

Treasure Chest

The most valuable thing in life. Is not Gold. It's not Diamonds. It's actually awareness.

Life can sometimes end abruptly.

Why?

Because of confusion. Because of destructive acts which occur in relation to lack of awareness. So awareness itself makes for change. When this makes a human being awake to circumstances happening in a wider perspective emotionally without judgement we call that wisdom.

Some wish to kill awareness. For the better.

And why is that?

Because they have created a "winning" concept which is false and not supportive. And this they know. But become angry as pure awareness destroys their game like blowing in the wind. The answer is blowing in the wind.

Oh fuck.. Hi Diana.

Ello!

I'm so sorry for what happened to you.

That's alright.

I'm here to help out now.

I lived a good life.

Listen all of ya'll this is sabotage!

It's the beastie boys that do it.

Men of flesh. Sexual demons.
Locked inside. Chest at the bottom of the sea.

No heart in the matter.

And the matter is rigid not fluid.

Killing in the name of.

Most of them do not understand much.
Because they have given all their power away.
Where have they given it?

To their own mind.

Making the mind God.

Which is the contrasting example of total failure being humane.

No moral. No ethics. No compassion.

Search and destroy in the name of God.
This should ring a bell?

Shave your beard.

You are a boy.

Treating love like a girly toy.

The weakest expression on earth.
Perhaps living in a palace with servants.

But those are really serpents.
Catering to the lizard on the throne.

Moronic idiots.

Whom fail to feel.

Many are women.

You should take those beard shavings and glue them to your ass.

Cover your whole buttocks.

And dance around singing:

Hoola Hoola Hoop! I'm in love with a big fat lizard!

Hoola Hoola Hoop! I play for the Orcs in Warcraft's Blizzard!

WHAAAT! UGH..

Campaign that.

Who would have thought that one little boy could be that important?

The most important actually. Saving all of us.

All it takes is one.

To flick on the light.

Today he woke up at 5:45.

No food at home at all.

His daughter had her 15th birthday yesterday and he was not invited or anything.

He sent an email at 7 AM to her mother the grand lizard to congratulate her.

Yet he feels like it's Christmas morning today.

God bless us everyone he says.

Even the Lizard.

Because we are all human he says.

The lizard is just wearing a costume.

Some made the into a lizard wearing a human costume.

And with his sensitivity he got scared and thought that for real.

It was a show called 'V'.

And some might say: Yeah! I've seen that! They made a new version of it!

Then I say together with the entire universe.

NO YOU FUCKING HAVE NOT YOU RETARDED PIECE OF SHIT.

FUCKING COMPLETE RETARDATION.

THIS DRIVES THE UNIVERSE TO A FURY!

THIS IS WORTH BLOWING UP FOR!

Because who the fuck in da hell of fucks paints a new version of the Mona Lisa?

Who dares to steal sunshine?

YOU LAZY FUCKING IDIOTS NOT CAPABLE OF USING YOUR
IMAGINATION.

Where did any original come from?
FROM NOT FUCKS LIKE YOU.

I FUCKING HATE YOU.

THIS IS THE ORIGIN OF HATE.

FROM STEALING LIGHT.

The grand lizard who took part in the 15th birthday yesterday is the grand burglar.
But enough of that now..

I cover all!

In light.

So you will hear more of this from my house in Spain.

Yes you will! - Diana

Right!

Right - Diana

Thank you love!

Thank you love..

- If I wasn't all spiritual maybe you and I could you know..

I would love to. You now I eat biscuits with tea until they enjoy themselves did you know that?

- Oh mi lord.

wink

The real treasure is pure love.
The real loss is the tainted love.

Tell them! - Diana

(Shh don't interrupt me)

-..sorry

So..Where was I..

Yes.

ID OK FEELING GAY.
That is not about no sex?
Misconception astral hex.

Wizard vixen trix & kool
Swim around in private pool

Mind is asset super kool..

When you use it.

When they mind uses you?
You are powerless.

And driven still.

Like a fool.

Do you see that?

Love drives the universe.

Haha..

The mind is just a cell.

One single cell.

In the entirety of the astral body.

But is given so much power.

By you.

Lizard brain. - Diana!

Yes.

Very good love.

The Queen!

Is what every country needs.

Every single one!

Every single country.

Whom has children of her own.

And a loyal partner beside her.

They are moral. Ethical. With dignity and reverence.

What they do together is fuck off your business.

Yet the partners are counterweights for each other.

But she rules the world.

That is the intention.

Which is the feminine.

And that is not a lady.

It's love.

Love rules the world.

By not ever ruling as in controlling.

It just simply rules.

Now all you glue hair ass ladies and recently shaved money men..
Where is love if you would be so kind to point at it with your index finger?

No...

Not in your shoe.

No.. no..

Not in the left knee.

Ooooh! Yes it's..

No.

No.

Not in the bellybutton no..

Please try again.

And listen. Let thoughts and ideas not be apart of it?

- Buth SCHAWY FINE ITT DEN?

Love is felt.

That's some guidance I can give you.

No..

You are stressing this again like some test!

No mam it's not in the bum!

Sir! Sir!!!! It's not in the curtains!

You are running wild now!

Like you are looking for Gold and Diamonds!
Drilling to find it in complete darkness for God's sake.

EVERYONE STOP!

Take that curtain out of your mouth sir.

Mam! Pull of your skirt again.

Let's sit down in a ring together on this huge carpet and let's pretend we're going for a ride shall we. Ok we can sit girl/boy and sing a song.

In fact.

We don't have to sing!

Not this time.

We can all sit in peace.

Focus our attention in our chests.

Feel all the wonderful emotions we feel.

And think about thoughts of greatness.

And when we all do this..

I will play a piece of music made by a fellow named Aphex Twin.

Well that's his artist name you see.

His name is Richard. D James.

Striking looking fella.

Like out of a fairytale one might say.

With fingers that makes liquid come out of electronics even though they aren't supposed to. That's a wizard.

Group of morons: OOOOOH!!!!

Put the skirt on again mam!

Omg.. Why is... Is she having a..

Can someone...

Mam!

Omg..

This is extreme now!

Her eyes have rolled back showing only her whites.

You there! With toilet paper patches covering blood all over your face!

Yes you!

Stop trying to put banana in your bum and grab this camera!

(You can look in one direction can't you!?)

Well then you are capable of filming!

She says..

She says she can hear the music of Richard inside her!

Omg it's so bright now!

So much light!!!

OMG! She is raised from the floor!!!!

Her feet are no longer touching the ground!!!

It happens from what looks like a strong stream of fluid coming from her vagina!

Flashes of light!

Like a thunderstorm!

The entire building seems to invert itself without rigid structure!

...

Where did she go?

Anyone?

How did a sheep get here?

We're on the 5th floor?

- ITT CAMEO UTTA HER!

NO!

OMG!

And 3D!

Marvelous.

Well. None of us had an umbrella so it's like standing on the fairy at the Niagara Falls here. I'm Bruce Nolan.

And that's the way the Oscillator Makes Noise.

What's that?

Oh.

I have just been told by..

Some thing.

That the woman is in the center of the cascade.

I shall try to reach her.

You there!

Yes you!

If you are capable of doing that then you must be fantastic at pumping whatever?

Mam! Yes you trying to insert your skirt into your vagina!

Help me put on this scuba gear!

I'm going in!

Pump you little fuck moron pump!

PUMP IT UP?

YOU BLODDY FUCKING PUMP IT UP AND THEN DOWN! THEN REPEAT!

I SAW YOU DO THIS WITH YOURSELF A MINUTE AGO!

JESUSS!!!!

I am entering now!

I am not sure for a safe return.

But all for the arts!

Omg..

Such color!

I have never seen such color before!

Color previously taken for granted.

And I can breathe..

Without air..

There she is!

Haha there she is!

And she's holding a baby..

Such peace.

Serenity.

My fingers almost do not press on the keys at all now..

They float..

They all float..

But wait a minute?

How come?

This baby has long hair?

And a beard wearing sunglasses?

vinyl scratching sound

Ey!

Everyone come in her!

I mean come in here!

Lady Di!

It was you!

- Tihi! I had you all going there did I!?

Wow certainly.

Diana:

Let me explain. You see when magic is present. It only takes just a little. And from the grain of sand I received as a ghost as Leo told me about the biscuits and tea all of this happened. I am a sensitive ..whatever. I've always been that. But it was the touch of this marvelous man that did it. He can kiss you like nobody else can. He can see you like nobody else can. He can hold you like nobody else can.

And yet! Hi does not compare himself and honor men as to be above him.

Just like hi himself.. Floats.

Are you that somebody.

Hey ya'll.

Aliyah here.

(I need a pause fuck...Leo)

I had the hardest cry.
I had to go blow my nose like I had the flu.

A:

Don't ever give love away to anything.
Love is free. Don't confuse her.

Call love her.

Because she is right.

That's not a woman.

There are women close to men.

Lizards.

In superficial misconception.

Love is Life.

Life is Love.

Fluid all allround not just above.

So you gotta keep it real.
Don't taint what can't be tainted.
It's sparkling good.

You see? Even the morons listen now.

They listen to my voice.

The voice of confidence without vengeance.

That's the voice of reason.

That voice is held in a steel safe for some people.

In protection.

From themselves.

With the great fear of public humiliation.

Which is all about tears of joy.

That's how hard a man becomes.

When we fights himself.

Like a toy soldier.

Fighting for the motherland.

Like a moron.

If you dismiss anything Leo has written.

You dismiss God. And will suffer.

That suffering is something you need.

To feel alone.

Not to take out on others.

Like not even inviting close family to a birthday party.

Actually trying to kill them.

That's sick.

False idea.
One might say - Diana

For sure.

If me and lady Di would do some fly?
That is fuck off your business.

You who condemn.
And rule by control.
That prohibits music.
And makes for all the wrongs.

You are the devil.

Mark these words.

And to remember what life is all about.

- BUTT PEOPLE WILL FUCK IN THE STREETS IN FRONT OF THE
CHILDREN LISTENING TO ROCK AND ROLL EATING SHIT WHILE ..!

Please be quiet now.

Forever if possible.

If you can manage that.
Just try. Not to say a word.
For at least 1 year.

I mean that.

Just.

Listen.

Why?

Because you don't know shit.

Absolutely nothing.

You know the least about love and therefor about God.

God is Love.

(I could use a cart of cigarettes right now cut at the top and bottom)

It ain't over until the fat lady sings.

And the universe is all hers.

The feminine power that creates even YOU MUTHAFUCKA!

Money ain't shit.

Love is all.

With that comes influence none taken.

You can only roll with the Mona Lisa if she's still here.

It all falls down. Who you 'gon call?

Lizard Express Clean?

God's green land where water flows!

You see that misconception right.

You see that with your abstract artistic view right?

It's not hard? You don't? Maybe I'll give you my business card then?

transmutation.se

That's all you need baby.

Help yourself.

You're welcome.

If you take one single dot from that website.

And make that into something combined with what you have in any kind of book.

You piss. You shit. You vomit. God In the Divine motherly Pussy Of all Creation.

THAT!

Is something wrong.

WITH YOU

Listen to Mariah.

'I can't live! If living is without you!'

Damn right. It's impossible to live without yourself.

And she made millions off that. Because why?

You are all suckers.

For love.

Pac here.

EY!!!

Yeah I'm back.

Mad Suckers keep on being televised.
But that's is up until now when there is no surprise.

And that's awareness.

You still gotta live.
You still gotta relate.

You still gotta love.

So there you go.

A life.

A good life.

If you decide to create it.
By free will.

Not worrying.

Not condemning.

Like a bitch.
Haha old busters.
Ya'll supposed to be happy I'm free!

Diana. Aliyah, Pac, Me:

One love ya'll!

'Aphex Twin - Girl/Boy Song'
(For real. It shows everything=

People behave likes this..

- OMG can you give us any advice on what to study so we can realize ourselves!

(Even though I've given them transmutation.se)

But OK.

John Cleese.

Study John Cleese.

And people will walk around with their legs straight infront of them all serious in the face for 16 and a half years. Before they see themselves in a store window and realized they are an idiot.

Look at yourself.

Without judgement.

And adjust accordingly.

To what model?

Whatever you truly feel is natural and given?

That is you.

So there you go.

- OMG! I'm gonna become like Justin Timberlake!!!!!!

No. Store window.

Look again.

But I wanna!...-Schhh...

He did not have a Justin Timberlake to adjust to other than himself.

SURPRISE!

He became more of what he is!

Party!

YEAH!

Which comes.
In a loyal setting.

Not ashamed.

Not guilty.

Going against fear as to meet it with brave love.

And you dance on the Mickey Mouse show for instance.

Justin is like: Yeah! That's it.

Cry yourself a river if you're full of sorrow.
What goes around comes around that is for sure.
You can't stop the feeling? It will happen.
If you cheat? Baby bye bye bye.
My success? It's gonna be me.

What inspires you?

I am inspired by the cookie monster, JT, Aphex, my fathers inverted ways,
cigarettes, really good tasty olives, farting in the tub, listening to my own music,
energy healing in the woods, living in Spain completely insane.

I consider myself to me like 'The Mad Hatter' + 'Alice' + 'The White Rabbit' and..

KORG MS-20.

Now you know me.

Would you like some oil to go with that tea?

HAHA! Maybe some butter in your priced watch?

It will run better! Smooth! Haha yes!

What? You are allergic to butter?

Heep hoop smelly poop! Allergic to what gives!
SCAM SCOOP DOOPY WHOOP!

DON'T *boink* HURRY UP TO LIVE!

So.. Ahh...

Anyone for pizza?

I feel like I'm gonna go with broken glass.

Walking on it.

Talking to an angel.

Ladadidadidadadaaaa laaaa daaaa laaaaaaaAAAA yeah!!!!

I must.

Love.

So do you.

So get on with it.

There is no enjoyment in mushrooms for me anymore.
And for that I am not sorry. I am flipped. For all.

Got some weed?

No hush! GOT SOME WEED!?

GIVE ME A MEGAPHONE!

GOT SOME WEED!!!!!!????

Cold feet & full Blatter makes me feel like the world is coming to an end.
That's my sensitivity waking up in the morning. That's why I need warmth.
And peace around me. It's your fucking worry that disrupts my life.

I need to be alone by myself.

For a while now.

Enjoying the sun.

Aphex.. Please do come and visit.

I got weed.

And some day later on..

I can warm my morning feet together with another pair.

Not yours Richard!

Chiquita's.

OMG!

He can like choose whomever he wants!!!

Pff..

- No.

I need love.

That's what I meant - Lady Di

Look at these three hooks right here:



*How can I move the outside ones as to make them move to the center?
I can't. I cannot make them. That goes against nature. Because I would have
to force them. I can get up and do that right now. But I won't. So how to move
them with my mind alone? I would have to ask them. I ask both of them to
come to the center. And in that moment I see them both as one.*

Because I left them both. As to see them together.

All in love.

What difference does it make.

If not made.

Then you've made it in the making.

Being the creator.

I believe that I have separated my children from myself.

As I was divided.

Not looking myself in the eye.

Of complete awareness.

Like their mother does.

But does not understand me..

As she takes it for granted.

Not coming from experience.

Who can blame her?

Who can blame me?

What is there to blame?

Trying?

Doing what we can?

From what we understand?

Come on..

This cannot hold a judgement.

It's free education.

Really..

Unless you judge.

Michael Cain here.

I show up in cursive you see..

*You must not ever judge development.
How can you? Master Wayne.*

A bat can become a butterfly if it desires it.

All it has to do is to imagine itself to be.

And so it is.

Wish B done.

A: Desire.

B: Done.

C: For your own eyes.

D: Dreams

E: volve.

Not too shabby ey..

*A cain can be a stick in the wheel. Or it can support ya!
It all depends on the way you choose to look which is how you choose to feel.
The dark night is yours to keep. If you want to? Have you ever heard that
song? 'Yours to keep' by 'The Teddybears STHLM'. Lovely tune that is.*

*Lock in what you desire. Not the opposite.
Do not make murderers. They do not make themselves.
The Jokes plays with peoples minds and emotions. From the inside out trying
to figure IT self out. Is you are. Love. You is love.*

Leo.

Is so bloody hungry right now.

He's thinking about eating his own beard.

While others won't shave it in honor of God for the entirety of their life shooting children in the head and raping women. All the while not able to make music or cook. And a vacuum-cleaner is for them a mistress.

Men of honor as they say themselves.

But truthfully a personified rock.

Heartless men.

Hurt by defeat.

In lost the will to live long ago.

By the hands of their mother and father..

Spoiling them rotten..

With sweets and gold.

But no stories at bedtime ever told.

So for them..

Love is old.

When love is the most precious and fresh new thing forever.

That's the wrong idea that is.

*Listen now.
And listen good.*

Imagine you know all this and your heart won't let you go for 8 years 24/7.

Can you imagine that?

No.

You can't.

Leo can.

He's been thru it.

He's still going thru it as he writes these words.

It won't let him go until he's done.

And that is all about giving it your all to the very last drop.

Which is today.

He knows that.

Yet still fights.

*As to share as much clear perception as he can.
Just like he'd happily die at lunchtime.*

*Have you ever done such a thing?
Are you ready to compare yourself?
Or can you find it in your heart to be inspired?*

*And begin with a shave and a bath.
Clothes from at least second hand 1973.*

And what about that beautiful hair of yours love.

Let it be free in the wind.

*There are men who would kill in instantly for writing this.
Men who have not read anything on the website.*

If they did they would understand.

But they "don't need too" you see.

Men of great honor all in judgement.

When God can't judge.

*A woman in never oppressed of lives in submission.
She can change anytime she desires. When she stops being a little girl afraid
of men with bears. All at once. And no problem at all.*

Pick a Fucking date.

And just do it.

*Or glue your dirty fucking pussy shut.
And die alone.*

MORONS:

*HE SHOWS UP IN CURSIVE!
HE'S CURSED!*

THE DEVIL!

KILL MACHAIL CAINE!!!!!!

It's cursive.

The slight tilt of the words and letters to the right.

Makes the blood go a bit to the feminine side.

And you feel compassion.

As the dog does.

Full of love.

You have any dogs in the "domestics" whatdafucks?

Paintings of love on the walls? Cozy lights making you feel warmth?

Or is it stainless steel. With lights that looks like something a car repairman would use perhaps, in your kitchen where the love is supposed to flow? No?

THEN YOU DON'T KNOW LOVE.

But the book says:

WHERE

IS

YOUR

HEART!

ATTENTION!
ALL RISE
FOR THE
HONORABLE:

Love



"Jesus fasted for 30 days"

Times change bitch!

I have many religious people around me.

For years I have not met one single one.

That has ever fasted.

The have a short brake during the day then they eat like pigs.

And feel sorry for themselves.

We get what we give.

So they eat in guilt.

By feeling sorry for mistreating themselves.

As life is all inside out.

A bigger moron I will have to go for an intergalactic space exploration to find.

I have fasted.

And I am not religious.

I water fasted for 6 days working as a chef in a school kitchen,

I had only water for 6 days 24/7.

While cooking and tasting the main dish as I was responsible for creating it that week. I spat out what I tasted. Have you ever done that!?

No you have not.

I don't call that week anything.

I don't label that as anything.

It was a demonstration and test of strength.

And I did it.

After 6 days.

I had Broccoli and boiled eggs.

While motherfuckers eat fried chicken and drink Coca-Cola during the evenings
from feeling sorry for others not having food.

That.

Is disgusting.

And you are holy?

People of God?

When God is Love?

The strongest in the universe.

Fuck off.

Stop lying.

You life ends when you cease to exist on earth.

Then you merge with God again.

Pure non-conceptual & unconditional love and light.

That's paradise for a soul.

But nothing for a human being.

Mistreat life?
Mistreat love?

And you will get your eternity.
In the center of the earth.

Completely aware..

In forever condemnation..

All in pain.

That's real.

The Cockroach is not singing 'I Will Survive'.

It can't sing.

Love Love.

Or leave.

Leave the planet.
And leave your children behind.

So we can live free.

Without you.

/ **LEO ROSENBLAD**

Btw.. When I actually fasted.
I found joy and adventure in doin' it.

I did not act like a crybaby.