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Yah, I Am Crazy.

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This book is dedicated to

all who have been hurt

standing up for themselves

, others.

Approximately November 5, 1995

That is as close as I can get it, much has happened since then. It being the date the woman from the sewing machine factory and her mother tried to kill Janet. Add the Masons and you can know why this is coming 9 ½ years after the fact. Once you know of all the high torq players with their agendas you will be amazed that we are all still alive. Janet, and very few others are the only people who don't owe me, whatever, if I can work it will not matter. What I will introduce to you, you will have difficulty believing. These informations, when described truthfully, get me diagnosed as insane.

There are things to describe that occur before the murder attempt. For sanity's sake I am going to try to keep everything in chronological order.

August 1993

A swarm of police come into my bicycle shop and ask me “Why don't you buy and sell used bikes” while a device I call a low frequency calorie burner was pointed at me. To which I replied “it's/it is to hard to prove that they are not stolen”(while vigorously shaking). Calorie burners are resonant projections of electromagnetic focused energies. A projection of sinusoidal, accelerated, high amplitude waveforms is rudely superimposed on the body. The purpose is to enhance, to the point of discernation, subconscious activity. This shows some things, one, that it is easy if you have the right gear, it is just a variation of two radio transmitters. Using it for bicycles, which a lot of people consider “cheap toys”? Pretty low level application of a classified device. Something must be up.

October 1994

Bike-Type moves into new premises at 589 King St. W., just down the street from the sewing machine factory. Lots of girls waiting at the bus stop, looking in, I was single, but nothing happened.

November 1994

I meet Sue. Sue is nice and I like her. We have our fun for a while, but the Masons did not approve. So they made my penis go soft. But it could have been Her, wanting me single. The device used is a variation of the calorie burner. This device and it's relatives occur often in this tale.

First Week of January 1995

Janet comes into my shop, likes what she sees, I like her, WooHoo. I am happy, two cats, a dog, a bicycle shop, and a beautiful girlfriend. Things were a little tight financially, helped along by the fact that I still didn't know of you.

Summer of 1995

Psi-testing, five or six times. Somebody, I think the Masons, were measuring my psi abilities. They would park a van somewhere and measure, against my will. My usual procedure was to make their instruments utter curses. I once projected BoBo's, mother of Duke image very vigorously. Hiding behind that this is a tale and I am completely crazy, I also psyched the flying blender a couple of times. Should I not defend myself from attack? (Editor's note: They came to me (CAME TO ME!) with lethal level weapons (LETHAL LEVEL WEAPONS!) and persisted (PERSISTED!) against a refusal) This was way before the intervention blanket. Now what is this being introduced now, you ask. Yeah, well, it is the very highest frequency suppression field. It is squelching me. It suppresses, on somebody else's will, things like boners, buzzes, stealing pain and all psi activity. Sounds like a easy excuse, sure, for "why can't you do this now and show us". The intervention blanket was finally completely online after many trillions were spent and many scientists were pushed, in the year 2000. I did my best to stop it, but I am only one, now we will suffer and not have what could be ours.

Fall of 1995

One of the girls at the bus stop thinks to supplant Janet. Putting things together later, I think that the girl was jealous of Janet, living a good life with a businessman. So she sprayed Janet with a small amount of a substance, designed to make her very irritable. A ancient family recipe, I think. A larger amount can kill. Not thinking I am in something like a movie plot, I just think it is a personality trait of Janet's. I stand by her anyways, then we get to November 1995.

November 1995

Janet and James pull this stunt which I don't get until 3 years later. James and Janet pretend to come on to each other in front of me. This, I figure out later, is supposed to indicate fidelity. Fuck trickytalk. Anyways, somebody tells me that wearing a green hat means that your girlfriend is sleeping around. So I wear one thinking to mock what Janet and James did, I had not a clue.

Now we come to the murder attempt, The girl, seeing me in that hat, thinks to murder Janet and take her place. My ego suppression training prevented me from seeing that immediately. The girl prepares a highly concentrated amount and sprays both Janet and I while walking from our apartment on 615 King to the shop. The girl's mother was with her, there was a clear facial resemblance.

Over the following couple of days, the girl tried to spray me with the antidote. CSIS, RCMP, somebody worked hard to prevent it. One instance was a female cop placing herself between us two at Bathurst and King. She must have convinced the psychs, cops and Masons that I was going to die without it because she was finally allowed to aerosol an entire intersection that I was going through. If things seem odd it is because I am telling you about things that I only figured out after much painful review.

Janet ends up in the hospital after exhibiting hyperactive behavior. Janet having a art show November 17, I was going through all kinds of things, "what could be causing this". A long list including, performance art?, was she breaking up with me?, flea insecticide?. Two weeks later, on a Sunday, I manage to pull from my memory that there was a spray. This bike mechanic/researcher puts it together, that there is this kind of movie plot action going on.

Janet is extremely sick by this time. I see her in the hospital and her stomach is distended, her legs have lost all tone, she is pastely, and she has cut her hair (more on that later), and has a aversion to metal. I weep and get that used against me.

Things happened fast to a ignorant person. I am only now putting it all together. The dates are relative, not absolute, because I cannot place them precisely enough now.

Ah, fudgiscle. Something happened, I will describe what my senses report. I am meditating, usually stoned during these times. It is my tool and it worked for me. Anyways, I am trying to figure out what is going on and what to do when I sense that Janet is very near death. Massive heart failure, massive glandular malfunctions. A group of people, who I termed the "Circle of Intelligence" appeared

in my vision. A friend, very skillful, was there and said to me “You can help her, but it is going to hurt, you can handle it, laugh (to indicate that it was really going to hurt but I could make it)”. So, not being a callous fuckhead Mason, I immediately replied “Yes”.

Wham, there is the pain I was talking about. Huge. I realize later that I am absorbing all the murder attempt energies, all at once. There is a HUGE flash of light. The circle of intelligence opens a doorway somewhere, I see Janet, she is in bad shape, she barely sees me. I reach in, we grab arms, I pull her through, her life energies flash/zap to where her body is, she lives!

But her person is still in rough shape. The Masons are aware. The Cops are suspicious. Janet's Mom and sisters are going ballistic. The interrogations begin/have started. Though of course no one comes out and says that.

I know of a doctor that can help. There is much resistance because he is not of their brand. I eventually get Janet to him and he makes a prescription. Janet is very sick. I visit Janet in the hospital every day, I bring the medicine for her person. Janet gets dosed with lithium to slow her down. Janet stays at my shop after her first stay in the hospital.. Janet's physical condition is improving but she is very hyperactive and manic still. It took 3 years of medicine to restore her to normal health. The lithium did nothing for her glandular malfunctions. The psychs, cops, Masons, Janet's family are all freaking out, things are extremely difficult for me.

Janet's Mom freaks out one day and puts her back in the hospital. Janet had been showing real improvement with the non-brand medicine. The hospital will not let me take her to see the other doctor, just down the street. Janet's Mom did not realize how bad she was and how much better she was doing. I again, eventually get her back to our campsite and restart the treatment.

Note: red folding chair conversation

By now the Masons are in no holds barred full freakazoid mode. They test me brutally and ruthlessly 24/7. This goes on for years and includes things like, immunological testing that cause me to defecate liquid blood and stool. Brutal tag team tactics were used on this one person's mind. I say that the mind is no less than the body. I have to defend myself even to this day. What motivates the Masons is their amazement that I am surviving their treatment and figuring out what they are doing, with major help from gain control sensitivity, I better tell you about that.

Over a week this average looking guy comes into the shop a couple of times. On his last visit he hands me a very clean 3speed hub while holding his other hand in his pocket and he says “I want you to have this”. Ever since then I have been able to hear, in fact others can hear it, when the resonant

microphones gain sensitivity changes. It changes based on whether there are more or less listeners, or when they are trying harder for their 80 percent. I was one day asked if I would like Janet to have it and I said yes but you will never get a straight answer from her.

The very interesting thing about this guy is that no one and I mean NO ONE knows who he is. He left my shop and vanished, I am told. This is very unusual because there are many who make it their business to know such things, every time. Only myself and maybe Janet have gain control sensitivity. Not even Presidents or Emperors have such a thing without visible apparatus somewhere. So where is this unstoppable technology coming from? Yah, that leaves aliens hanging out with bike mechanics, sure.

The high frequency war, whoever has the highest frequency wins. They can see through other's lower frequency holograms, hear through other's walls and secure areas, Cancel attack bioelectromagnetic waves, all manipulations can be done with the highest frequency.

No one questions my results, they only question my methods. Now, and then, and what will the future hold?

June 6, 1996

I find a place that would be not too bad for a shop and for living for a reasonable price. Julie gives me a deal driving her truck and I move into 404 Queen St. E. The idea of running a business soon becomes apparent as non-happening because the M&ES's are ruthlessly making me succumb to their every whim. Janet is still requiring medication. In this year I had to ride my bicycle to the King Streets in 6 different cities under a very real threat of violence so that the M&ES's could view me as per prophecy. It states "he shall ride in on his ass, humbly". Well, pedaling your ass (bicycle) to all these places seemed to count. But where in the prophecy does it say that I must do that for free. They used terror-tactics to make it happen on some person who had no idea about this God search thing. In this story you will find many things that get explained after the fact, during that; that was mostly in ignorance. So, So, I am thinking I want a million Canadian dollars a minute for what I have called "those rides". I will never get it because I am not God, but that doesn't stop me from invoicing those people in my mind.

August 1, 1997

The first day that I recognized a signal as a signal, other than as a very small child with my genetic parents. Thump-Thump. Gerry pounds on the floor above me in response to a question I asked a cop driving by outside the window, Yah, I am crazy. The question being, “do you know what a green hat means?” I realized suddenly that this was at least a binary language and thought, against violent interference, “that this is how they are fucking me”.

They and others eventually figured out what it took to help Janet and called me a hero until I started bringing up the point, well, who is the villain then?

Things get worse for me. I get whipped through the streets so that the Masons can view me. The cat gets murdered by superstitious Masons about this time. Targ was mostly black. The immunological testing is still going on, many varieties tested. I am streaming blood when I poop. The hemorrhoids are a result, not a cause. I am not allowed to do anything other than concentrate only on Mason desires, they don't let me work a paying job. I eat at the charity next door.

The Year 1998

Janet is showing signs of recovery. I am working hard to put food on the table and a roof over the head. And also working very hard figuring out everything the Masons and Eastern Stars and the voices want me to figure out. You see, they think a King has to assimilate a certain body of knowledge and they really don't give a fuck about the person's needs and desires.

The Year 1999

The Year 2000

The year I broke, anyone under repeated attack breaks eventually. And let me tell you why I can still love human-beings even after that. In March of 2000 a friend smoked a puff with me and that was the last time I was able to experience why people can suffer pain (because there is occasional pleasure).

This year I was diagnosed with mental illness, August, it was. The Testings and Trainings were killing me, and it slowly seemed to be that Janet's postings were incredibly bad to certain people, but in a sneaky, non-obvious kind of way. It took me, ignorant in this hidden secret and tricky language, years to understand a hidden message was there at all. It looked like pictures of bicycles and flowers to me.

Anyways, when I asked Janet about these images, screensaver scans and so on, she looked to the right and said in a low voice, once, "this is not me". At least I think I heard that. Janet then launched into the most scariest speech I have ever heard a human say. The intonations to a trained ear and words that a frightened mind can not recall. I had to leave.

Where did I go?, and with my dog, couldn't leave him there, non-habitable for my kind. I took a bottle of water and walked, out. How could I tell anyone that Janet was using the Mason and Eastern Star religious psychosis to make incredibly bad commands, all the worst because these people are fooled into thinking I am Holy, and even though I am provably ignorant and incapable of even knowing the existence and scope and depth of these commands. These commands hurt people. Could not tell the cops, they are (censored), so I wandered a while and eventually ended up at the place that had held Janet in the beginning. Walked in and said, and because that was the only thing to say, said, "I am having paranoias and delusions that are killing me". That speech landed me 30 days behind locked doors for assessments. It wasn't the worst and they let me have vegetarian food. It seems that admitting insanity clearly seems to change a person's status with the Masons etc. It seems that I can speak God's absolute truth provided I preface and end it with "I am batshit crazy". I get out of the hospital after awhile and go home, and to Janet. But it is gone, I can't be with her. We eventually manage to be in the same bed together (non-sexually) but it ends for good April Fool's of next year.

The Year 2001

The year a Government recognizes that I am damaged goods. They don't officially recognize why I am damaged, but that for some reason I am a mental disaster.

The Year 2002

I get the be-Jesus scared out of me. By this time I am on a second Government pension and the first support program thinks I received a certain 10 thousand when I did not. It eventually straightened out but it made me wonder.

The Year 2003

The Year 2004

The Year 2005

The Year 2006

The year I delivered 4 out of eight theses. 2 in General Philosophy, one day, and 2 in , believe it or not, Women's Law. I was about to speak the last 4, they were next on the tongue to come out, and at that particular moment I lost my License to think at that level. It was as they got enough to give me an apparent degree but they wanted to save it, for what I do not know. There are 4 more Women's Law theses in here but with my abilities limited I can not work at that level just anytime I want to. It has not been at whole waste this time for me. With my degree I got rank in the electronic hierarchy which saves me from the usual bio-electronic attacks by those in authority. Not to provoke, It just does not happen anymore, but I know when you are trying to do so.

The Year 2007

November 16th, Terry and Neville help me move to Hamilton to an apartment. I goes pretty smooth but it makes my presidentially supplied hemorrhoids hurt.

The Year 2008

The Year 2009

September 1st, I buy a cheap house. It needs work, but I gets it done with the help of various Government programs. Tip from time ahead, "It is basically quite a good zoo enclosure at the present".

The Year 2010

December 2011

Well Well, my readers may want updates, I don't know how to fix the fonts. For instance an attempt of the calorie burner was just used, as I type. It did not work more than a signatory amount and it has not worked since I delivered 4 out of my 8 theses.

I have come to realize that the guy, who claimed the idea for Black People, was nearly perfectly correct . It was a plot, a definite scam, a play, but the only thing he got wrong was the author. It was not myself, it was God. His idea was right, he just needed to think bigger because that is where it was.

I have also come to realize what I am, how my life shall be spent. Let me drop a point past ya, God is coming. He does not want to land in a load of shit, such as what the Masons and Eastern Stars are. I am Point and Advance Decoy for God, I am here to find shitheads who would attack God and basically take their hits thus proving their intent, capability and willingness to attack a person who they mistakenly think is God. I have survived these hits so far because I am protected also by the future people (as referenced on my website).

God had many purposes sending one of his best volunteers back in time. The Black People's idea saying that the whole show of Janet basically dying and having a full \$1500 recovery. This, to

entertain Westerners with a show of mighty Chinese Medicinal Power was about yes correct. God needed a Western documented case that they could not deny. Janet, visions say, was also a volunteer, but she went sour.

Since I have been at these pages last, I have found that my memories have been keyed to specific occurrences in my blocked, memory-wise past. It seems that my real memories were neuro hacked when I went into the C.A.S. again at 12 years old and memories of a fairly normal but somewhat shitty childhood were planted. The manipulators kept the keys to my real memories though. Here it where it gets interesting, the voices tell me that when I visualize a memory that they could not obtain by other means, that trapped children get freed, It seems that there was this cult that seeks to spread by cruelty and they are forcing these kids to be monsters and to propagate down the time chain and seek specifically out to fuck with God keeping the peace, outright hidden treason. And the obvious, wrecking children. I, as you might guess, have worked very hard to extract these memories, sights, patterns, smells, tastes, reflections, touch, voices, it has been hard but there is no buts, you just do it.

The intervention blanket runs all the time, apparently credit goes Janet but that could be just the psychs focusing my anger at her. It interferes with my ejaculations. It is always in opposition to my mind, the discrepancy between what those who watch and listen bring in, and what I bring in. And I have been taking a anti-psycotic for years because if I don't declare insanity these people who I have to deal with will make it that way.

More you should know.

The Arena, evidence however collected is admissible, if it conflicts with Mason you have a fight on your hands getting it recognized. The Masons don't mind that you are suffering while it soaks through their skulls. The truth is a spectacle for the callous fans in the stands. Every detail is wrung out with violent passion. Blood, sweat and tears never satiate the audience, you are used until there looks like there is only one escape.

Aggressors working in shifts, high amplitude calorie burners, gain control corresponding to the roar of the crowd. Truth is not enough.

There are people who hope to advance their agendas by affecting the cattle brought before crowd. Only recently and partially have I shown to the crowd that they have immediate neighbors.

A Definition.

“Twenty second people”, people who can figure out or find five different ways in twenty seconds something about anything. The arena consists mostly of these people. Most runs occur in under a second.

The arena notices things like if you attempt to refuse to discuss something; that is a admission of guilt. If you try to divert, again guilt. Crying=guilt, pains=guilt, anything other than full on counter-attack is considered a admission of guilt, be angry, you have every right, though be careful, and it looks like what is truth. Also of note is fear and/or surprise, every reaction, every change of anything will be forcefully accused of meaning something.

If you can be made to say that you learned a lesson, then it's that you have done something wrong to have learned from.