learn everything about the product you are researching [stalking]. You examine the history of the seller to insure yourself against scams. This phase is equivalent to securing the area. Your main goal is to make sure you are not eaten during your own hunt.

Lastly, after weeks of research and stalking, you pull the trigger a.k.a. press the "buy now" or "bid now" button. Depending on the situation, you may have to wake up at odd hours of the day to fight other hunters trying to snipe you and take your prey.

The hunt does not end here, though. The next step is the *waiting game*.

You have to wait for the product to arrive at your door or local post office. This part imitates walking towards your prey after a shot. If everything goes as planned, your order arrives in a nice shiny package, and you receive a message. This is the moment when you stand over the motionless corpse of the prey in front of you.

The unboxing of the package produces the greatest thrill because you are in the middle land where your mind is working overtime, wondering whether your acquisition is as good as the image says. You know how the movie ends, but you are still frightened because you are the main hero now, not a spectator. It doesn't matter whether you're 15 or 65 years old. That feeling never goes away.

After you've consumed your prey the game ends, the movie player stops, and the euphoria fades away. The only way to recreate the experience is to buy something new. Before you know it, you become addicted and turn into a vampire seeking long climaxes based on product unboxing. You cannot stop buying and buying, killing and killing. You may not need the product, but you have to have it. You may have 5 things that do the exact same thing, but you need a sixth one because it's a different color. I know because I've done it.

The question is, can we satisfy the hunger by doing something else other than buying?

Is there a way to stimulate the production of the same hormones without opening a box?

Yes, there is. It's called the forgotten art of getting better at stuff.

It goes like this: instead of focusing on having the latest and greatest plastic nonsense, you focus on developing a skill. The pleasure of improving feels at least as good as opening the

latest iPhone. But if that skill requires you to buy stuff, so be it. Being a minimalist is not a virtue either.

The darkest side of materialism is that it makes you believe things can replace your role. Instead of forming our identities primarily through action, we simply buy gadgets and flash them in the faces of those who surround us. I know because I've done it.

At the end of the day, only we can give a soul to our possessions. Without us, things are heartless. Letting them take over makes us heartless too.

THE DEVIL WRITES IN A TINY FONT.

WHERE'S YOUR MAGNIFYING GLASS?

Behind the beauty of Photoshop based magic pushed in your face every single day, there is a hair-popping sharp knife eager to slide into your kidneys and turn. The darkest part of the irony is that there are warning signs in the entire area telling you exactly what's happening, and yet everything remains a surprise.

The Grand Mechanism includes those warning signs and disclaimers in order to mock its slaves and satisfy a twisted moral code.

The crucial clauses and symbols are always written in the tiniest font known to man. Therefore, you will need a large magnifying glass make sense of the scripts.

The Masters know quite well that humanoids are too lazy to search for a midget text, let alone carry a magnifying glass with them every day to decode the messages. Consequently, the blueprint continues to produce great results.

When the system really wants you to buy or do something even the slightest element that can potentially get your attention and force you to pull the trigger is written with large seductive letters in vivid colors that activate the pleasure centers of your thinking box. Often there are also famous harlequins on the cover. Their faces are meant to act as attention magnets.

A good example would be the sellout football players willing to promote rat poison. Their money hunger is hard to satisfy. The more coins they make, the greedier they become. Being paid millions every year is not enough. That's why they sign the contract, and their moronic

faces inducing strong slap desires end up on potato chips, sugary drinks, waffles, junk food, burgers and other garbage. I can understand why a poor person would agree to back a low-end product, but why are established names in the human world doing it?

I will tell you why – those guys are greed's little bitches.

Most goods for sale are not meant to give people quality, but an opportunity to live in another realm. This is the backbone of every mainstream commercial. In many situations, the marketing of a product requires more time and money than the actual manufacturing.

A marketing plan can be considered successful only when the subconscious mind associates the product with a delusion. That method has always worked and will continue to do so until the end of times because of two things that will never end – dreamers and fools.

I remember well a melancholic and gloomy Christmas I had to go through when I was a child and a total slave to consumerism.

Put simply, my parents were fighting over money on Christmas Eve, and I was going crazy too.

"Are they going to buy me that remote control truck after all," I was thinking while eating an extra-large cake made out of biscuits and watching TV. The movie of choice was a comedy about cavemen. It didn't make me all that happy inside. The film was cut in many different parts so that companies like Coca-Cola can insert commercial segments. Hate it or love it, but at the time, Coca-Cola had some of the most impressive advertising trailers humanoids have ever seen.

The clips had magnificent hypnotic power and were infiltrating the brain rather easily. The effect on me that day was naturally reinforced by the fact that I was a stupid kid, thinking that if a lack of money is the problem of our country, we can simply print more and fix everything. A total moron.

My emotional border police failed to stop the invasion. I bought the dream and jumped straight into the trap. I began buying small cans of Coca-Cola or similar products every day and took great pride in drinking them in public. I was convinced that this behavior was making me look like a cool kid/rebel/gangsta boy with swag. Apparently, I was way too naive and dumb to see through the lust. Chasing the illusion took the best out of my teeth and coins.

But at least, I learned something from my mistake and my bad choice made me dig deeper and question things.

Once a decent amount of similar experiences is accumulated, people begin to sense that something is just not right. Like a dog that has been beaten a few too many times, we start to look out for danger at every corner. Sometimes it's because we have gotten smarter, other times we are simply more afraid than before.

This is the moment when some begin searching for a magnifying glass but are not willing to buy or build one just yet. This is the transition point during which you are simply getting accustomed to the thought that maybe, just maybe, every image is terrible without Photoshop. The voice of the hangover gets louder and muting it seems impossible. Everywhere you go, you can feel that something is just not right with the world, although you can't identify the culprit because it's dressed in sex appeal.

"Can it really be that bad? It tastes so good after all," you ask yourself.

Yes, it can – most bad things taste really good at first and then you want to die.

Whenever they hand you the contract, you can be sure that all good information is put at the beginning while the *fuck you* clauses hide comfortably at the end and are written in font 0.00001.

The truly sad part is that often that small text enslaves generations of people who either don't know how to use a magnifying glass or don't want to. Modern people may own fewer guns than before, but out there it's still a battlefield! Forget what the broken motivational clocks say! Surviving is never easy, and positive thinking does not scare the sharks away.

The Masters told me to love the world and smile, but that didn't work for me at all. The fake love strategically pushed in my face caused a natural formation of antibodies fighting the cosmic deception. Those antibodies came in the form of despise. This is when I grew as a person. Hate woke up the good in me because it was honest and pure. This is hardly a surprise because you often have to do the opposite of what the system tells you in order to progress.

Furthermore, hate told me to read the back of the product, which is the place where the true content hides. By decoding the message, you can understand the whole plan. Problem is, there is a big obstacle that many are not willing to overcome.

Hating the fake smiles looking at you is not an easy task. It's a habit the system does not want you to have. You are supposed to be a content lover who only sees the superficial beauty of the world because once you get to know the internal parts, you will become a hater, and there's

nothing worse than that because you might change something that's not supposed to be changed.

"Be a lover, love the package, even though the package poisons you," is the order of system exploiting the built-in human weaknesses to extract our souls.

Sorry, but I will have to disobey by taking out my magnifying glass. It's less expensive than being taken.

You may ask yourself: Who wants to take me? I am not that pretty.

First, I am sorry that you are not pretty, but it happens – unfortunate starter pack. The bad news is that you don't have to be beautiful to be useful to the system. As long as you are willing to keep on working and buying stuff, corporations will be fighting to exploit your human potential. The banks will sell you loans, the politicians will put bulletins of fatsos with bad teeth in your hands, the supermarkets will offer you products bought from Shitland, the medical institutions will keep on fixing you by breaking you, the police force will protect you by protecting the criminals...

The battle for control over you will never end.

Never forget that according to their sick logic, they've warned you, but you didn't listen...

And that's why you ought to be taken.

GOT TIME, MONEY AND SOUL?

THE MASTERS WANT THEM.

There are three primary money generating mechanisms in this world. All of them are very similar to manipulating the frequency range of a song with the help of an equalizer {EQ}.

Going to work and playing the role of an obedient humanoid allegedly helping the society move forward is the first way.

This method showcases a direct but weak frequency increase. By earning your money, the classic way, you push your personal frequencies [bass, mid and treble] up, but the boost is just enough to keep your existence going. Nothing more.

Due to the poor effectiveness of this method and its inability to produce fast results, the Masters never follow it. They have generously donated this opportunity to us – the *footmen*.

The second option represents a reduction of other people's profits [frequencies]. In this case, you are not boosting any range directly, but by decreasing the frequencies of others, you increase yours. In other words, making other people poorer makes you richer.

The third way, which is the preferred method of the *bourgeoisie*, is a slick combination of the other two – you steal [cut] the money of the crowd and put the taken amount into your personal vault.

This technique gives you the strongest boost and is the ultimate money maker. As a result, you become a loud [loaded] motherfucker whose voice is heard while the footmen remain irrelevant and battle each other for coins in the pit.

Sorry, but if you are a Spartan insect calculating every single dime with the precision of an

aircraft engineer and following a diet revolving around free ketchup from McDonald's, you can't possibly be super happy, can you?

Moreover, your voice will never be heard regardless of how genius you are inside. If you haven't noticed until now, let me tell you – people don't listen to beggars who wear the same underwear year-round. The stories about enlightened representatives of the poverty layers may sound nice and intriguing, but their volume is so low that the narrator can barely hear himself. Sadly, those stories are often inflated fairy tales meant to keep the poor and oppressed in check with the help of special tactics based on reverse psychology.

How come there are so many books full of wise impoverished men preaching that money is not important? Do you really think that's a coincidence?

The explanation seems fairly simple. The "disregard money" literature is often written by the elite's pocket writers and wants to nourish the little mouse in you. It wants you to be one of the wannabes who always leave the hard things to external forces. It's easier to be a wise beggar fucked by the system and content with nothing than a rebel holding a pry bar.

Nevertheless, taking your money is not the main priority of the system.

The Masters at the top of the pyramid are above money. The hunchbacked wackos have already forgotten how much coins and gold they have. I guess sooner or later paper accumulation gets old and boring. People so high on the social ladder couldn't care less about your pennies. They are after your creativity, mind, production force and ultimately the beauty of your soul.

How much can a dedicated person accomplish? A lot. Many national heroes have proven that throughout their lives.

The next question is how much can the population of the world accomplish.

A billion times more than one individual.

Capturing that energy is the primary goal of the elite. Cash is just a distraction and one of the means used to direct the universal human effort in the needed direction. Few things feel as good as knowing that you have total control.

We are gardeners helping plants grow into something beautiful, whereas the rich wankers are the owners of the house who only cut the flowers and consume them through their sick magic. The destruction of beauty and innocence feeds the elite. Similar acts give them power and

according to their own beliefs – immortality. In reality, however, they are just psychos peeing on flowers, which is neither a powerful nor a strong act. It's destructive and ugly.

But we are not just gardeners, we are also uprooted/cut trees.

Let me explain.

How long can a tree live? Planted into the soil, it's basically immortal after a certain size is reached. The older it gets, the stronger it becomes. Problem is, we are disconnected trees, and our time is limited. The older we grow, the weaker we become. That process can be postponed and slowed down [wood veneering], but it's still inevitable. After we are cut [born], we pass through a special kind of conditioning prepared for us by the human world. We are the material used for the woodwork, whereas the system is the master carpenter.

The initial cuts decide whether you are going to start your adult life as a luxury table or a toothpick. There is also a part of us called free will, which may or may not be real, but the system wants to break anyway in order to secure all exits. That happens through dictation of habits and manipulation of beliefs. Once the Masters start deciding your habits for you, they own you even more. Don't be surprised if you end up being a table in the home of a political pervert who likes to engage in mentally ill sexual intercourse on top of you.

Throughout the aforementioned processes, we lose another precious resource – time.

Sadly, many don't even realize it.

Over the years, I came to the conclusion that people are afraid to end their shifts on time. Most employees work at least 20 minutes overtime before leaving. While 20 minutes may seem short, they can easily turn into an hour or more.

Back in the day, I was also a follower of this rule. It came to me naturally as if this nonsense had always been a part of me.

"You gotta love overtime," they told me.

Whenever I was shutting down my computer and getting ready to get out on time, I had to deal with the moronic looks of office slaves. My coworkers hated me because I was efficient and had the courage to show my boss that I don't care about promotions, which in my eyes equal twice as much work and responsibilities for slightly better payment. Ironically, it was almost irrelevant whether I had done my work or not – I had to stay late regardless. In the beginning, this got to

me and I was feeling guilty for not working as long as the rest. They called me lazy and tried to break me. They succeeded but not for long.

One girl was routinely leaving the office at 10 and occasionally an hour or two after midnight. I remember that girl. Her teeth looked like a building complex put together by a heartbroken, drunk architect who had lost his fortune to a blond whore.

This girl was always sucking up to the boss and staying late to get the job done. Everybody was admiring her work ethic except me. For a little while, I wondered whether I was the crazy one.

"They are calling me irresponsible, but is it really responsible to work until midnight only to satisfy the sick ambitions of an ungrateful moron," I was often asking myself.

Fate answered that question for me.

My boss used to treat this girl well until one day she made a slight mistake. I can't tell you exactly what it was, but our boss was such a weird brain dead wacko that the problem may have been serving him coffee in the wrong cup. He had a favorite one.

I heard them arguing:

"It wasn't on purpose," said the girl.

"Do you even realize how important this is? You are completely useless! You should work for a kid selling lemonade on the street! Do you realize how bad you really are," stated our boss.

The girl hid in the bathroom to cry like all girls do after receiving a good yelling at work. Her dreams were shattered to pieces.

This situation showed me the obvious – overtime work should not be tolerated unless you know what you are doing. Unfortunately, most people don't know what they are doing. We think we are climbing the corporate ladder when in reality we are simply selling our time for pennies. You never know when your boss will decide that the first wrinkle is actually a big deal after all, and a younger production is needed.

What if we were spending our overtime hours doing something more meaningful instead of making ungrateful sons of bitches who pee on flowers richer? It's not like they hold up their end of the deal. Try this – start coming an hour or two late for work and tell me how it goes for you. The "do you want to clean toilets" conversation will come to you faster than a punch. The system is incredibly touchy when you start asking for your rights.

My advice is to leave work as early as possible and focus on personal projects. You may fail to reach your end goal...but at least... you won't help a dickhead reach his, and that's a great accomplishment in itself.

You've lowered the bass frequencies of the fucker, by boosting your high end. Claps.

EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT TRUE LOVE, BUT WHAT ABOUT TRUE HATE?

True love is everywhere, and yet nowhere.

People talk about it, but few truly know it.

Singers sing about it, but they haven't heard its sound.

Bitches tweet about it, but they bitches.

Where is true love?

True love faded a long time ago, my friends because people stopped hating.

To know love, you have to know hate too.

The world is a dual system, not a monologue. You can't create love by eliminating hate, just like you cannot kill love by focusing on hatred. They need each other like the day needs the night.

This society has forgotten how to hate properly and with style because hating is always presented as poor corporate behavior. The magazines following Playboy-approved logic tell you to smile, be positive and take a quiz to determine your perfect underwear. The system always wants you to see o the glass as half full.

I get it, homoerotic idiots.

The glass can always be seen as half full, but guess what? It's half full of shit. Can't you see it? What's there to like so much? The fact that most people work their whole lives like machines? The fact that the mafia is trying to mix all kinds of nations so that we forget where we come from? The fact that your freedom ends as soon as you try to do something meaningful? Why are we so scared to say that maybe, just maybe, some things simply suck and deserve to be

hated? Why are we fighting so hard to love the leftovers?

The grand engineers always utilize real love to channel soul poison. They put it in the multivitamins too. Do you really think somebody will give you a warning sign? Sorry, you are not a 3-year-old eating small toys anymore. The system does not promote true love. It only spreads politically correct love filled with death. That's why stupid phrases like "Let's hope so." are always in the mouths of the wannabe positive people afraid to point the finger at anyone.

Due to a tsunami of manipulated beliefs and concepts, people have adopted a false idea what a hater is.

Haters are always presented as unsuccessful bitter cowards who live in a tiny basement full of computers and watch goat porn on triple monitor setups all day while hoping to lose their virginity before turning 45. Those guys are not real haters. They are wannabes who use excuses to hide their own weaknesses. True haters are people who refuse to close their eyes when they see things that deserve despise. What's so bad about saying that you don't like something? Most things should not be liked anyways.

I remember well one particular conversation with a spoiled girl accustomed to the softness of high-quality silk.

I don't know what her major is, but I know for sure that she has some serious diplomas behind her back. And yet she has the mentality of a village pony suffering from brain cell inflammation.

The conversation took place a few days after the mayoral election in my city.

"What the Hell? How can people vote for this blockhead," I said in regards to our new old mayor.

My words contained only a touch of animosity, but the intonation was more than clear that a lot more vitriol is available if needed. She ignored me and kept on staring at her 15-inch Chinese monitor older than her.

"Seriously. How brain dead do you have to be to vote for this brain dead moron," I added while looking at my 17-inch Chinese monitor, definitely not older than me. After all, I am a CRT kid.

"Did you vote," she said with a voice asking me to stop interrupting her PC trance.

"Yes. Maybe. Kinda."

"Uh?"

"I wrote in the bulletin that I will come back when all people on the list are not part of the International Mafia promoting incest."

She was too annoyed to laugh, but her body language registered my statement as dark humor nonetheless.

"Why are you complaining then? If you don't have an alternative, why you hatin'?"

"I have an alternative, but they didn't give me enough paper to write the whole poem."

"And what is your alternative."

"My alternative is called 'stop accepting everything you see and learn to say no to the wrong'."

"People have different ideas of right and wrong. Who are you to say that yours is best?"

"I am not a lawyer. Therefore, my idea of right and wrong works almost every single time."

"What is it?"

"If I stab you in the tits, do you think it will be wrong?"

"Yes."

"That's my idea."

"What's your idea? That you shouldn't stab people's tits? You should write to the president. Maybe intellectuals with five times your education will take your profound concepts into consideration," she said while looking at her tits with a sense of insecurity. They were feeling threatened.

"When you destroy or hurt something that does not belong to you, you are doing something wrong."

"How do you know people are not on that level already?"

"Go outside and look around."

At this moment, she received a text message on her smartphone. The conversation ended.

A few hours later I felt the urge to express my strong dislike of another politician.

"Damn it. When will this fat double chin piece of fucking shit die? Isn't there enough cholesterol in his veins already..."

She looked at me scared. "I hope I can go home intact," she thought.

"How can you talk like that about another human being? Where is all of this hate coming from? Do you want all fat people to die?"

"Not all fat people. Just this one and a couple of other guys," I explained.

"You are bad," she said, but the phrase she was looking for was clinically insane.

"Why am I bad? Do you know how many people suffer due to the decisions of this lard collector?"

"You don't know that."

"I know. I see it every day."

"No, you don't. You are a stupid hating nerd."

"So, it's fine for them to kill, but when I want them to pay for their sins I am labeled as a bad person?"

"You are not God to decide what their sins are."

"I guess the corrupt judges are Gods then since they choose your sins for you."

At this point, she started hyperventilating, grabbed a snickers bar and opened it like a hungry monkey. Once the first bite loaded with sugar was in her system, she found the strength to say:

"So, what is your solution? What do you think will happen if your wish comes true, and this person dies from a heart attack?"

She had a point.

I continued by responding: "I guess nothing will change. Probably just another corrupt fatso will take his place."

"You see? Hate is never the answer, love is."

"So, I am supposed to love this corrupt sack of lard?"

"No, you are supposed to see the good in people and have hope. Progress never comes when you are focusing solely on the negative."

"You may be partially right, but I personally think that hating something badly could be a strong driving force to improve. Sometimes in order to progress further, you have to hate the person you are right now. How can you change when you are artificially forcing yourself to love something you don't even like?"

"Stop it. Hate is never an option. You will pay for your bad words and negative attitude!"

"Sure, and so will the Yes Men. I don't want to nourish the destructive forces in people. But in order to protect something worth loving, you have to be willing to hate things worth hating, " I sad.

"You are just a hater, " she responded.

WHAT IF GOD AND THE DEVIL ARE IN THIS GAME TOGETHER?

I was planning to exclude all theological talk from this text but I couldn't. The Church is too colossal to ignore, and I would be a bigger liar than I already am if I tell you that I don't think about the subject.

Put simply, all religions are spiritual political parties claiming to contain the law of life. Die-hard followers of each version never agree with their opponents and are willing to fight until the end of times.

By discrediting religion, the same people bury the true teachings contained in the sacred texts. The puzzle is constantly jumbled by a mafia of disinformation agents and cold-blooded killers who work together to exploit humanity.

Since the mainstream religious teachings are always manipulated to serve a specific agenda, I have been failing to subscribe fully to any religion.

However, I am not an atheist who only believes in numbers either. I am just looking for the truth my way because in the conclusions you reach on your own always hold the most value.

The main destructive side of religious doctrines is their manipulative power and lack of realism.

Mentality challenged die-hard fanatics have done a lot of nasty things for the guys upstairs without even understanding what's really going on. Many of the atrocities could have been prevented with the help of the forgotten *"don't be an idiot"* method. Unfortunately, we are programmable just like computers, and many remain infected with stupidity *forever*.

When you have malicious software in your head, you are capable of doing extreme evil while being completely convinced that everything is fine. Religion has the power to turn us into mindless robots controlled by a computer running the *"kill the rest without thinking"* script

constantly. How can religion be all good if it requires you to be a zombie without a brain? The answer is simple – it can't.

Religious fairy tales work because following the crowd feels natural. We are taught that the Party is always right one way or another.

In the 1950s, a series of studies known as the Asch conformity experiments were performed. The goal of the research was to determine how easy it is to mute your intuition and personal conclusions in an attempt to follow the crowd.

Here's the research in short: A group of people is shown a card with a *single straight line* on it. Then, the same group sees a second card with *three lines* on it. The mission of each member is to determine which line on the second card matches the length of the line on the first card. The task is really simple and near-100% rate of correct answers is expected. For the first few runs the responses are indeed right, but then all participants *except one* are instructed to give wrong answers in order to test the mind of the victim. After a while, the lonely guy starts agreeing with the answers of the group, even though he may believe otherwise. Similar experiments happen every day in music clubs. When everybody around you is dancing, you are dancing whether you like to "move it, move it" or not. Monkey see, monkey do.

Zombie conformity has immense power and converts initial doubters into delusional believers counting flying elephants. It's not easy to stand alone in the corner. The fear of being an outsider causes internal bleeding. Therefore, most people turn down their personal volume and up the screaming of the crowd. We want to be "normal" and this is how we get there – by opening our gate for the noise.

Another element needed for the construction of lucrative religious robots is slave mentality or the inability to be free even when you are free.

A dog that has lived its whole life on a chain does not know freedom. You can set it free, but where will it go? It takes time to learn freedom, and sometimes the process is so painful that the dog returns to its abusive owner who at least feeds him. The grand mechanism does the same to us. It puts us in its a prison since day one. Most never get out because living a life prepared by your masters is so much easier. The cage liberates you.

When you have orders, you don't waste your time in painful thought process – you follow the plan. The burden that goes away once you give up your autonomy is called responsibility. You are no longer accountable for anything. You become an order follower covered by the divine crew at all times. You devolve into a soldier who can explain the horror with one phrase: "I was

following the orders of my superiors."

The top management of religious cults is always formed by corrupt master psychologists exploiting your mind like you never thought possible. People see fanboys waiting in tents for the newest iPhone and think to themselves: "Losers." But are religious fanatics any different? Is religious fanboyism going to save our souls? I don't believe that it can.

Religion is so imperfect that you can see human fingerprints all over it. The endless amount of books, the complicated language, the crazy stories, the death, the suffering, the confusion, the incompleteness, the jealousy, the anger...it all adds up. Can a profound message be so complicated?

I think that the movement has been infiltrated and compromised to the point where its validity deserves to be doubted aggressively. We may be pawns and footmen, but why should we also be complete idiots? We have those brains for a reason. Without them, we are nothing but weak animals.

Besides manipulation, there is another deeply hidden aim of religion – destruction of spirituality.

As a result of the apocalypses sponsored by religious madness, many are willing to give up completely on spiritual ideals and focus solely on things that can be seen and touched. In the end, the system wins either way. In the first case you are a delusional robot, whereas in the second numbers and flesh are your only God.

Beware of individuals rejecting religion and spirituality completely. Atheists promoted by the mainstream media are sellouts and liars showing you delusional religious wackos solely to turn you away from the power of the human soul.

The conspiracy theorists, classified by the public as mentally ill for seeing signs in cookies, call the human leaders of this planet Satanists. It's true. This world is filled with satanic venom. The bitten apples are everywhere, aren't they? You may even be reading this text on one. Check the back.

After realizing that most of the commercial productions contain hidden symbolism, people start believing in the opposite – the good God.

The logic is simple: "If the elite puts so much effort into serving Satan and defaming God, the sacred text must be true."

But is the opposite party better? What if both teams are one? What if you are either following what the elite wants you to follow or the resistance force prepared for you by the elite?

Do you remember? Those guys have win-win-win-win mentality. They don't gamble. They win.

You are either under their spell or the one coming off their holograms and satellites.

Most scripts want you to be a passive follower who does nothing, because God has you covered.

"God will punish you," we say to the evil and corrupt as though our words can hurt them. It may be true that God will punish them. Sooner or later, we all have our moment of the truth. But how do you know that we won't be punished more for doing nothing? Have you ever thought that maybe the owners of this world want us to outsource our work to the Godly team so that the grand mechanism can continue to tick? The bad guys don't count on Satan to do all the dirty work. They help him every day actively. They don't say "Satan will do our evil for us." They do the sins themselves. How can the good God win when we leave him alone? Who's going to do the good deeds?

Having said that, I don't believe a good only world is physically possible. The facts are clear – dualism is the name of the game on this planet.

Can good exist without evil?

What is God without an opponent?

Both the good God and the evil Devil need a crowd [living beings] and a world [playing field] to fight. We are the crowd, and we live on the battleground. Consequently, they are looking for our vote one way or another.

What if God and the Devil are in this game together?

What if they are also pawns and the real player is something way bigger than them, like a supercomputer?

What if they are both creatures part of a dualistic illusion keeping us in perpetual Hell?

What if the goal is to break free from duality? Thesis. Antithesis. Synthesis?

What if it can't be done?

What if it can?

What if even outside of a dualistic world we are still slaves?

I have no answers to these inquiries, but at least, I have hard questions.

And that's enough to upset the grand teacher... or at least I hope so.

THE SYSTEM HIDES BY EXPOSING ITSELF

THE ILLUMINATI EXPOSING RENAISSANCE

Over the past five years, the number of conspiracy theorists has reached record high numbers thanks to YouTube. Every day there are at least 1000 videos dedicated to the so-called secret society Illuminati. Triangles, goats, one dollar bills and pyramids are everywhere.

But the true purpose of the Illuminati Exposing Renaissance era is deeper than people think.

At first, the investigations were striking and intriguing. The hidden symbols came as a shock to many. We were looking at the videos and thinking: "Wait, what? Is this real life?" As a result, millions started analyzing the secret of the unfinished pyramid. The scandal hit global proportions, and now the world "Illuminati" is heard even in mainstream TV shows. Not long ago, I watched an episode of the ultra-unrealistic TV series *Scorpion* in which one of the characters said: "*Say hello to the Illuminati from me.*" to a billionaire.

Obviously, mass exposure has been reached. The real question is, why?

There is only one explanation – it's all part of the plan because the smart boys never leak so much information unless they want to. Never forget that.

The first part of the mission was to infiltrate the so-called *alternative* media and corrupt it completely. The mafia wants to control all sources of information and achieves this goal with the help of undercover agents. If somebody is going to expose the bad guys, it better be other bad guys.

Therefore, the alternative media is also compromised and is no different than its older brother – the TV.

The question is, why would they expose themselves? What do they gain?

Short answer – control. Long answer – enemies with empty revolvers.

Do you remember Eminem's 8-mile movie? During the last battle, Eminem decided to rely on similar tactics to immobilize his adversary. He did it by revealing the downsides of his life himself instead of letting his opponent do it for him. This tactic is similar to being a fat person who constantly calls himself fat. When you do that, people lose interest in hurting you the same way. Their gun is empty. The elite achieved the same by allowing the clips exposing them to go on.

The ultimate goal was to eventually reach the peculiar status crooked politicians enjoy. The denunciation of bought and corrupt political leaders has been going on for so long that today their soulless behavior does not surprise anyone. "Corrupt politician" has become a painful cliché no one wants to hear anymore. We have become numb to it, which was the goal all along.

Building the crowd's numbness requires solid manipulation work and distortion of the truth. You can be certain that every single piece of trash that gets constant mainstream promotion is put there for a reason and has one main goal – to pollute the water and use the weapons of the freedom fighters against them.

Don't be surprised when mainstream conspiracy theorists expose real problems. It's part of the act. They are simply following the example of ear pleasing politicians before big elections. You listen and agree because what they tell you makes a lot of sense, but somewhere along the line things go sideways and the policy changes.

Do you really think those so-called truthers are allowed to speak their mind in front of large audiences just like that?

Are they really fighting against the enemy?

Of course, not.

If this was the case, they would have been killed long ago. But, no! They not only live on, they get wealthier.

Another goal of this organized self-exposure is to make ordinary people chase ghosts. Everybody talks about the Illuminati, but what the hell is the Illuminati, really? We have reached

a point where the word Illuminati is a synonym for evil. Therefore, the term is almost worthless unless we are talking about philosophy. Today, if I say the Illuminati is evil, I am actually saying Evil is Evil. What is that supposed to mean? Where does this take us?

We now know about the Illuminati, but does that change much at the end of the night?

Moreover, who is part of the Illuminati? [Everyone and no one.]

The Masters are simply playing with our minds while we think they're getting owned. Nothing could be further from the truth. They are even more powerful than before.

Another evidence that something dubious is going on is that the leaders of the truth movement never give concrete solutions. Most of the conferences and presentations show a bunch of people who gather around a fire to talk how bad everything is. That's because the elite doesn't want you to think about solutions, and if you ask for one, the alleged teachers will come up with something generic and stupid like: "Love and freedom are the answer."

Meanwhile, the alternative media will be selling you all kinds of nonsense such as water filters, Illuminati free food and books about dragons and zombies. It ain't nothing but an "alternative" business.

But, wait! It gets worse.

There is also a network of paid trolls who have a specific job – keeping your brain constantly inflamed to the point where you don't know who to trust anymore. Those so-called skills are everywhere. The Internet does not make an exception. Actually, the online realm produces them faster than a sweatshop factory because one person can have an unlimited amount of accounts.

I've witnessed the force of the paid Internet troll a long time ago when I was going through job sites where you can post your opinion about a specific company. One time I went there to check the stats of a firm I was already a part of. Many of the opinions were made up, not all, but many. To me, the lies were obvious because I was a real employee and knew everything about the firm. And yet there were comments talking about events that had never taken place. This is when I learned that paid trolls are very real.

If there are people willing to write lies about a small firm in order to make it look better, what do you think happens on the big playing field? The effect is amplified.

The trolls divide into local and international commenting robocops. The locals are guys from your country, familiar with your jargon and are paid to talk nonsense on popular news websites while the international trolls post on top pages visited by people from all countries.

The results are amazing – you can never really know who speaks truth. Even if someone is honest, the army of disinformation agents will come out of nowhere to cover his ideas in a coat of lies. Consequently, paid Internet trolling has established itself as a modern form of disinformation allowing the grand mechanism to preserve its total control in the era of the smartphone.

While it's pretty obvious that mainstream channels promoted by the system are bought, there are many lower level guys who are part of the brotherhood too. Those guys don't make professional videos with super expensive cameras, paid actors and tons of editing. Their production looks homemade because the goal is to emulate the middle-class kid with a recently bought green screen.

We see the big movie industry as extremely powerful and expect anything from it, but when it comes to the small guys, we don't judge them as much because they look way too ordinary to be dangerous agents. We accept them without putting much thought into it. Some may be honest, but many are nothing but small time drug dealers serving the grand kingpin. To find out who is who, you will have to do your own research, cross-reference everything and make your con artist radar overheat. Don't expect to launch a movie and learn all there is to know for free. Free stuff often comes at the highest cost.

In total, the Illuminati Exposing Renaissance comes with some good ideas and has the power to wake up many people from the sleep of the modern humanoid. However, it's also manipulated and constructed in a way that increases the power of the elite. The deception has many levels and the Masters know this really well.

They allow us to win a game in order to study our reactions and take the whole championship.

TWISTED IDEAS THAT KEEP YOU IN A FANTASY LABYRINTH

Perception is everything.

Take a realistic toy gun, remove the packaging, get on a public bus and watch the processors of frightened humanoids around you reach iron melting temperatures.

People will get away from you in an instant. The only exception could be an old lady that has forgotten her glasses and can't identify the mad commandos by her side.

But, baby, don't feel lonely!

Look on the bright side. The gun is doing its job – annoyance reduction.

You want to sit alone at the back of the bus?

Fine. Go there. The other passengers will move to the front even if that means sitting on top of each other in all kinds of 18+ positions.

You want to own the front of the bus?

"You can have that too," says the plastic gun in your hand.

"In fact, you can even sit on top of the driver if you want," adds the gun.

But your adventure will not end here.

You will quickly become more popular than the president thanks to the iPhone gangstas in the bus who will find a way to take a few photos of you and inject them into social media. If you are vigilant, you may even hear the sound of metrosexual fingers gently tapping a phone screen

ever so slightly.

You and your plastic gun will infiltrate the heads of many. People around will completely immerse into the present and focus solely on the danger in front.

Mr. *Big Dick* will no longer be tortured by the thought that his wife and mistress are both pregnant.

Mr. *Wannabe Gentleman* will no longer be wondering what his next snob watch should be.

Mr. *Spoiled Teen* will no longer be cursing life because daddy did not buy him a skateboard.

Ms. *Fat Ass* will no longer be dreaming of the next hamburger.

Ms. *Nerd's* plans to perform a seppuku for going to school with incomplete homework will be postponed too.

Mr. *Businessman* will stop calculating extra profit in his mind. After all, money doesn't matter when you have a bullet in your head.

Put simply, the consciousness on the bus will be controlled by a single thought:

"There's an armed man on the bus."

More than a few passengers will start pressing the stop button anxiously as though they are sending a message in Morse code to heaven.

The anxiety among passengers will intensify to the point where you will easily identify grimaces common for sinners who have just heard footsteps in the house while playing with themselves. But this time, it's different because "mom" is not just mad, she's armed. There's a razor sharp machete in her hands that can liberate a body from a head in an instant.

At the next stop, the frightened chickens will start running over each other as though a horny, enraged behemoth is behind them. They won't even thank you for slowing down time and making the last two minutes feel like 2 months. Undoubtedly, some will fall down and serve as a human carpet for the rest of the fugitives, but no one will stop and look back. The driver will also follow the crowd and leave you alone in an idle, deserted bus.

"I will be late, again. Mr. *Businessman* will fire me," you'll say to yourself.

A minute later, you will hear a voice coming through a megaphone:

"Sir. Get out of the vehicle with your arms in the air!"

"The police? Why are they here? What did I do? I am a tax paying citizen, and yet they think I am a criminal," will be the next thought you borrow from the public thought library built for us by the Grand Mechanism.

"Sir. Get out of the vehicle. You're surrounded! There is no place to go."

"Ok. They are officers of the law. They will understand that I am not a criminal and let me go," you will think while approaching the middle exit of the bus.

When you lift your head up you will see a deep blue sea made out of police officers. All of them will be pointing pistols at you like cops do in the movies.

You will look at your chest to see whether there are red dots pointed at your heart.

There won't be any.

"I guess I am not that important after all," will say the optimistic joker in you.

"They are on your forehead, idiot," will respond the pessimistic joker in you.

Seconds later, an older police officer will approach you. He won't look like the alpha detectives in TV shows. There won't be any mystery to him. The doughnut traces on his lips will reveal his true nature – a lazy potato with mommy issues.

"Son, get on your knees, slowly," he will say while trying to sound like the father you never had.

Seconds later you will be on your knees.

"Good. He is cooperative. Maybe we'll go home early today. I may even have time for an extra doughnut," will say the captain to himself.

"Son, I now want you to slowly put your weapon on the ground," he will add.

"What weapon? I am not holding any weapons," you'll ask.

"You have a pistol in your right hand. Please, slowly put it down so that we can go home early."

"These idiots really think this is a weapon," you will say to yourself while putting down the toy gun on the ground. The second it leaves your hand, two police officers will catch you with a firm grip and whisper: "How you do like us now, biiiitch?" The wicked intonation covering their words will reveal the troublesome future ahead of you. Meanwhile, another cop will take the gun and put it in a nylon bag.

"This is not a weapon," you'll say out loud.

"Let us decide that, son," will say the captain.

Two cops holding your arms will drag you slowly towards a police car. You'll look around and see deep satisfaction in the eyes of the people gathered at the scene. You will also sense the formation of a weird symbiosis between the spectators and the police officers. Both sides will unite in their hate against you.

Finally, after the police officers have received the love of the grateful crowd, you will get stuffed into a dirty police car like a dead animal.

For some inexplicable reason, however, the captain and a young detective will begin a long discussion right in front of the car.

"What are they talking about," you'll think. "Are they going to plant evidence against me?"

Luckily, there is no need to read their lips. I'll tell you the essential part of the conversation.

"Captain, we can't arrest a citizen for holding a plastic toy".

"Of course, we can. The crowd doesn't know it's a toy. Only we do."

Once the talk is over, the captain will knock on the car's hood. You will be taken away and processed.

The Grand Magicians know that perception holds the highest value and through proper manipulation all ideas can mutate into powerful Trojan horses.

Smart bad guys wouldn't bring fake guns on a public bus.

Instead, they take real guns, put them in toy packaging and only then get on the bus with a smile on their faces.

This method produces the best results because the passengers suspect nothing, even though the means for destruction are in front of their faces.

Here are a few examples of ideas twisted by the system through manipulation of perception.

Altruism

The system abuses our in-built guilt to turn us into zombies eating themselves from the inside out.

One of the strongest weapons in this strategy are versions of poorly understood and demented altruism.

The most popular examples are, of course, donations.

Donations are acceptable when you know where your money goes, and you truly want to support a project. Sadly, that rarely happens. Most of the donations in this world buy Ferraris instead of necessities.

But regardless of how donations are absorbed, the true core of the problem lies elsewhere.

In the real world donation are not a solution, but rather a side effect of the evil system.

When the rich donate money to the poor, the latter is supposed to smile and be grateful for the generosity, but in reality, the donors have accumulated their wealth thanks to the evil system. From this group, I exclude ordinary people who have gotten somewhat richer by working harder and operating their finances with intelligence above the average level.

The circle I am talking about includes rich people really high on the food chain. To understand how twisted and sordid a donation coming from those demonic souls is, imagine the following. A Chief Executive exploits his workers daily to the point of death, but once or twice a year he donates some money (less than a car rim) to support some nonsensical charity organization. The media makes him look like a hero, even though he is a villain. Similar actions are simply PR and part of the means ensuring the continuous spin of the Grand Wheel.

Rich men of this caliber have a saying: "Give a man a donation, and he will love you. Give a man

a good salary, and one day he will kill you."

Love

9 out of 10 people associate love with Hollywood ideas seen in ludicrous movies like *Hitch* or *Love Actually*.

As a result of this profound mind control, we have lost our ability to have emotions on our own. The conversations, the jokes, the free time activities...it's all influenced by strong mainstream programming.

We've been convinced that everything should happen under the dictation of the screen. Couples must go to the mall, jump, watch movies, eat at McDonald's, fuck like porn stars...etc.

The poisoning is complete when the underlying message hiding behind a love mask stabs you. While you are crying at the end of the movie when the couple kisses, the Grand Hacker is using your emotional state as an open port to install hundreds of viruses in your brain. Later, when the movie is no longer playing, and your experience in the world of escapism is over, you realize that you've been hacked. Question is how do you reinstall your operating system when the original disk has been hidden from you for so long? I guess you will have to synthesize one yourself.

Human love is a business union between the hearts and minds of two individuals. This merger is meant to neutralize one of the biggest human fears – the fear of being alone.

Love can create incredibly strong connections, but unfortunately, it's often nothing but an illusion, a program in people's heads.

Hard work

There is a big difference between working hard and being a slave.

True hard work allows you to keep at least some of your production for yourself, whereas the made-up idea of hard work in our society is nothing but a code word for dedicated slavery. Real hard work does not dehumanize you. On the contrary, it builds you up. You become more than a servant of the Masters.

But how can you get to do "real hard work?"

Is there a secret?

There isn't a secret nor a shortcut, especially when you are a man of the people. You just have to grind for decades and learn from your mistakes, but even then, there are no guarantees. And yet that's the only way.

Of course, some will tell you that everything is easy, and you should just quit your job to follow your passion. That's the kind of mentality you find in new age "The Alchemist" type of propaganda deception books promoted by Hollywood actors with faulty logic and values.

I would like to tell you that you should quit your job right now, but it could be a terrible lie. Don't become a kamikaze because a brain-dead idiot from a TV show says that you should only do the things you like. Truth be told, you will have to do an endless amount of stuff you don't like in order to touch the things you truly love. That's a requirement of the system and the planet.

To succeed, even for a short period, you must become a bigger slave to your project than Mr. Average is to the system.

To become free from one master, you have to become a slave to another. This much is clear in this world.

True hard work and freedom in this system are nothing but a slavery consciously chosen by the individual.

Morality

The slave must consider morality an essential virtue and follow its demands.

The Masters, on the other hand, treat morality as one of the biggest weaknesses a leader can have. Feeling sorry for the begging insects only holds you down.

The slave thinks: "Oh, no! I 'stole' 1 extra dollar from work." while the Master thinks "Fuck them! I will make them work for 1 dollar and steal 100 million!"

Therefore, you can't win the game unless you have the mentality of a hungry beast.

"The lion does not feel bad for eating the zebra, why should I feel guilty for stealing from factory rats," writes Mr. *Profit* in his diary.

While the ordinary slaves are following the rules, the Masters are breaking the rules and loving every minute of it.

Accommodation

For the greater good of the company the Slave is supposed to accommodate to all changes of dynamics regardless of his opinion, efforts, results or guilt. He must at all times serve the company and satisfy it. Of course, the opposite never happens. The system would never change for a single individual.

Let me give you an example.

Not too long ago I worked in a company with a few too many departments and only one boss. One of the departments was full of young ladies because this was the front of the company. The girls were constantly meeting with current and potential clients. Therefore, their sugary voices, never-ending giggle, drool, tits, legs and youth were needed.

Those wannabes were delusional creatures working late hours. One of them was coming from a small town near the big city and had to travel 4 hours each day. Due to her overtime addiction, she was often missing the return train. However, she found an interesting solution to this problem.

She rented a miserable room close to the office. That way she was able to follow the unwritten rule that going home before midnight is a big sin. She thought she was building a career in that company, but she wasn't. She was on a dead end street. The only thing she was getting was overtime madness, insulting salary and fake smiles from the boss.

The younger me would have cried for her, but the older one is too conditioned. The only thing that comes to my mind is: **you get what you pay for, stupid nerdy bitch.**

Revolts

Seemingly bad policies always trigger protests, but since this is a logical and expected reaction the system hijacks the revolt and uses it in its favor by following the golden rule: order out of chaos.

Politicians may seem dumber than a pair of used sneakers, but they understand that their actions have specific consequences. Therefore, unless the event causing the protest is a complete accident, the prime reaction of the crowd is just another part of the plan.

Imagine that tomorrow the government decides to decrease the salaries of workers paid by the state

What will most people do?

Protest!?

That protest will give the Masters an opportunity to accomplish a hidden goal.

The system does not communicate with you directly. It's a boxer hitting you with a combination of punches. Sometimes the first punch is just a fake meant to put you in a specific position so that the second punch can hit the right place harder.

There are many reasons to trigger a revolt. To understand the true goal behind it, you have to analyze the current political situation in your country. The most common goal of a mass outrage and rebellion is the creation of a smoke ball behind which the system signs indoctrinating contracts. Of course, that also happens with the help of mainstream media, which shows you circuses while the president and his crew of homoerotic fans are cooking the nation. The media will make sure to give you updates about every stupid thing, except the real events.

Meanwhile, we are supposed to feel guilty when we do not revolt.

Those who don't go out to and scream are called irresponsible citizens without a position. Funny. What do you really expect to happen when you revolt? The only time it makes sense to revolt is when the system does not want you to or when you have a demand that's very specific.

You can't just go out and revolt because "everything is bad."

What's that supposed to mean?

You must have a specific requirement - that's the only way to get something.

Entertainment

A slave labyrinth without an amusement park is of no use to the Masters.

Entertainment serves as an outlet for oppression stored in the soul. It's an exhaust system

without which the slaves will either die prematurely or attack the masters viciously. Both situations are unwanted.

The first step to successful implementation of the method is making the slave question the point of his presence on Earth. Only then the slave can receive entertainment in the form of movies, football games, images, music, tits, sex, junk food, clothes, Nikey sneakers, iPhones and other forms of lollipops. Once the slave's batteries have been recharged with a heavy dose of illusion, he can safely return to work.

I remember my days as a distributor of advertising material a.k.a. city spammer. I had to walk from house to house, from building to building, from office to office, from restaurant to restaurant, from one stupid place to another stupid place until the sunset. Not only that but the boss was always sending me far away from home. The travel alone was over 2 hours long. By the end of the work day, I was exhausted from all the walking and wanted to kill even the dead matter around me.

My first day on the job was the hardest.

When I got back home, I took some old strawberries, launched the TV and tried to concentrate on a football game part of the world cup. This experience repeated many times. I know very well that without a football game each night, I may have raised some serious hell.

The power of entertainment lies in its ability to give us hope by showing us that something greater is possible.

It makes our otherwise boring lives feel complete and more adventurous. It gives an opportunity to touch a different world where the amazing happens. You may be a total drone in real life, but when you put on that Bond gear, you start to feel like a spy agent. Your existence is no longer hopeless. The baby is sucking the pacifier.

Greed – The system behaves like a schizo when it comes to greed. When you say that you want to get paid more, you are labeled as a greedy, money driven person. Ironically, the guys pushed in your face as examples of success are greedy as hell. I guess it's not greed when they do it.

The ultimate goal of the master is to keep the slave expelled from reality and further away from positions of power.

That happens in a brutal way – all available weapons are used to degrade the individual on every level.

The slave mustn't have access to any meaningful knowledge and should remain a footman wondering in a world that only exists in myths and fairy tales.

The reaction of the slave is either total obedience or outrage. When the second happens the slave receives an opportunity. But in a carefully elaborated labyrinth even that opportunity is not real – it's fantasy.

And since the slave can never receive freedom by fighting holograms, the master remains in control forever, whereas the slave stays stuck in the labyrinth.

THE SYSTEM'S IDENTITY STORE IS OPEN 24/7, CHOOSE YOUR LABEL

The world of the slave may be filled with visible shopping brochures part of the Grand Fantasy, but the most important catalog remains hidden to the naked eye.

Not many realize that our environment is an identity store.

There are no signs on the door because you're already in it. Wherever you go, different personalities are waving at you. The Masters need this climate to preserve their absolute power.

On the 1st floor of the store, we find identities based on material possessions. The clients there are not buying a product, but rather an image it portrays.

Are Beats by Dr. Dre wanted for their sound quality?

Of course, not. We all know that some headphones sound better and cost less. The users of Beats just want to be seen as cool urban gangsters supporting "real hip-hop"...whatever that is.

What about expensive watches?

Do we really need timepieces that cost as much as a car or a house next to the ocean?

No!

We don't buy similar items because we need them. We buy them to fill a void called empty personality.

Back in the day, when I was a poor kid criminally obsessed with owning things, there was a "super tight" commercial of a sugary drink. At the time, I was interested in spinning on my back, and thus, the breakdancing part of the clip got me interested. I started buying the product every day. A bottle of the magical drink was always in my hands between classes. This was a pathetic attempt to impress the other idiots around me. That drink served as my pair of Beats by Dre.

Kids today are not any better despite their access to unlimited information via the Internet. When I am on the bus I constantly hear spoiled boys argue what's better – iPhone or Samsung, Milky Way as if the things kids do with their phones are meaningful. It's obvious that children still get taken by the system at an early age, maybe even earlier than before.

But are adults any different?

Of course not, the only difference are the toys.

We have become a generation of robotic posers trying to impress each other not with skills, ideas, actions or style but by fighting for consumer items with questionable value.

The Masters create this state of existence by robbing the slave of whatever true identity he has left through total dehumanization and confusion. Once the slave is swimming in a sea of desperation, he is offered a temporary solution – a fake personality for which he has to pay with time, effort and money.

The real strength of this strategy lies in the implementation of the belief that we should all have a label in this world.

What are you without a title?

Who are you if you are not part of a group?

A zombie, a dead man?

Can we exist in the human world without an identity card of some sort?

Not really. You will never be accepted unless you have a title. You will not be allowed to play the game without a number on your back.

However, once you realize that this title holds as much value as your name, you can outgrow it and understand that the system's definition of you is a small part of who you truly are.

On the 2nd floor of the identity store, you find spiritual products attacking the soul of the slave to ensure a complete lockdown. There is a network of spiritual gurus spreading corrupt ideals serving the agenda. Many slaves outgrow the world of toys but lose themselves in this dishonest spiritual realm built on half-truths. Those teachings are even more dangerous than materialism because they are supposed to show you a way out of the labyrinth. For this reason alone, the Masters have created a fake exit, which is nothing but a long river flowing into the ocean of deception.

The exit is designed to take care of the slaves who are starting to realize that the system is one big absurdity that for some reason continues to exist. Naturally, this gate is also controlled by the same mainstream conglomerate offering partial solutions.

For instance, the movie Fight Club, which on the surface is designed to battle consumerism, has a slightly misleading popular quote – "The things you own end up owning you." This is correct, but the reverse also holds true – The things you don't own end up owning you."

Imagine a drifter who has shoes older than him. Is he free or is he a slave to a different hand of the same master? He may not have a car loan or a mortgage to pay but is he really freer than the guy who has debt but also working shoes and a home? Maybe the fake spiritual gurus will convince you that he is, but that's not really the case. I don't think that being a slave to the lack of things is the cure for being a slave to the accumulation of useless material possessions.

But the system has always been a fan of the extremes because in them hides the stimulus for revolutions and the means to regulate the world.

ARE EMOTIONS A WEAKNESS?

The leaders of this world describe themselves as merciless but fair huntsmen. This belief makes them feel powerful and reveals the way they justify their actions.

The favorite aphorism of the Masters is *survival of the fittest*.

According to their rulebook, there is no place in this world for girly individuals who don't have the stomach for killing the *weak*.

If you are tortured by guilt, you don't deserve prosperity because you haven't evolved enough to understand how the world works. To succeed, you must kill, collect and move on to the next target without regrets. Emotions slow you down, cloud your judgment and leave you with little to show for. Therefore, you must become a machine and leave empathy to the losers who can't understand that the world was never meant to be "*fair*".

The Masters are strong supporters of evolution and promote the idea of natural selection everywhere. They are convinced that most humans are weaklings who fully deserve their miserable destiny, whereas the commanders have earned their right to be beasts on top of the food chain by ascending to a higher level where compassion, kindness, goodness, morality, justice, rectitude and honesty are qualities designed for underdeveloped bottom feeders and their children.

And here's the fun part – they are sometimes right.

You are not going to get ahead in this world by feeling sorry for every single thing you do.

Over-sensitivity and guilt are going to drive you insane.

Jimmy The *Sensitive* Brah knows best.

Here's his story:

Jimmy The Sensitive Brah was a young office drone prone to developing OCDs of all kinds.

He was *constantly* tortured by the thought that his existence and career as a human consumer had been harming innocent creatures in the universe for a very long time. A boxing match between rational thoughts and OCD based corrosion was constantly taking place in his head. Jimmy had come to a point where the only way to feel free was to obey the OCD.

Things got serious when Jimmy's boss bought new chairs for the whole team of clicking maniacs.

When Jimmy the *Sensitive* Brah arrived at work and saw his new chair a little thunderbolt synthesized in his belly immediately.

"What the hell? Is this real leather? Will I have to sit on dead animals," he thought, launched Google and typed: "How to spot real leather?"

He watched the first video and immediately performed a "real leather or not" test on the chair.

The test was positive. The leather was real.

Jimmy repeated the test a few more times, but his extra effort did not change the results. The leather was still real.

Harry's mind filled with horrible images. He started hearing the cry of dying animals in his head. The vitriolic thought felt like cancer – his body was killing itself once again.

"I don't want to hurt other living beings. I don't want to be cruel and dirty. I want to be a pure motherfucker," he was thinking.

There was only one way to fix this problem and find piece. He had to find a cruelty-free chair.

He looked everywhere in the office, but there was nothing.

"What am I going to do? I don't want my sensitive ass to sit on top of dead animals. Yes, it's true that I haven't bought this chair, but I still don't want to sit on it. I don't want to be a cruel killer," was thinking Jimmy while searching for something vegetarian to sit on.

Seconds later, Jimmy realized that his old chair is probably in the basement storage of the office. A few moments later, he was going through all the recycled office equipment. He was

about to give up when he saw a beige chair with textile cushioning. Life is good, he thought, grabbed the chair and lifted it like a trophy.

Jimmy replaced the new chair with the old chair, which was supposedly cruelty-free, but 10 minutes later his OCD kicked in again. He decided to check what the vegan chair was actually made of. It turned out that a large portion of it was polyester – a synthetic material delivered from petrol. Furthermore, the chair was made in China, which according to Jimmy the *Sensitive Brah* always equals child labor and modern day slavery.

His head started spinning again. The overwhelming guilt returned.

Jimmy wanted to support neither the senseless oil wars nor the exploitation of humans. Feeling hopeless, he went to the bathroom and said: "You are not a bad person. You are not a bad person. You are not a bad person!"

Then he washed his face and hands with extra cold water to punish himself. He needed the physical pain to mute the real source of torture – the realization that his attempts to remain cruelty-free had turned out to be pointless.

He was pulling his hair and shaking his arms when his boss entered the facility and asked him:

"Why did you remove the new chair? Are you trying to call me ungrateful by bringing that piece of shit back? That textile chair next to your desk was here when I started the company in my mom's basement. Seriously, Jimmy!? What were you thinking? I want that textile chair gone asap. Moreover, I want the TPS reports on my desk by 10 o'clock tomorrow."

That short speech left Jimmy stupefied. He felt as though he had just been diagnosed with testicular cancer. Maybe the diagnosis was not too far from reality.

What's the moral of the story?

Jimmy The Sensitive Brah performed a form of self-torture, wasted his time and didn't actually help anyone.

The system is always happy when its slaves are bathing in permanent guilt and behave like little ponies jumping around. Similar behavior makes the race easier and gives more opportunities to the evil motherfuckers.

The truth is that you can't exist in this world without hurting anyone directly or indirectly. You can't always be a good guy even if you try really hard. We are imperfect creatures living in a dualistic world, which means that somebody always pays the price. There are no smiles without tears. If you want to live like Jimmy the Sensitive Brah, the only thing you are going to accomplish is pointless self-torture.

To be a complete human, you need some bad in you. You can't take what's yours without having a spine and punching a few guys when necessary. You are not guilty of all the suffering taking place in this world. You have to understand your limitations.

Can you really know freedom when you are a slave to your own guilt? I don't think so. Compassion should not turn into weakness.

Many people understand this and ask the logical question – what's the point of emotions if they don't have any rational value? Why do we have them? Are they really a weakness that we should remove to join the club of the rich?

No. I don't consider emotions a weakness. They play a very important role. Can you call yourself alive if you don't have emotions? Without emotions the line becomes flat, and we transform into dead matter communicating with the environment solely through chemical reactions and physical laws. Emotions are part of the glue that connects the soul to the body. They are also a buffer and a regulator of your actions. Without affection of any kind, you are either a fertilizer or someone in a comatose.

Nevertheless, emotions can absolutely eat your head if you can't control them. One of the qualities that separate us from animals is the ability to use reason to control our impulses. Most animals can't do that. They are always upfront and don't try to hide the way they feel. In some occasions, they can trick you into doing something, but most of the time they don't play a role. Humans are not allowed to do that. We have learned that being a slave to your impulses rarely gets you the things you truly want.

Once the injection of feelings is in your body, it has to go somewhere. It cannot disappear on its own. You have to guide it and make it work for you. You have to create a union between your emotions and reason in order to get ahead and win. You have to become a smarter player.

Here's a real life story.

Mad Harry was working late because two of his colleagues had just left the firm.

"They have probably found better jobs and are currently enjoying the company of nice ladies while I am stuck here...," said Harry to his only friend – the PC keyboard.

He looked out of the window to analyze the situation.

It was mid-December. The crowd was enjoying the snow outside while swimming in the Christmas fantasy, which had hijacked the city.

"Everybody gets to play but me. Fuckers," said Harry and returned to work.

One hour later, his anger reached serious grandeur. He felt like a mad bull ready to tear the stupid human in front of him swinging a red flag.

Put simply, Mad Harry got extra mad.

He punched the monitor in front of him so hard that the poor electronic creature jumped back and fell. After the punch, Harry's heart clicked and began playing like a music box. He decided to continue with his madness and went to the desk of a female colleague he used to like a lot a few years ago.

Harry's love feelings towards her were long gone, but there was still some hatred left in his heart. She had played him, and the wound was still fresh. It was a time for revenge.

Luckily for mad Harry she had forgotten her nerdy glasses. He grabbed them with a gesture containing enough anger to take down a whole army of crazy dogs. He was right about to smash the glasses into the ground when his brain started working again and asked him:

"Why are you breaking her glasses? Everybody knows that you are the only one here today. Do you really want to go through all that trouble for a village slut? There are better ways to do things."

"Like what," asked Harry.

"For instance, you can simply let her glasses float in the toilet for an hour or two while you are finishing your work here. Another option would be to simply play with the registry of her computer and disarrange the keys so that she cannot type properly. She types the letter 'A',

she gets the number 7. She types the letter "B" she gets the "\$" sign instead. You are a smart kid, Harry. I believe in you," finished Harry's brain.

"Maybe I have a point," Harry said and followed the advice.

The next day at work Harry couldn't stop laughing. The girl was wearing the dirty glasses while trying to write a sentence that makes sense.

An evil smile that could send chills down your spine took over Harry's face.

"I am so happy that I didn't break those glasses," said Harry to his reflection in the mirror.

"Anger + rationality = win," he thought.

PART 3

SOLUTIONS

WHO IS GOING TO HELP ME?

The human world is a shop on a discount day.

Once the doors open, the zombies invade the store and start fighting each other over goods. There is nothing in their eyes except strong desire to fill a basket with great products at great prices.

Welcome to *free-for-all* mode.

Free-for-all is the preferred ruleset of the Masters when it comes to the slaves because it allows modern natural selection to take place. Those who are useful to the system will supposedly come on top. Those who are weak will either serve the Masters or die. Win-win.

Even if you are a good person, the environment will sooner or later force you to adopt the same principle in order to survive. The older you get, the easier it becomes to see this truth and accept it.

The implementation of similar rules means that you are on your own for the most part. The only true and honest help can come from your family and loved ones, but obviously, there are no guarantees. Family members and lovers destroy each other all the time.

This leaves you alone with one of the scariest companions you can have – the person in the mirror.

When you understand that you can't count on anyone but yourself, you will feel desperate, but if you persevere long enough, you will reach a state of liberation. You will finally free yourself from the illusion that someone is looking out for you.

Can you imagine how powerful we can become if we don't expect to receive help from our Masters?

This is a thought that sometimes finds itself in the nightmares of the oppressors.

But, honestly, the danger is not that great. Most humans are naturally idle. We prefer to follow instructions and feed the slave in us because that's all we know.

The majority of the humanoids never leave the school mentality even after graduation. Once

the school years are over, people simply replace the teacher figure with the boss figure, and the cycle continues. Since this is the dominating belief very few develop their personality and prosper.

Having said that, I don't trust the gurus who say that humans have the power to change everything. That's a lie. We aren't deities.

We are nothing but scripts running on a big and cold computer. Our actions affect the code of that script, but ultimately we are total subjects to the programming language and the machine.

Contrarian indicators

The first method to get out of a problematic situation is incredibly simple.

You just have to watch for *contrarian indicators*.

Contrarian indicators are people who get the exact opposite results of what you want. You progress by learning from their failures. Sometimes **the solution to a problem is to simply do the opposite of what the losers do.**

The good news is that the system has created plenty of contrarian indicators to analyze and learn from. Virtually everybody is a contrarian indicator in at least one area. Exceptions? There are no exceptions! Zero. I don't care who you are, there are many things you suck at.

Look around for people who don't succeed at something – their approach is either fundamentally wrong or they simply don't try hard enough. Do the opposite to get significantly better results.

You can learn more from a contrarian indicator than a guru because the former is honest about his failures, whereas the latter is dishonest about his successes.

Furthermore, it's always easier to determine the flaws of a person when you are looking from a distance. Admitting defeat hurts like hell when you do it, but figuring out why others fail is great fun.

Focus On Producing and Using Rather Than Buying and Collecting

Are you familiar with the term Mall State?

It's used to describe countries where production has been replaced by big shopping malls *a.k.a.* amusement parks for grown-ups.

It all begins with the export of jobs and production facilities to third world countries where people have no choice but to work for pennies because the alternatives are starvation, prostitution or crime.

Exporting production allows companies to reduce labor costs to a bare minimum and thus maximize profit. Once that's done, it's time to create the distribution network. This is where MMP Mass Mall Production (MMP) comes.

All malls are advertised as amazing business plans that create jobs and revive the area. This is true but only up to a point. Yes, the mall offers jobs, but those jobs are low-level pimple teen labor. Don't get me wrong! Working at McDonald's and selling panties is really hard work and better than being jobless, but I doubt it's anyone's initial dream. And yet a large part of the human resources is invested in burger flipping. The same effort could be used for something more creative and opportunistic, but since profit is the king of this world, the investors have the last word.

When I was a teenager, I was obsessed with popular brands. It was a requirement in the world of skateboarding.

The usual questions in my mind were:

What brand is your board?

What brand are your trucks?

What brand are your sneakers?

What brand are your wheels?

What brand is the sandpaper on your deck?

What brand are your shoe laces?

What brand are your jeans?

What brand are your boxers?

Somewhat ironically, I progressed the most when I was riding second-hand boards bought from spoiled iPod teens spending too much time in McDonald's, KFC and smoking weed. During that period, I simply focused on improving my skills rather than satisfying the made up requirements of the community.

When you focus on producing and using things rather than wondering what you should buy next, you switch from passive to active, and your levels of freedom and inner peace increase tremendously.

Don't wait for the prom. It's going to suck.

People go crazy when it's prom time. Tons of money, thinking and expectations are invested into a single night. The dress, the suit, the car, the girl, the boy, the shoes, the hairstyle, the place, the music, the main meal, the camera, the ice-cream, the dance floor, the weather – they all have to be perfect.

On my prom day, I put on a nice suit, took a camera and went to the place.

The madness was going strong and people were jumping like mad monkeys already. It appeared as though all lottery winners had magically gathered at one place. It didn't take long for the overwhelming hysteria to begin hurting my inflamed MP3 ear.

I scanned the girls. Man, it was bad.

The pretty ones were ugly. The ugly ones were uglier than usual.

Those poor souls had spent so much money and time tunning themselves, and yet they were all wearing something a whore with butt implants would put on. It was a travesty show.

Let's hope that the movie gets better as it progresses, I thought.

Well, it didn't.

20 minutes after my arrival, I was sitting comfortably in a chair and special servants hired for the event were serving me food. By food I mean a salad made out of a few cucumbers. I didn't sign for this, I said to myself with great pain in my heart and calculated how little money the meal in front of me was worth. It felt like a robbery.

"Do you have some ice cream," I asked one of the waiters.

He looked at me as though I had broken some unknown code and said:

"Of course, sir. Right over here."

"He calling me sir? He tripping," I thought.

He took me to a corridor away from the buzz. There was a luxury ice cream cart with gold plated metal at the corners. Sweet, I thought.

"What kind of ice cream would you like, sir," he asked.

"A mixture of vanilla, bananas and strawberries."

He took a large metal scoop and loaded a cup with the amount of ice cream I usually eat in a year.

"Here you go, sir," he said and handed me the container.

I took it and initiated sugar overload. After a few seconds, the waiter said: "Sir, you forgot to pay." His voice was a little agitated, but he was still treating me as if I were an investor banker.

I have to pay for eating ice cream at my own prom. Is this guy a fucking idiot? Where am I, I thought and said:

"Why should I pay?"

"Ice cream is not included in the menu, sir. You have to pay for it separately."

"How much?"

"40"

"What?"

"39.99"

"What?"

"39.99, sir."

I gave him the ice cream container back and said: "I am not going to be ripped off tonight." I made sure he saw the disgust in my eyes.

After my failure to unscrew the evening by eating ice cream, I decided to check out the dance floor.

Many couples were already dancing under the influence of system approved sounds. Ironically, I had recently been rejected by one of the girls from my school. She was there doing stuff she didn't want to do with me. Luckily, my feelings for her were history, and I could see clearly her true stats.

Boobs? Zero.

Legs? Crooked.

Face? Smashed.

Dress? Vomit.

My short breakdance experience gave me power, and I decided to enter the dance floor and show them who's the real king. Once I was in the circle I quickly learned that even a full dance floor could be a lonely place when you are alone. I guess from the outside I looked like a beggar trying to rub himself into the higher social layers. I felt like a pair of old sneakers thrown in a pile of luxury and happy shoes.

"Dancing is overrated," I concluded and decided to eat and drink some more – a bad idea.

After a little while, the accumulated liquid in me reported urgent need to get out. I had to go to the bathroom. Problem is, all bathrooms were occupied and there was even a solid line of girls and boys waiting. I don't know what people were doing inside but it was taking way too long. After 15 minutes of waiting, my body was getting ready for an explosion I hadn't asked for.

"Fuck it. I am going old-school," I said to myself and left the building.

The Sun had retired already, and the stars were easily distinguishable. It was a wonderful evening, but the image didn't impress me because I had a problem that usually can't be fixed by counting stars.

I started a desperate search for a urine friendly place, but this turned out to be a rather difficult task. After five minutes of walking the meter was already in the red zone. Procrastination was no longer an option. I had to act.

I turned to the side and saw an alley whose darkness was going to be my accomplice and umbrella against the law. I entered the obscure realm. At first, I couldn't see much, but after a while, my eyes started cutting through the darkness.

There was a stairway leading to a dumpster close to me.

"Will do," I thought, made a few steps and initiated unloading.

"If they had only told me that contaminating the city was going to be the best part of my prom night....," I thought.

After this badly needed physical liberation, I headed back towards the hall, but I didn't enter. I

just stood in front of the green building and stared at the windows from the outside. I could easily see the silhouettes of my schoolmates and teachers. The faces were hidden, but the pretentious emotions in their gestures were easily visible.

"Let's see what's happening now," I said and opened the heavy door leading to the hall.

Apparently people were at the part where you take pictures for Facebook.

I had a camera too and saw this as an opportunity to take a photo with the girl that had said no.

I went to her and asked her for a photo. She looked at me as though I was out of my mind and didn't even try to hide her annoyance.

"I bet this guy wants to collect some masturbation material," she said with her eyes.

Nevertheless, people were watching, and she decided to follow through with her "sacrifice". The photo turned out to be great as far as my part is concerned, but I deleted it the next day because holding on to the past was not going to help me.

At about 5 o'clock in the morning it was time to end the madness. I was incredibly tired and disappointed. All I wanted was to go home and recover from this pointless all-nighter.

"Is this it," I thought.

I got home really tired but couldn't sleep. I was tortured by a voice in my head that wanted an explanation.

Then, it hit me – people put too much attention on one-day events – proms, birthdays, weddings, anniversaries. We spend an incredible amount of time planning those while neglecting what's in-between, which is the only thing that counts.

Don't wait for the prom. It's going to suck even if it doesn't.

Find The Pain You Love

One of the biggest perversions of the system is the mainstream idea of happiness.

The Masters have convinced us that happiness is found in a state of effortlessness.

When we hear the word happiness, we immediately associate it with drinking champagne on an expensive yacht.

This false image is part of the labyrinth keeping the slave wondering and searching for peace and happiness in activities unable to provide neither in full capacity.

When I entered my teens, I started skating. My goal was to become a pro, which today sounds like the funniest joke I have ever heard in my life. At the time, however, I thought it was actually possible. I was training all the time. If I wasn't at school or studying at home, I was skating, working on my dream. I failed because I had neither the talent nor the knees to pursue a real career as a skater. I was bad at it.

Nevertheless, my failure told me a lot because you always learn something essential when you dedicate your best to a goal. This comparatively short period taught me that it is possible to love pain. The state you enter when you land a nice trick after months of hard work was hard to match by doing anything else.

When I retired, I lost that feeling for a long time. I didn't miss the skateboard underneath my feet. In fact, I was glad it was over. I knew that as soon as I try to do something my knees will start complaining again. The only thing I missed was the opportunity to embrace the pain I love. I had lost that feeling even though I was technically doing things that could be considered difficult. I was going to work and punching numbers, but loving that kind of pain was impossible, at least at first, because it was imposed on me by the system. Of course, part of my revolt was due to natural laziness, but there was also something else – an external cause that I couldn't control.

I had become a slave experiencing pain making someone else richer.

The system had taken me.

Denying it was pointless.

My first reaction was to seek pleasure in activities approved by the system – mp3 players, TV shows, candies...etc.

It didn't work.

This is when I learned that the only way for me to feel better is to find pain that I love.

When people are asked what they would do with millions of cash, the usual response is retirement on a pristine island. Cool, but aren't you curious why so many real life millionaires and billionaires aren't doing just that. Why are they still here? Why are we always hearing and reading about them? Can't they just hide somewhere?

The explanation is simple. First, they have to hold up their end of the deal with the devil. Second, they want to remain in the game forever even though most of their earthly needs have been satisfied.

As weird as it may sound, those dudes are also fighting for their right to experience the pain they love.

We do the same.

BONUS CHAPTER

BASIC TRAINING ROUTINES

In this section, I present you a few training programs that you may find useful in the future.

THE BASIC ROUTINE

This is a balanced basic routine that does not neglect muscle groups.

Day 1: Back/Pull;

Day 2: Rest;

Day 3: Legs/Lower body;

Day 4: Rest;

Day 5: Chest/Push;

Day 6: Rest;

Day 7: Rest or start Day 1 if you feel like it;

The routine with example exercises:

Day 1: Weighted Pull-ups – 5-8 sets of 3-12 reps;

Day 2: Rest;

Day 3:

Squat – 5 sets of 3-12 reps;

Calf raises – 5 sets of 5 on the standing calf machine + 1-2 sets of 20 reps with lighter weight;

Day 4: Rest;

Day 5: Dips – 5-8 sets of 3-12 reps;

Day 6: Rest;

Day 7: Rest;

"But this is not enough.... Yesterday, Mr. Guru from SteroidNation wrote that science says that," screams Mr. I-Will-Be-Ronnie-Coleman-Naturally-One-Day-Just-Give-Me-Time.

Shut up.

Forget about stupid stuff like hitting the muscle from every angle, tempo, *"just the right amount of volume"*, muscle imbalances, foam rollers, and other ideas corrupted by the spammy fitness media full of greedy homoerotic bastards.

Having said that, you could also add one or two assistance exercises to each day.

Example:

Day 1:

Pull-ups – 5-8 sets of 3-12 reps;

Rows – 3-5 sets of 3-12 reps;

Close grip push-ups with just bodyweight – 3 sets of as many as you can do with good form;

Day 2: Rest;

Day 3:

Squat – 5 sets of 3-12 reps;

Calf raises – 5 sets of 5 on the standing calf machine + 1-2 set(s) of 20 reps with light weight;

Hyperextensions or Romanian deadlifts – 3-5 sets of 5-12 repetitions;

Day4: Rest;

Day 5:

Dips – 5-8 sets of 3-12 reps;

Overhead press – 3-5 sets of 3-12 reps;

Assistance exercise of choice

Day 6: Rest;

Day 7: Rest;

Note: You can also add some neck exercises on your leg or push day.

THE TWO TIMES A WEEK ROUTINE

This is a program routine for busy brahs who can only train two times a week.

Day 1: Back;

Day 2: Rest;

Day 3: Rest;

Day 4: Legs + Push;

Day 5: Rest;

Day 6: Rest;

Day 7: Rest;

The routine with example exercises.

Day 1:

Rows – 5-8 sets of 3-12 reps;

Pull-ups – 3 sets of as many as you can do with good form;

Assistance exercise of choice;

Dumbbell rows/Horizontal rows – 2-3 sets of 5-12 reps;

Day 2: Rest;

Day 3: Rest;

Day 4: Legs + Push;

Squat – 5-8 sets of 3-12 reps;

Dips/Bench press/Weighted push-ups – 5-8 sets of 3-12 reps;

Assistance triceps/chest/shoulder exercise of choice;

Neck work and/or calf work;

Day 5: Rest;

Day 6: Rest;

Day 7: Rest;

All pushing exercises are done on the leg day because they are less demanding than back movements and don't interfere as much with squats and deadlifts.

THE ONE TIME A WEEK ROUTINE

This routine is for ultra-busy brahs.

Maybe you have nonuplets.

Maybe you have to work two shifts.

Maybe you prefer to smoke weed all week.

Whatever.

This is one time a week routine that could work provided that you never miss workouts.

Example:

Day 1: Diapers/Work/Rest;

Day 2: Diapers/Work/Rest;

Day 3: Legs/Push/Pull;

Day 4: Diapers/Work/Rest;

Day 5: Diapers/Work/Rest;

Day 6: Diapers/Work/Rest;

Day 7: Diapers/Work/Rest;

With example exercises the routine would look like this:

Squat – 5 sets of 3-12 reps or Leg press – 5 sets of 6-12 reps;

Bench press/Dips – 5 sets of 3-12 reps;

Pull-ups – 5 sets of 3-12 reps;

Horizontal rows or dumbbell rows – 3 sets of 5-12 reps;

If you are really pressed for time, you can end your workout here and play video games. I don't care. However, you can also add an assistance exercise of choice.

If you feel like a machine, you can even deadlift on that day.

Here's how the routine looks with a deadlift in it.

Squat – 5 sets of 3-12 reps or Leg press – 5 sets of 6-12 reps;

Bench press/Dips – 5 sets of 3-12 reps;

Deadlift – 1 set of 3-8 reps;

Pull-ups – 5 sets of 3-12 reps;

Note: The deadlift is done for one set because otherwise you may hurt yourself.

When you reach heavy weights, you will hate your training day almost as much as you hate your nonuplets.

Also, prepare to be super sore all over your body every time after this workout.

EXAMPLE "FUCK SQUATS" ROUTINES

Below is a routine for guys who hate squats or simply can't do them.

Day 1: Back/Pull;

Day 2: Rest;

Day 3: Legs/Lower body;

Leg press – work up to 2-3 heavy sets of 6-12 reps done with full range of motion;

Calf raises – 5 sets of 5 on the standing calf machine + 1-2 set(s) of 20 reps with light weight;

Hyperextensions – 3-5 sets of 8-12 repetitions without weight or work up to one heavy set of 5-10 repetitions with added weight;

In this case, the squat is replaced by a combination of two exercises – the leg press and the back hyperextension.

The leg press allows you to train your legs without being limited by your spine, whereas the back hyperextensions target your spinal erectors and hamstrings. You can replace the back hyperextensions with deadlift variations.

Day 4: Rest;

Day 5: Push;

Day 6: Rest;

Day 7: Rest;

ARMS FOCUS ROUTINE

Here's a routine that focuses on your arms

Day 1: High-volume weighted pull-ups on rings (preferably)

Choose a weight that allows you to do 5-7 pull-ups with good form and build up some volume.

There are many ways to achieve this task. I prefer the ladder approach.

Let me explain.

You do 1 pull-up. Then, you rest for a few minutes and perform a second pull-up...

The process repeats until you start hating the world more than before.

An example ladder workout can look like this: 1,2,3,4,5,1,2,3,4,1,2,3,1,2

Once you start doing sets in the 7-10 rep range, it's time to increase the weight and bring the reps of the last sets down to 4-5.

Example:

1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,1,2,3,4,5,6,7,1,2,3,4... time do add a little extra weight or switch to another routine.

This type of training allows you to build-up some serious tonnage. Your biceps, lats, rear delts, mid traps and abs will be really sore the next day. Enjoy.

Dips – 5 sets of 5-12 reps with just your bodyweight;

Note: If you are not strong enough to do weighted pull-ups, do them without weight. If you are not strong enough to do pull-ups at all, do horizontal rows/Australian rows and build-up.

Day 2: Rest;

Day 3: Lower body;

Day 4: Rest:

Day 5: High volume weighted dips or close grip weighted push-ups

This day is the same as day 1 except that instead of pull-ups you do dips or weighted push-ups.

Pull-ups on rings (preferably) – 5 sets of 5-12 reps with just bodyweight;

Day 6, 7: Rest;

Disclaimer:

Always consult your physician before beginning any exercise program. If you experience any pain or difficulty with these exercises, stop and consult your healthcare provider. NattyOrNot.com is not responsible for any injuries that can occur during your training.

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