



Chasing Dragons. Are They Real?

You can think anything you like,
But you can't do everything you like.

Making tomorrow's past today.....

The first sign of insanity is thinking your sane.....

How can you ever find peace if you won't forgive your enemy?

Remember life is too short to be serious.

**This document is dedicated to those whose life have
been disrupted by murder.**

I'm Blue

I'm Blue what does that mean?

Look at what it means to you.

Not what it means to others.

I was abused.

But what did it do to me, not others?

I became to hate violence and the poor fools who acted that way.

Then there is my secret weapon the infuriates those who try to scare.

Two truly good things.

As an effect I'm stronger and independent. I am only 4.



OFF THE RAILS

I once wondered what it would be like to know a murderer.

Strange thing was I already knew one.

It would just be a matter of time.

Then he would revel himself.

He wanted help with what??? !#@\$!!!

A Car Bomb.....Why.

Chosen.... I must stop him.

Failure isn't an option.

No way I said!!

He didn't like that.

He would threaten my life several times.

After the police called me nuts.

Again I have to do this on my own.

The only one way to stop him

that would turn me into a murder a difficult road in dead.

But if that's what it takes.

There must be a better way.....But where....

Where the hell am I?????

I don't even know my name...????

Then he killed a friend of my doctor.

Guilt

After years of guilt.

I'm finally guilt free.

This year after 50 years.

I can finally drive down the road.

And feel good about it.

At last I own an electric car.

No more gas guzzling for me.

1982

The year of fear

That fool asking for help with murder.

The fear a childhood head injury may be more.

The fear where claims I was abused may lead.

The fear of the signs of a brain tumor.

The fear of the voices.

The fear I'm going mad.

The fear I want to commit suicide.

Then I lost my memory and that's the thing I fear most.

Computers

The art of making the simple complicated.

Over Time

When I started building Computers it was impossible to build a fast computer. But it was fun to try and get the most out of what we had.

A few years later you could put in a little hard work and use a few tricks and get a modicum of speed.

A few more years and with a little effort you can build quite a quick machine.

Now you must be some sort of idiot to build a slow computer. Just about any combination of new parts will result in a fast computer.

In some ways the fun has gone out of building computers.....

Even though researching the parts so that when you buy them they actually result in a computer that works at all is still fun.

Change The Past

Every day you change the past you might not know it.

Tomorrow today will be the past.

So, think about what you do today, tomorrow it will be your past.

You don't get a chance to change at it again.

So, seize the moment, live your life to the max.

You don't get a second chance.

Darkness

There are two types of Darkness that I know.

The first the darkness of night that we all know, this I have always enjoyed.

Second the darkness of the sole hidden by a mask of sanity. The number of people like this is small and most people who know these people don't know of the darkness, but those who see the darkness are either dead or changed forever. The people with the mask of sanity are the people I fear most.

You

You take responsibility for your problems.

And I will take responsibility for my problems.

Surprise surprise.

I hardly have a problem worth worrying about.

Mysteries

The day I have all the answers.....

It will lead to a new set of questions.....

On and on it goes.....

So, I must learn to live with mystery.....

Its, just a fact of life.....

He

He decided I should live in fear.....

He decided I would know his murderous ways.....

I have decided otherwise.....

Pop Culture

Pop culture sent me on a wild chase,

looking for monsters that weren't there.

But along the way I learnt all sorts of stuff.

Looking for the cause of my illness so I could put it right.

But now I see it is part of me.

If I got rid of it, I will no longer be me.

But I like me just the way I am.

Those who think I need to be cured be dammed.

Presented

No matter what the issue.....

If it is presented to you as being a threat to your wellbeing.....

You will feel stress until you can prove it is a nonsense.....

Out of the maze



After they hurt me.
They filled my head with junk and nonsense.
To prove their actions justified.
That was the maze around and around you go.
Trapped in the steel trap with no way out.
No way out no exit at all.
Until realize there is no maze.
It doesn't need to be solved.
There is no reward,
They thought I was not going to snap and become a monster.
Like them.
I had made the right choice way back then.
I hate violence and the clowns who use it.
It was just their crazy jumbled ideas.
Such clowns all of them.
Freedom
True freedom.....

2021

Heaven

The world appears the way you look at it.
The way the world looks no one knows for real.
Every one decides what they see and what that means to them.
Heaven or hell the choice is yours to make.

2000

Irrelevant

It's good to know about your past.
It makes it easy to.
Prove it totally irrelevant.
Be who you decide to be.
Not who the past tells you to be.
According to the CIA.
May past tells me I will be serial killer.
What a joke.
They really got that so wrong.
You don't need to be a monster.

Again

The world expects me to go on as if nothing has happened, but it has.
Don't they know?
Don't they care?
Don't they want to know?
Don't they dare?

Now I See

I was looking for what caused the illness.....
I should have been looking at what the illness caused.....
Yet another wild goose chase.....
I learnt how to make even the most stressful.....
Less of an issue.....

View

While you cannot change the past.
You can change your view of the past.
That can set you free.
To live the life, you deserve.
Interesting.

The rule I live by.

The minimum necessary change for the maximum desired effect.

Isaac Asimov 1960s, The End Of Eternity.

Life

It's not a question of what's true or not.....

It is a question of what you believe.....
The whole world is driven by what people believe.....
Right or wrong.....

The Past

I'm afraid of the past.
Not because of what it is, scary as it maybe.
I'm afraid of the past.
Because of what it may do to my future.

Beast

My problem is not a single issue but the result of the interaction of several issues resulting in a total beast that is both hard to define and difficult to understand even for me.
But understanding and defining is not what is needed.
What is needed is the insight to see almost all of these issues are the result of someone else's fool ideas and not my responsibility.

Me the Phoenix

You will not understand.
You will not believe.
In my sanity, you will see insanity.
You will believe my reality is unreal.
This is your problem not mine.

I know the truth.
I know what is real.
But more important than that,
I know what of the truth matters.
That is mine all mine.
Interesting.....
For all the doctors who won't face their mistakes.....

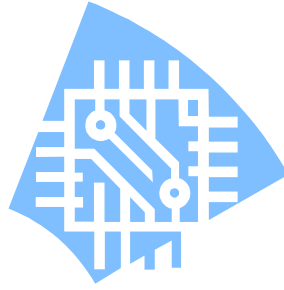
Future

With every decision, we make.
We make the future.
Which so quickly slips into the past.
With every decision, we make.
We form the fabric of time.
The memories for the past our hopes form the future.



PTSD

Triggers from the past causing fears for today...
Thoughts of a pre-emanative strike....
Fight or flight....
Flight if I can, fight if I must...
Those that threaten me stand in a place of danger....
Thank god for the part of my brain the realize it's just PTSD working overtime again and
sends me to my doctor.....



German Jew

One day my grandmother came to me,
In an absolute panic.
You must understand you must you must.
Your mother is a German Jew.
I have never seen her in such a panic, so this must be bad.
But what is a German and what is a Jew?
But now the inventors of google haven't even been born yet.
In the books and films the Germans are always the bad guys.
But what is a Jew.
Then many years later I found a book on the Holocaust Oh My GOD.
What one side of my family did to the other side of my family.
If I say my past is OK what is OK for the future.
Where to from here.....
But is this what scared my grandmother????
She was English French and Russian.....
Who was Napoleon???
An earlier family fight.....
Oh, the joy of being a fifth generation Kiwi.

A T C Cadet

The air forces version of scouts, basically scouts with guns.
First you sign the official secrets act..
You learn discipline, marching with guns..
You learn how to care for your weapon..
You learn weapons are always loaded even if you know they are not...
You see films about atomic bombs, these ones you won't see on TV...
You learn about electronics....
You learn how to resist interrogation...
You learn how to make improvised explosives...
You learn to be responsible for your knowledge even if it means you die....

Bipolar

The up and down rollercoaster of my life.
The highs and lows, the scary voices and the dreams of suicide!!
I would give anything to get off this ride.
Everything that makes my life a little different becomes so important as it may hold the key to
get off this ride.
But wait.
My brother has it, my father had it and his father was said to be a little odd.
So, I inherited it, its genetic and nothing to do with my life at all.
Even though working through my life was a good exercise even if a little futile.
Even though the stress of my life powers the rollercoaster to new highs and lows.
It's all a question of attitude.

Amnesia

The Fear of not knowing who I am.
Amnesia hides the worst of the world, so I can grow to cope with it.
Amnesia lost the old me, so I can grow a new me able to cope.
The black knot in the back of my mind surrounded by barbed wire.
Amnesia the thing I fear the most!
What is it hiding now?
Amnesia my friend.
Amnesia my enemy.

Responsible

I am responsible for every decision I have made.
Good bad and otherwise.
As are others responsible for their decisions.
Good bad and otherwise.

This was the end of my amnesia.
And was replaced by the PTSD.

The Best Way

The Best Way to solve a problem.
Is walk away and do something else.
Get back to it later.
The number of things I have fixed after coming back from lunch.....

Here

You can't get there from here.
But you can get here from there.
Innocence forever lost.
What a cost,
Stolen by evil.



Reality

Reality is whatever you believe it to be.
Everything is as important as you decide it to be.
Everyone sees the world in their own way.
But most think their way is the same as everyone else.
Impossible, those things no one has worked out how to do YET.
Judge people by those things they can change not the things they can't.

Cut Cut

I will take your children.
Cut off their hands and mail them home to their parents.
Then the prison warden transferred me to lake Elise.
Said Ian.
Oh my god here am I alone on the night shift with a nut case no wonder I'm getting stressed.

WHY

You Must Understand You Must,
Make sense of the Senseless,
Find reason in the Unreasonable,
See purpose in the Insanity of Life,
That is what they demand of me.

WHY?????

If I say the past is OK,
What chaos is OK for the FUTURE.
We should learn from the past not repeat it.
Something's I will not accept.
Something's I will not understand.
We should learn from the past not repeat it.

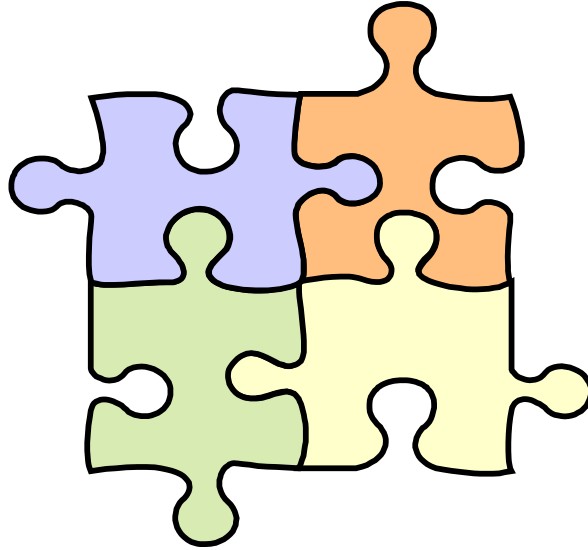
Problem

I have a problem.
That must be solved.
For years they have told me so.
Because of this I have a problem.
Because of that I have a problem.
So, they tell me.
They do.

But now I see I had one and only one problem.
That is that I listened to them.

Cat and Mouse

The psychopath was playing with me the same way a cat plays with a mouse.
The only thing that saved my life was that he was caught murdering someone
else!#?!!



It Matters

It matters, doesn't it?

Of course, it matters.

If you think it's important.

It matters.

But the big joke is that if you think it's not important it isn't

And it doesn't matter, and it never has.

Senseless

Some things are worth remembering.

Some of these are worth understanding.

But many are not.

The only important thing about the past is how it affects you today.

I have wasted too much of my life trying to make sense of the senseless acts of others.

Heaven

The world appears the way you look at it.

The way the world looks no one knows for real.

Everyone decides what they see and what that means to them.

Heaven or hell the choice is yours to make.

Decide

It's been a fight.

But it was worth the effort.

Now I decide who I am.

I am not what my past chooses for me.

I am OK because that is what I decided to be.

I am happy with that.

Are you happy with who you decided to be?

My most valuable lesson.

The Problem

Somewhere sometime someone said you can only have one problem.

The Problem.

So, I'm only allowed One.

Well, that's yet another problem on the list.

To every problem there is a solution.

To every solution there is yet another problem.

But the good thing is most of these problems belong to some else.

So, they are not my problem any way.

So, maybe my problem is that I don't have a problem for all the fools who ask what's the problem!!!!!!

Lost

I'm lost the way ahead is confusing.

Where I have been is strange.

No reason can be found for why I am here.

Here is nowhere that I have ever known.

The rules of here are nothing like any place I have been before.

But for the first time in my life I feel safe.

The walls here do not threaten to attack me.

Buildings do not challenge me.

People do not appear to have hidden plans.

I am lost, and I hope I never find my way back.

I like being lost.

Explain

Explain the unexplainable.

Once I was in a position where if I had done the right thing.

I would have been safe.

One person would not have been killed.

One person would not have been shot by police.

And my country would not have gone into shock.

Many years later I still cannot work out what the right thing could be.

I tried the Police.

Maybe in looking for the right thing I did the wrong thing.

Pushed events in a direction they would not have gone.

But the only person who knows is dead.

Even if he were alive he would not tell.

That's Life and death.

Fight

When the best you can hope for is a fight to the death.

You must fight.

Just thinking and deciding what you must do will forever affect you.

But you will never be the same again.

You will no longer be innocent.

You will no longer trust yourself.

If you can't trust yourself who can you trust?

The Moment

Ian would often ask me to do him favors.

I later learned this is a way psychopaths groom people to become their partners in crime.

Ian sat down across the table and asked how would I build a car bomb?

Thinking he was joking I replied put a spark plug in the fuel tank.

Ian became adjugated and excited and said exactly how would that work?

There was something in the way he said it, I knew he wanted to kill someone, no he wanted to kill a lot of people.

I stood up and I said, "No way!" that was my death sentence.

The following week saw Ian on my case every chance he could.

Ian made claims of how he was in prison and he had threatened the warden of the prison that saw him transferred to Lake Alice Hospital.

This was supposed to scare me but then I had never heard of Lake Alice.

When Ian Sits opposite me and Holding up his Watch, Gold Face with Brown Leather Strap he starts to swing it back and forth. Then Blackness the following time is a jumble until I awake in a secure ward in hospital I could not even remember my own name.

After

After the murder, I found I had a need to understand.

I was trying to make sense of a senseless act of murder.

Was I trying to say that murder was OK.

That thought would terrify me for many years.

The Ride

Here I was riding in Ian's car.

I would have preferred to have walked it wasn't far.

I didn't need a lift.

But Ian had made such a performance at works Christmas party.

He said he had to take back to the hospital, so everyone heard.

I had little option but to go.

So here I am riding along in the psychopath's car.

Luckily, he is more interested in proving I'm staying in his hospital.

If I had only known the mention of his name, it would have started alarms ringing.

The Gun

Ian asked me to come to his workshop.
Once there he produces what looks like a gun.
It was clear he had made it.
It had a plastic handle, pink in colour I think from a spear gun.
It had a black barrel with a bit of bronze.
He tried to get me to handle it.
I may have lost my memory, but I still had enough sense to say no way.
Months later I saw the gun in a black and white picture on the front page of the newspaper.

Before

He expected my help to commit murder.
But I refused, that was my death sentence.
I felt I could be the target of his murder.
If I wasn't his target I may be framed for murders he committed.
I would become a future target of his murder as I knew too much.
I went to the police a total waste of time.
But that is now in the past

Hands

Such strong hands.
The hands that attacked me.
Such strong hands.
Hands ready to strangle.
Hands that would later kill another.
Such strong hands.
They would fight the police to the death.
Such strong hands.
Such a weak mind.
Such strong hands.
Such a fool.
Such strong hands.
Why me

The thing he demanded of me that day will forever tie me to the person he killed.

Ian was shot by the Armed Offender
Squad in 1983.....

Little Robot

Where the police and army fear to tread.
Afraid of the psychopath.
They send the little robot.
He blows the car door, nothing.
He opens the door, nothing.
He reaches inside, nothing.
He grabs Ian's lifeless body, nothing.
He pulls Ian's body clear of the car, nothing.
Now it's the bomb disposal man's turn.
He opens the boot, nothing.
He finds wires running all over the place.
After some time, he declares it safe.
Good no explosion, Ian didn't get my idea to work.....
The hypnosis didn't work.....

THE JOY OF BEING WRONG

When you thought, the world would end.
Feeling there was no hope.
When all you could hope for was a fast death.
Recovery was not an option.
You were wrong very wrong.
Such joy others will never understand.
You will never be able to put it into Words.
The freedom that comes from being wrong.
In a world where being right is so Important.
How can being wrong feel so great.

Lucky

I'm lucky I have a murder in my past it puts everything else in my life into proportion.
About the only stress I have is dealing with the people effected by the murder.
Or when I get in a situation that may lead to another murder.
But even that is getting less stressful for me.

But some Doctors still run away at a mention of it.

Eyes

Eyes open wide.
Is this the real world or am I dreaming?
Hoping it is just a very bad dream.
But knowing it is very real.
Fear like I have never known before.
And then it is gone.
But the seed of fear has only started to grow.

Comfort

Murder a normal part of life.
I hope not.
I am almost comfortable that there is a murder in my past.
Yes, I was only a witness to this foul deed.
But I am almost comfortable with murder.
I talk of it as if it were a normal part of life.
Murder a normal part of life.
I hope not.
But I seem to think so.
Somewhere I have lost the plot to life.
Is not murder bad and evil?
I hope so.
But I must be comfortable with murder if I am to ever find peace in my life.
Murder a normal part of life.
I hope not.
If I say the past is ok, what am I saying is ok for the future.

Ghosts

The horrors of the past are still in my mind.
But now they are just memories of the past.
Not the ghosts of the present.
That I can live with.
The future awaits me a much better place now that the ghosts have lost.
Stronger wiser and free to be me.

A normal reaction

Is it a normal reaction to a very abnormal situation or is it an abnormal reaction to a very
normal situation?
So, this makes me normal, or does it make me abnormal?
I don't know.
Should I even care?

My Reality

My reality holds a person who murdered a friend of a friend of mine.

Why I don't know.

But I had refused to help him build a car bomb.

I know that was the right thing to do.

But it seems to have cost a life.

That is hard to live with.

Choices

Some things are worth remembering.

Some of these are worth understanding.

But many are not.

The only important thing about the past is how it affects you today.

You are not what the past has made.

You are what you have chosen to be.

The past only limits your choices.

Enough said.

Make sense of the senseless.

Find reason in the unreasonable.

Explain the unexplainable.

This is what they ask of me,

To free them from their bonds.

If they were only to see their bonds faded long ago.

So, leave me free to live my life.

I have the past behind and the future ahead.

That's all I need.

Enough said.

Correct

To get the correct answer you must first ask the correct question.

To ask the correct question you need to look at the correct problem.

To find the correct problem you need to step back and take a wider view.

And then you may see there is no problem at all.

Normal

Everybody wants to be normal.
Why I don't know.
I'm not normal and happy with that.
I'm not normal I'm better than that

Impossible

It is Impossible to prove anything is Impossible.
Think about it!

Fear to Grow

The fear of not knowing.
To grow we must learn.
To learn we must accept there are things we don't know.
But does this make us smart or stupid.



Starting over

After the Killing has stopped.
You start to pick up the pieces.
You start to see every value and idea you have ever had are shattered, twisted and destroyed.
Right has become wrong.
Wrong has become right.
And then Right and wrong have gone.
Darkness, in the beginning, always darkness.
Starting over all a new,
Pushing forward hurting either yourself or others,
Trying not to hurt anyone but always failing not to.
The struggle for sanity goes on.
But is there a need for a struggle at all.
Accepting the world as perfect with all its faults.
Accepting yourself as perfect with all your faults.
Perfection with faults there is the challenge.
A world of People all perfect in their imperfection.

Perfect

Nobody is perfect
Therefore, everybody is imperfect
So, a perfect example of a person is imperfect.
So, everybody is Perfect in their imperfection.....

Interesting

I decide what is important to me.
The things that are important to me are what makes me stressed.
When I'm stressed that makes me sick.
Therefore, I have decided to be sick by deciding things are important.
Interesting.

Magic Problem

You should be doing so much better so what's the problem?
What's the problem?
Of you we expect great things!
What's the problem?



They have told me if I solve the problem the world will be mine.
But what's the problem?
Finding the problem has driven me mad.
But what's the problem?
But now I see the problem is those who think there is a problem at all.



The Quiet Mind

The crisis is over.
The sirens have stopped.
After the panic and fear,
The peace of a quiet mind,
A wealth most won't understand.



The Key

With this key you will find wisdom and power.

Find the door that it opens.

They Tell Me.

Live your life and find door after door.

But none open with the key.

Will you ever find the door?

Then you find the door.

You open it what will you find, what sets you free.

You find nothing.

You feel lost and disappointed.

Then you see the journey.

A journey of discovery!

Forgiveness

When I forgave them.

The Murderer and the doctors that set him free.

My life became so much simpler.

Interesting

I decide what is important to me.

The things that are important to me are what makes me stressed.

When I'm stressed that makes me sick.

Therefore, I have decided to not be sick by deciding things are important.

Interesting.

Experience

This experience I would not wish on anyone.

But now the positives outweigh the negatives, and I am glad in many ways that it happened to me.

My Life

I have had a life.

I have been places you would not want to go.

I have seen things you would not wish to see.

I have experienced things you will not.

I have had a life.

You will never understand my sadness, my joy, my life, strengths and weakness.

My different point of view.

A wisdom you cannot explain.

Able to hurt but strong enough not to.

My Past

125 plus

The murder.

The child abuses.

The alcoholic father.

The German Jewish mother.

How can my past ever be OK?

But that's OK.....

I'm OK because that's what I have decided to be....

Sanity

Sanity a measure of how much you believe is true.

Insanity a measure of how much you believe is not true.

Most people are part sane and part insane and that is normal.

Then there is the question of religion.

Which one is true they can't all be.

Doctor Beard 1982

The path To Sanity

The path to sanity believe nothing doubt everting. 🌈

I'm not sure I want to be sane it sounds too much like hard work.

The Sanity Test

A few questions to consider.

Did David Bain kill his family?

Did Scot Watson kill Olivia Hope and Ben Smart?

Did Arthur Allan Thomas kill Harvey and Jeannette Crewe?

A right answer increases your sanity.

A wrong answer decreases your sanity.

It's not that easy is it.

Personally, I have given up trying to work out if I'm sane.

That make life so much simpler.

Making

Making the best of a bad situation.....

Hero

My childhood suggested I was I was going to be a monster.

But when someone demanded I become a terrorist.

I put my life on the line.

Proved I was neither terrorist nor monster.

After time I saw it was all nonsense.

I was a good person.

Maybe even a hero.

Think about it.

All the clowns who attacked me.

I won anyway.

I decided to be me.....

The dream

A group of doctors and nurses stand around a baby.

I'm floating above as I turn to the light above and see the light.

I move up a tube of red brick for some time until I'm I finally reach the light.

Then in a small room a bit like an elevator when the doors open.

I step out into some small hills covered by very green evenly long grass.

The voice booms out very strong and powerful yet very kind and gentle that
says

Go back it is not your time.

The end.

Years later I found out as a baby I had died of hopping cough.

Then and Now

Because of my past,

The people I know,

The things I have witnessed.

I don't understand "normal" people .

Should I even care?



2001