

Well that was amazing. As the days went by the tree began to look like trees again, the clouds like clouds and soon all the outside world was the same. To me I knew what I should do. I did not know what I should do on a big scale, but I knew what to do as each day unfolded. Like when I went to a gathering I wore a suit instead of casual wear. Those around me would not say why did you wear a suit to this gathering, they would say how nice I looked. After a while I figured I should be an example. That anyone could examine and find no fault. Yes, that was my goal to be examined by anyone and have no fault other than maybe being a little fat. OK so eating too much is a fault. But I am human so I must have faults. I settled on minimizing my faults or having faults that did not hurt others or take away from others doing what they wanted to do.

A couple weeks after the man appeared again I sat down to write about what my life had been before the man appeared. But this time when I wrote about the bad decisions I made I did not put it as myself writing but as if I was someone on the outside observing someone who was making bad decisions then witnessing the results of them. The difference is this time I saw my self will had led me to misery but I did not have to repeat any of it.

This time the man did not appear again and I thought It would be nice if someone would read what I wrote like the man who appeared who knew what I wrote seemed to care and I wondered if I could seek out a man like him. But as I said the man did not return. I thought to seek out a pastor, a man of God who may help me sort out all these new thoughts and things I had to write down. I went to the corner church. A pretty big church at that. The church my friends and their parents went to but I never thought enough to go. It was a regular weekday afternoon and as I walked thought the halls I saw a man who may point me in the right direction. I said excuse me. He said yes how can I help you. I said please read this and tell me what you think. He took it and read it. He then escorted me to a huge auditorium and said please sit here someone will come to talk to you.

About a half hour went by and no one came. It was about 5 pm. I sat there as he had told me to for another 30 minutes. Then a person came in wearing a suit. Then another, then a couple well dressed. Within the next 20 minutes the entire auditorium was filled with well dressed people until there were no seats left and the others that came in had to stand. A few minutes later then the lights dimmed very low. A spot light came on and the curtain on stage opened. A group of musicians with their instruments came out and proceeded to play the most beautiful music I had ever heard that lasted until late at night. When it ended all the people left but no one had come to meet me.

I thought that was pretty cool. As the days went by I was ready to do all the things I did before but not do all the things I did before. Not as if I had a choice. It was like a hot stove. As an infant one might reach for a hot stove. But a tiny bit of wisdom that comes with experience the next time the same infant would no way reach and make that mistake again. All my decisions and plans were just as clear and simple as that.

I found out soon that instantly knowing the correct decision did not equal to wealth as I was hoping this new-found power and clarity would bring. I was not given that kind of decision power. Neither was I given the kind of decision power to investigate, invent, experiment or study things that made new industry developments or anything that lead to success. One thing it did learn is to lose an argument or to lose at anything was voluntary and many times the best way to win. My decisions led me to move from mom's house in a few short weeks.

I rented a small warehouse and started doing work. At this time I had no money left after getting into a ware house and getting situated, but it was a priority to have a center for my new industrial life revolution. I lived in that warehouse where I ate cabbage and onions. That to me was exactly a super success I could achieve on my own. Later at a gathering while there in my suit I boasted how wonderful it was to be king having

cabbage and onions living in a warehouse.

For my first pay checks I put together and old bike with a basket in the front and peddled around the neighborhoods handing out fliers on the front doors of homes advertising tree trimming. I did not have a phone so there was no phone number on the flier. Instead I would knock on the door and after failing to get any work I decided it must be my mission to just knock on peoples door and hand out tree trimming fliers without trying to sell tree trimming. So I knocked on the next door and when a person opened it I just said "Hello, may I give you a flier?" If the said yes I would hand over the flier, say thank you and walk away. For some reason not many said no, I do not want a flier.

A few handed out fliers later as I was walking away the homeowner asked "How do I get a hold of you, there is no phone number?" I replied I can come back anytime you want. he first customer then showed me two dead trees in his yard, we negotiated a price then I cut them down with bow saw. I carried a bow saw, a rake, some rope an garbage bags in the front basket of my bike. When I was done I took each log and cut up branches in the basket and set them on the ground at a vacant lot along a four lane highway. I took a rigid nice looking piece of cardboard from a dumpster and wrote firewood \$20.00 After I got all the logs moved from my first customer's house a block away piled up neatly on the side of the highway I put out my sign and sat there until a car pulled up and said how much firewood for \$20? I said as much as you can fit in your trunk. This repeated over a bout three hours filling 5 or more cars trunks. By now it was about 10 at night and I was tired. What a wonderful days end going home to my own space to eat cabbage and onions and rest.