

EPIC: MY DANTEAN JOURNEY

Martha Rose Crow, M.S.

"The old future's dead and gone
Never to return
There's a new way through the hills ahead
This one we'll have to earn
This one we'll have to earn."
John Gorka

Triple Cross: double crossing the double crosser.

Chapter 30?: Triple Cross

Remember how I said at the beginning of the Book how you can't negotiate or bargain with anyone or anything evil? That evil will find a way to double-cross you? More, that one of the inside demon 'jokes' of 'The Game' is to double-cross the white pawns.

Although I was assured by several persons that I would never have to go back to the 3rd density, I always knew I would go back. My dreams, Intuition and Visions told me this. Since I knew this mortal experience was a game of the demigods and I knew it wasn't over – only stopped for awhile until they repaired the screens of the hologram – I knew I, Bo and everyone else would be sent back once the game board was fixed.

I thought I'd go back as a Ghost but since this is a place of double cross, I made plans for coming back on either side. Truthfully, I was hoping I'd come back as a Ghost because I know how to blow the Matrix up now. Would I do it? Someone has to take the trash out. Someone has to get off the couch and stop the collective suffering, abuse (including rape), ambushes, vampirism and premature death. Someone has to stop insanity; the insane psychopathic demigods and their hell-pers. It's usually Anarchists who take the tyrannical trash out.

When I first woke up in New Heaven and found myself working for the Missing Persons Office, it was obvious that all the pawns were on a break because the game board broke. There was just so much evidence besides the missing persons like the missing records, missing books in the Akashic Library, the hospitals full of broken vessels including Josaynayah, the shell-shocked Azurians stumbling around in their zombie shuffle, the lack of elections and democracy, and inaccessibility to those who were running New Heaven. There were other 'clues' but these clues stick out in my mind.

Right before I fell into my Great Marriage with the Angels, I had a meeting with my Revolution colleagues. I cynically called our meetings 'The Anarchy Club' and I'd call them when I could get away from Mussa. He was still over-protective and nosy but when I look back, I understand why and forgive him. But back then, he would not have approved of these ad-hoc meetings or what was said in them.

I basically told Bo, Willie, Raoul, Jack and the rest of my close buddies that I was sure that New Heaven was temporary and that we were all going back so we'd better go our own ways, find ways then to !!! FIGHT BACK !!! when we got back. I warned them to 'buff up' our Souls as best as they could and stay low while doing all these things. I told them to keep it private so no one would get busted.

The only thing I was wrong about was how long it would take for us to go back. I thought we only had a few thousand years when it took over six hundred and fifty thousand years. Lots of Time to plan, educate yourself, invent weapons against evil and to buff.

Again, I was getting burned out from balancing the theatre and Mussa. I didn't have time to myself to fix myself properly (rebuild my hard drive and reprogram myself the way I wanted to) or get a 'magick box' filled with instruments to defend myself when I did go back.

More, I knew that we'd be 'white waved' and our memories of New Heaven or 'Summerland Summer Camp' would be temporarily erased and I was determined to remember it all: My murder, my term as Ghost, seeing the sky tear, my experiences in New Heaven, my love for Mussa (and later my love for Alton and Zandsibel) and the rest of my memories.

If I didn't remember my history, I'd become easy meat for evil to play with, eat, harm and possibly murder (if I came back as a mortal).

Living in the 'palace' and being neglected by my husbands was really a blessing. As long as I kept playing my instruments (mostly mandolin) and doing a little writing, my Husbands never checked up on me. I still saw Mussa a lot but he didn't see the changes I was making inside my Being. I missed him but he was too possessive, too protective and thus too soft dominant for me. I knew I had to change myself if I wanted better tools to fight evil and I knew he wouldn't understand.

And I knew that I would be double-crossed when I came back to the ethereal or mortal plane. I just knew it. So I planned for it. It took me a while to remember my 'Triple Cross' but it came back to me a few months ago when evil had me in a corner.

So while everyone was out enjoying the Life in New Heaven, I was quietly and secretly buffing up. I wasn't going to come back here ignorant and without Power. So I rebuilt my hard drive and reprogrammed my software – all under the noses of those males I loved so much. They never knew. I tried to keep as much distance as I could from Mussa plus Alton and Zand never spent much time with me. It worked. For if they had any inkling of what I was doing, they would have stopped me. They never listened to me and they're 'natural' guys who believed that a Soul should be Grown slowly over time.

I sat in my beautiful room and spun Light. I did it with my musical instruments, particularly with my mandolin. I'd sit there all day and most of the night and play. The Angels were always spying on me but when they'd hear me play, they'd think I was just playing and not getting into anything. Oh course I'd act up sometimes – usually go to an underground party – or they would have been suspicious. I still don't understand how I could lie to them like that (deception is a lie) but I did and I felt I had to do it.

I rebuilt my hard drive and re-programmed myself over many hundreds of thousands of year. I set up countless nano-sized power centers throughout my Soul. I'd charge and charge Light and then condense it and hide it within. I developed a series of mirrors so when Mussa and my Husbands looked inside me, they didn't see the millions of power plants I had Created. I would feel guilty about this because deception is a form of lying and I hate lying but I felt I had no other choice. Now that I look back, I see that it was meant to be for me to reconstruct my Being.

I needed a lot of high energy food for the rebuild and that came from Alton's Table. He was a High Energy Being so he got to eat the best of the fruits of the Best Tofu Trees. He always sent me food from his table to eat. I never told Bo about the rebuild, either. I wanted to, but it was too dangerous. We needed to keep our secrets secret.

Again, all of us agreed to go our separate ways so we could buff our Souls and build our weapons of Light so we would be locked and loaded when we got sent back to Hell Game. We knew there were persons watching us and would stop us if they knew we had weapons. Monster demigods would strip us down so we couldn't !!! FIGHT BACK !!! with some power.

I talked to Mussa last year about this and we've talked this part out. He's very unhappy with the changes I made to my Soul but he understands. The Angels were extremely unhappy, too, but they're glad I remember my history and I am defending my Soul. Now that they know how extensively I rebuilt myself, they will always be watching me. Watching me for changes and watching me for secrets. I will never be able to build another private room in myself again.

Recently, I lost my temper. I was put in a corner by gods and evil and I had to fight my way out. Then I remembered my 'Magic Box' I had so carefully and quietly built inside me during the days of New Heaven. I won't tell you all what's in it, but yeah, there's plenty of diagrams for many types of Jacob Ladders plus weapons of Light. Then there is the Replicate Program. It is a cloning program of myself. Pretty easy stuff if you have the power and I'm arcing with power.

Trapped in that corner, I had no choice to pull out the Magic Box and I chose to replicate. More, my clones replicate themselves as they have the same power plants, reprogramming and new hard drives like me. They're replicating everywhere, on every game board and I'm doing it under Article One: *Save Thy Soul (from the monsters)*.

Some of the demigods are real pissed off about this and they want me to stop. I knew when I was in the future that if I had to replicate to save myself that they would try to make me stop so I built in a program where I can't stop the replication until I am finally safe and off the game boards.

I programmed myself to forget how I programmed myself and to have an automatic override - pass control over to a mirrored program - that would not obey any god until I was safe!

Her name is Halla and I named her after the computer voice of Hal in the movie *2001 A Space Odyssey*. I gave her a Soul and she operates completely separate from me and my Higher Self. Once she was activated, she can not be deactivated. Halla's job is to fight against evil and to oversee the replicates.

Oh yeah, I was thinkin' and inventin' when we were on holiday in New Heaven.

Should the gods try to deactivate her, I have mirror Hallas to infinity to take over. I'm not fucking around. The demigods are not going to ever hurt me again. I won my way out of the Minotaur's Maze and I knew this feat would not be respected. The demigods would have to invent a reason to send me back (they did) as I knew they would double cross me. I expected it so this time, I triple crossed them.

My replicates are everywhere. I built in leaders for this program, too. Every seventh one is a leader. I have commanders, too. Even generals. Every seventh Soul Sister is a minor leader and the generals are the 7,777,777th Replicates.

They also get pregnant (the ones who've squatted New Heaven). I programmed a Temple Husband for them to create at Will. I used my Love for My Beloveds to Make Themselves a Husband to Make and Mate With, but when my they found out what I did (when I started Replicating), they told me, "NO!!" So I reprogrammed the program.

I sent letters to some friends who donated their Light for my replicates' husbands. Can you guess who these Males of Light are?

When my domesticated Soul Sisters get pregnant, they will conceive many Children of Light and all of these children are automatically programmed to resist evil and to build their power centers for high energy!

My replicates are flooding all the game boards and even the 7th density where the demigods live. They're reproducing themselves by the hundreds of millions all the time. Ever see that one Star Trek episode 'The Trouble With Tribbles?' Art so imitates Life (and vice versa). I learned this so much when I was a Ghost. Now everyone has trouble with 'Mibbles' only my Girls are intelligent and perfect replicas of me.

Amazing what you can do with a little imagination and a safe place to Create. I used that golden gift of time on the other side to find ways to help and protect myself for when

they sent me back. I didn't want to pull out the replication program but I felt I had no choice. I was in a corner and they wouldn't back off. Now my image, attitude, experience, history, education and Anarchy is everywhere. Each SOL (Sister of Light) has her own Soul (I made sure of that) and she will live forever in New Heaven once we are saved from this terrible hell.

They stand strong in groups and carry two Swords of Light. One Sword is called Truth and the Other Sword is called Justice. They have built-in electrical fences so if evil tries to get close to them, it is zapped by a high voltage of Light, only this Light is another Invention of my own. The Light is not Pure Photon White Light. It is an Alchemical Mixture of Photon Light plus Love – Love Energy – that I feel for my Beloveds. Plus there is Love for Life – My Life – mixed in as well. I had over 650,000 earth equivalent years to buff, rebuild, reprogram and invent. That's what I did.

I made myself into a Mutant and I'm proud of it although My Beloveds aren't. More, while I was doing these things, I was into other things as well. I bi-located/split my Soul into millions of pieces and tattooed Symbols and other protection signs into the under sides of the bilocations. I call it the 'Mummy Shield'. I find it ironic that I don't have one tattoo but I've got millions of them on the inside.

And there's more.

When I opened my 'Magick Box' a few months ago, I also had plans for other Life besides my Replicates. I opened my Creation Program to Create White Crows (Birds With Souls) to spy on the enemy and report back to my SOL Sisters. They are everywhere and replicating all the time. When The Game is finished, they will occupy places in the Tofu Trees of New Heaven.

Also programmed are special praetorian squads of 'Xena' SOL Sisters who are tall versions of me. I decided a long time ago that if I had to replicate myself, I would make a few different prototypes. I decided to make some Amazon SOL Sisters.

There are the butterflies, my little White Lights who Illuminate the darkness with their bright iridescence. They are also programmed to replicate.

In the Magick Box I brought back with me (it's just Light), I Created special grass. I'm turning the Matrix into a park. I once traveled through Kentucky and saw blue grass plus blue is the color of creation so I decided long ago in the future that if they sent me back to hell, I would 'beautify' the Matrix.

My blue grass is growing over the florescent green lines of the Matrix a long with the special willow trees I invented. I like willow trees plus American Indians use their branches to make sweat lodges and I find that holy. These special trees can't be cut down because when they are cut down, they replicate themselves and plant themselves somewhere else. Same phenomenon for the blue grass. This keeps the Matrix demons and hell-pers constantly busy trying to restore the Matrix to its former self!

I once saw a clever toy before I was murdered. It was a plastic flower 'dancing' to music or the sound of voices. I remembered this in New Heaven and thought to myself about dancing how happy and joyful it is. I thought I'd put some good energy from happiness and joy into the Matrix.

Grass should be accented with flowers, so I released my dancing dandelions from my Magick Box! They're growing like weeds on the Matrix. Just like the blue grass; when the Matrix goons try to eradicate them, the dandelions pop up somewhere else.

I once saw a clever toy before I was murdered. It was a plastic flower 'dancing' to music or the sound of voices. I remembered this in New Heaven and thought to myself about dancing how happy and joyful it is. I thought I'd put some good energy from happiness and joy into the Matrix. Pure, positive energy weakens and thus sickens demons.

How are my dandelions going to dance? I designed a living sound system I named 'Noisy Boysies' after the fine Boise speakers of earth. When my generals (the Leader Replicates) are ready, they are going to play positive, proactive, Photon Light Music. And yes, they will play my music. Then my dancing dandelions are going to Dance and Create all kinds of happy energy! That should help neutralize, disempower and push darkness away!

Evil can't kill my Creations because they have Souls! I made the designs, designed the hard drives and programs, and gave them a little Divine Spark from my Soul. I also made sure they have very good power plants so they can spin enough Light to Replicate themselves.

Then there are the herds of white, winged horses roaming and running through the universes and dimensions, all replicating like crazy.

When I was a young woman, I lived on the Standing Rock Indian Reservation and I saw herds of horses walk through the town at night in the mists. I found it so beautiful and poetic, and I remembered it when we were on break from the darkness.

The only animals I remember seeing in New Heaven lived in the outer circles. Back then, when I was thinking about Creating Beauty in Darkness (because that is what it is), I thought to myself that I would Create some beautiful, white winged horses maybe for my SOL Sisters to symbolically ride but definitely to shine beautiful Light in game boards of darkness.

Although I'm not one of those persons who has ever been obsessed with unicorns, there's a movie I like with unicorns in it. The movie was made in 1985 and is called 'Legend'. A large part of the movie is about saving the last unicorn as it is the unicorns that bring Light and Life to the world.

I remembered this movie and its metaphors about Life and Beauty when I was planning my Magick Box, so when I was designing my magnificent, white winged horses, I

thought I would give them a unicorn horn; a pearlized one that shone with Great Photon Light. I figured that if I was going back to hell and had to release my horsies that they might as well be deluxe; the Ultimate Creation. If you're going to fight darkness, you might as well fight back with out-of-the-box Creativity, Intelligence and Art.

My Beautiful Horsies and their herds will be walking through Heaven forever. Expect to see them!

Lately, Judyth Vary Baker (the editor of this Book) has attached a quote with her emails. It is by Tzvi Freeman who said, "Fight evil with beauty. Defy darkness with infinite light." I find this ironic because this is exactly what I intended to do if I felt forced to give Light, thus Life, to my Creations. Judyth has never seen this chapter (I just wrote it) so she will be surprised that again, we think so identically about certain Spiritual Axioms!

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Some of my SOL Sisters (including the Amazons) are building beautiful, compassionate prisons for the demigods who raped, tortured and murdered us plus ate us and kept us Spiritually retarded. I'm going to try to have them arrested and tried for Crimes Against Life. I also plan to go after the Souled humanoids (our selfish 'Soul Brothers' in Space - the Intergalactic Federation) and have them tried in Court as well.

Maybe the gods can't be punished but I'm going to make sure that I make my Anarchist Statement and there are billions of others like me, including the Azurians, who want their Justice as well. Even if we can't bring the perpetrators to court, we can still bring the Crimes Against Life to trial so everyone, including me, can testify about the torture, forced false reality, false imprisonment, the predator stalking, the suffering, the rapes, the murders and the attempted spiritual murders.

Some Big Gods have told me that there will be a 'Last Judgment' and this Big Judgment will be for the demigods who put us in this hell and diabolical time loop. Still, I think it should be the victims that confront the criminals in a formal, legal place.

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When I remembered my Magick Box a few months ago, I remembered that I had built in an 'electric fence' to keep evil from coming too close to me. If it came too close to me, it would get zapped or tasered by the electricity of my Soul. I immediately turned it on and evil left the room.

Ironic, a few days later, I ran into Little Ray. If you've read the other chapters of this book, you will know that he's the Messenger Vampire for this area. More, we've had these conversations about his side (evil) and my side (Light). He shape-shifted in front of me a couple of times into a floating skull but it didn't phase me. He's told me about his dark life of evil and cannibalism and he's asked me a few times to ask my gods to help him get a Soul. He's very aware of who he is and what his job is on Game Board Earth.

Well I'm walking to the bus stop in Alkmaar and I'm only about two blocks away getting ready to cross the street when he comes from nowhere out and stops in front of me on a bike. I had been trying to find him for about a year and a half because I've had this one nagging question I wanted to ask him but 'HQ' (My Spiritual Handlers) told me to stay away from him.

As described earlier in this book, Ray and I are like the wolf (Ralph) and the sheepdog (Sam) of the Wolf and Sheepdog cartoons of the fifties and sixties. Ralph and Sam have little, friendly conversations before they 'clock in' to work to become natural enemies.



Little Ray told me that he had just got off from work and felt my Light so he followed his senses straight to me. He said he had a girlfriend and a place to live and he was, "doing good." I told him that I was glad to hear that.

Then I smiled and told him, "You know it's a Game, don't you, and that we're just pawns of the gods – your gods, my gods?" He nodded in understanding.

His dark eyes sparkled and then he told me that he had been in New Orleans about three months previously. I said, "There's a lot of vampires there. Did you meet any?" I started to laugh because that was a stupid question, him being a loosh vampire and all. So I corrected myself and said, "Of course you met some, you're a vampire yourself!"

Little Ray made a comment that we hadn't seen each other in a long time and I told him, "Heaven's been keeping me away from you. They (I pointed up at the sky) don't want me talking to you and I've been wanting to see you because I've got a question I've been wanting to ask you a long time."

Ray asked me why Heaven didn't want me to talk to him and I told him, "They just don't."

So he asked me what question I wanted to ask him and I said, "Do you remember it? Do you remember when the sky tore and we got sent to our sides of the gameboard? Me and my kind went to New Heaven and you and yours went to the pool?"

His eyes filled with Question Marks and he said, "The pool?" Then I realized that 'the pool' was my cynical name for where he and his kind goes when they're not being used.

So I said, "That's my name for it. I mean that liquid, fluid silvery place you're put in when you're not here."

I sent a telepathic image to him of the place I had seen and been to when I worked for the Missing Persons Bureau in New Heaven. It kind of looks like a big swimming pool (about the size of five or six olympic size pools) in a basement.

Little Ray replied, "Yes! I remember it! I was there!"

So I said to him, "So you remember the break, right? You remember when they stopped it all and we were sent back to the gameboard sides of our gods?" And he said, "Yes, I remember it!"

Then, to my surprise, Little Ray tried to touch my arm in a 'friendly' way and got a giant shock! I also got a giant shock, too! The shock was so great that it made me jump! More, Ray has never tried to touch me before so I was mentally shocked from that. The shock I got told me that my electric fence was working but it needed some tweaking because the shock was for him, not me.

Little Ray's face was full of shock! One of Great Surprise! He knew that there was something different and since he's a messenger (naturally curious to what us Souled are up to), he gave me another friendly 'touch' on the left arm and this one jolted both of us as well!

Now Ray knew that one of the goyim (human cattle) had found out how to defend themselves, and as shocked from electricity as we both were, Little Ray touched me again! Shocked us both real hard!

Then he got sick. He doubled over while sitting on his bicycle and said he had to leave because he needed to go home and eat. But we both knew he had made himself sick by invading my sacred space. He was electrocuted good! He probably tried to eat some Light off me, too, but my arm was so sore from the shocks that I couldn't feel with my Vibes (Intuition) for this.

My left arm hurt for over a day. I meditated most of the pain away but it still ached. The first thing I did when I went home was tell Halla to fix the flaw in the electric fence programming so wouldn't be electrocuted in the future.

The electric fence (or shields) seems to work, too. Evil and evil people have been

avoiding me since!

I told a friend my electric fence last week and he asked me how to make one so evil people (and one in particular) would stop bothering him. I told him how and after serious thought, I've decided to tell other Souled how to do this. It is incredibly easy!

You meditate and go to your Center. Then you tell your Higher Self (Your Soul) to program an electric fence around your whole Being so when evil or evil people come around, it gets a nasty shock. You tell your Higher Self that you are doing this under Article One as you are not being violent but are protecting yourself legally under Cosmic Law. Tell your Higher Self to make sure there's no 'kick back'; that the electric shock goes one way – towards the predator/s.

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After it's settled, when The Game is over and the white pawns are back in New Heaven, I might still run first Prime Minister of Heaven. I've got the vote. I had 2/3 of it last time and my SOL Sisters are gonna vote for me. They have Souls so they can vote. Although they have their own minds and individualities, I'm fairly sure all or almost all will vote for their Creatrix.

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Then there are other things in the Magick Box I brought back with me, but I'm keeping them secret because the enemy doesn't need to know. Otherwise, it wouldn't be a surprise! And remember, as soon as I woke up in New Heaven, I started buffing up and Creating so although my Magick Box is technically a set of plans and New Life I've given some of my Divine Spark to, I'm locked and loaded! I've had enough of evil vectoring and suffering me and this Anarchist Bitch will !!! FIGHT BACK !!!

All those long, lonely years as a Ghost, sitting on the bank of the Sauk River began this new kind of thinking. I would sit there on my gravity spot and think about what I would do if I could find a safe island away all the chaos and depravity. I would stare into the water, smoke my cigarettes and think long and hard about this over and over.

How did I figure out how to Create a Magick Box? Easy. We're all hard drives and programs with 'Free Will' to become Individuals, and thus we have the right reinvent ourselves. More, Article One tells us to protect ourselves. I did all my Creating under Article One of the Cosmic Law of the Souled and thus, it is all legal although many Top Gods want me to stop the program when they know themselves that I can't stop it until I am safe. They can't stop the programs because it would be against Article One. And yes, I knew this when I wrote the program in New Heaven and when I executed it here in July of 2009.

Once I had my island, my break from the darkness, I had plenty of time to figure things out and to develop things to protect myself for when I was sent back. I have two parts

inside my metaphorical 'Magick Box': One to help me if I went back as a Ghost and one to help me if they stuffed me back into a body.

The 'Ghost Box' part has much more things in it than the 'Body Box' part so my Spiritual Handlers (whoever they may be) decided it was better (either for them or The Game or both) to put me back in a body. That's probably the biggest reason WHY I'm mortal again but I do get to give My Testimony concerning our Connected Realities, including how we are imprisoned by evil and how this serpent system works.

I found a quiet place to hide and grow some energy. I made myself Some New Power Centers and redesigned it all! Bingo. Triple Cross! It is my way of resisting hell plus make my political Anarchist statement to the whole Cosmic System.