

Chapter 1:

I woke up on a January morning in 2006, with the confidence that I was going to find a new family, a family that understood every part of my being, and this family was not my bloodline but meant more to life than what the current family was offering. It became clear I was going to meet this new collective family later that night. I did not know how or why this quest came into view in the waking moments, but I just went on my feeling. And as I trusted my Guide Lucifer, a longtime fellow messenger from above, he told me to go ahead and follow the steps' as they would be laid out before me.

Lucifer is a longtime Guide I've had in my life for many years. He is unrelated to the Devil, but his name I gave to him because he only came to me during the moments that shattered shallow beliefs. Through depression, anger and loss he came into view and became more vocal as I grew older. He told me things and showed me life in a different light. When I needed to speak to someone in my darkest moments he was there to guide me and pull me through. When I woke up that morning he was standing by my bed beckoning me towards the window to show me the daylight. He always wore the same long black trench-coat, black pants and sandals. And he always had on his angel pin, a small cast iron gleaming speck that was placed on the left side of his jacket. He told me this day was going to be special because this was the day I was going to find my new family. And he was going to be there to lead the way. I got dressed for school, and ran out to my car. I hated being late.

The sun was coming up as I was approaching D.C. coasting along Canal Road and had the most amazing energy coming through my body. It felt like pure ecstasy running through my veins and it was like being shocked ten fold, over and over again, as the music was pumping the loud bass throughout my car as I sang to the trance progressive melody of Andain's "Beautiful Things". My senses were flying.

My mood was getting more elevated as I approached Rosslyn making my way across Key Bridge towards Graham Webb Academy for Hair. I was very passionate about hair from the beginning of cosmetology school. It is the most creative field I had ever stepped into. And doing hair was a very lucrative art, even for a straight guy.

I sat in on my class at Graham Webb thinking that this day would be remembered forever. I was listening to the lesson that the instructor gave on fundamental layers and concave shapes as he motioned to the dry erase board in the front of the room. But I was consumed in this constant tension that was rising in and throughout my body and mind. Something was happening and I let the wave of emotion carry me far beyond a peripheral state of consciousness. I was lost, but in a very seductive and happy way. To others though, I had completely lost it. And it wasn't really funny, it was actually kind of scary.

This energy and feeling of breaking out of my skull persisted throughout the day. I tried to keep it together as students asked me casually if I was on drugs. The funny

thing was I hadn't done cocaine since I had stopped taking my meds a few weeks back, and maybe the lack of medicine was an even stronger drug to my system in the end. And as a result of the change in habits and chemistry in my brain, I found it necessary to take a chance by going off several heavy doses of antipsychotics that I had been on since 18 and never thought of the consequences. Mania is such a beautiful and tragic experience. To the onlooker or observer it might seem a bit dangerous to be around someone who is manic. But I perceived it as a spiritual awakening that was ongoing and calculated no matter what other people told me. I was on a mission to find my family, what could go wrong?

I finished school around 3:30 and went straight to the Starbucks nearby. I bought an empty thermos, 2 bags of coffee, and a Christmas/Winter CD they were selling at the time for my new family. I then walked a block towards a florist and bought 3 violet roses. Each was accompanied by an individual card which read "To my Father, To my Mother and To my love." I told the Greek woman in the store that today was very special. She asked me why? I told her, "I am going to meet my new family today." She smiled and said, "That is quite the occasion isn't it."

I left the florist with my coffee, roses and thermos in tow and jumped in my car. Lucifer told me to stop at the GW scenic overlook to collect my thoughts and plan more for the day which was unfolding quite quickly. I pulled up to the parking area situated next to a cliff that looked over the Potomac River and felt bliss in the sunny wintry day. The feeling from earlier in the day had grown more intense, and I sat on the rocks with my legs hanging over the stone smoking a cigarette and looking at the water hundreds of feet below. I was at peace. I was eager of this first meeting of these people whom I had been missing all my life. I knew tonight would change everything and I was ready for it.

I started receiving more messages from Lucifer. He told me to drive to the bookstore where I had been studying ancient occult texts the last few weeks. And wait patiently for a sign. I got back on the parkway and turned on my favorite trance track driving recklessly down GW Parkway making my way to Rockville Maryland. I held my leather bound journal in my hands on the drive. This journal I had been attached to since December 2005. I was keeping track of my life course through my writings and constant search for answers in any occult book that I found interesting. The journal never left my sight. It was the beginning of this journey when I realized that what was happening to me and I felt it needed to be recorded. I wanted to document everything I found relative to this experience so at some point later I could tell the story. I found it important to my history as well as my developing thoughts on spirituality and metaphysical experiences I have known since early childhood. Who would really believe this? I really did not care... I just kept going.

I went into the bookstore around 5pm, sat on the 2nd floor and set up shop on a nearby table with all the books I was studying. I was organizing the occult texts and entering more information about rituals and sympathetic magick from the Golden Bough in my leather bound journal. I was there for a couple hours and night was

falling. I kept hearing Lucifer telling me to keep waiting. Something was going to happen. I found a book on Kundalini and it paralleled my body's feeling as the chakras were opening up inside. I felt as though this Kundalini experience was to claim for the sensations that were trickling up and down my entire spine. My thoughts were racing and I was pacing around impatiently waiting for something I would never see coming. Lucifer came to me and asked me to make a deal with him. He told me that if I signed my soul away for just 4 years my family that I was leaving behind would be successful without me. I looked over the contract that he gave me and signed away my soul so my physical family would be ok. I started speaking a native tongue to Lucifer in the isle of the store and went around to books turning them over to leave a path of intent. I then situated myself in the cooking section to decompress.

I noticed at this hour there were few patrons in the store. But the ones that were left in passing seemed to be dressed in another time period from today. It almost seemed when I signed my soul over, time stopped and I witnessed people in the bookstore that were not patrons but spirits. They would stop and say words I could not understand to each other and then bow their head at me as they passed. Children from another time and place were running in the isles and motioning me to be quiet as I looked around the 2nd floor in awe. I was still in the cooking section as the spirits around me pointed in gesture to look behind me from where I was sitting.

A woman in a blue dress appeared and drifted towards me. She asked me if I could help her locate a book called "The Magick Bread Machine." She then told me it was very important that I would be the one to show her where it was. I looked behind me and the store visually had changed into a candle lit cellar area. The shelves were filled with ancient texts. I could not locate the book and give it to her because I did not know what it looked like. She eventually gave in and the book appeared in her hands. She showed me the pages, which were written in Aramaic, the pictures in one chapter had the Stone Henge in the pages and she said it told the story of their arrival on earth.

She was another one of my Guides. I knew and felt this from the beginning of the conversation. She told me that I was going to go to a birthday party tonight. And it was me who was going to be reborn.

"Adrian, be careful... this will be hard on everyone."

I took her hand and kissed it, and she went out of view with the book. The store was closing and the spirits who were left in this time shift were clapping as I walked from the second level, down the escalator and out the door. They all watched, as I was making way to my new family. I looked back up to the second level as the witching hour approached and waved to them. This was all I needed to go on.

I drove home and began a methodical ritual I had learned through the texts. I stripped down naked after gathering the physical intent to my night's wish. It was

late and I took the bathroom downstairs over with my work. I lit candles all over the house and went into the steamy bathroom to start the ritual. I gathered sympathetic items I collected over the course of two weeks to employ the universe with my intent for success of the family that night. I wanted to be pure enough for the new family to accept me so I rinsed off in the shower while reciting an incantation. The bathroom was lit only by candle and I went through a series of methodology for bringing success my way.

I get out of the shower and received a phone call from a girl I never met but knew from online. Felecia was from Boston, a Greek girl that looked like a goddess and I was drawn to her through my writing and journals I kept online. I got a call from her cell phone after I got out of the shower.

She said, "Adrian, I'm really fucked up now, you need to come and get me... I think... I think I'm dying. Please come now!"

Mind you, she lives in Boston, but I got dressed and ran out of my house having a feeling that she was in dire need of my help. I was going to find her that night wherever I ended up. She was on the phone with me giving me directions and I was taking her directions turn-by-turn.

I came across an ambulance that flew by me it was around 330am and I caught the numbers on the side of the ambulance that read 777. 777 was one of the books I was reading about Quablitstic writings, so I started following the ambulance while I was still talking to Felecia. The ambulance was speeding about 80 mph through Rt. 28 heading out towards Poolesville MD and I was right behind it. Then all of a sudden it disappeared and I kept talking to Felecia on the phone. She was still giving me directions and they led me to a huge gate and private road outside a mansion. There was a full moon out and it was a clear night sky. The specs of light seemed to illuminate the night. I turned making a left from Rt. 28 onto a side road and she said she saw my headlights from the house. I stopped. I was here.

I got out of the car. I still had the 3 violet roses and coffee for my new family. It was 22 degrees outside from the reading in my car and I was outside a metal gate resembling the gates of heaven I thought. There was camera training on me from the gate and a lock code panel to get inside. Felecia told me I was there and I was slowly convincing myself that this mansion was the house where my new family was. All the things leading me there felt right. Now how would I get a hold of them to let me inside this Gate of Heaven?

I started turning up the music in my car. And began undressing in the 22 degree weather. I took off all my clothes and put them in a bin next to the gate. I was sure this would work. I was trying to show them that I was harmless and not carrying anything dangerous and by undressing this would prove to them I was ok to be admitted into the family. I kept calling Felecia but no answer. I had to act fast because this was my only shot at saving Felecia and meeting my new family. I

started jumping on my car with the music and screaming, dancing around under the full moonlight. Nothing was happening with the gate. I got frustrated and thought I would try and trick the family inside to get in. It was around 4am when I hit one of the call buttons on the panel. Then I ran to the back of my car and jumped into the trunk naked.

I stayed in the trunk for quite some time with the Drum and Bass music thumping away. I then looked through a crack in my light from inside the trunk and had a clear visual image of an Angel holding a key dancing right outside my car. She was beckoning me to take the key and was made of light. Everything I saw in the hole I was looking through was made of light and energy and I felt it overcome me. I was enveloped in this light as it transformed my view of the world into pure energy. I hit the emergency release on my trunk and popped out of the car looking for the Angel. She had disappeared. I was left in the road wandering around naked looking for the Angel of light.

I came back to the car and decided one more time to try and reach the family inside. I pressed the call button a couple more times and someone finally answered.

"Hello, can I help you?"

"Yes I, think I lost my key or something and I'm trying to get back in the house."

"Um sir, I don't think you live here I'm the daughter who lives here and my name is Anna... I think you live in the house across the street."

I looked across the street and there was no house. There was a light coming from the middle of the field though. And now I was sure my family was at that light.

I made my way through the field leaving my car and came to a dark house with no lights on. It seemed to be abandoned and I walked up to the porch still naked. I thought this place was a symbol of the emptiness that my current family was giving me and this was a sign that I had to go back to the real gate where my new family resided.

I walked back through the field and got back in my car naked. I couldn't find my phone and I left my clothes in the bin next to the gate to remind my new family that I was trying to make contact. I thought they would find me and left a note.

"I brought you roses and food to offer you love.... Please find me, I want to come home!"

I took my car through the windy road of Rt. 28 reaching speeds of 100 mph... maybe I thought this would get someone's attention. Maybe, they would try and find me. I started to give up around 430am and pulled over to the side of the road near a field. I got out and looked up at the full moon light and the stars around it and began to

make out a violet light again in the middle of the field. I was running to it and it became brighter. My body was numb from the cold and my feet were in pain but I thought my new family was giving me a sign from above so I had to go to it. I ran into this violet ball of energy and everything went black.

The police woke me up. They had received a call about a person trying to break in a house and found my clothes and my car at the gate of the mansion. They took me back to the police car and wrapped me in a blanket. The lady officer was asking me questions and was going through the contents of my car. She found the roses and coffee and oh yes, a bottle of empty medication.

She asked me if I had been taking my medicine... and I turned to her and shook my head. She then asked if she could call my parents to come and get me. I nodded and then started crying. I did not understand what was going on. Why didn't I find my new family?

My parents showed up on the side of the road, it was around 5am. The police officers knew that the lack of medication was probably the trigger for the shenanigans. I felt differently. Everything that happened was correlating with my instructions from Lucifer. And the woman looking at the Magick Bread Machine was right...this was hard on everyone.

I came back to the house in silence with my parents in the car. As soon as I went through the door I saw what message I left behind. There was candles burnt out all over the hardwood floor and a series of objects placed strategically through the house when I tried to manifest my spell that night. My parents started questioning me and I got frantic. They turned on a tape recorder as I started telling them the story of how I ended up naked in the field. The contact, and the message from Lucifer, my experience with the energy and light and so forth. The recording went past 2 hours and I was still talking faster and faster and getting more animated. They were looking at me like I was on drugs, and I really wasn't. Again, the problem with perception of a physical matter was really a spiritual awakening in my head. I tried to explain this over and over and they weren't listening to it. They were really scared.

I had almost burnt down the house with my spell and they woke up to a call from the police saying, "We have your son, and he is sitting in my car naked off Rt. 28."

I was arguing with them that I did not want to go back on medicine. I had never felt so good in my life and wasn't going to budge. They ran after me around the house with a bottle of Zyprexa. My sister was pleading with me crying, trying to get the medicine back in my body. I laughed in her face and told her I would never go back to being medicated. I felt that my energy underneath was important for the structure of this life and if I went back on it I would be numb to the light I saw. They had enough, and called the police.

The police officer came to the house and they tried explaining to him what had happened that night and what they woke up to in the house. I acted as calm and collective as I possibly could and told the police officer that they were the crazy ones I wasn't on drugs and I wasn't doing anything illegal. After going back and forth with the officer he finally asked me to take a ride with him and get checked out at the hospital. He said that proving my family wrong was the only way out of the situation. I was stuck and forced to go with the officer out to his car in handcuffs. The ride over to the hospital I asked him if he believed in God, and what would he do if he saw God on a random night. He replied saying,

"God is everywhere sir, I don't deny it... but you have to understand in this day in age, you get locked up if you talk about it... Do you think I haven't heard this story before? There's a fine line between your prayers being answered and acting upon them in an insane manner. You will be fine son... just have faith."

I pulled up to the emergency room and got out of the cruiser in handcuffs. I was dressed to the nines and was still wearing my designer sunglasses. When we entered the emergency room it was full of people. But I got the royal treatment being escorted by an officer and for once did not have to wait in line. I was paraded into a room where a doctor took down notes about why I was there. He asked me a series of questions ranging from:

"Are you suicidal, homicidal or feel like hurting someone?"

"Have you ingested any narcotics in the past 24 hours"

"What led you to the hospital tonight?"

I fired back with answers to all his questions in a manner that stunned him. I was coherent, calm and able to process the whole situation and I told him that my parents think I'm on drugs, which was a lie and I was there that night to prove to them I wasn't. Good story. That kept him busy for a while.

My parents were trying to explain to all the doctors they could that I was psychotic and needed to be admitted to Potomac Ridge Mental Health Facility. They tried writing down what had happened but the doctors for some reason weren't buying it. They then transferred me to a room that was divided by a large curtain and told me to undress and wait on the table. A nurse was watching me from then on and periodically left the room. I was acting collected and situated myself in the cold room grabbing a magazine.

There was a lot of commotion going on beside me in the other bed. It sounded like someone was dying or coming close to death. The noises and screams from next to me were a little unnerving but I sat on the bed and read a magazine I had found. Then something strange happened. I was surprised when a middle aged Indian looking man appeared next to me in the room. The nurse was not there and I glanced down from the magazine and extended my hand to say hello.

He looked at me and I asked him, "When will I return home? (Pointing to the sky)"

"Adrian, you will return above when it is time... I am here because you asked me to be here long ago. I have watched you tonight and many others became worried... you knew that we were here always. And you spoke many nights about a formal meeting. I am here and need to tell you that you will go through much more anguish before you fully understand what this is meant to be. I am one of your Guides, and one that is a keeper of your dreams. Know that the universe has been trying to tell you things, and know that you are meant to receive them when it fits.

"Well, where is the family I was looking for?"

"We are part of that family, and you have many brothers and sisters all over and through time you will see them... they have been waiting for you too."

I started to get off the bed as I heard more commotion from the other side of the curtain. He grabbed my leg lifting me off the bed into the air and said I was forbidden to see the other side at this point. The clock was stopped on the wall overhead and I sensed that the other side of the curtain was a force that could kill me. He put me back on the bed and told me to stay and listen.

I listened to the sounds of the other side. It was groaning and painful sounds of distress. I felt Lucifer in the room and asked my Indian guide if I was going to die. He said,

"Adrian, you are meant to live, I am here to guide you and death is just a gift from the whole process."

I looked at him and understood his message. I felt as though I had known this stranger my whole life. He was part of the family structure I was lacking and knew that this time with him would change everything. His message gave me hope. The Guide told me his name it was, Shabbot. The nurse came back into the room and asked me whom I was talking to. I looked down again to find my Guide and he had vanished. The time started again on the clock above and I knew I was in for more Hell.

A doctor came into the room and asked me to sign a paper. I looked at him and asked what it was. Apparently he said if I didn't sign the paper I was considered involuntary and automatically be placed on a ward that he suggested, "Isn't really nice." I looked at the paper and placed an "X" on the paper where the signature read. He came back moments later and said I needed to spell out my whole name to make it official. So I did and moments later nurses came in and carried me out on a bed into an ambulance destined for Potomac Ridge and (the Montgomery Unit).

I remember thinking as I was going over in the ambulance to the locked down unit that this was just a test. I could still prove my way out of this but it wasn't going to

be easy. I felt as though my new Guide I had met was speaking about the experience I was just about to begin. Regardless, it was making me think of everything that had just happened. After signing away my soul to Lucifer and meeting the woman in the blue dress holding the “Magick Bread Machine” in the bookstore, I knew that I really was going into Hell but I felt prepared in a strange sense. This was the path and I needed to just accept the terms that I was bound to.

But how the hell did I really get here?

Chapter 2:

Bipolar Disorder is a serious mental illness that affects 5.7 adult Americans today in the United States. I am diagnosed with Bipolar 1 Disorder and have experienced the most severe forms of the illness since 2006. The clinical term for a psychotic break is called an episode. Some people only have a handful in their life or these episodes can become more frequent given the right factors and circumstances. I did not know I was Bipolar until I was hospitalized after the night when I tried to find my new family. I am also convinced that this experience I had was a spiritual awakening. I still believe this to this day, but I also have to count in the factors of mania.

Mania is the upswing to the mood in an episode. I would describe the mania feeling as something that’s literally untouchable. It surpasses all drugs that I have consumed and is made within my brain. Even when I was medicated I tried to catch that same feeling over and over again with my habitual cocaine consumption, but had stopped during my episode because I wanted to be pure for my meditation rituals and occult practices. Someone who is manic can experience things that may or may not exist in the physical world. Here are a list of symptoms of Bipolar Disorder and terms related to mania.

- Flying suddenly from one idea to the next
- Rapid, "pressured," and loud speech
- Increased energy, with hyperactivity and a decreased need for sleep
- Inflated self-image
- Excessive spending
- Hypersexuality
- Substance abuse

In a manic episode one can have delusions of grandeur or may totally lose touch with reality all together. In classic cases of severe episodic behavior a person will act totally bizarre and may even create an alternate reality. But this alternate reality may be a world free of containment with endless bounds and effortless productivity. It seems like a double-edged sword in some respects. You might feel free for a while, but you will end up crashing inevitably. And sometimes the crash could send you into a long depression or even suicide in extreme cases. But someone who is manic doesn’t think of the after, we are totally consumed in the moment and feel clear to

our own devices. Nobody can reason or tell us otherwise. With this in mind, it was hard for me to look at everything textbook style to what I was going through. Even though the doctors I came across were saying I was manic, in my mind, I felt finally free from all the depression and anxiety I had lived with for years on end. And my idea of going off all my medication at once may not have been the smartest choice, but I felt it was necessary to experience what life would be like without the control of antipsychotics as my balance.

Being holistic was an uncharted path on it's own. No drugs, no ILLEGAL drugs, drinking, or smoking cigarettes. This was all suddenly unacceptable while I was making my way on this "tour" as I liked to call it. My "tour" was anytime I was in a psychotic state and disappeared. So when people asked me where I had disappeared to as I slowly tried to come back into social circles I just told them with a smile "I was on tour" and they usually never pushed for the information.

I had been seeing a psychiatrist since I was around 12 years old. I went through my adolescent years in a drug induced haze between the meds the Dr. was prescribing and the copious amounts of illegal drugs I started doing. I started out seeing the psychiatrist for sleep issues. Then it turned into depression and I took a long list of medicines for many years that really did nothing for me until I had my 2nd psychotic break in 2006. Up until that point no one really knew what was going on with me. But I kept taking the medicine with no relief and no confidence that there was any alternative.

Even while taking the medicine throughout the years I was hearing and seeing things I couldn't explain. These Guides were giving me messages daily and I was doing street drugs to tune them out. So these metaphysical experiences I was used to since early childhood were now being treated as a mental illness as I was self medicating through my own means. Even when I became obliterated with alcohol, and other substances I kept hearing my main Guide Lucifer in the background. I tried to block it out but it never ceased. The Guides in my life came into view and no drug or medication could stop the process. I kept quiet about my experiences with these beings for fear that I would get locked away. This spiritual paradox was just the beginning.

I believe there are many reasons for portraying a spiritual experience as full-blown insanity or in my case a self-discovery through mania. When looking at both experiences as separate or count in factors of time or location in life we can narrow down all the possibilities into a theory, which explain both as plausible. In my case I strongly felt when having the episodes that I was reaching a point of enlightenment... and I still believe I did looking back at it now.

I had a strong sense of purpose, I was having visuals of a realm where I felt connected to from birth, I was trying to document my developments through any form I could manage, and for once I felt comfortable in my own skin. All of these

traits were not terrible, and I think they were productive and above all telling of where things were leading. But regardless I was manic. I couldn't see a crash coming down the road but knew I needed to write my thoughts so I could map out how I got there years later. The writing in my leather bound journal became a cocktail of life lessons and a way to track my thoughts and ideas merging a unifying cause of finding myself with the outer experience of living a dream or living through a dreamlike state. Either way I was passionate about my quest, but the obsession and ultimate goal made me go to great lengths for answers wherever I landed.

I really cannot fathom a life without passion. It is a state of being that surpasses other feelings in my book. It outweighs logic or reason, and at times can cause more destruction if it consumes someone in an unhealthy way, but it is a feeling that makes life worth living. I would say that most of my actions logical or not have some traces of passion as the driving force behind them. But then again, I did end up in places as a result of passion that I would never want to relive or find myself in, again.

I believe that my life as a result of the disorder has taken form through passion and maybe a healthy obsession for finding answers. I may have a serious mental illness, I may have to be medicated the rest of my life, and I may never have a silent moment as these beings from above circle around me directing me towards the light, but I have found faith, spirituality, and understanding as a direct result of my life course. It's where finding answers took me that I found so unique and by going into a state of Hell for 4 years exactly as signed in the contract proved true living the many realities I have survived through. Coming back to talk about it is more therapeutic than anything else. I will always be in a state where I am constantly looking for answers and would hope my words would in turn carry a message of hope for anyone who might be facing their own challenges of breaking personal silence on subject matters taboo in current society.

There were certain warning signs leading up to the 2nd psychotic break. And I think that story will be better explained with my trip to New York City right before that surreal January morning. I wrote about in my trip in my leather bound journal the two weeks I spent in the big apple. Here is where we can connect the dots. If you think your life doesn't always make total sense, try and spend a day in mine.

Chapter: 3

I had been planning a trip to New York City for quite some time. The reason being I was currently in cosmetology school at Graham Webb Academy in Rosslyn V.A. It was around November 2005. I was creating goals in a notebook everyday and trying to create a future from my advances in hair. I was going to the big apple to pursue dreams of working in 5th Avenue Salons and working the celebrity hair circuit. Of course I hadn't really completed much of school when I decided I needed to take a trip like this but it became a main focus to make it happen. I wanted to interview at these top salons without completing school, and I wanted to make it a reality by any means necessary.

To give you an idea of how this went down I started not being able to sleep. From there everyday I didn't sleep gave me even more energy to complete my daily goals of making this business trip successful. I came across books I became obsessive about and wrote uncontrollably in journals making notes and suggestions from esoteric writing I was studying. I started losing weight, I weighed about 123 lbs. at one point and I didn't know what was happening to my body so I felt compelled to try and understand it. My diet was green tea and fasting, and I even gave up cigarettes for the first time and no longer used illicit drugs. I came across a lot of writing in a bookstore where I studied about Kundalini Experience as my body and mind were parallel with what I was reading I then validated my actions more. The more I read, the more I understood... but I could not stop. I found books on 777, Quabalistic Writings, Magick, Philosophy, Auras, Chakras, ect... All of the things I came across registered with me deeply. The words were talking about things I could actually relate to. It then became a mission to keep searching.

I would spend hours in one particular bookstore studying in the Occult section and eastern philosophies trying to piece together past experiences I had. I sought out psychics for validation of my experiences and what they told me was truly prolific. The world, which I was about to dive into, was going to change everything. This energy that was opening up inside was shedding new light on everything around me and I was not going to give up until I understood why. The night was speaking to me differently than the day. I was getting more energy from the witching hour for some reason. But it made sense... I found peace of mind at night and could let out my energy through my writing and find my own analysis as the voice of Lucifer was there to guide me.

I would collect information that I thought was related to my own experience and write it down in my leather bound journal. I brought the journal everywhere with me and recorded everything I was learning. I would write down names and start doing numerology after I read a book about it I came across. I would draw diagrams of things I pulled from The Golden Bough and shaped it into my reality. Everywhere I went I recorded with dates, times, and sometimes pictures. I felt like I was going to need this information later for some important reason... probably to recreate what happened as a testimony to those who knew me when.

All the while I was also embarking on an experiment with my limits and my mind. I had been taking several antipsychotics since I was 18. And decided that to fully embrace what was happening around me, I needed to be off the meds. I went to a place called Village Green an apothecary in Bethesda MD. I spoke to a practitioner there that guided me to some supplements that would help the withdrawal symptoms of some of the medicines I was taking. They of course did not condone taking someone off meds without any consenting doctors supervision... but I assured them I knew what I was getting into. I had taken Zyprexa since I had "toured" Sheppard Pratt as well as several other facilities back in 2002 from another mind shifting experience I will go into later on. But after the practitioner gave me the script, I had the ammunition from the man who helped me find the right herbal cocktail and felt more empowered and again, optimistic for this new way of life I was starting to come into.

I would not sleep, my mind was racing, my thoughts were clear and precise I was beginning the phase which there was no way back. And fully knew that this "tour" was going to be treacherous, I still found lessons in and through the leather bound journal.

Thursday December 8th 2005
Chasing Away the Invisible

"The only time I feel and know is waiting...its endless and invisible. It's not anything that one might see right away...because it's only seen within the person.

Loneliness is like a slow death. It's as if the world expands miles apart from you within each passing breath... but you gradually start descending...farther, deeper...and fading away into the abyss.

As each tear falls from the face out of anguish and self-disgust...silently the lack of understanding between one another engulfs the ravines of the mind. The only thing left is consequence...because the actions thereafter are usually "extreme"...

But we try through each rising step and stride to become or unite with an imperfect society. The only thing that stands in the way is a lack of "whole" person... in effect each of us are missing something in life...which always leaves the loneliness outweighing a perfect hit or miss... a balance without conscious effort that we chase, day after day..."

You see those feelings never go away unless they are filled with something greater, something you might discover much later in life or by accident. Or some may not discover it at all. This time for me was real, and was very illuminating in every sense. I sought out the answers to questions I had for years because for some reason I was able to keep the energy alive and going without consequence. I knew that what I was going to experience in New York City was going to carry weight on my universe, and everything that in turn rippled out from it. I had to get there and I had to find people open to understand. It was something that was never taught, but just achieved. The trip to New York might have been that window that I needed to

peer down from and see the world through a new set of eyes, open and adjusted to success.

Through the course of going through many texts, I came across an occult author that spoke to me. His name is Konstantinos and he wrote a book called Nocturnicon. The book was one that stuck in my mind as I was organizing texts in the bookstore I found myself in everyday. His words spoke not in Black Magick, but a force of using the night's power to fuel intent and our own desires. In summary he said that the powers of the Creator are within everyone. Which I've heard in a lot of traditional churches... the Kingdom of Heaven is within us. And that dark energy or matter making up the abyss of space is a tangible field through which ripples of a persons godlike will, "can travel". I've used this theory many times in prayer at night. When speaking to God as he serves to listen to a desire and intent, making it at any point in space or time influential by a person regardless of its physical or chronological distance.

All of these points made perfect sense to me. And even though the book cover seemed demonic it gave me a feeling of hope. Lucifer was there to guide me through these texts nightly. And after reading the Nocturnicon I still use some of the teachings to practice to this day. It's as though I was gathering up bits of my reality with each book I studied. And through application of what I was learning, the energy kept me focused to somehow solidify my trip to NYC.

I remember carrying around a black satchel full of books and my journals. I took them with me and they never left my sight. They were a piece of the ongoing cacophony that I was creating. I met a girl at a local restaurant where I wrote in my journal after school. Her name was Alexandria... an Aquarius with an uncanny aura that was warmer than most. After a number of nights running into her at her work, she asked me what I had been working on.

I said to her that I didn't really know... "I just have to do it..." I told her that the radiance that she had, and the glow that seemed so symphonic from her energy was a point to understand the journals I kept. She in turn told me that I should talk to her mother Bonny because she might be able to give me a direction or some advice. Her mother was a known tarot reader and I thought I would give it a shot. Right before I left for NYC, I called Bonny and had the reading over the phone. I wrote down notes about her message. This is what she told me:

December 19th 2005

Analysis of Transcription:

NOW wanting renewal presently Redemption

Change of spirit- (Pentacles-Judgment-Renewal)

"Coming up out of grave and being reborn again"

"Significant step in life- reaching for something new"

(MIDDLE)-Magician Card- 4 Major Archana

"Foundation basis- creating life- having that quality"

"You pull all and every element you have to make things work for you throughout the universe"

(FOUNDATION)- Emperor Card

Fool Card: he is God- and the risk taking adventurous spirit

"You have a lot of control over any outcome (focus)"

"The mind, body, spirit is now on target- don't let anyone get you off track"

--So far her reading of the "NOW" was accurate – I wanted to know what was the outcome for my future endeavors—

She said:"The Universe has been trying to bring things to you since you were born- I never listened... so it's bringing things and events that would hopefully make me "see" but I didn't... until "now" – "Let go of the past and put your whole self into everything you do for now on..."

(Card of Change): Knight of Swords

"This card shows the last type of activity before results"

"Enterprise, financial success- card right above head

(FUTURE)

8 of swords "the things you aren't seeing"

More self confidence- open eyes more!"

"You have a good balance between taking risks and stability"

"Your balance is opening eyes up and directing energy to get results-(Princess with blindfold and castle right behind her)

"Don't be blind to bullshit

ANALYSIS:

"Keep one foot on the ground and reach for the stars Adrian!"

"Creative energy flows in and through your life and lives with you through eternity"

The reading was good I thought Bonny was pretty accurate with what she saw in the cards. It was a good way to start my trip up to NYC, I couldn't see what was going to happen next but I seemed to be going in some direction, or at least closer to my dreams. I packed a large black suitcase full of clothing for my pending interviews at the top 5 salons in Manhattan. And I included about 15 different occult books to help me along the way. The suitcase was full of texts and random clothes and after weighing the rolling bag... it weighed 80 lbs. I of course could not sleep the night before I went to the train station. My father had a worried look because I think he knew something was going on with me. But since I wasn't doing drugs at this time period, I assured him I would be fine and good things will come of my business trip. We got up that morning and he drove me to Union Station in D.C. I told him not to worry, but I think he knew something was wrong.

Chapter 4:

Friday, December 23, 2005
First Full Day and Night in The Big Apple...

The train-ride over to New York was relaxing, although my energy was still ramping up. I focused on a MUSE Fashion mag I had picked up before I boarded. The magazine had excerpts from writers about the NYC experience, where to go, what to do and all the hotspots in Manhattan. I get off the train around 11:30 that morning. I picked up my oversized rolling black luggage bag and my black satchel holding the full itinerary as I arrive at Penn Station. NYC is nuts!

There was a full on transit strike in effect for all the underground trains throughout the city. I heard sirens and honking as I exited the revolving doors and made my way to a taxi stand where a cop was barking commands at a cabi. It was a bright sunny day and I was dressed in a long black leather trench-coat, nudie black skinny jeans, a white collard shirt and my father's black scarf which I forgot to give him back in D.C. before I boarded. I jumped into the cab and told the driver to go to the Hyatt near Bloomingdales in Midtown. I camped out in the lobby for 6 hours waiting for my friend Steven to get off work and fish me out of there because I didn't know where the hell anything was and besides I was carrying around 1 huge rolling 80 lb bag and a 20 lb black satchel and didn't want to become a target being only weighing 123 lbs myself. I went to a store in the bling' bling' lobby and bought a box of straight caffeine pills to stay awake, popped a couple and sat on my luggage guarding it with my life.

Steven comes and I am all hopped up on caffeine which made walking around the city a nightmare. I wasn't used to the massive amount of people you had to walk through, the smell of burning tires, and the constant near misses of car wrecks unfolding in front of my eyes. I'm all decked out in my GQ armor and every god damn criminal is looking at dollar bills rolling by as I swiftly try and dodge the homeless as well as the hustlers. I was paranoid, and strung out as Steven and I walked through each block as he tried to catch up with me. I wasn't sure if I was making much sense because my speech had suddenly accelerated ten times faster than normal but it was justified because I hadn't seen him since high school so we had quite a lot to talk about.

The biggest challenge lay ahead. We had to walk 2 hours through the city to Brooklyn from Midtown 80 lb bag in tow, and couldn't get a cab ride because every cab thought I was trying to go to the airport because of my bags and wanted to stay in the city during the transit strike to work the most money. NO luck there! We get to the Williamsburg Bridge, which seems to be 2 miles long as night is falling and kept moving. I feel so cracked out at this point that I am running across the bridge with the bag behind me. Steven is now growing farther a part from me in proximity as my energy is ramping up again. The caffeine was reaching its peak and I no longer felt my body, my feet and my right arm holding the extended luggage bag is

still in a vice grip as though someone was going to rip me off and disappear with my whole life on a two-way well lit bridge.

Well I survived the city, the smells, and the treacherous walk, reach Stevens pad and pass right the fuck out. Woke up for an hour and ate some shitty takeout then passed out again until 4am when I got up and started finalizing the interview I have in Soho tomorrow. I looked at my itinerary, my budget of 5000 dollars for 2 weeks and meditate on the interviews that lay ahead. My mind is still going full throttle, I am envisioning the win rather than the loss as an outcome. I don't know why I am still awake on 2 hours of sleep... but tomorrow feels promising even though my calves are bruised from the bag bouncing off my body in my rolling frenzie. I am now fully in love with NYC and I have no idea why.

Dear New York, fix your goddamn sidewalks and make it so showering everyday is an option rather than a necessity... the smell is fucken horrendous!

Friday December 23 2005

Day 3 Brooklyn... onto Queens in the morning

Today was fun...

I woke up at like 4am and stayed awake planning my day from Stevens couch. I mapped out things I wanted to check out in the city, kept track of the budget, and left in the early morning from the apartment to make my way towards Soho. I saw Caprinani Restaurant took a picture and kept moving. I just kept walking and taking in everything. I checked out a couple boutiques and made a new friend...

In the middle of Soho there is a place with all these tents that are connected. Here you can get knockoff anything or cheap anything: cologne, paintings, scarves, gloves, jewelry you name it... its there. I talked with this guy who was watching his friends little hut full of cologne and perfumes. I also was trying to find my favorite scent, Platinum by Chanel. Well I was stuck for 20 minutes waiting for this guy to come back from taking a leak and was forced to talk to this African guy who was watching the hut.

The African guy who was watching his friends hut was new to the area as well. He was from Cincinnati Ohio and had a thick accent from somewhere else but managed to talk to me while his friend was gone. He told me that he learned the city since he's been here...

"It doesn't take long brother- I am only here 2 month and I got this shit nailed"... well that gave me some reassurance. I was a little overwhelmed with the city and it's underground fast paced culture, but it was reassuring to know that someone else was making it in their own way. I sat and listened to him size up the city in a few minutes and then the owner of the hut came back and said hello to both of us.

The owner came back and tried selling me smells, but he didn't have the one I wanted so he told me to smell this new scent called "New Ego" from Paris or whatever. I thought the name of the scent was symbolic of everything I was trying to accomplish on my trip as I put the bottle to my nose. It smelled good to me so I asked him how much it was... he said something like (25)\$ Well I knew I had only 14 in my "visible wallet" so I bullshitted some more and acted like I had no other money. Nice guy, I knew I had more than 200 behind my back pocket in my license holder but what the hell... its all about a good bargain in NY, I wasn't going to say shit.

He gave it to me, we shook hands and I said "best wishes man." He replied "Ditto" and I walked onward through Soho. I mapped out all the salons I wanted to hit in the coming days:

Scouting.

Tuesday:

Louis Licari Color Group – Midtown

John Sahag – Midtown

Wednesday:

Devachan and Departure Lounge – Soho

Oscar Bond Salon – Soho

Arrojjo Studio – West of Soho

I was going to go to each of these salons and announce the same scripted offer. I was told to say this by one of my instructors at Graham Webb before I left for my trip. Yolanda was an advanced instructor at my school and had a lot of good ideas about my trip. She said to go to each of these salons and present yourself with as much or more confidence than you had ever done before. Walk into the interview like you already have the job, tell them about your passion for hair and what it means to you and leave them by saying that you are willing to work for FREE a couple weekends in the summer. And after working for free a couple weekends, ask them to decide "how much your really worth."

I had written down notes about how the conversation would stay in my control and even if I seemed to be spontaneous with my answers, they would never know I had planned out the Q&A time to a T.

Around 6 or so I was starving. I couldn't find a place where I felt comfortable. But right around Price St, I found a nice little cozy Deli/Restaurant/whatever... there is only combination food services in NYC. I sat and set up my paperwork for my trip, looked through MUSE East Fashion Magazine and ate a wonderful oatmeal yogurt fruit salad and large bottle of San Pellegrino.

I watched the many faces come in the deli and wondered their story for that day... and shit they probably wondered what the hell my story was. Me and my OCD-self situated at the front of the deli and set up perfectly with my black briefcase, MAG, Cell, and Budget book eating a meal perfectly displayed like I was living in a 2 by 2 ft cell. I was alone but not lonely. I really don't think you can be lonely in a city like Manhattan because there are too many distractions flying by you at any moment.

I ate, finished the MAG, and walked towards the subway to get back to Brooklyn so I could rendezvous with Steven to land right around Bloomingdales around 59th St later that night so I could meet up with Muffy and Danielle to catch up.

I met with Steven and got on the subway to 59th st and Lexington. Get to Bloomingdales and meet up with my favorite duo and talk. We go to an Irish Bar first and then onto Opia restaurant and lounge which was literally across the street. Danielle was a Greek makeup artist I knew from back in the D.C. area. She had moved up a few years back and lived in Astoria with Muffy her roommate, a stylist that worked at John Sahag. Muffy told me all about her salon during the late informal dinner, she was giving me some background on the salon and told me the general feel for her salon environment. It sounded very Zen-like and it fit her whole personality and energy I saw around her. I listened to the girls talk about life in the city as well as filling them in on my mission while I was drifting around up in Manhattan.

Opia, what a cool little spot, nicely decorated with elegant tones and down-tempo music... an ambient feel that stretched throughout the room. Candle lit bar and tables, and patterned sheets flowing above plus a unique French waiter that almost gave us the wrong check at the end of the night, but I caught it because I was actually sober for once. We finished our drinks and paid. I knew things were going to get better from here. I feel it.

I took the train ride back, using a map and some directions from Muffy and Danielle surviving a sketchy ride back alone at 3am to Brooklyn dreaming about tomorrow. I still wasn't sleeping a wink, and wasn't even tired from walking around all day and most of the night. I just knew I had to focus on the goal and the prize at the end of the road. Throughout that day I had been popping the remainder of the caffeine pills every time I got tired. I managed to have 2 small meals and was still ramping up it seemed. Not the best plan. I arrive at Stevens and collapse again.

One word of advice in NYC: Don't ever stop moving because a car, a person, a bicycle, or an old lady carrying her rolling groceries will run you the fuck over.

Saturday December 24 2005
Into Christmas

Today I came to Queens and met up with Donovan and his 3 roommates. They basically let me stay with at their condo on Christmas Eve and Christmas day without knowing anything about me. We had a mutual friend in common, someone I knew from Graham Webb so it wasn't too weird.

The 3-bedroom apartment was spacious and very clean. They all cooked together and it was really nicely decorated. Everyone I met who came into the apartment was really welcoming and upbeat which made me feel at ease. Donovan met me in the morning and helped me with all my baggage to the apartment. We talked for a while and I told him my plan and the salons I wanted to stake out in SOHO so I know what they looked like and would come back to them on Monday or Tuesday... after the holiday Hell.

We walked from Prince St. all over Soho and into West Soho near Chelsea to all the salons I wanted to check out. Oscar Bond Salon, Devachan and Departure Lounge, and Arrojo Studio. The walk took hours and then we went over to NJ for a party.

We got to NJ and went up to the 16th floor of this luxury apartment complex that overlooked the Hudson River and NYC. I took pictures and had a ball with everyone there. It was one of Donovan's friends birthdays and I met some cool people and at the end of the night. I met two other helpful contacts that worked in the fashion industry. A lot of artists and designers came to the party. It was too good to be true.

We get back on Christmas morning at 1:20am after sending out 10\$ worth of text messages saying "Sending the warmest thoughts from NYC-Happy Holidays ☺" - The randomness or and chaotic synchronicity of the last two days kept giving me more energy. I have found random strangers to hang out with who felt more like family than anything else.

Sunday December 25th 2005

From Christmas in Elmhurst to Astoria Queens

Christmas Morning:

I woke up on an air mattress in the middle the apartment. I was surrounded by Indonesian culture. Everyone there was nice and they cooked throughout the morning into the night. Great food, music and conversation.

I ate so much food and talked for hours in between working out my plans for meetings and such in the city. It was wonderful... I didn't really know any of them except Donovan. They took me in on Christmas Eve and spent Christmas day helping me with questions about the city. I got to know their culture very well and made some great friends that I will always keep in touch with. They helped me out a lot because honestly for months I couldn't find anyone to stay with on Christmas Eve

and Day. They welcomed me into their house as a stranger..., which was amazing and cooked for me, were so helpful. I will never forget that.

They really made my Christmas come together. They truly were like family.

Then I left their place at night after a 10-course meal that lasted hours and a wonderful chocolate cake that someone brought over. I stayed with complete strangers and nothing crazy happened and thought that was so unique. It was raining when I left the apartment around 10pm and ventured onward to Astoria to meet up with Danielle and Muffy. The last place I was going to stay for the remainder of 10 days.

I came to Astoria and stayed up talking with Muffy and Danielle and got them up to date on with my progress. We all went to bed around 330am... I was beat.

I woke up 12 hours later at 330pm and went out with Muffy because she had off from her salon. She showed me points of interest in Astoria- Internet Café, Good restaurants and general directions on how to get back to their apartment.

We ended up eating at the same Greek restaurant on 30th that I came to with Danielle in April years ago when I was in NYC for my first IBS Show. And you know what, I saw the same waiter that served us food when I was here before. He was sitting at a table with some other Greeks in front of me. Random.

I ate some Greek food with Muffy and talked about life, goals, hair, religion... interesting convo... she has such a beautiful soul.

Tuesday December 27th 2005

My legs hurt

So I'm getting familiar with the city now... uptown-midtown-downtown-Soho. I am eating regularly but I walk everywhere so I probably burn off more fat than I'm consuming. Today I was going to John Sahag for a blowdry class and to see how the salon operates. I want to go to the salon at the busiest point in the day so I can catch a vibe of how it runs. But the class was cancelled, so I'll go back another day.

So I had all this time on my hands and I was budgeting so well... I had a couple hundred dollars to play around with and spend without going over my budget. So add the situation up and what do you think will happen?

SHOPPING

Went to 5th Avenue shopping district. Went to all my favorites- Gucci, Kenneth Cole, Zara, Club Monaco, Burberry, Christian Dior ect... non-stop all day long... I spent about 1000 dollars on jackets, scarves, dress pants and did so much walking that my legs hurt.

I have 5 salons to hit tomorrow starting around from 10-8pm. Tomorrows going to be another power walking day in NYC. I have no idea what I'm going to do with all these clothes, I can barely carry them all and even if I did have my black rolling luggage they would not fit. Either way my shopping spree was justified...

December 28th 2005

Beautiful Stranger in a Big City

Went to all salons on the hit list today, walked all over Soho and through Midtown- I caught each vibe and first impression of the salons in first 5-10 minute increments. That's all I seemed to need to get a feel for the energy. I had a really good conversation with one of the lead stylists and managers at John Sahag.

I told him my story, the artistic roots where I had came from and what I want to do in Manhattan to help the industry. We were standing in the middle of the spacious salon and the Zen waterfall by the reception desk was flowing. I gave him my whole speech and told him I was willing to do anything to work for John Sahag and even threw in there the quote from Yolanda about working for free in the summer. His face lit up and said,

"You would do well here Adrian, you want to be in a salon that charges at least 200 for a cut I can see it. You'll make money quickly by artistically growing with the disciplines of dry cutting and this would be a great place for you to really grow from... When can you start?"

"I can start as soon as I finish hair school..."

He looked a bit confused, like he didn't believe me, smiled and said,

"I can see you here sooner than that..."

I don't think he realized that I was serious about finishing school. He totally disregarded what I said like it was a joke... but I wasn't really joking. I had an offer from a celebrity salon in Midtown Manhattan without even getting through half of school yet. What a strange but calculated accomplishment. He told me to call him in two weeks, and then he would start to make a schedule around my stays for the summer.

I had won in my head. I had replicated everything that this one stylist was looking for by my own means. I walked in the salon with a dream and made it happen with a short conversation. I walked down the stairs with a higher bounce than normal. Everything that I had planned for went exactly as I expected. I manifested my own desire and path and walked the exact footsteps to see it through.

Lucifer was walking beside me on my other salon visits and gave me more confidence as I did the same speech at Arrojo studios, Devachan and Departure Lounge and Oscar Bond. I got most of the same reaction wherever I went. They all looked at me as an ambitious artist trying to find a place to create and grow from. I left each salon with contact numbers and email addresses and a bigger smile than before. I had no idea how this was happening, and my energy was exploding. I was manic, but people perceived this as just avante garde.

I was excited but felt hungry by the end of the day so I would up at:

Palacinkat Cafe 28th St Soho

There I met a Morgana from L.A. Beautiful tall blond, warm heart... she had a similar story to mine.

We were both on a 2-week trip to NYC staying to check out things. Dreams of moving here in about a year I gave her my business card and explained my story. At least I'll have company now to celebrate with.

I was eating but she got done first and tried to leave but the café didn't accept credit cards and she had no cash on her to pay the bill. Luckily I had just enough to cover us both and pay the tip. She was embarrassed I guess but was so cute about it I didn't care.

I walked her back to Varrick St. where she was staying with some friends. She went upstairs to get cash to repay me. She had 40\$ when she came back down and I didn't have change to give her so we talked to a nearby diner and got change to break the 20. It was getting cold out and darkness was falling as the street lights lit up the sidewalk.

We laughed about the circumstances and left each other on the corner of 28th and Grand St. She hugged and kissed me goodbye, all I have to say is,

"Welcome to NYC hunn... your not alone after all."

I met her in that moment, a stranger, but we both were trying to align our dreams and make something happen. Life is so strange.

Sunday January 1st 2006
NYC New Years with Michael Anthony

I can say for most of you waking up now, you've suddenly realized a lot.

- 1.) You're either VERY fucken hung-over... or very comfortable.
- 2.) You have either come to the conclusion of an amazing night or horrific tragedy based upon the monstrous stranger or maybe beautiful prince or princess residing

next to you... in a bed, floor, car, street, hotel ect.. This is the SHOCK value this morning.

3.) And your wether completely aware of everything you did last night, or have no fucken clue. Either way the pictures I will guarantee will end up on the net, due to a close friend or closer enemy or just someone trying to make you laugh.

Trust me... when I was drinking, my last drunken New years was emailed to me a week or two later from a random friend. "Just to let you know Adrian ... this picture along with many others is not available by webshots or posted on this site www.____.com hahaha"

Yea that was me a year ago when blacking out was normal. I've come to know life a little differently now.

Michael Anthony: New Year Eve

It started snowing during the day and I found myself in Athens Café off 30th Ave in Astoria having coffee and reading my new favorite book Noctornicon. Michael and I have been friends for a while, but this was the first physical meeting. He came all the way from Connecticut drove here to spend New Years in Manhattan and it just worked out that we were here on the same night... so why not hang out?

He met me at Athens Café around 2:30ish I guess the thorough introduction wasn't complete though, but after we got acquainted to a certain point we decided that exploring NYC in the comfort of a 05 Mercedes was the plan.

First we dropped by Danielle's apartment cause I needed to drop off my huge black man satchel and he got to meet who I was staying with. Then it was off to the city for another random adventure. Being sober had its perks.

We entered the city around 6pm. Every business, policeman, hustler and NYC partygoer was out prowling the streets that were now heavily guarded with authorities and tight security measures, which did make it feel a little safer.

We got into the city with no plan actually. We were just going in and seeing what would happen with no high expectations. I think that's the best way to go into any situation right? We go into a traffic ridden cacophony of screaming drunks, police sirens and overall melodic Hell of horns from the fucken cabbies trying to make the last few bucks before the closing of the year.

We arrive at a hotel to pick up a pair of 100\$ tickets to a supposedly huge new years eve party for Michaels cousin who didn't have time to get them herself because of all the traffic. So we were right by there and we picked them up for her. Michael stops on the left side of a one-way street and tells me to get in the drivers seat in case a cop tells me to move it.

Whoa... so what do I do. I get in the drivers side as he walks away and adjusts the seat so I don't look tiny in the car. I break out some loud House music and pump up the bass as people walk by and wonder ..."who the fuck is that guy"... mind you the car is stopped in a NO STANDING ANYTIME and the driver looks like the usual character behind the wheel listening to Euro music loud and to top it off Michaels vanity tags read -INVNCBL—or INVINCIBLE.

He gets back to the car and we end up exploring NYC some more. He's showing me where things are ect... and then midway into 7pm a friend calls my cell, a girl from DC. That's staying at the Hilton hotel right where we are.

"Adrian we have a free hotel room... why don't you get up here!"

We get to the hotel, which took forever, all the fucken people were trying to get to their New Years Hot Spots as well. It was nuts! Here's where some of the fun begins.

Well we had the Mercedes we had the hotel room, but now we need parking. So this is what I do. Hilarious.

I wait until we are in the roundabout where the limos roll up to drop off the elite socialites of NYC. I jump out of the car and come up with my first plan to get a space in the underground Hotels parking lot mind you everything is blocked off with security barriers and we don't even have a room in the hotel.

I go inside the lobby while Michael waits in the roundabout... I walk up to an official looking person and start talking...

"Hey I got a car outside and I'm staying in room 530. I need a place to park MY CAR, I have relatives flying in tomorrow for New Years Day and this is our ride, so what can you do about this?"

He escorts me outside and points to a police barricade on the right side of the roundabout... he said if you can manage to get through there they will validate your parking and you can use our garage for parking." Simple right? ... Not really.

I get back to the car and tell Michael where to go but of course the police don't want to hear it. They tell me I cannot pass.

"Listen man, the people in the hotel said the only way to validate the parking for my car (pointing to the Mercedes 05 that Michael is patiently waiting in...) is to go through this and there's a parking lot right next to the building... (pointing to Park Here sign).

He said:

"Alright I'll tell you what to do... turn left out of here and make another left at the corner and they'll let you in over there"...

I bought it cause he sounded sincere, so we did just that.

We took a left out of the roundabout and had another left at the corner and come to another fucken police barrier and this time the street was one way going the opposite direction we needed to go. The cop just royally fucked us.

I got out of the car and talked to the first cop close by, explained what the other cop told us to do and why we needed to park. He looked at the Mercedes and checked out the vanity tags and went to his officer in charge on the street.

Sergeant Mendez... now we are getting somewhere.

I interrupted the cop explaining to Sergeant Mendez our situation and gave him the story of the runaround cop that sent us to another dead end. He said:

"Well you definilty can't get through this barrier its one way, but tell that same cop that Sergeant Mendez said to let you pass... you will have no problem sir..."

"Thank You, Have a Happy New years...hahahaha"

We drove around the roundabout one more time, this time I got out and confronted the same cop who said it was impossible to move the barrier and you know what, I pushed the button because when I dropped the commanding officers name he jumped and got all these police to move the barricade for us.

Damn fucken right... we weren't going to look for parking and I wasn't going to waste any time that night or extra money. We got exactly what we wanted. I didn't have time to play mind fuck games with the NYPD... I wanted to get to the hotel room and start my night. Abrafuckencadabra!

We walk into the lobby of the Hilton, it was extravagant of course and God knows who was walking around the lobby as well. How the Hell did we end up here?

We meet the girls in the hotel room and see that they are completely drunk. Not really surprising and also not really interested, so then we leave to explore the hotel. We met some interesting characters in the elevator, lobby, wherever... because everyone was so drunk no one cared of probably even remembered whom they were talking to... it was great.

SO FAR:

Impossible Parking, Free Hotel, Great Location and some Excellent help from the NYPD and it's only 8:30pm ... not too bad for 2 guys without a plan. So now I turn to Michael and say:

"I wonder how far this hotel goes up? It must have a pretty awesome view of the city at the top." We go to the elevator and push 25th floor. I wasn't really satisfied with the view, I wanted to go higher... so we found a fire escape and walked a few more flights up to uhhhh lets call them the more elite clients of the hotel. We walk up 7 more flights and stop, jump out of the fire escape run to the elevator and keep going up. We do this routine 3 times and you know what after about 20 minutes of climbing the stairs and lungs about to explode, we got to the top.

Hilton: Visible to the public 25 floors but when you push the limits and don't care you found yourself on the penthouse/presidential suits level on the 44th floor. But this wasn't the end of the trail.

We got there and I took a picture of the 44th floor plaque on the elevator wall. We ended up walking down the most expensive hallway and suites in the hotel where the range in price for the room on New Years Eve is probably 10grand easy. We go to a table with a perfect sky bar view of the city in the Members Club Lounge. And had a perfect view of an imitation ball dropping on one of the other buildings nearby.

9:00pm we get a few more pieces of evidence and pictures for the memento taken by the Bartender in front of a Christmas tree. We drop down from the 44th floor in the "golden elevator" as I watch Larry Kind on plasma interviewing some slutty looking country music stars.

We get to the bottom and by this time we're hungry and everywhere in Manhattan has a charge of at least \$60 minimum for a meal in a restaurant. But that doesn't stop hunger so we found a 24/7 deli that served the same food and even in bigger portions and only paid 13\$. We walked to a bus stop and ate next to a street where we watched the cops patrolling and people going nuts, stretch limos taking their plastic socialite celebrities to an unknown destination.

It was interesting because by 9:30 I'm sure we were both mutually satisfied with the events that unfolded, but we ate and observed the chaos. We got done and walked back to the hotel where we left the girls. By this time the girls had already made friends with some guys who were planning their own agenda so Michael and I left again.

We got the Benz and went back to Astoria to meet Danielle at a Greek Club. We rolled up to the front, it looked nice and the ladies walking in looked a lot better being mostly Greek.

We skipped the stupid Valet parking scam and found a spot at least 10 minutes from the club. \$50 cover charge each and oh year it was 21+ and I didn't have an ID. They checked my Maryland License a couple times and noticed it. Fuck.

A.J. the bouncer probably a foot taller than me and twice my frail size said,

"Sorry sir it's illegal for you to enter the club, you're not of age and there's nothing I can do"

I said, "Ok man no problem."

I sat there with Michael outside for at least 20 minutes trying to call Danielle but the Ball dropped 10 minutes ago and all the fucken cell lines kept jamming up. But after a few hundred tries it seems I finally got through and got her out of the club. She came out and hugged me as I explained the problem of entering.

There was no way I was going to tell her to leave just because I wasn't of age... she just hugged me and kissed me goodbye.

I used the scene later for my advantage though...

Michael said he was going to get the car and we were going to find another place. He walked off and I stood outside eyeing the bouncers and smiling. Then after making them feel a little nervous, I go up to the bouncer and look at him in the face as he towers over me and say:

"What's your name?" as I smile, he hesitates and then tells me his name is Jay.

"Well happy New Year Jay and extended my hand to shake his."

I begin to explain a story to him.

" Ya know Jay I travelled all the way from Maryland to see that girl for less then 45 minutes and you're the only thing stopping me from completing my year... so your telling me there's nothing you can do? I don't even drink, I just came to see that one Greek girl for less than 15 minutes per say and I'll walk out. Now your telling me that you can't make that happen?" I smile...

He looks at me and walks away. Now he's getting uncomfortable, meanwhile Michael is pulling up in the Benz right in front of the club holding up a ling of traffic. Another bouncer came up to me who overheard the conversation and looks at me and says...

"Listen kid you slip me a 20 and I'll let you pass." DONE.

I said ok give me 10 minutes, I'll need to tell my driver to find a space again. I go over to Michael and tell him the news. We laugh and talk for a minute, meanwhile there are cars piling up behind us, they don't honk of course... I guess we had that look of "do not touch."

"Ok man, 10 minutes I'll be back."

We find the same exact parking luckily and walked back to the club, slipped the man his 20 and paid \$100 between us to enter... who cares it was New Years and I got into the club underage, still having energy to go on. We walk around the club, Greeks everywhere, woman everywhere and music blasting, smoky and very sexy. I frantically look for Danielle to celebrate my victory upon entering the club. I call her over and over and finally manage to tell her I'm in the fucken club... so now we meet up.

I stay take some pictures. Drink my mineral water, walk around and observe. 45 minutes later I leave.

"That's all you came for? 45 minutes?" said the bouncer.

"Yea mean you just made my year complete thank you" I turned and walked away from the doors with a smile and shook his hand.

I didn't want to stay. I loved the music, I loved the people, but I had no need to get drunk... I don't drink, and most women had shady looking men around them who I didn't want to piss off. I mean, I'm 5 ft 5 and weighing around 123 lbs at this point. Everyone is twice my body mass. So Michael and I walked around saw what was needed and I got my satisfaction of breaking the stupid age requirements of the U.S. We left around 2:30 to go to another unknown destination.

Brooklyn 3am:

The interesting thing about what happened next was this: all the time I've been in NYC on this trip I've wanted to explore what was not on the tourist map. I wanted people to take me to places they knew personally or heard of that were unique to them, and honestly I really wanted to see where the Mafias reside. And you know what... without telling Michael a thing he took me to those spots.

He tells me a story of why he knows these places... and I'll leave it at that.

We go to the Italian side first and then travel to the Jewish and Russian side. The houses on the waterfront were amazing. They spent a lot of money and the architecture was well worth the field trip. And of course a lot of the families were still partying hard at 4am... why not? They can too!

We get done with the Mafia Expose and then find a Greek Diner nearby; perfect setting... it was too perfect. We walk in the Diner at 4am the place is crowded of course and the languages I could pick up; Greek, Italian, Russian just some I identified. We ate there and observed, took a picture. Another moment and got the check.

Our waiter was blunt. It was hilarious the way he handled customers. He handed me the check and waited for me to fill out the tip and sign it. Standing next to me... what the hell is that about? I looked at him and said can I help you?

"Yeaaa... I'm waiting for you sign the bill."

I looked up at him and said, "Do you want a tip sir?"

He was shocked and just stood there. I looked at him again and said, "How bout a \$10 tip is that good enough for you? " Again, in shock... now he felt really uncomfortable and given the people that walk in and out of that particular Diner, I've never been there before so I can be connected to anyone in there. He walked away and then returned when we got up to leave. He said, "thank you sir, I'm so sorry. Tell Yanni I said Hello."

"Who the fuck is Yanni?"

Priceless.

We walked out and the journey wasn't over. It was still dark but Michael insisted we drive to the beach. Not it was around 530am we enter a large beach about 15 minutes away, walk around and take a picture. He got a creepy feeling on the beach. It was dead of night cold and we seemed miles from civilization. It was 20 degrees, there were no lights and we are 15 minutes from a lot of powerful families that control the U.S. So we get back in the car and drove to Astoria to Danielle's apartment. We arrive at 630am and the light was beginning to come out.

We sat in front of her apt recapping the night. The first meeting, the crazy shit that happened and laughed a lot. This was the first New Years that I actually remembered everything I did. What an accomplishment.

At 630am Michael has to drive all the way back up to Connecticut and I have to calm myself down from the excitement for the past 20 hours. I'm still not tired... I'm never really tired and I don't really sleep and this is why. Everything you read is just an example of why. My New Years was the most complete New Years I had ever had, built from spontaneity and strangers. I had jobs lined up in top salons in Manhattan and it all stemmed from a passion.

Monday January 2nd 2006

"Table for One" Battery Gardens

I sit alone now... But I don't care.

"Table for one please"

Inside Battery Park, opposite 17 State St.

After the most defining night on New Years, I guess the aftermath left me eager for more on the trip. I still have until I get on the train on Wednesday the 4th and I want this trip to have a major effect on the flow or current going into 2006. So I ended up using my Monday very wisely. The day was already blocked out on my schedule and I was always curious to find my roots on Ellis Island.

I know Ellis Island in NYC because some of my distant family members trickled down to the U.S. through it.

Our family is Greek and French and come to find out now Italian roots go way back in history. And shit, I always want to find out where things come from. Honestly, I go through life kind of questioning the two sides of everything... but this time the question about my family history could be answered. So I made the time, and took the steps to a carefully constructed field trip on Monday

I ended up at this conveniently placed restaurant on the waterfront called Battery Gardens after the ferry ride back from the island.

It was cold and raining. And really bleak and windy outside at the time I got off the Ferry for the Island. But my successful mission energized me for the day at Ellis Island. I wanted to treat myself to a "Table for One at Battery Gardens."

When I got off the ferry I was starving. I really hadn't eaten anything all day and again, people who really know me are used to this freak occurrence of forgetting to eat. I guess I only eat for pleasure.

Anyway, I smell the restaurant when I get off the Ferry and followed my nose through a dark park as misty rain streaked down my designer sunglasses. So it's freezing, my hands are numb, but I didn't care until I found the restaurant. I was ready to spend whatever amount on a meal, and that's exactly what I did.

I come into an extravagant restaurant... "Table for ONE" grabbing a business card at the front and I'm seated at a table next to the waterfront view of the Statue of Liberty still shimmering through the rain.

I look at the menu long before the waiter comes over and I order my favorite drink. He places a 2-liter bottle of San Pellegrino on the table. He waits while I look though the menu and can't really decide. I'm not really even paying attention to the prices because I didn't think it was important. So now the waiter tells me the Chef Specials for the evening describing the most delicious meal I've ever heard. Without even asking the price I stop him short of continuing the description and say:

"Yea I'll take that right away"

He smiles and I wait for the food and start recapping my whole day in my head. The food comes!

Cod Fish in 3 slices filet, some kind of potatoes and vegetables I guess with maybe a duck sauce? Whatever it was I didn't care.

I eat the dish, calculated, cutting everything in precise amounts until there is nothing left on the plate. The waiter sees the progress on my empty dish every time he walks by and attends to a couple opposite from my. I stop him on his way back from an order and tell him...

"I want to meet the chef who crafted my meal... is that ok?"

"Of course sir"

"Good" I had some things I wanted to say to that craftsman.

I eat everything on the goddamn plate and finished the plate off with the leftover bread and butter leave no trace of food or sauce or unhappiness in visible sight. I lapped up everything with a smile and now I want to meet the craftsman behind the curtain who made the dinner so pleasurable.

I shake his hand and introduce myself, we talk and I told him how good everything was and even save my plate for proof and mutual enjoyment factor.

I said, "listen I only want to take your time and tell you how much I appreciate your work, anyone who has the ability to make me fully inhale a plate and then lap up the sauce has to be met and recognized for this feat. I wanted to show you the proof of how amazing the meal was tonight. And I thought since there are only 2 couples in this huge restaurant and me, you might be bored upstairs in the kitchen and want some good conversation. Especially because that's a good way to start off the New Year."

I guess he was shocked but now we were both on the same page and that's exactly what I wanted to happen. Everyone's happy maybe not the couple's husband at the other table, they were both arguing a lot during dinner. I know I've seen that before.

I shook the chef's hand and wished him the best. He came back with a card and wrote his name on it.

I left him my business card. One great service for another. He got my card and I started getting my things together. On a \$55 bill I left \$45 for the waiter and maybe 10 or so for the man who cleared the table and a firm handshake to the owner as I was walking out.

Now I had to return to life back in DC area. A life I was not ready to go back to. I felt like I had all the ammunition to succeed when I returned from my experience in the Big Apple. I was sure my family wouldn't believe me when I was going to tell them

that I had jobs lined up in the city but I still had a few days left before I went home. What else can happen now?

When I got back to DC area my father picked me up from the train. I was buzzing around Union Station taking pictures of the artwork they had on display. I remember looking up at the statues towards the ceiling and counting the knights they resembled. My father drove me home and I was talking about NY. I was just really excited and was eager to get back to Graham.

I came back to school the following day. And spoke to Robert an instructor I had, about the experience in the salons up north. I had been working on a fashion show with him before I left for New York and my task was coordinating the show. I was organizing lists of potential models and information about locations and such. The show was going to be at Fur nightclub in Southeast DC, a huge warehouse venue that a lot of top DJs come to DC for. The show was going to be called, H-I. or Hatching Imagination. And the club was letting Robert use the venue to display the models and launch his idea.

I was ready for the force driving me to take me to the top. But neglected to realize that my body again was acting more strange. After barely sleeping in NY for 2 weeks I didn't even have time to recover. I kept going to where I needed no sleep at all. This was not good.

Chapter 5:

The Montgomery Unit:

I come in on a stretcher in the middle of a long hallway that smells like disinfectant. I get off the stretcher in my gown and pick up my black Diesel shoes from the carry on. A main nurse escorts me into a meeting room with an upside down triangle full of words on the wall. I sit down in a chair and cross my legs. I look at the triangle of words on the wall and see the symbolism. Each of the words starting from the base flipped up is statements of being "stable" down to the point of the triangle which says "hospitalization." I'm not getting a fuzzy feeling about this, but I go through the intake anyway.

The nurse asks me a series of questions and writes down notes. She asks me what my profession is which I proudly tell her I am a stylist in training. She laughs and asks me what I could do with her hair. I pulled out a business card from my black satchel bag of things and said, "Call me when I get out of here."

"What were you doing before you got admitted Mr. Chrissos?"

"Well I was interviewing for the top 5 salons in Manhattan, and working on a fashion show with an instructor from my cosmetology school..."

“What happened in Manhattan?”

“Everything I planned out happened... I got a job in every celebrity salon I wanted to.”

“It sounds like quite the time...” She shook her head in disbelief.

I left the intake feeling pretty good. The nurse may have thought I was lying about the salons, but I knew it had happened. I wandered around the long hallway and looked at all the pictures that patients had put along the wall. I sat down at one end of the hallway by the Nurses Station and hunger was aching at me again. I didn’t see any food other than a red apple on the table in front of a blue couch I propped myself on. I looked around and it was the middle of the early morning. I heard a girl on the opposite end of the hallway sobbing loudly. I grabbed the apple from the table and started eating it. It tasted like glory for some reason... and I started to think about philosophy.

I imagined Plato eating an apple under a tree on a hillside, writing down thoughts in a brown leather journal. I looked at the apple closer and saw how many cells were spread out through the core. I was thinking of 7th grade when we analyzed cork through a microscope in school in my science class. We looked at the thousands of separate cells inside that were that made of the cork... and thinking of the apple as a living thing, I came to the conclusion that consuming fruit was much consuming light. The energy of the apple combined with the cells living inside it was a symbol for how we consume light cells everyday.

I kept walking up to the Nurses Station and trying to ask questions and they were in the middle of writing reports for the night so they kept telling me to sit down. I was getting very frustrated because they kept yelling at me. I was still hungry, and the only thing I ate in the last 48 hours was the apple. Finally I decided that I needed to go to the bathroom. I asked where it was and walked inside locking the door behind me. I looked around the room and there was soap on the floor and found a bottle of “Gold” soap that smelled like disinfectant. I thought if I could make this room my sanctuary for the moment I would have to bless the bathroom with the only soap I could find. I wanted to make a spell to send out more of my intentions. At this moment I found myself again in the ecstasy feeling of mania, and it gave me just enough confidence to feel like using this as a sanctuary where I could pull it off and prove to the people in the facility that I was not crazy. I started chanting in a native tongue, and taking the soap I had found, spreading it all along the walls and mirror of the room, I was talking faster and faster and heard someone pounding on the door. I turned off the lights in the bathroom and laid on the floor still chanting, making it known that I was a vessel from God and that people needed to listen to me.

This did not go over very well. I was manic again when they finally unlocked the door, several nurses barged in and restrained me. I was pinned on the floor as they shot a heavy dose of thiorazine in my ass. I started to trip a little moments later. The

thorazine raced through my veins and burned all over. I went postal as they hoisted me from the ground a male nurse holding each arm. I had images of hell and bodies holding me all around. I looked at the walls and the pictures in the hallway as they were moving all around dancing in sequence to my head as it bobbed up and down between the soldiers that were taking me to a white room with one single camera in it and a bedmat on the floor. They threw me in the “quiet room” and shut the door. So much for a warm welcome to my new home.

I woke up in the morning on the floor of the locked room. For some reason when I woke up I was still manic and didn't exactly remember how I got there. I remember sitting in the middle of the room as the camera was training on me from above. I envisioned being imprisoned on an island and starting flashbacks to my “tour” in 2002-2003 and it reminded me of Shepard Pratt all over again. I was sure that being locked in a room on some island was overwhelming, but I wasn't thinking of that, I remembered I was coordinating Robert's fashion show and I had all the information in a box at my parents house. I was more worried about that than the current situation. I don't like to let people down, but I do tend to disappear every once in a while with no warning. This again, was one of those times....

I lay across the floor wrapped in a bed pad around me. I was thinking of all the things I had accomplished up in New York. I had talked with owners from John Sahag, Devechan and Departure Lounge, Oscar Bond salon and spoke to someone at Nick Arrojo Studios. I was coordinating a fashion show and helping Robert my instructor and then all of a sudden I am standing on my car naked in the dead of winter dancing under a full moon. Who would believe me? And if they did how would they understand the full spectrum of the situation. When I woke up that morning to find my new family it was a sign that I needed something I wasn't getting from the universe. I was making light of a new dawn on my life, but everything including my Guides told me that I needed to go through and understand Hell to move forward.

I sat there on the floor trying to put things together, and I still was refusing medicine from the doctors. I felt so strongly about not taking the medicine because for the first time ever in my life I felt complete. Something inside me was opening up and I was embracing it. The feeling of oneness was echoing through my head and I wasn't going to give it up without a fight. I would refuse the medicine until they understood. But no one understood. And each time I refused to take the cocktail that they were pushing on me, they would call 3-4 male nurses to restrain me and inject me with the poison.

I would wake up from a trip 3 times during the day to imitation food and juice and get rushed by the demonic soldiers that tried to break me down piece by piece. My ass was full of bruises and my arms were tired of fighting back by the 3rd day. I looked like a skeleton and my eyes were constantly dilated like saucers. I would dream of a far off place. I was getting abused by powers greater than myself routinely and there was nothing I could do about it.

They changed my status to involuntary and took my shoes away from me in turn for rehab looking blue socks with sticky grip on the bottom. After giving up my fight I surrendered. I realized that being strapped down to a bed screaming and delusional with pictures of Hell running through my head wasn't a good place to be anymore. I started taking 40mg doses of Zyprexa 3 times a day and succumbed to being numb from everything. I still fought back physically with the male nurses that broke me down and realized they're whole job was to come and torture patients because there wasn't any structure for doing so humanely.

I always saw the light through the bleakness of the situation. I knew that this was my path, and I chose it long ago. I needed to experience all of this to turn away and understand the human experience. And that is why I called it a "tour" or anytime I was hospitalized against my will a "tour." Through my tours I gained more knowledge, and I reason this way because I only learn through pain and suffering. I've had many times over horrific moments in my life where I found clarity. And for this curse I have orchestrated my own destruction time and time again. I have built myself up to be torn down, and find something sexy about the process. I have recreated myself over and over and have played many roles in this game. A game that has yet to be won or lost.

I was transferred to another unit in one of my frequent thorozone trips. I believe the unit was called Seneca and that is where I found Alex. Alex was a 6 ft 4' muscular build and carried a black satchel like mine. He was also wearing a long trench wool jacket much like the black leather trench I had. He looked relatively normal to others I saw on the ward. I was automatically drawn to his energy. By this time, I was frantic about getting out of the facility because the fashion show was in 2 more days. Alex was interested in my line of work and we talked about projects that we were both working on before we were admitted. I felt as though he was a protector and would help me through this journey. He did.

We talked about ideas most of the time, society, religion, and mostly how we got on the Seneca Unit. We both had a history of drug use and we both said mutually that we felt we had known each other from before. I wrote down his information in my black satchel and he told me to call him when I left the facility.

"I have some big plans that could help us and others along the way."

Alex had a hearing by a judge that came to the hospital to hear our cases and would decide the fate of us whether we would get committed or be released. After his hearing date I didn't see him, but before he left he said he would come back and get me edible food and chewing gum, which I had missed so much. I was happy to have made a friend given the circumstances and knew he would be back in my life soon enough.

I was left on the ward to try and mingle with others who might be semi-stable. I came across a good percentage of religious fanatics who always had an interesting message to give. I met a 20 year old named Michael, he was tall and skinny and was always carrying a Bible. He told me of a story of waking up in a church after talking to God about a war he was suppose to wage with evil. He said his mission in life was to find the White Knights to lead us into heaven. He was orchestrating this when he came across me. I listened to him talk for hours on end and he showed me symbols of the calling and described to me the 7 heavens of the earth, which he had been to during the conversation with God. He also showed me symbols within the hands that opened up the soul to receive messages from the heavens. This was really fascinating to me and he reassured me if I joined his army he was building he could show me more about the Angels and Guides I told him about from my own experience.

I didn't see the problem with all of the patient's stories like society did. Maybe if we listened to messages we receive instead of discredit them we could and would find true happiness from within. Michael was on a mission just like I was, and we were trying to find the root to where we came from. I was looking for a family, and he was looking for God... now what's the problem with that?

I was still drugged out by all the injections and Zyprexa but I still had an understanding of what was going on. The people I came across and talked to seemed actually good natured and sane. It was the most fucked up realization I had in a long time. All these people were souls who were trying to reach out to the fields of consciousness that spoke to them. But in turn we were labeled with having a mental illness and drugged up in a torture cage. This makes total sense ha! Not really.

I spent about a week and a half on the ward. There was a male nurse who came in everyday that I liked. He brought in a ping-pong table one day and we all had a competition. He also brought in giant blown up bowling pins and a red kickball and we used the long hallway to play bowling. I think his name was Dan and he had a good heart. So here I am playing ping-pong with a bunch of religious fanatics and I started to smile more as I got used to the drugs. Shit this was a legal trip in my book, no acid needed here. I was laughing a lot more and starting reading a Bible that this older black man gave to me as his going away present. I pulled open to Corinthians 10-4 and went over the verse.

"For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds"

I guess that verse meant a lot to me because I still recite it sometimes. It speaks about the war going on between good and evil and having God within you to pull you through. This whole strange course of events was an ongoing battle, but I felt as though I was surviving through ping-pong and bowling. I made the best of the situation even through the family resentments. I really believed that my family was

evil for taking me back to the hospital, a place where I had been before and vowed never to go again. But I guess they really didn't have any choice.

A lawyer came and got me from the ward one day and told me I had a hearing tomorrow at noon and wanted to talk to me about my case. I told her my story and then told her after that I did not want a lawyer to represent me. I told her I was going to represent myself. Not really a good idea, but I felt compelled to do so.

I woke up the next morning groggy and decided to take a bath. I went in the bathroom and locked the door and tried to get hot water from the aging bathroom that was falling apart. I don't think the nurses could find me for some time, they were shouting my name for several minutes and it was approaching noon. The lawyer came to get me and I would not leave the bath. I ignored them pounding on the door and finally a large male nurse came in and grabbed me out of the tub.

"Put some clothes on you have the hearing in less than 3 minutes."

I was rushed over to a conference room with 3 Doctors and my father showed up. I told him I did not want to ever see him and he needed to leave. I told the judges I did not want him present at the hearing and for all I know he is dead to me for bringing me into such a place. I was so angry it hurt.

The judges started asking me questions about the night the police found me and I didn't have the lawyer defend me because I wanted to win this whole process by myself. I went into a long explanation about the people in this hospital have a gift...

"Can't you doctors see that we have the ability to feel and sense things that are really there, you sit across the table and look at me and say to yourself well I don't see this, so this must be dangerous and then you mistreat us. You drug us over and over again until we conform into thinking that we are the insane ones and give us psychotropic medicine that poisons our liver! Where is the humanity in all of this? Can you explain that?"

"Yes we can explain all of this... Adrian you are committed to the Potomac Ridge Institution and have been recognized as being a danger to yourself and others by a panel of 3 doctors. Do you have any questions?"

"Yea, fuck all of you and wait until I find the right medium to talk about what you do to people in facilities like this... you will see one day, hopefully it won't be judgment day."

I left the hearing and saw my father in the hallway on a chair. I told him to fuck off and,

"I never want to have anything to do with this family every again, you can ignore any desire to call me or find me because when I get out of here I will have nothing to do with you or mom."

I ran to a nearby bathroom and shut the door behind me. I had brought the Bible that the guy had given to me and bookmarked the Corinthians verse. I read it out loud and urinated all over the bathroom in disgust for my family and the hearings outcome. I was escorted back to the Seneca Ward where they told me to get my things and I was going to be transferred to the Potomac Unit.

I was acting out against the nurses who then in turn restrained me again, dragged me to the quiet room and shot me full of more thorazine. I woke up on the floor of the Potomac Unit shivering with my black satchel next to me. This unit was larger than all three other units and had more people. I saw older people in there 60s and 70s and people in between around my age. The unit was like a metropolitan, bustling with strange people and people that looked completely normal. Someone came up to me and gave me a wooden crucifix. I was touched again by the symbolism.

I had completely past the fashion show date, and there was nothing I could change about it. I was now apart of the Potomac club and the cross was my VIP pass and now I was fully committed and had no idea how much longer my stay in the facility was going to be. I just knew that given everything I was no longer going back to my physical family. Alex came on to visit me one day with another guy he met on the Seneca Unit, Kenneth. They both brought me cinnamon chewing gum and a subway sandwich.

Alex told me that Kenneth rented him an apartment in a neighborhood in Germantown and he told me when I got out to call him at his new cell number and I could stay there until we figure out what's next. This was my way out of my family. I did not want to go back home or see them for a very long time. I was so hurt by what they did to me by putting me in the psych ward I would not forgive them. So I stayed on the ward for another week.

I did Tie Chi at noon with an instructor that came in everyday to try and balance us out. I really liked down this and got a lot out of it. It made me feel better about everything. That was one of the only parts of the experience that helped. I wrote a list before I got out of things I wanted to do that would change my path into a better direction.

- 1.) Finish hair school
- 2.) Find positive people
- 3.) Follow Guides suggestions
- 4.) Find peace within
- 5.) Do Tia Chi method to center and get back to NY!

I left around the middle of January. My father came to pick me up and I was silent on the ride home. I did not want to talk about anything I knew if I could get home and gather my things in a clandestine manner I could get to Alex's apartment in Germantown and be safe. I did not trust my family anymore. They put me into Hell and I was not going to forget that. I knew strangers in my life to fill the void where my physical family had left for me put my collective family together. I broke the silence and told my father that I was not going to forgive him for putting me back in a facility and to tell my mother when she saw him that I wasn't giving up on my quest for truth and understanding.

I pulled up to our house and ran inside. I started putting things into bags and all my clothes were in trash bags lining up the upstairs hallway. My younger brother was watching me asking where I was going. He was concerned and I told him that I would explain everything one day when it was time. My father came up the stairs and threw the bags in his room shouting at me that if I left I was not allowed to come back. He said that I had put the family through enough for one lifetime and I looked at him in disgust and spit over in his direction. I grabbed my cell phone and cigarettes and managed to get one bag of clothes through the front door and started running towards the bus stop.

I called Alex on my phone and told him I had gotten out. He told me he would pick me up at the shopping center nearby and to wait for 20 minutes. I was running so fast not only to let out my aggression but also to further myself from the home that was making me insane. I wanted to get far from it and never go back. Alex came in a white truck with Kenneth. Kenneth kind of resembled Santa Claus and was in his late 50s and had white hair and a beard. The pair together was very eccentric.

Alex told me the story of how him and Kenneth met in the hospital. Apparently they were very distant cousins of a famous Russian General. They both had figured this out in Potomac Ridge and Kenneth realizing that they were family was willing to help out Alex in anyway shape or form possible. I road down Great Seneca Highway towards Germantown with my newfound collective family and focused on what lay ahead. I had no idea what I was getting into.

Kenneth dropped us off not too far from his own residents in the same apartment complex, The Elms. Alex took my bag of clothes and I told him what was going on with my family. He said,

"Don't worry man, no one understands our kind... but we know we aren't crazy that's all that matters..."

We go into the 3rd floor of this luxury apartment and I notice a middle-eastern guy in the kitchen cooking something. I was introduced to Bassat, and apparently he was living with Alex in the apartment and knew both of them through one of the Units they were on. I felt ok with this, and knew that I had to make the best of it. The only thing in the apartment was a couple guitars and amplifier, a stereo system, and pull

out couch where I was going to sleep on. The two rooms on either side of the living area were bedrooms where Alex and Bassat were living. The only thing I had was 1 bag of clothes, my driver's license and credit card but no cash. I told them if I lived there I could take cash advances off my credit card and buy food to cook, but that was the only thing I could offer.

Alex said if I wanted to go to the Giant grocery store across the street that would be great. So I went with my credit card and started shopping for everything I thought we needed in the apartment from the grocery store. I walked around with a shopping cart full of stuff. I spent over 700 dollars at the store and rolled the cart back to the apartment. Bassat took the bags and organized them into shelves and I started cooking some eggs for dinner. Things seemed ok for now. I had shelter, and good company, and I knew that I wasn't planning on going home anytime soon. My father knew how angry I was and I wasn't going to forgive him, plus they had no idea where I was and I wasn't taking their phone calls. I wasn't ever going back into Hell again.

I lived in the apartment for weeks, played guitar and wrote music with Alex as I got to know both of my roommates more and more. Alex was creative just like I was and had a passion for writing. He had a lot of talents and I really enjoyed the time I spent with him, it was like reuniting with a long lost brother. We also had a lot in common with drug habits. And soon we were taking cash advances out on my credit card for anything we could get our hands on.

It started with stealing methadone from Kenneth's roommates and then it led to morphine pills and amphetamines. Soon we were doing a serious cocktail of drugs daily. I had broken down my values of being clean and sober and soon found myself neck deep in destructive tendencies again. Alex was someone I could do drugs with all day and continue into the night. Cocaine was my drug of choice and he had a really good source for it. It was the best drug for me because it just numbed me just enough not to analyze my surroundings and situation. My father kept calling and leaving messages on my cell. I tried for a little while not to listen to them because I would feel compelled to call him out of guilt. Finally I broke down after 2 months when I got a text from him.

He said he was sorry and he wanted me to come back to the house and start over. I was running out of credit on my card, I had spent over 5000 dollars in a month on drugs, food and fun. I really did not want to go back home but he said I was killing my mother emotionally. I tried to tell him that I was still trying to find my family, a family that understands me and won't put me in psyche wards. I told him I wasn't far away. And I would come home when I was ready. I was having too much fun with Alex and didn't want to come down and go through withdrawal all over again to be with a family that won't accept me. That didn't make any sense at the time.

One day I went with Alex on a field trip. Kenneth drove us to Arlington VA to meet with a photographer at the Atrium apartments looking over DC. He knew this

photographer that he wanted me to help on photo shoots in the DC area. We drove to the luxury condo and took the elevator to the top floor. The photographer let us in and we talked about hair and told him I had recently worked on a fashion show (which I did, but didn't really complete) and he gave me his card. I showed him some of my work on the internet and we talked about some goals for each of us. It was a good meeting and I felt like I had another opportunity thrown at me.

Kenneth drove us home in his truck and I thanked Alex for introducing me to the photographer. Alex said he was trying to help me in anyway possible. He knew when I talked about hair I was very passionate about it... and he understood this. I remember driving through Gaithersburg and told both of them I wanted to go back home, and I needed to physically see my family because it had been over 2 months. We pulled up to my house and told them to come in to meet my family. I don't know what I was thinking.

We came inside since I still had my keys and we sat in the living area opposite from the dining room in the front of the house. I was trying to introduce them to my father who was home at the time. He was talking to Kenneth trying to get a feel for where this Santa Claus man was fitting into the picture. I explained to him that he was renting an apartment for us at no cost. My father wasn't really buying any of this and told them they had to leave for the moment. I told Alex that I would call him later. They left and I began to talk about my great experience living in the apartment. This wasn't going well and he was angry with me still for disappearing. I told him I wanted to go back to hair school and move to NY still and I needed to just sleep here and go back to school for the time being. We agreed on this with conditions, he wanted me to sign my power of attorney over to him for safety reasons.

I wasn't really ready to sign this over so I told him no and remained in the house to try and straighten my life out over the next few days to get back to school. This was a harder task than it sounded. What would I tell people when I went back to school. I really didn't feel like the same person. I was taking several heavy doses of medication that made me feel and sound completely numb to life. I knew I had to try and go back to get to my goals and find that purpose. So a week later with a note from my doctor I went back to Graham Webb to try and complete my hours.

When I went back to school I felt bombarded with questions. Robert wasn't really thrilled that I disappeared right around the fashion show time but gave me a flyer that had my name on it that showed I coordinated the show. I was happy about that but my mind was somewhere else in school. I couldn't focus on my tasks and everyone looked at me like I was a zombie. I didn't feel my energy was giving off the same vibe anymore.

After a couple weeks I told the president of the school that I needed to take a break from school and get my head on straight. I did not know how long that would take but I assured her that I would come back when I was ready. It was sad, and I wasn't

really in the place to know what I was going to do next. I felt like I needed the break though and until I could come back in full force I had to say goodbye to a lot of friends and disappear once again.

I spent a lot of time at home over the next few months and started to write a lot more in journal format. I moved to Arlington VA with my sister because I hated being at the house. I felt there was too much bad energy there and my sister offered to help. She said I could live with her in this transition and figure it out as I went along. I was so happy to be away from Gaithersburg and out of my parent's house. I called Alex once in a while to check in with him and he sounded like he was doing better. I imagine his addiction was still ramping up but I had to get away from it to survive.

I lived off Lee Highway close to Rosslyn and living with my sister again helped me find another direction. She bought me a French easel and told me to paint whenever I needed for an outlet. So I started painting things frequently. I had no training formally in this but still managed to get my messages across. I painted my dreams and recurring themes and thoughts and feelings I came across through my Guides, which still followed me everywhere. The process, which I'll call it was, I would have a dream that left an image in my head I could not get out. I would in turn have to paint the image and then a new one would result. This is the way I've painted and documented events in my life over the past 4 years.

I took small steps during this time to resolve internal conflicts that would come up. I started to accept that I had Bipolar Disorder and wanted to give back to those who had been in any experience like I had. I wound up volunteering for National Alliance on Mental Illness NAMI a non-profit that had it's offices in Arlington VA, conveniently a few miles from where I lived. I spent 3 days a week on the Helpline talking with those who needed information on mental illness. I gave suggestions to all types of problems and difficulties called in with. This gave me a sense of purpose.

I spent about a year volunteering and got certified to be an In Our Own Voice public presenter. I went to police stations and told my story because it was important and informative talking with police officers about dealing with a disorder that mimics a PCP trip. Finding someone naked in the winter trying to enter a house whom was not on drugs wasn't really understandable to most police officers. But anyone with my disorder could look like they are on PCP and might act like it. Instead we are just not medicated and apparently police come into this situation frequently enough where they should be informed. I thought it was a good cause because it happened to me and in some cases people are thrown into jail as a result of acting out behaviors when it's clearly mental illness.

I moved out of Lauren's apartment when she moved in with her future husband Ryan. My parents did not want me to move back home so I found a one-bedroom apartment that they could afford to put me up in. After volunteering for a year I felt stable enough to go back into the hair industry. I applied for an assistant position at

Aveda in Georgetown with intentions of starting school again. I had 1100 hours and needed 400 more to complete Graham Webb. I slowly started to see my direction come back. I was taking my medicine as prescribed and felt like the avenue was opening up again after the Hellish time before.

I started Aveda in August 2007. I had 400 more hours to go and I should have completed my course there in 2005 but the President assured me I could come back when I was ready. The last 2 years since after Potomac Ridge were my training period. I was getting back to center. I had a hefty alcohol problem even when I lived with my sister and it exploded when I moved in alone to my one bedroom and started working in Georgetown. I loved working in the salon though, I loved watching stylists interact and teach me about the industry. I soon found myself networking in bars that I frequented with other stylists partying after work. This was a good time it seemed. But it was starting to add to my addictive personality, and that was just part of my nature.

There was a bar across the street from Aveda in a hotel that I went to every night I got off. I would sit at the bar alone and order tall glasses of whiskey and coke. I would be there until it closed some nights and got up feeling fine for work the next day. This lack of hangover quality was just the beginning. I soon would find myself blacking out and taking cabs home night after night. Again my self-destruction was coming back to haunt me ten fold and I couldn't stop it.

Aside from work I was anxious to get back into school and find my way again. One of the stylists who were coaching me saw this pattern of bad habit and tried to reason with me by telling me I would never become successful if it persisted. I told her that I was ok and that nothing I was doing was unreasonable in my book. It really wasn't until one day I woke up and didn't find my car in the apartment parking lot.

I called the police to report my car as stolen. And I went to sleep the night before thinking that I had parked it in the lot. The officer came and looked for signs of breaking and entering on the ground. She told me that it didn't seem like it was stolen and maybe I had parked it somewhere else. I told her that I parked there last night and now it's gone. She shook her head and took down all the information. I was convinced that someone had stolen my car and needed to get to work because I was late. I called in work and told them what had happened. The officer left and I had no car.

I kept working at Aveda, still no car. I kept my routine diet of Whiskey and coke and bar hopped every time I got off work. I made friends with a bartender at Old Glory because I was in there so much. She gave me straight whiskey even at noon. It was perfect for me, and I soon was back to cocaine to top it off. I spent a lot of money on cocaine. I spent 4600 dollars in a 4-month period just on that one substance. My parents did not know where the money was going but I lied to them and told them stories to try and get more. I was doing coke at work every chance I got. I was always sick with sinus infections and coughing my lungs out from my chain smoking.

I would always end up at a few select bars in Gtown where I knew the employees that sold it. My life was slipping away and I still wasn't seeing it. No one could save me.

One day the police officer that took down my report came in the salon. She told the receptionist that she needed to take me to where my car was because she had found it. I was excited when I left with the police officer but then she asked me this:

"Where you drunk the night you car got stolen?"

I told her I didn't remember and she said that was a sign of the problem. She took me in her cruiser down Wisconsin ave towards the water at the bottom of Georgetown to a parking lot. We got out of the car and there was my silver corolla in between two barriers. She said,

"You see the lines on the ground kid. Those are lines meant for people to park in and your car is sideways taking up two spaces... now tell me the truth, were you drunk the night you parked it here."

"I wasn't drunk someone stole my car and parked it this way"

"Well then why is everything still in the car as you left it 3 months ago? All your CDs, clothes and books... nothing has left that car since you parked it here."

"Officer I do not recall parking it here... "

"Well kid, your car is being towed because the insurance company had already sent you a check for 7500 dollars, so if by chance you still have that money you could buy the car back and be even..."

I had nowhere near the amount to buy back my car. And even if I did buy it back, I thought I'd probably end up getting into a wreck with my drinking binges and it was safer to take cabs anyway. So instead of looking at this like a wake up call. I used my situation to take cabs and get continuously fucked up wherever I wanted to. I kept telling the police officer that I seriously didn't know how the car got there because I was afraid I'd get screwed somehow legally for insurance fraud. Nothing happened with it. They towed the car and I continued to go further in my addiction.

Chapter 6:

I can trace my drug and alcohol use back to 7th grade and ramping up more into my high school years. I was very socially awkward in middle school just as everyone else was I'm sure. I found myself able to open up after drinking or smoking pot. And when this became a regular ritual in my life it was only a matter of time before it caught up to me. Right around 7th grade something happened in my life that I never really could talk to anyone about.

I was in my room late at night trying to go to sleep when a black mass came through my door and knocked me off my bed. I was scared shitless. This mass became more human looking after a while, and even though he didn't speak I could see he was there watching me. That was my first introduction to Lucifer. He would follow me around for years without saying a word. This Guide I did not know was good in nature until later in life when I started hearing the words he spoke. So as a 12 year old adolescent, seeing a black mass that no one hears or sees can become quite the crutch. And by doing drugs and drinking excessively I was desperately trying to tune out what I was seeing and experiencing. I kept the secret close and quiet.

But drugs and alcohol were not the answer in the end. And one night my drinking got me in quite a predicament when I was 14. This experience has plagued me throughout life and I never fully understood why it came down in such a way.

One night I went to a party right before the start of my sophomore year. I was very shy and skinny but I wanted to feel accepted, so I brought a 30 pack of beer to this party of my peers and got wasted. I didn't think anything would happen that night. I didn't think that these peers of mine would use me as a punching bag, break my nose, pour beer on me and spit in my face in front of my friends... but that's what happened. I was a target maybe, and the wonderful reason for crushing my teen years was over a couple of soulless fucks that thought it was funny to dehumanize someone smaller than them. I have pity on them. They are just lost little boys in the big picture... some of them may have time to repent. But I think they are too cowardly to do so even to save themselves in the end.

My life was shattered over the event that came down at the party. Not only did these people do 8500\$ worth of damage to my face, but they all lied about being involved in one-way or another. My parent's took them to court for restitution of my nose and I sat for 9 months on trial with each of these putrid individuals some of them were even considered friends at one point, and I was very confused as to why this happened.

This whole experience catapulted me into further addiction and habitual black outs from alcohol. I did not know how to deal with pain without a substance. It was easier to manage a feeling by controlling the outcome with a drug. I let the attack take my life over as I tried to mend over the years. And as I slipped away to the unconscious, I tried to stay there for as long as possible.

I transferred to Walter Johnson high school in Bethesda MD the next year, after spending a year without social interaction being homeschooled. I thought I could start over and renew myself with someplace that didn't know my story. My junior year I held a 3.7 GPA my third semester of my junior year and took AP classes, I was quiet but did well in school with minimal social interaction. I had few friends and was still using drugs habitually to deal with the post-traumatic stress syndrome I

had developed from the attack. I started making friends when I got more comfortable later in my junior year towards summer.

I began my senior year with a few friends from the summer. And academically throughout the year I was pulling still above average with my grades while I continued to push the boundaries with my drug use. I justified my actions with my grades and again, my parents had no idea what extent the habits were taking control of my life all over again. Then something happened in the middle of my senior year as a result of only alcohol.

I went to a house party where I drank from 430pm until 3am. I blacked out and woke up without my clothes on a bedroom in my friends' house. I was still drunk when I woke up but it was Sunday and we had to go to school the next day. I drove home drunk and passed out the rest of the day until I had to wake up for school the following Monday.

The next morning I woke up and started driving in the rain from Gaithersburg to Bethesda towards Walter Johnson. On the radio was Elliot in the Morning talk show. I kept hearing the people on the radio speaking to me directly and it sounded like they were laughing. I was trying to drive in the rain and they kept making fun of me. Elliot was saying that I was driving too slow asshole and I was going to kill the old lady driving the Chevy in front of me. I turned off the radio and started praying. Something was wrong and I didn't know why this was happening. I was really paranoid when I got to school.

I was running though the halls to try and get to my first period avoiding eye contact with everyone. I sat down in my English class and had this strange feeling come over my body. We were working on our college essays and one of my friends Bijan was trying to get me to read and edit his essay. I read through the story slowly and starting hearing voices all around me laughing again.

I sat in silence and looked around the room. Bijan asked me what was wrong and I could not speak. I leaped out of my chair took my things and ran out of the room. I was so god damn paranoid. I did not know where to run to or what to do. I heard the bell ring for my second period math class. I ran to the classroom and sat down in the back row. My teacher was giving out a math test and I was still breaking down mentally. He handed out the tests and said begin.

I watched everyone in the room take out a pencil and start working out the problems, I could not figure out what we were doing or why I was even there. I approached the desk where my teacher sat and asked him if he could step out into the hallway with me. He looked at me and followed me outside. I looked at him straight in the eyes and said,

"I don't want to lie anymore... I don't want to feel this ANYMORE!" my shout ringing down the hall.

He told me to go closer to the hallway light so he could check something. He looked into my saucer like eyes and they were dilated. He said,

“Wait here Adrian, I’m going to get some help...”

He thought I was overdosing and ran down the hallway towards the main office. The next thing I know I am in a room with the Principal, a health room technician and security and they are all asking me what I took. I told them I hadn’t taken any drugs the last 24 hours, all I did was drink alcohol last night.

They didn’t buy my story and said that they were calling my father; they thought I needed to go to Suburban Hospital to the ER. My body was frail and thin, my eyes were dish plates and no one believed that I wasn’t on drugs. They made me take off some articles of clothing and searched my belongings. The next thing I knew my father had arrived and was rushed into the conference room where all of us were. They told him to take me to the emergency room they thought I was overdosing.

My father grabbed me and took my arm rushing me to the car. I turned catatonic and wasn’t able to respond to his commands. He was trying to save me again and I was fighting the whole drive to the ER. I did not want to go into the hospital, I felt like it was a death sentence. I was being forced through the ER doors as my father was shouting to the people at the desk that he thought I was going to get physical. A police officer took me down and 3 male nurses grabbed my arms and pinned me to a stretcher as I started to scream louder fighting back with all my might.

They took me to an observation room where I was put in 5-point straps and injected with demerol. That wasn’t calming me down though. A doctor came into the room as the nurses were still trying to control the situation and said,

“Adrian we need to give you a test... you have to take a specimen to see what drugs you are on, so use this cup so we can take the sample”

My father came into the room and tried to talk to me...

“Listen there are people out there who aren’t really nice and they are going to hurt you if you don’t listen to them. I am pleading with you to take the sample.”

I looked up at him and told him to fuck off shouting and screaming that he put me in this situation. I urinated all over the table and spit in his face.

“Fuck you!”

3 male nurses rush in the door, and told me not to move because it would hurt more. They put a catheter in my penis with no warning or anesthesia, and I lost it. I screamed in pain and started to hallucinate that the bodies on top of me were from

Hell, and the room was just an observation point within an underground cave system. I wept and sobbed and thought I had died. I thought I was living going to live in Hell forever. I thought my father had given me away to the demons that were torturing me. I could not stop screaming, the pain was rushing all over my body and the catheter slowly drained a specimen for them. I was seeing fire all around me and the bodies in the room seemed to come in and out of view. I was in a sea of people all screaming and moaning.

A beautiful woman came into the room with white light around her. She was recognized as another Guide of mine. She told me to be patient and this whole experience was going to be over in less than a month.

“Just wait Adrian, this is only the beginning...”

The results came back from the lab and they had decided I was not on drugs after all. They took me straight to the psychiatric ward on the top level. Anyone who acted like I did was insane I guess. But I wasn't insane, anyone who tried to stick something down the urethra of anyone's private parts would act just the way I did. They were all insane, but it didn't matter. The process had begun.

I woke up on a long corridor with adults. I was under 17 at the time but they put me in the adult psyche ward in Suburban Hospital. I remember trying to put the pieces back together of what happened in my head. One minute I was in school, and the next in Hell and now I'm walking aimlessly around unstable strangers on a psychiatric ward. I still thought my father gave me away to the demons that were clearly all over the ward. I was frantic, calling out to my father. I was crying and didn't want to live anymore.

“Adrian, your father is downstairs... he will come up shortly and say goodbye to you for the day.”

I was surprised. I really thought he had left me. My father came through the locked doors of the ward and told me that I had to stay there for a while. I screamed at him and told him I wanted to go home.

“Why the fuck did you put me in here, what the hell is this place... did you sell me from your assets!”

“Adrian, I didn't know what was wrong with you or anyone at the school. We thought you had overdosed! “

“Well I'm not on fucken drugs! The test proved it... why the fuck do I have to stay here man?”

“They will not let you leave, so you better act good so you don't have to be here permanently.”

“Fuck you man! Fuck you!

And they escorted him out of the ward. I really thought that this was it. There was no going back, I had finally fucked up my brain enough with the drug use to where they didn't want me in their life anymore. I was lost and hurting all over inside and out. I avoided most people on the ward because I thought they were dangerous. One woman had a stuffed parrot perched on her shoulder and I could never understand what she was yelling about.

Over the next few days I got interviewed by doctors that kept saying I needed to go through ECT, or better known as electroshock therapy. They seemed determined that this would fix everything... what a crock of shit. I wasn't about to get fried and not put up a fight. My parents were trying to get me out of Suburban too. They didn't have a good feeling that the doctors knew what to do and wanted to get me to another hospital.

Everyone still did not know what was wrong with me. I couldn't get to sleep even after been injected and taken oral medicines that were supposed to knock me out. My diagnosis was an anomaly. During the remainder of my stay at Suburban I was in and out of a catatonic like state. I was screaming when I realized I was in there alone on the corridor without my father. I kept thinking that he was trying to get rid of me.

After my parents threatened to sue the hospital if they didn't release me or transfer me to another place I got set free. I was transferred to Children's Hospital in D.C. When I arrived the massive looking structure was situated in the Ghetto. It seemed like the lack of sleep was wearing on my perception of things. My father told me that this place was going to be a better situation.

I was again locked inside a long hallway along with other troubled kids that ranged from 9 to 17. I was still not sleeping. My eyes were still dilated and the doctors kept giving me antihistamines to calm down like Benedryl. For some reason my body kept reacting to the calming effect and I stayed up longer going on day 15 between the two hospitals. I was losing my ability to function and was emotional just like I had been in Suburban. The doctor gave me a math test to determine my state. He made me count backwards in increments of 7 to from 100. I couldn't do it. For one, I was horrible at math and two. I hadn't slept in days and math wasn't the priority for the moment.

He called my family and told them I was a drug addict, which they already knew by now and he wanted to send me to rehab where I could get the right treatment. It was ridiculous. I wasn't doing drugs before I went into Suburban and now they couldn't even treat me. My parents and the doctor decided I needed to go back to The Caron Foundation. It was a rehab I had gone to back when I was 16 years old, and had a very effective program for youth. I managed to say I was willing to go but I knew it wouldn't help me and what I was experiencing.

My father got me from the hospital, still no sleeping it was going on day 19. I was happy to get out of the hallway scene and enjoyed the long drive up to Pennsylvania. We stopped along the way at a steakhouse before I went to admissions. I ate a real meal for once. Not one of the imitation hospital meals they served in the psych wards. He was trying to tell me that everything was going to be ok and I needed to trust him. I was trying to understand my surroundings and what was going on. Children's Hospital kicked me out not because my behavior but because they did not know how to treat someone like me and needed to use my addiction history to give me the boot. We sat in a dimly lit restaurant and thought that the Hell was going to be over. He hugged me and said,

"You had made it this far kid... just keep going."

I held him before we left for Caron Foundation and wept in his arms.

The night was falling and we arrived in Caron Admissions. I now hadn't slept for 21 days. And everything was fine until my father left the grounds of the facility and I started acting up. The teens in the rehab didn't get what was going on with me, and no one really tried to other than the counselors who were watching all of us. I was acting like I had taken PCP and was running around the facility trying to find a way to escape. My peers on my side of the facility thought this was hilarious.

A counselor I had when I was 16 at the rehab was sought after to try and talk with me. She tried to understand what was going on. But was unsuccessful through my outbursts and episodic behavior. I only stayed there a total of a 3 days because they couldn't figure out how to help me and still wasn't sleeping and totally unstable. It was good to revisit that place though. When I was inpatient there at 16 it did help me to understand addiction. But I was again kicked out and when my father picked me up I looked worse off then before.

I was shaking uncontrollably and was hallucinating. Caron Foundation told my father to take me to Greater Baltimore Medical Center where I could be admitted to Sheppard Pratt. The long drive back Pennsylvania I kept trying to talk but was losing the ability to form complete thoughts. I was speaking to my father in 3 or 4 word sentences and periodically crying from the passenger of the car. I was in my own world now. And I didn't think anyone would ever find me.

We arrive at GBMC in Towson MD, and go through the intake process which lasted a couple hours. A doctor shoots me full of demerol and I finally pass out for an hour. I wake up on another long hallway in a 50s style psyche ward. It was seriously like being in a movie. I wrote about my experience there in a journal entry:

The white padded room still flashes in my mind and the metal screen covering the 7 ft window overlooking a dead courtyard below; the only visual aid to help me see a world free from the containment of the hospital. As the moonlight swept over my

face I glanced at the only property I had... my watch that read 337am. This was the 23rd day marked by tallies on the wall beside my bed at Sheppard Pratt Mental Hospital in Towson Maryland and still I could not get to sleep.

Still in a state of complete confusion glancing around the room and dealing with tardive dyskinesia as a result of the over medication, and allergic reaction that the doctors decided to ignore. The eyes remain constantly dilated and bloodshot from the lack of sleep desperately needed for any body to recover. As the time passes I grow more agitated and start to scream, a sound so familiar on the hallway that it just echoes throughout my world.

Full-blown hallucinations torment my confused reality. People come and visit me on a regular basis at night. People that no one see or hear but it seems that I am aware of another plane of existence. A nurse comes into my room to do a bed check and records the behavior on her clipboard. She then continues on her way to the other kids on the hall totally disregarding that I am having another breakdown of some sort. I am throwing things, pacing back and forth and screaming to the people that haunt me in this world I created from within.

I thought if I did something harsh, they might take me out of this place. I run out of the room screaming and knock over everything in my path. Moments later I am pinned down by the demonic Male Nurses that rush me. I am shot full of thiorazine and sent on another trip through the already dysfunctional mind. They lock the door of the "Quiet Room" and pushed head first on a dirty mat on the floor.

The lights dim in the room and a camera in the corner pans to face me to make sure I'm not going to try and commit suicide. My perception of the room slowly begins to diminish as the drug takes effect on my lifeless body sweaty and mangled on the floor. The eyes grow more dilated and the white around my eyes could not be traced. The hallucinations are more intense this time around. Colors of red and blue control the perception of the visual of my new world... I see monsters and horrible graphic murder scenes all around me. These scenes flash before me and then just as quickly disappear.

This pain and cycle I have known for almost a month now is the only way I know how to sleep. I have to do something rash and face abuse and then get injected for my body to sleep. Sick.

Soon I no longer can feel my body and I slowly rise above it looking down from above in a dreamlike state wondering if this is the only way out to escape this prison. Memories of childhood fears flood the mind in a strobe light fashion. A few hours later I manage to look at my watch on my left wrist, it took me 20 minutes to raise my hand. I was so drugged up. I roll over to the locked door of the room and start kicking it furiously.

One of the nice morning nurses comes and unlocks the door and helps me up. During the day there are so many people I come in contact with; social workers, therapists, drug counselors, doctors, nurses people in groups and hopefully my parents will come today. I still can't remember anyone's names but I do recognize faces. I walk around in a catatonic like state and I am not able to communicate with anyone verbally for more than a short period of time. I do however have the ability to write.

I swear that they had been giving me experimental drugs in the morning. Every new pill or vile the meds produce have a different side effect and it changes the whole ability to function all over again. The meds produce side effects that display symptoms of another disease and disorders, which they in turn try to treat by giving me more medication. I'm stuck on another fucken merry-go-round.

I shuffle around up and down the hall to keep moving for fear I might get stuck to the floor and not be able to move again. I thought if I kept moving that my hallucinations of the people that were following me around wouldn't bother me anymore. So from a total of the 4 hospitals I had been sent to in over 22 days, still no sleep and I'm having doctors interview this recoded anomaly. The doctors found it amazing and people kept trying to interview me from all over the hospital.

A military man named Dr. Nuwapa this African American who stood about 7 ft tall and was built like I tank had no time to play games with me, kept talking to me because he thought I had ingested a drug called YaBa that hadn't hit the streets yet. He was trying to get information out of me because he said it was detrimental to the wellbeing of others. I am still in a total drug induced psychosis and had no idea what was going on. I could not help him; I didn't even remember why I was there at this point.

Panic and anxiety haunt me every second as I watch the time go by on my watch. The interview ends and Dr. Nuwapa stamps off down the hall to one of the exits. I didn't remember the conversation I just had with the doctor and thinks I had done something wrong. Nothing in the hospital made sense.

The bathroom was a puzzle itself. The sink only worked through trial and error. One of the bathroom stalls didn't open at all and the only one that did had a blinking light and camera aimed at it. The whole thing seemed like an experiment. There were 2 showers that people could use. When people first got there they made us take ice cold showers until we showed we could wash ourselves, and then we graduated to warm water in the second shower. The showers didn't have drains that worked properly, so the water would eventually leak out into the hall and get on the hallway floor until the nurses would bang on the door only after a 2-minute shower. The game was to prove to the doctors, nurses and people that would decide his fate that I could remain sane under any circumstances. Then they would let you back into the world.

I start writing an essay to give to the doctor that does status reports in the morning. It is a testimony of my ability to function and thoughts on how I got to this point in my long journey. I wrote 3 pages of my thoughts in the most clear and collected way possible to prove to the doctors that I was sane. The doctor looks over the essay and shows it to another nurse. The doctors saw that I had significant improvement and wiped my name off a sign that read "Behavioral Observation" above the nurses' station. They now put me on "stage 1 " and I was given small privileges like being able to go outside the facility with a nurse and take short walks for an hour.

I walk outside and smile as the breeze hits my face. The world looks so different and colorful. I remember being given a drug before I left the hallway and I think I started tripping again off the medicine. I walk over to a purple flower that was illuminating on the grass and stare at the pulsation of light coming from within the petals for the remainder of the hour. I see Lucifer standing under the giant oak tree. I was happy just being outside and looking at all the fluid textures my mind was creating.

The nurse took my hand and awoke me from the daze I was enjoying and we walk back to the facility. I believed I was in Hell and never going to return to life again. And as I got better through sleep and meditation I found myself again. Soon the doctors make a decision that I am to return back into the care of my parents. A day later my family comes and picked me up. My reality was changed forever...

The final analysis was the whole experience was triggered from an alcohol-induced psychosis. And even after going through all of that I still had trouble with drugs and alcohol. I graduated Walter Johnson in 2003. I came back from that "tour" and was back in school for the second half of my senior year. I bounced back effortlessly that time and had no idea what I was going to do after graduation. I did not want to go to college, and did not want to ever spend any time in another school setting again. Right around that time, I met a hairstylist.

Michael was a lot older than me and worked at a salon across from a bar where I used to work at in my parents neighborhood. I would see him across the street chain-smoking as he watched me on my breaks doing the same thing. So soon enough, we ended up meeting and chain-smoking together.

I became very interested in his profession. He had a lot of experience having owned and ran a salon himself in the earlier years. He told me everything about hair and became my mentor in life and to this day. His sarcastic humor and quick-witted remarks could cut through any silence. I looked up to him as a friend and let him into my life.

I thought that doing hair would be the most expressive, artistic, and lucrative art to throw myself into. I soon announced to my parents I wanted to be a stylist and started working at a trendy salon in the neighborhood as an assistant. My parents were reluctant at first to give any thought to the idea. My father took it as a sign that I was gay and I tried to explain to him that it was a field that I would do well in. I

wasn't gay, I was just into the arts, and this was a field where I could use every outlet I had to help others in their own personal look. It made sense to me and I kept hounding my family until they supported the idea. I wasn't going to college so my mother said she would pay for this newborn direction only if I made it through and didn't flake out. I assured her that I would finish.

Chapter 7:

Finishing a program that normal cosmetology students get done in a year and a half took me three years to complete. I ended up walking to Graham Webb everyday from my apartment to Rosslyn. I was working only Sundays at Aveda and was still employed. I was doing cocaine everyday and was riding a bicycle into Georgetown in the rain, cold, it didn't matter, and living without my car was good and bad. I pulled my white bicycle up to an alley and got cocaine whenever I wanted. I was unhealthy, and overweight from the liquor consumption even though I trucked a couple miles back and forth when I got coke. I always thought cocaine addicts were skinny, but it wasn't that way for me. Maybe the balance was off; I was still getting sicker emotionally and mentally each day. I wouldn't go out of my apartment when I was doing cocaine. I would sit and do line after line until my heart was almost coming out of my chest. I became suicidal a little each day but was still managing to go to school to chase that dream of NY and working the celebrity circuit for hair. I remembered my time in NY before my episode and how I got a job without even completing school. I knew I had it in me but no one knew what was going on except my dealers and few Gtown stylists that knew me from the bars where we partied. It almost seemed like most stylists knew cocaine well. It was a drug that was accepted in the industry in most standards. And it made sense to why stylists would be the ultimate culprits for doing this drug.

You have to be able to stand for 12 hours at a time, talk with numerous people and have charisma to pull it all off. Cocaine gives you that false sense of confidence that can carry you on with the energy and drive to back you up. The only problem is you keep wanting more and the more you do the harder the come down and crash when it leaves your system. But I loved it. And it was killing me slowly but steadily and people were starting to notice my frequent nose bleeds at work. It wasn't a secret anymore. I needed to somehow stop.

I was sitting my regular sports bar one day after an early work meeting at Aveda. I came and sat at the empty counter and it was only 11am. The employees were having a work meeting too when I came though the door and I just sat down. I asked them if they were open and another bartender I knew came to pour me a drink. I sat at the bar for an hour between 11 and noon drinking and noticed someone was sitting at a table behind me. I turned around and saw the DC cop that took me to my car. She looked at me and smiled as I gave her a drunken confused gaze. She then got up and left the bar. I asked the bartender why she was in there. And he then turned to me and said that she was a friend with one of the cooks in the kitchen. The

same kitchen I had purchased cocaine from regularly. I then saw my moment of clarity. I thought I had been anonymous in my habits around Gtown. But how could I be with fire engine red hair and always wearing my black Aveda attire. I felt she knew me well and had watched me over the last few months probably buy cocaine at most high-end establishments that I frequented.

I called my dealer who had a delivery service in the city. You could call at any time and get shit within 20 minutes. I was paranoid but I needed my fix now more than ever. The dealer came and picked up from the bar and I told her that if she drove me home I would add an extra 10 for the ride. The car was filled with empty bottles of liquor and a scale. The driver didn't say anything but my dealer asked me why I needed it so early. I told her that it was going to be my last ball and she laughed.

We drove across Key Bridge and stopped at the light turning onto Lee Highway. The driver went through the red light and made way towards my apartment. And then a police siren went off behind us. I turned around and saw my fate in that moment. My dealer shouted giving me orders to take the cocaine she had and stuff it in between the seats. My life was going to end one way or another and I was ready to jump and run out of the car. I did not want to go to jail. And was thinking very silently about running.

The officer came to the window a young guy with sunglasses on. He said we had made a no turn on red and he needed the registration of the driver and the car. My dealer pulled out the paperwork from the glove compartment and the driver gave him his license. He said he would return in a couple minutes. I was going crazy, I was shocked at what was happening but felt it was karma biting me in the ass. The cop took a very long time with the information and when he returned said,

"I see your not from around here you have a address in Philly from your license , just be careful next time your driving in VA... have a nice day...."

Jesus, I grabbed the cocaine stuck in the seat and prayed to God to give me another chance. The driver proceeded to my house and we all laughed about the incident. I gave her the money and told her to lose my number after today because I wasn't doing this shit anymore. She smiled and assured me that I'd be back. I went in my apartment and did the whole ball, turned on the water for my bathtub and sat looking up at the ceiling. I thought about calling Alex and wondered where his life had turned up. I imagined him still popping amphetamines and I needed to come down from the coke. I had his number still and called. I told him I needed morphine to come down off the ball because my heart was going to explode. He said he would be over in less than an hour. He was coming from Kenneth's house in the truck. I sat in the tub and felt utterly disgusted with myself. I had become a full blown coke addict and almost arrested but for some reason I was sitting in a tub trying to get morphine. After all that, I still couldn't stop. I knew Alex would be there shortly and I could finally get some sleep and try and figure out what to do next.

Alex came over and we hung out and did straight lines of morphine pills he also gave me some methadone to take later the next day. I told him everything that happened and we drank Yuengling until late that night. That was the last time I saw him or heard anything from him until months later when I got an email from someone telling me he had overdosed. After I learned of his overdose I felt compelled to change again. I needed to start over and relearn life. I thought I was ready for this change, because I did not want to die.

I called Aveda and talked with a receptionist there I knew well. She knew my history and knew I was in trouble from the signs all over my face when I was working. I told her that I was going to disappear for a month and get help. She wished me the best of luck and told me that I would have a job when I returned. I then called my father and let him in on the whole picture. I told him that I was going to rehab again, and I was going to pay with it with my insurance. He then said that he wasn't going to go to any family weekend or any of that bullshit ... I was doing this on my own. I told him that if he still wanted a son he would understand why.

I left for rehab destined for Warwick Manor in Easton MD. I spent 28 days through Christmas and New Years surrounded by strangers I understood well. Crack Heads, Dope fiends, Pimps, Hookers and general addicts that made my time there entertaining. I met some really interesting people there and made some unique friends. I heard a lot of stories of addiction that people lived through. Strange enough we were all there to tell our stories as grim or hopeful as they were. It was a chance to break the silence, open up and accept ourselves for once. I was coming off of several drugs at once and it really sucked. But coming off them was only a week or so process and the rest was mental. My father sent me a carton of cigarettes, which was nice, and most of the days I had were filled with ongoing drug information classes and relapse prevention plans. After about a month I felt I was ready to come back to my apartment.

I came home and started going to Narcotics Anonymous meetings. I ended up quitting at Aveda because I felt everyone knew too much of my business and I ended up moving to a high rise in the middle of everything in Ballston VA. I moved into a 2 bedroom 2-bath with my new roommate Jay that I met off craigslist. I thought that living with someone else might make things easier. The one bedroom was too much for me. I stayed in Ballston for almost 2 years and went through a couple different salon jobs in DC MD and VA but I was finally licensed! I always remembered the salons back when I was in Manhattan and nothing compared. I wanted to work for a celebrity salon and still stay clean but everywhere I went I always ran into cocaine. I stayed clean living in Ballston for 8-months, I bought a blue motorcycle, which I justified having with my clean time. My parents weren't very thrilled about the purchase but I always wanted to have one.

Things were looking good in life but I had just quit working at an Aveda in Pentagon City and was onto another venture. I stopped going to N.A. meetings and tried working a program by myself. I was itching for a salon that was high end where I

could just get my foot in the door when I came across a brand new celebrity salon in Chevy Chase in Mazza Gallery area. I applied there for an assistant position even though I had my cosmetology license, I just wanted in. I wanted to become departmentalized in cutting and they had a program that did just that.

I interviewed for the position and got the job on the spot. I started working the very next day. The owner was now nationally known as being Michelle Obama's stylist. I thought that this was going to be the one. It was celebrity high-end salons right in the Mazza a very New Yorkish feel for D.C./M.D. border. I fell in love with this salon because the energy it had ... at the beginning. When I met the owner the second week I started I thought he was nice. Although in one instance he had asked me to do a hand massage on one of my coworkers while he was cutting her hair. That's where things got a little tricky.

I sat in front of the client with my hands rose towards her and closed myself around her. He then stopped and said,

"Are you going to fuck her..."

I was shocked and didn't know how to respond. I looked up at him and got really nervous.

"Adrian, are you going to fuck this woman? Because your legs straddling her isn't working for me sir. Let me ask you a question... are you straight Adrian?..."

"Yea, I'm straight" I responded.

Well I can tell that right away by how your sitting... no straight man can have his legs wrapped around a client, we are not a whorehouse here. Adjust your legs! And those shoes and your jeans... don't ever wear those in this salon again... Dress like you mean it!"

I continued the massage and my hands were trembling. I looked up and said,

"You make me really nervous I'm sorry..."

And then he replied,

"Half the battle Adrian is showing up!"

I finished the massage and avoided him the rest of the day. I felt like an idiot. I always had a problem convincing people I was straight but now my boss clearly can see I am from just the way I was sitting. I thought I was going to get fired! The pace in a salon like that is mind blowing. Hustle, hustle, hustle and bend over backwards to kiss ass at the same time. I understand this though but I wasn't really sure if that's what I wanted. This was no place to get centered from within... this was a

place like a pressure cooker and I was in the middle as everyone's bitch. Not really ideal but somehow effective?

It's funny how things work out. One moment I think that being in the most high-end celebrity salon is respected and worth it, it was my chance at a glimpse of any of the NY salons... but it wasn't really me in the end. It was all a show, a façade that's never-ending. I came into the beauty industry for the artistic nature of the beast. I wound up seeing true colors of where all stylists think they need to end up to be happy and successful... but it's all bullshit.

You have the ringleaders that dominate the image and it turns into a celebrity gossip column that spreads like a disease. I'm not saying that there's no creativity but in some places there seems to be a lot of bullshit that some people can deal with and thrive in or crash and burn when they realize what they have to wake up to day in and day out. I didn't have to go to NY to live my original dream. I lived it in DC for less than a month and realized that I was going to continue my quest for the perfect environment.

I know there's a place for me in the industry, but its nowhere near that static I saw. There are true artists that can do hair well and contribute to the growing wave of passion that drives energy, and that's what I like. But what I learned is you can find those serene places anywhere, not just in the high bustle establishments, but likely in the small hidden off beat ones that have just the same talent and less costumes.

During my time at the celebrity salon in Chevy Chase I moved out the apartment in Ballston to an Oxford house on Bellevue Terrace in NWDC. I lived with 9 other addicts in one house. I slipped a couple times when I was living in Ballston and even with the Jay supporting me as a friend and roommate I thought that moving to an Oxford house would be the best place for me to reinstate my recovery. I lived there for a month while I was at the salon. And everyday I went to work I wanted to do cocaine. I was working 11-hour shifts and had no time for anything else and with cocaine I would have been able to handle that job perfectly but it was the most demanding job I've ever had. This was not working out.

I broke down to 2 of my managers about everything that was going on one day in a back office. I sobbed and said I was losing it because I felt like I was doing everything wrong and nothing right. I was really in a bad space and didn't think I could handle the pressure. One of my managers knew my history because I opened up to her at the beginning, and I think she was the only person that understood. I went home that night and thought about everything. I was laying on the floor my joint room on a mattress surrounded by my paintings and thought this was not the life for me. I needed to find a new way to make money and have time for myself. I did not think that working myself into the ground would do well in my future. I wanted to finally be clean and enjoy life.

I called my manager and quit, the dream was finally over.

Chapter 8:

While I was living at the Oxford house, I started searching on the internet for answers to the metaphysical mystery's that were still fresh and developing in my life. I wasn't working after the recent salon fiasco, so I had a lot of time on my hands. I came across The Institute for Spiritual Development a metaphysical church right in NWDC only 3 miles from where I was living. I looked through the church's principals on the website and felt a strong pull to go and see what this was all about. These are the principles of commonality that the church goes by:

We believe in Infinite Intelligence.

We believe that Infinite Intelligence expresses Itself in all existence and in humanity as a manifestation of Divine Love.

We affirm the unity of all life, everywhere.

We believe in communion with all planes of existence, and that meaningful communication flows from this connection.

We affirm the divine right of each individual to seek the Truth in accordance with their consciousness, and that living in harmony with that Truth defines true spirituality.

We affirm that spiritual unfoldment is progressive and unending, and that the doorway to reformation is never closed against any soul.

We believe that the highest morality is contained in the mandate: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

We affirm the personal responsibility of the individual, and that we choose our happiness or unhappiness as we apply the Laws of the Universe.

We affirm that life is eternal, and that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death.

We believe the ultimate expression of God in our life is unconditional love of our neighbors and ourselves.

We accept that the living gifts of Prophecy and Healing, reported in all Sacred Scripture, are an affirmation of Divine Spirit working through us.

I had some misgivings at first being spectacle of a church with such strong ties to the ethereal realm so I was compelled to write the Reverend a long email explaining my experiences to see if this place would be able to address the things I had come into

on my journey. I emailed him and left my number at the bottom and he actually called the very next day.

He reiterated my long email and assured me that these Guides I had come across in my life were real and that most of the congregation had similar experiences to talk about.

“Adrian, from your email I can see that you are very sensitive to life. You are definitely not crazy and a lot of the church members here see and feel what you talked about in your note. Here at ISD we follow life under Christian principles and God, but we also address all the other realms of energy and communication that most people don’t really talk about. I urge you to come to the next service we have and I will speak to you in more length about how this all works... what do you say?”

I felt joy come over my body as I replied,

“I will see you this Sunday.”

A few days later the time had come. I took my motorcycle on a sunny day at the end of December, 4 years had gone by since the contract with Lucifer had ended the terms when I came across the church. I rode my motorcycle down Macarther Blvd and made my way to my new venture. I remember thinking Lucifer was right. 4 years after I had signed away my soul, I had gone through Hell in more ways than one and now the Hell was finally over.

I got to the church and parked my bike, lit a cigarette and smoked patiently as I let in my surroundings. The church was located in a neighborhood off the beaten path in a residential neighborhood and the Chapel was very traditional looking from the outside. I walked up the stairs and opened the door and was greeted by three church members. I had no idea what to expect.

I sat during the service, which consisted of a homily, guided meditation and messages from the church servants. The Reverend gave a lecture on the upcoming winter solstice festival and the congregation sang from hymnal book. There was nothing weird or even remotely scary about this church. I was totally connecting with everything that was going on around me, and all these people were truly strangers that understood me well. I met up with the Reverend after service and we talked more at length about things I was curious about.

He told me not to worry, and I had found the right place. Everyone I had met in the church was welcoming, warm and the energy I saw in peoples’ auras was electrifying. I was really hooked from the beginning, and all my misgivings and fears went away as time went on. I had finally found the family I was looking for.

I continue to go to ISD every Sunday, and I get more out of that particular church than I had ever gotten before in any of my other searches. I knew this was a place I

could grow spiritually, emotionally, and mentally. I had arrived at my spiritual crossroad. I was finally connected once again. And now things were coming into place in my life as I continued to stay clean and no longer had the contract lingering over my head. The psychic energy and messages I was getting from above were all pointing me to stay on this path.

There are numerous events held at ISD. They range from ongoing metaphysical classes that address various helpful lectures to help develop natural born gifts, or just to get more input on finding your own personal truths on this journey. Every two months there is an event called a "Psychic Fair" at ISD where people can get readings with tarot, runes, past life regression, and other arenas where spirits will give people messages through mediums. I was fascinated by this and made it a point to go.

When I came to church there were about 10 or so spiritual mediums lined up in the chapel with different tables. People would sign up with these mediums from referrals or just pick one from the list they had at the door. I had picked a medium named Anna. Her specialty was painting a picture that in turn gave you a message. We only had 15 minutes to spend with each person who we chose so it went by really quickly.

I sat in front of Anna at a table. She asked me to put my signature on the back of the canvass and from there she started painting what she saw and heard from the spirits. I sat in silence as she constructed a message from above. And when she was done she explained what everything meant in her art.

"Wow Adrian, there is a lot going on here. I see that the ideas you have combined with the windy roads that life has taken you is going to perpetuate you to talk about these experiences with a massive audience. Your twists and turns are going to help others along the way and I see you writing a manuscript of some kind... this will be the key to your success. I also see a father like figure guiding you with this whole project, a man with a beard. He will be showing you how to construct this writing. I also see a lot of music around you. Are you a musician?"

"Well I am, and my whole family has some sort of musical background..."

"Well I'm sure your music will be heard in one way or another... good things are going to happen for you, just be patient and listen to your Guides."

I was blown away. She handed me the painting and I went on my way in a total loss of words. She was right on target. I had just moved into another place because I no longer wanted to live at the Oxford house. I moved into an attic on Beecher St in NWDC where my landlord had extensive writing experience and was helping me edit the book that you are reading. Bill had a large white beard and was working with me to develop my story into a book. Anna had saw all of this and painted it as I was starting the manuscript after my move to Bill's. I never told Anna a word of my past

or any of my experiences, she just told me what her Guide's had told her. I still keep the painting that she gave me at the end of the reading, and looked at it for hope and inspiration when I didn't know where my life was going. Someone saw something up there...

I started working on this writing piece bit by bit everyday after she handed me her message. I didn't know if this book would ever become successful but I wanted to let people know what I had been through regardless. Maybe what she saw and painted in her art was true, or maybe not? I wanted to believe it, so I put all my energy into the writing over the next few months while I was living at Bill's. I would meet with Bill every Monday morning until it was ready to show people.

Chapter 9:

I used to want to be a Knight in my early years. The fascination took me over and I drew Knights and castles on the walls of my room. I had a subscription for *Armor* in a collector's magazine and dreamed that one day I might become a Hero. To this day, I have found a place in helping others. I remember in Greek Mythology, the Hero played his role, as someone that went to the depths of Hell in order to experience pain and suffering. And then coming from the darkest of places seemed to value life more as he went about to make things right for someone else. From what I understand, the Hero had to deal with haunting places and bear the brunt of despair, but it was his destiny to overcome and find the courage to survive and save another soul.

This idea, and life I led, brings a new understanding to survival. And by coming out of my own Hell and the Hell that Lucifer had described to me makes me see its purpose. By letting all my experiences be open to anyone who might be living in or going through their own turmoil I am therefore telling people that you can survive this disease and have the most unique experiences imaginable. I strongly believe that my course in life has made me see and understand things one can only feel, accept, and share. And this feeling that unites people to come out and express these trials and tribulations is what brings us closer together in the end.

We are made up by our experiences and feelings that shape and mold us from birth. I used music, art, and writing as an outlet throughout all the turmoil. You can go on the intranet and still find my music and art I produced throughout the years that catches my emotion and wellbeing in melody. I found music to be the most therapeutic tool to open up and release the pain I was living in for many years. I created a voice when I didn't have one. Without the total array of emotions we experience people would be flat and unable to recognize the good times from the bad. In essence we are always free to choose the feelings that stick to us as they grab hold of us without warning everyday...but as we live onward and into the world that we create from within, we are guideless and tend to absorb as much pain, comfort, or humility we can ultimately relate to as self-truths.

I believe my purpose in this lifetime is to go against what society says and talk about the dark truths that people identify with. By taking on a Hero's role, having lived through a lot of pain and misery, and still have an idea that I could save someone or help them through their own troubles is what has driven me to write this book. I no longer have the ability to hold all of this inside so I am just giving it back to the universe as the universe has brought all this on me.

I am not at all angry that such things have come up in my life. I embrace what life puts in front of me daily and have no problem sharing it with anyone who would take the time to listen. I realize having Bipolar disorder, addiction, post-traumatic stress disorder and the many other hidden diseases that live inside us is just a part of my whole being. Anyone who can't see the person I am and have become is not my fault but theirs. And the ones who have literally upended my life and earlier years will have their own price to pay as they shed off their own layers.

I figure my life is connected though a lot of metaphysical layers and presence. Early on, I remember youth as a time of complete freedom. I remember through pictures I drew that I could see the light around others clearly. My Mother showed me these pictures I drew when I was around 5 years of age. The people had so many colors around them and she told me much later in life that I had a gift. And understanding the reminiscence of what was left to develop, I searched for answers to these ongoing experiences I had and from most points of view I could not talk freely about them because they were considered taboo in this sect of life on earth.

As I can try and describe this, the way I see things or visualize objects living and non-living its best understood that each and everything of what I see gives off radiance. Everything has its own light emitting energy from within. I see an outline around everything, and can see the sky emitting shadows on a clear day, and as well as seeing this, I feel this energy consume me at times. I no longer have the ability to see auras as I did when I was younger. But it has turned into something more complex in the current state of consciousness I live in. The perception of reality that I create has several different levels of energy validation and consumption attached to it. People give off their energy in so many ways, through feelings and thoughts and above all their intuition. So you can imagine growing up with these unique symptoms of understanding and not being able to socially function in which everyday people find easy. It just wears on me ten fold. There's nothing more to it.

I always wished people saw and felt my pain. I call this pain because no one understood me growing up and it was Hell in more ways than one to try and relate to people when all of this was going on in the background. I really don't think the word "alone" would cut it to explain my woes. But it helped me to develop and progress into something better through the human experience. All of these lessons I went through were shaping me and pushing me into a bigger direction, which I found in December 2009 when I joined The Institute of Spiritual Development. So in the end, I did land upright and in a place of understanding after the many years of Hell. The contract proved valid from Lucifer. 4 Years ago in 2006, I signed away my

life to let everything come in and accept the fate which I was given. I have been through Hell many times over and still see the light through this history from what I learned, and what it means to me and everyone else for the future.

This experience that I had, the beings that I met that changed the course of living for me gave insight to the world and why we are here. This one section of time is marked by a presence of energy so pure and so radiant that it has never left me. The morning I woke up to try and find a family that was not my own was another chapter in a quest for understanding truths that find people regardless of wherever they end up. It is an ongoing battle for me to search and seek out every avenue that leads me closer to the energy within and above. As I advance in this lifetime to the realm of understanding the light, a light that registers far beyond a physical horizon, I begin to open up each door and accept the terms of my fate.

I am thankful to have people in my life at this point that care and support me. And the people that can see ahead of my steps are the ones I hold closer to save me from destruction all over again. If you could step into the world, which is my mind, you might be afraid to keep living. And if you understood the whole process combined with where I have come from as a human being looking for answers in every area imaginable, you might find yourself finally awake. As we dream we are vulnerable, and when we finally wake to live life one breath at a time we soon accept the sacred contracts that life gives us. These contracts are only valued after each step is taken to progress and finally we are awake to life's haphazard beauty.

To be awake means to live in a manner that defines truth. We can see the truths in our lives that flow in and out of consciousness. And as they are brought to our attention the overall wealth of information and value they portray have an impact on our vision and how we see life and what we make of it. Without the waking moments of life, and the power to change our individual course we might as well be sleeping.

I decided to spend a lot of time asleep in a sense. I was numb to the world without a direct link to reality. The years I spent doing drugs were teaching me a number of things. When I was consumed in self-hatred and disconnected from my center I was again sleeping through what I would ultimately have to deal with when I was awake and clean without the substances. It was almost like I was torturing myself over and over again because everyone has to wake up at some point in between the misery and pages of self-analysis. And we are our own worse critics when it comes to life. And we wake up and go to sleep with ourselves as much as we don't want to continue on, that is the process to which we live by.

When I reflect and look at the paintings I produced in my addiction or mania or life course... there is a feeling that always comes to me as I try and analyze and project my thoughts on canvas. There is always a lot of texture and movement to my art. And there is a reason behind this. We are always in constant motion, thought, and routine as humans. And we tend to identify with things as they explode in front of

us on our path and with movement we are guided by a driving force above that perpetuate us though into all the other areas of life.

Through this creative outlet I magnify the color and textures that lay deep in my reasoning and process. The paintings are a mirror or reflection of what I want to send out to others. It is through them that the beauty outweighs the pain stored deep inside. They are stories within themselves and they all tell the tale of coming a part to then be reconciled later. And being torn a part to come back together is just my ongoing routine I shed light on through my story.

Looking back at everything now I realize that this story is just my view of what happened. My parents and close friends witnessed another version by looking at all this from the outside and they might come to different conclusions. Even though I hated my family through this whole ordeal I would call them everyday when I was hospitalized. They did not know how to handle this as things came up, but they tried to support me even through the worst circumstances imaginable. And for this, I owe so much I could never pay back in a lifetime.

I still pray that I will remain clean and never have to go back into addiction. I know I will probably end up dead like a lot of other friends who have fallen before me if I don't stick to a program. I have to stay clear and remember everything I've been through day in and day out to put a value on my life and what it's worth. Everyday is not easy, I still take my medication and still go through ups and downs as a result of my disease, but I am fully aware of the consequences for my actions and try to stay on track.

And if your wondering about the Guides and where or what they have to say about all of this, they are there with me too and I believe they always be a central part of my life. I feel them and hear them day in and day out. They remain by my side just like any other protector and I owe them only to succeed with the life they watch so closely.

I will always remember the places I've been and the lives I have come to understand in this evolution of self. And I know this journey has a purpose. I never forget that my mania has its place in the world just like anyone or anything else. I just have to keep going... and there's nothing more to it than that.

If you are going through Hell... keep going!

