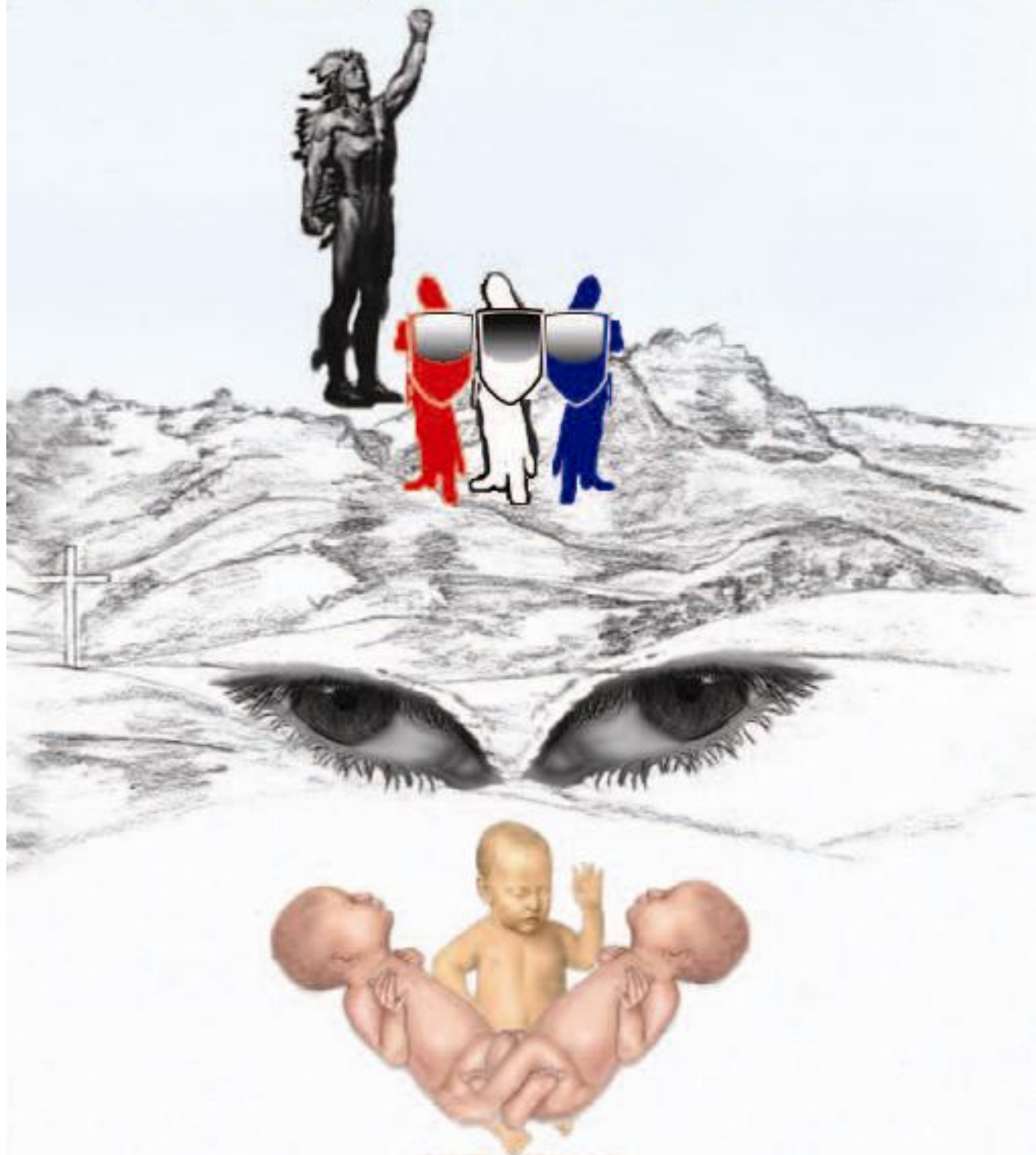


Schizophrenic Rescue



K.I. Smet

Contact Information

Author K.I. Smet is readily available for speaking engagements, interviews, readings and book signings.

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Availability

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Schizophrenic Rescue Synopsis

True Freedom

As for me, I strive to die broke and owning nothing.

No body of water can be pure if its drops are polluted. Like the little drops of water that makes up the deep blue sea, one human being at a time makes up a society. Upon your back rest the entire structure, financial and political, of the world. You are the foundation of all that exists, and that makes **you** the most valuable ingredient in the formula. By reading this work you will see how truly simple it is for you to take control, and forever secure the future for yourself and your family. We do not need Welfare, Social Security, or any other form of financial assistance for this to be true. It is but one-step, one way or the other. So read on, think, and then take back the house, it is your right, nay, your responsibility, to do so.

K. I. Smet, as fate would have it.

Biography of K.I. Smet

What I shall put on these pages is the product of my life. The accumulated gleanings of my ceaseless search for, WHY, and WHY NOT. I am not going to inundate you with a miasma of statistics, dates and boredom ad-infinitum. I have no desire for this to be a book debated by great scholars for the ages. Rather I hope to entertain, turn on lights and present thoughts and insights. Should I do this well, hopefully, I will finish with the majority of us swimming in the same river.

If that miracle occurs I will, at the conclusion of this dissertation offer a Golden Key of reason. One so simple, logical, and fair, that we can peacefully take the first steps in changing the world. Yes, changing the world to what it was meant to be. Some of you who have visited my portfolio will recognize some of the themes presented, however this writing is the original from which all else sprang.

Balance and fairness are the goal of these changes I speak of, a honorable shift or fine tuning if you will. Peacefully, it is hoped, this change will make the world closer to what it was meant to be and give you the power, money and freedom you have never had.

As you read this simple change, I am sure will conclude, as I have, that greed is the factor which has kept this from existence all these centuries. I have invested my life in pursuit of this knowledge, with one goal only. That goal is to share with you, my peers, my visions, beliefs, and conclusions. For you, and only you, have the capability to judge my validity, and the truth of my conclusions.

I believe in you with all my heart and this belief tells me that what I will say is really universal knowledge imprinted in the essence of us all. This is what I have studied for, lived for and dreamed of for sixty plus years. Now with my remaining life I take it as my charge to strum this recessive genetic chord and start a symphony. Remember, never quit. For when you quit you are dead. Still walking around, maybe, but still dead.

My burden and my joy in life has been that I have always had this path as my primary destiny, with no choice but to follow it. That is not to say I did not fight it, for I did, after all who wants to go through life seeing the world as it should be, and knowing that it is not. I was twenty-one years old before I had any indication that I was not an anomaly, totally alone and always to be so. Then a remarkable man made a statement that rocked me to my soul, and I knew there were others. "Many see things as they are and ask why. I see things as they never were and ask why not." Those words of Senator Robert Kennedy forever sealed my fate. For prior to that, all my conversations had gotten only looks of concern and pity. I never doubted that what I was seeing was the truth, but it was hell being so alone in seeing it.

Imagine my frustration when my teachers would send home notes saying, "Your son has the ability to be what ever he chooses to be, however, he doesn't apply himself, (as you read on you will see that I did apply myself at great personal cost). Then would come the parent-teacher conferences, with everybody asking me, "why." I would try to explain it wasn't my failing, it was theirs. For what they were saying was I had the ability to be anything they thought I should be. However, I was being exactly what I should be and the only path to true happiness is the one that leads to what you are supposed to be. I did not know what it was, but it was I and there was no choice but to follow where it led. Now before you say, "Oh no, not another Guru quack," let me explain. What I am going to say is about secular matters, here, now and what we can do about it. I believe strongly in God, but that is personal, just as your belief is your right and personal. Yes I am proselytizing, however, not for your soul, but for your humanity, your future and your freedom.

Reviews of *Schizophrenic Rescue*

There are a million opinions and points of view around you every day. Some of them have the potential to change the world, but most of them exist only as opinions, and the people who hold them do nothing but whine and never act on their ideas. This book is something different. K.I. Smet thought of a truly simple way to restructure society within the framework of the constitution, which could make life much more equitable for all people everywhere, and he went beyond just thinking about it - he wrote it down in a form that's easy to read, and he made sure that it was published so that YOU can read, and understand his thoughts.

I must admit that I do not agree with all of his ideas, and I don't expect you to either. I do, however, recognize that these thoughts are better than anything I have yet heard concerning what to do about some of the problems with society, and they are certainly more coherent and useful than anything I have yet seen. These ideas are practical and workable, and have broadened my perspective considerably.

The ideas expressed in this book will empower YOU to go out and change the world - they will allow YOU to make the difference. Would you like to eliminate poverty? Would you like to not worry have to worry about health care? Would you like to live in a world where ALL people have personal security and dignity? If so, I urge you to read this book and to share it with everyone you know. Even if you do not agree with his ideas you will, at the very least, come away from this work with a heightened sense of what's going on in the world around you, and you'll be inspired to stand up against the inequities of our society. Please take a step toward making the world a better place by reading this book NOW!

From a fellow member of YOUR society.
Robert L. Richards,
Batavia, New York

Reviews of *Schizophrenic Rescue*

...awesome novel. I read all three parts as quickly as I could...a beautiful masterpiece...kept me on the edge of my seat.

Wow...I laughed nonstop at your grammatical use of the Me, Myself and I perspectives...I got engrossed in the philosophical aspects of the story and after that in their adventure...an incredible imagination

Great work...most enjoyable and a pleasure to read...an excellent job of portraying your characters and the Sierra's. This work is a masterpiece in my opinion...I look forward to reviewing more of your work.

...beyond amazing...descriptions are magnificent paintings...caught me off guard and sucked me in with the illustrative language alone....truly a great piece of Urban fantasy...2 thumbs up from me!

...a wonderful story...loved the whole thing...great details and great feelings...I felt like I was there...part of the story. Great Job.

...very good...provokes thought...I will be thinking about it a while...a gifted writer.

***Schizophrenic Rescue* Press Release**

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Schizophrenic Rescue is a beautiful, thought provoking story and will have you second-guessing the world around you today.

***Schizophrenic Rescue* Released 12/23/06 by Dragonpublishing.net**

Sutter, California, December 11, 2006 – *Schizophrenic Rescue* is a beautifully written imaginary adventure taken by three very unique characters, *Me*, *Myself*, and *I*, who form a partnership to change the world....one person at a time.

Schizophrenic Rescue is a fictional adventure, not far from the truth, leaving you with a contract on how to make the world better, one person at a time. First, you must learn that you truly are the most valuable ingredient and you alone can take control of your life. A simple solution, one-step at a time. Like the little drops of water that makes up the deep blue sea, one human being at a time makes up a society. Upon your back rests the entire structure, financial, and political, of the world. It falls into the fiction, action & adventure genre. Published by Dragonpublishing.net, the 232-page novel is currently available as a paperback, hard cover and e-book at any major bookstore and at <http://www.dragonpublishing.net/k.i.smet/>

Early reviews have responded to *Schizophrenic Rescue* in an overwhelmingly positive manner. ...beyond amazing...descriptions are magnificent paintings...sucked me in with the illustrative language alone....truly a great piece of Urban fantasy...2 thumbs up from me...very good...provokes thought...I will be thinking about it a while...a gifted writer...an incredible imagination...a beautiful masterpiece...kept me on the edge of my seat.

Author Bio:

The author lives in Sutter, California where his daily observations and life in general give him volumes of writing material.

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More information:

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End

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CHAPTER 1

OPENING DOOR

The pre-dawn light painted a limbus of rose blush upon the stately Sierra Nevada Mountains. Their backlit image gave the appearance of prehistoric dinosaurs stalking the eastern horizon. A man named *I* was sitting in his home, nestled in the fertile northern Sacramento Valley, where he was counting curds and drinking whey. Suddenly there was a knock at his door. Peering through the peephole, he saw his two friends, *Me* and *Myself*. It was common knowledge *I* was a seer, who had visions, so his friends had come to him with a plan. These three friends had known each other since birth and it seemed whenever one got involved in something it naturally would involve them all.

“Good morning,” greeted *Me* and *Myself*, to which *I* replied, “What’s up?”

Well, *Me*, recognizing an opening when he saw one, blurted out, “We want to change the world and need you to see how we can do it.”

I was familiar with his friends’ vagaries so he did not blink an eye as he replied “How can we change thee; let us count the ways”; *I* liked to wax philosophical. “Consider this: we could each stand in a different spot and that would change the global positioning of humanity, or we could plant some seeds and that would change the plant population; the possibilities are endless.”

“No, no, we want to change the world so all people are treated fairly,” said *Myself*.

“Whoa, there, big fella,” replied *I*, “that will take some real seeing.” After lengthy discussion on the matter, *I* told his friends, “You will have to give me at least 48 hours for a vision of that magnitude.”

Thus, his friends departed.

I was very vexed for he knew his visions were nebulous and whimsical on occasion, also he found the whole idea a little ridiculous, so he had committed to a daunting endeavor. *I* decided he might need to employ a mind- expanding drug, and so chose two Bayer® Aspirin. He was not exactly sure what their effect was, but they were all he had ever tried. To his astonishment, within minutes the headache he had acquired, thinking about his chore, had disappeared and this made him sure his mind was expanding. *I* immediately assumed the famous, madam-butterfly-with-a-half-hitch Zen position and awaited his vision.

As the cramps from his restful position took effect, *I* fell into a fitful sleep and began tossing and turning. Remarkably, this thrashing about failed to loosen the knots, required by his restful position, and the pains heightened his awareness of the need for two more Bayer® aspirins. He was now ready to rock and roll, and for the next two days he slept,

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ached, and ate aspirin. Finally, in the last hour, he thought he saw the light, but, alas, it turned out to be the headlights of his friends' car pulling into the drive.

When his friends knocked, he yelled out, "Come in."

To which they replied, "We can't; the door is locked."

I screamed out, "For God's sake, break down the door and help!"

After breaking down the door and unbending *I's* extremities from their meditative position, *I's* friends asked, "Well, how do we do it?"

At that moment a look of beatific ecstasy crossed *I's* face, as the blood rushed into his screaming joints, and he screamed, "Damn that hurts!" Dizzy from the rush of shooting pain invading his personage, *I* perceived a revelation of stupendous splendor. "Eureka," he extolled, and his two friends were mesmerized at the thought of traveling to the northern California coast community.

"When are we leaving?" they queried.

Confused, *I* replied, "Leaving for where?"

"Eureka," intoned *Me* and *Myself* in unison.

"We're not going anywhere, you dolts, for a vision of a remarkable 'concept,' has flashed before my eyes like the bursting of the coming dawn." As *I* made this statement, he realized he needed to be very careful. Instinctively, he understood what he had just seen made him the most dangerous man in America. A chill ran down his spine, and he wished, with all his heart, he had never taken on his friends challenge. "Oh my God," he was thinking, when his friends voices pierced his thoughts.

"A vision?" they asked, "What were you looking for?"

"A way to change the world you fools."

"Say, that is a splendid idea. What made you think of that?"

"You know, sometimes the thought comes to me that shooting you two is all the change the world really needs. Don't you remember when, two days ago you asked me how we could accomplish that goal?"

"Oh yeah, we forgot."

"It's too late to forget, about it, because the vision was very clear so now we have to do it." Words of destiny and a sense of fear grasped his soul, for he realized it was too late; for once a wrong was perceived, it then became your responsibility to address it. Never again would their world be the same. Why, oh why, had he listened to them?

Me and *Myself* looked at each other and shrugged. "It is your fault we forgot; we got excited when you said that we were going to Eureka," they replied.

I yelled, maintaining there was no suggestion about going to Eureka. *I* started explaining, telling his friends, "We are going to need a minimum of ten thousand people to make this idea begin to sizzle. We had better start with all the people we know."

Both *Me* and *Myself* stated they knew two people apiece they could count on, so *I* wrote this down. As for *I*, he could only think of himself and so tallied up the total. Two people each, for you two, plus ourselves, equals seven people. "Okay," *I* explained, "We need to tell each of these people what we intend to do and get them to tell their friends."

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“That’s easy,” replied *Myself*, and he turned to *I*, saying, “We have a plan to change the world.”

I’s mouth fell open, and *Me* protested, “That’s not fair. *I* was on my list.”

I held his head and bemoaned, “Well, we are back to just the three of us.”

Me and *Myself* complained, “What about the other four people?”

I told them not to worry about it, as six of the seven were too stupid to be much help. *Me* and *Myself* were satisfied with that answer, for each was sure they were the one who was smart enough.

I found himself thinking, “You say that sand through an hour glass tells time. I say that it demonstrates gravity, ah perspective. You say that surely both are true; I say we both portray the fool. Because we believe doesn’t guarantee right; another answer there just might.”

Me and *Myself* asserted, “Okay we will just have to get the guns and bombs ourselves.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” queried *I*.

“Well we are going to need a lot of supplies to change the world,” they replied.

I took his friends by the shoulders and gently pushed them down on the couch. “Listen to me,” he said, “You do not change the world with violence; that just reinforces the existing ethic.”

“Oh, no,” he explained, “If you look at the really great changes of history they were all founded in non-violence.”

“Oh, yeah,” retorted *Me* and *Myself*, “what about the Roman empire, Genghis Khan, Alexander, the conquering of America from the Indians and all the other wars?” Smugly they looked at each other.

I shook his head and asked, “In all of those violent endeavors, what changed: was it the world or merely who was applying the same old rules?”

Well, *Me* and *Myself* had no answer to that inquiry, so they asked, “Then nothing has ever changed the world?”

“Oh, yes,” stated *I*, “and there are three methods for achieving this goal.”

Me, and *Myself* were vexed for they could not think of one so they were forced to ask, “We don’t get it, so tell us what they are.”

I instructed, “The first two are tried and true and have wrought great change in the advancement of mankind; the third is available but, as yet, unapplied to the welfare of humanity. It is the third method we will use, for its impact will forever alter humankind and their status. Let us view the first two and then we will address my approach. The greatest changes made to-date were accomplished by acts of faith: Christ, Mohammed, Sidartha Gautama, and all religious movements stressing kindness, Godliness, and a path for attainment of a higher spiritual plane. These movements all had at their heart, rules of social comportment, which stressed decency towards our fellow man and faith in a higher power. Their effects have lasted centuries, but dark forces have contrived to erode their values with increasing success.”

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“The second method has forged societal changes, which seem to be permanent and lasting. This method is non-violent civil disobedience or individual refusal to accept the systems inequities. Mohandas Gandhi, Martin Luther King, and many others currently are or have applied this method, and won. In the case of Gandhi, he managed to defeat the greatest empire on the face of the earth by his efforts. These changes are harder to erode because they are changes of status, political, physical, economic, and once gained, not to be relinquished. Where the matters of faith are mental and, therefore, subject to psychological attack and enticement to false pleasure, the, I, I, Me, Me theory of instant gratification rather than long run values of contentment. Faith requires your pleasures be derived from your values and the gifts of your higher power, not the shiny baubles of Society, which never fulfill. Rather, these baubles are designed and promoted to create a feeding frenzy of pursuit in hope the next bauble will provide your contentment...they never do.”

Me and *Myself* asked, “When you say “feeding frenzy,” are you saying we shouldn’t eat?”

I was feeling very good at exposing these concepts, so he gladly answered this stupid question. “No, that is not my point at all; however, it is a portion of the equation. The feeding frenzy is pointed at the resources of the earth and these include food. The incipient fat epidemic in America is a reflection of the greater gluttony of consuming the treasures of Mother Earth, and the long-run repercussions are coming due and payable. Nevertheless, that is a complex and difficult problem, and we must leave it until we apply method three. Then and only then can we have the voice needed to confront that threat to humanity.”

“Okay, we will wait, mostly because we don’t have a clue what should be done. Tell us about method three,” they piped like excited children at Christmas.

“This is going to be very difficult due to the fact method three involves the use of intelligence, something you two are ill prepared for.”

“Did you just say you don’t like us?” they asked.

“Oh no,” protested *I*, “Just merely giving you credit for your native capabilities.”

Me and *Myself* seemed to swell up in self-importance, and replied, “Why thank you, *I*, you really do like us.”

To himself, *I* wondered how is it possible to ever make this clear to these dolts, and then, how to make it clear to the world. He further mused, these two are my dearest friends, so it is vital to make them understand. Besides, if they can understand, the rest of the world will be a piece of cake. But, do I have the right to include them in this battle? Fear, confusion, frustration, were rampant in his thoughts. With all his heart, he wished he could undo the past two days.

Before *I* could get started, *Me* asked, “Isn’t it getting late for us to start for Eureka?”

Momentarily defeated, *I* replied, “Why, you are correct. Why don’t you two come back early in the morning and we will go to Eureka first thing. There we can make our plans and discuss method three.” *Me* and *Myself* took their leave, and *I* sighed, “Well, that allows me time to plan how to break granite with a rubber mallet.” Shaking his head,

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his words clearly stated the fear this 'concept,' had invoked, "I would not have entered this road, had I but known its destination, and I wish, with every atom of my being, there was an exit," and again, a sense of doom invaded his very soul.

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CHAPTER 2

EUREKA, I FOUND IT

Early the next A.M. saw the three friends traveling Hwy. 101 north in a large U-haul truck. It seems that *Me* and *Myself* were confused about what they were going to do in Eureka, so they decided to pack everything they owned to be sure. *I* merely placed his gym bag behind the seat and said nothing. Shortly after leaving their homes in Whynot, California, the vista began changing from the agrarian splendor of the valley into increasingly mountainous terrain. *I* had determined to forego any discussion during the ride. He knew his friends and was sure they would be totally absorbed in awe-filled perusal of their surroundings. Time showed the sagacity of this decision; for currently his friends were enmeshed in a competition of count the bugs. This consisted of seeing who was fastest at tallying the number of insects as they splattered the windshield.

I was amazed and delighted, for in all their years of association, he had never believed them capable of such concentration. Wanting to expand the benefits of the game, he made a classic mistake. This occurred when he suggested they include identifying each insect as well as count it. The confusion this wrought immediately descended into a bickering, name calling melee without end, and *I* was certain that the next hours of the ride were destined to be a living hell.

“Why bother to try?” he said with a sigh.

Fortunately for *I*'s sanity, there appeared a roadside sign which indicated the next exit was for “The Avenue of The Giants.” He was sure that the old growth Redwoods would distract his friends. No sooner did he take the exit than a deluge of questions bombarded his senses, all concerning the existence of giants.

“Wait,” he extolled, “and you can decide for yourselves.”

Soon, they were, enmeshed in the verdant, primeval world of the enormous trees. Pulling into a turnout, they exited the vehicle and *I* watched his friends' expressions of rapt amazement.

“Well, what do you think of the giants?” he asked.

Me and *Myself* both replied, “Those are the biggest trees in the world, but that doesn't mean giants live here.”

I began massaging his temples, and the thought occurred to him that he really should not have decided to stop taking mind-expanding drugs; at that moment he would have given anything for a bottle of Bayer® Aspirin.

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The respite provided by their brief detour seemed to accomplish the hoped for results. *I* was no fool and understood this was a momentary peace, as the existence of giants question had not been resolved. In spite of this cloud on the horizon, *I* was willing to take what ever was offered, and thus they continued their quest. The ticking semantic time bomb would have to wait its turn, for other matters were the focus of this trek.

I's reverie led him to an analysis of the characteristics of the three of them, and the qualities that may be perceived by others. He felt it vital, for his vision seemed to indicate that, in reality, they were going to enter a world never before seen, and changes were in the air, which would forever alter the way the world presented itself. Oh yes, as unlikely as it seems, his visions would truly alter the future of all humanity.

I realized as an individual, he would be described as formless but finite. Physically he presented an enigma of mind-boggling proportions. He was generally seen as a rather tall, short, fat, skinny person of indefinable image. *I* was known by few, and of those, not one doubted his clear aversion to the system extant. *I* lived his life based upon a self-perceived belief the world was not right. However, until now he had never considered any possibility this was his responsibility. He was somewhat perplexed at the indications of his new vision, which was based on the foundation we are each responsible for the world we inhabit. This reality check had forever altered the direction of his life, and added a here-to-fore unknown strength and purpose. *I* was excited and perplexed at discovering his reason for existence. He accepted his charge as philosophically as he had always accepted his assumption that, "we can't change it, so why try?" This go-with-the-flow attitude was a key ingredient of his make up, and he had always fulfilled its dictates assiduously. He would be damned if this newfound concept would sway him from the path of his essential self, and, in fact, it seemed exactly fitted to his beliefs. Thus, there was no conflict between his espousal of it and its results. In all respects, *I* was an overseer of the truth and a natural teacher.

When considering *Me*, on the other hand, he viewed a much-grounded individual. One who always required the conversion of complex philosophical ideas into linear mathematical terms for his comprehension. There was no room in his imagination for leaps of insight. No, his life was based upon linear realities, and, as such, he required definite resolutions. Just as two plus two must equal four, the concepts of his life must add up or they did not exist. Physically, he was seen as a short, fat, skinny, tall person of definite form without clear boundaries. These features often made his friendship with *I* contentious, until *I*'s natural ability to teach provided insights. These insights for *Me* came when he understood well enough to apply mathematical formula to the philosophical concepts. The upshot of these characteristics produced in *Me* the foundation of a natural accountant. In this role, he provided an essential function for the reduction of stress within the bounds of their joint friendship, for he dealt with the minutiae of all their daily accounting, and planning needs.

Oh, now for *Myself*, mercurial, ephemeral, this described *Myself*, a man of skinny, short, tall, fat description. He possessed a loyalty and dedication rare in the world. *Myself*, once convinced of a things worth, could promote it without peer. He had made

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countless dollars in sales, and yet he was unable to hold a job. It seems the corporate reality preferred conformance to performance, and this was beyond *Myself's* ken. Like spreading concentric circles, the fear of his phenomenal sales would ripple through levels of management, each level more certain than the last. *Myself* intended to replace them in their fiefdom. If only they had asked, and believed, for the last thing on earth *Myself* wanted was responsibility of a formal nature. The most he could expect was three, maybe four years of number one sales, and then "Brutus" would appear. This did not daunt him, for his memory of that which people wanted disposed of provided endless income. This was due to his ability to match these items with the wishes of those who were looking for just such items. *Myself* was the ultimate horse trader, a salesman nonpareil.

I's thoughts concluded that, when combined, the three of them formed an amorphous one, a symbiosis without form. He realized that if asked, any who knew them would not be able to confirm the existence or description of one, or all--an enigma that even *I* could not clarify. He confessed to himself to not knowing the answer, yet he mulled it over: does their form matter, or does their result? He would wait and see, wait and see.

I realized he had been holding his breath, as whoosh, the air exploded from his lungs, and relief surged through him like a strong current of electricity. This reaction came upon pulling into their motel parking lot. *I* was amazed at the lack of contention during the final stage of their trip, as he had steeled his resolve for an inquisition concerning the existence of giants. Thankfully, the verdant splendor, the vista, and the amazement at the huge redwoods had quelled his friends' usual bickering nature.

Scanning their surroundings, *I* and *Myself* were deeply impressed with the rustic beauty of the motel, and the unparalleled view provided. It seems *Me*, in his detail driven persona, had taken time the previous night to research motels and make reservations. *I* felt a sense of elation, for, if this concept could ever be successfully implemented, here was the place. The aura of peace and contentment was as palpable as a healing poultice. Yes, he thought, give them a day or two, and they will be ready. He determined that until that time he would keep his discussion to veiled references. It was his hope that in this manner he would stir subconscious questions and answers, easing the road for future enlightenment. *I* considered the task before him, and realized his profound appreciation of his friends' diversity of personality. He grasped the reality that each would take a different tack for grasping this plan, and this process would allow the development of a comprehensive presentation. Oh, yes, if he succeeded here he would be well armed to educate the world.

Two hours later, the U-Haul was unpacked, and all three stalwarts agreed it was time for a nap. They wished each other well, and retired to their rooms; *I*, to his pristine uncluttered quarters, *Me* and *Myself* into a hodgepodge of the cluttered confusion of their piled possessions. Having agreed to awake in two hours, the tired travelers slipped into the cloak of somnolent repose. At the appointed time, thoroughly rested, the three friends were sitting in *I's* room, the only one capable of holding them. *Me* was detailing the logging and seafaring history of the tiny community. It was very apparent *Me's* research of the previous evening went far beyond motels and reservations.

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For reference, the period was the nineteen-sixties, and Eureka was still a close-knit little community struggling to exist in the changing world. Tourism was an important but limited resource, and as-yet the influx of entrepreneurs still far distant. All three were awed by the fact the perceived raw beauty of their first impression had been grievously under-appreciated. *I* decided it was time to plant a subconscious seed for future harvesting.

To that endeavor he calmly asked his friends, “You know it is so beautiful here...What would you think if the three of us purchased some land together? We could build cabins, and share the responsibility of managing it for our future.” The response of his friends was so enthusiastic he was very heartened, and so he determined to expand on the lesson. “Okay, but do you think we would be able to manage this without fighting, cheating, or abusing the endeavor?”

Immediately, *Me* set off on a legal, financial, and morally detailed outline for establishment of written rules of responsibility insuring the sanctity of the endeavor.

Myself explained, with heart-felt sincerity, how his lack of concern over possessions would never allow him to complain, and both *I*, and *Myself* knew his protestations were genuine.

Me, and *Myself* looked to *I* and asked, “Don’t you think we could make it work? If not, why?”

I was privately elated with his result in this discussion so determined to add one more nugget. “Yes, of course we can develop a system where we are each responsible for the decisions we make. Therefore, surely we can make the idea work.” Deciding to leave it at this, he told his friends to think on the idea, and they would discuss it later. Knowing it wasn’t that easy, he decided to distract his friends with the ultimate diversion, “Right now my hunger is giving me a blinding headache, what about you guys?”

Instant diversion, and once again *Me*’s research came to bare. He regaled them with the complete history of a restaurant called “Lazio’s.” He told of how it was a fishing company and cannery specializing in both fresh and processed seafood; further he explained they maintained on site a restaurant renowned for its cuisine of fresh seafood dishes. His excitement and descriptive narration soon diverted all three into a hunger driven rush to the rental car they had procured.

Following a map, provided at the motel lobby, the three amigos were riding in rapt admiration of an abundance of Victorian architecture.

I commented, “There are more Victorian houses here than my eyes have ever beheld. Why, there must be three or four hundred such structures.”

Myself was very excited as he said, “You know, if real estate were my game, there would be a fortune to be made here.”

Me merely shrugged and proclaimed, “In fact, *I*, you are considerably short in your estimation. According to my research there are in excess of eight hundred homes built in the Victorian style here.”

Amazed, they continued following the map to their destination. It was obvious that the local residents were waking up to the charm of their homes, for, here and there, these

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structures had undergone remarkable restoration. Complimentary shades of pastel paints adorned them, highlighting the detailed trim and remarkable forms. *I* pronounced this to be a spreading phenomenon which would shortly cover every home in town. This was his unintended attempt at painter talk, to the amusement of his cohorts.

“*I*, you are a card,” they uttered in unison, “Spreading and cover, why that is funny.”

For a moment *I* was confused, and then the realization struck him; he quickly recovered, by acting as if he had intended the puns all along.

Arriving at the ocean’s edge, they pulled into “Lazio’s” parking lot and entered the building. The restaurant had the rustic, sea shanty atmosphere expected of a building which was both restaurant and fish processing facility. Finding a table for three, the friends took their seats. *I* decided that he would continue his subconscious education while waiting for their meals.

“Well, have you two thought about my idea of buying some land?”

“Oh yes” they responded, “We think it is a splendid idea.”

I probed, “Perhaps we could find a caretaker to watch our investment.”

Myself, who had learned the hard way that it was important to handle your own customers immediately replied, “That is not such a good idea.”

“Why is that?” was the response of *Me* and *I*.

Myself very thoughtfully explained his statement. “Well, it is like sales; you just can’t expect somebody else to handle your customers like you would. Every time I have tried that path, it resulted in disaster.”

I, with a quizzical mien, asked, “It’s kind of like you can’t really expect somebody else to be responsible for your life. Is that what you’re saying?”

“I’ve never quite thought of it in that manner...But, yeah, that’s it exactly, and that must be what my father meant when he used to say everybody should ride their own horse.”

I orchestrated the conversation until he got agreement on a simple adage, “You cannot pay somebody else to be responsible for your life.” When all three agreed to this, *I* was ecstatic with the result. He silently mused, “This just might be possible; ain’t that a kick?” For the first time, the icy fist of fear loosened its grip on his heart.

When the meals appeared, conversation was monosyllabic and directed at the superb array of dishes offered.

In the process of leaving the restaurant, *Me* and *Myself* were amazed at *I*’s buoyancy and lightness of mood. They asked in unison, “Was the meal that good as to put you in such a great mood?”

I laughed aloud, and shaking his head replied, “No it’s just that life is wonderment, and I’ve truly been enjoying the companionship.”

Me was shocked as he uttered, “Why, *I*, that is the nicest thing you have ever said to us. However, don’t think that you can butter us up so that we forget we have not settled the question of giants.”

I began laughing so hard his friends had to support him lest he fall down. The three cohorts managed to make it to their car, where *Myself* assumed *I*’s normal position as

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driver. *I* found himself wracked with intermittent bursts of laughter and noticed that he felt a joy quite abnormal for his general attitude. It seemed this joy was an infectious substance, for, as the three returned to their rooms, the bursts of laughter would issue forth from first one and then another.

The three friends couldn't wait to achieve the safety of their rooms where they could wait out their feared temporary insanity. Upon reaching the motel, the three burst from the vehicle like a covey of quail. With hands firmly clasped over their mouths to keep from laughing, they streaked for the door to *I's* room. This, it seems, was the room of choice for two pervasive reasons; one, it was the only room not filled with stuff, and, two, all three were so amazed at their condition that none wished to be alone. After an extended period, the raging gales of laughter subsided to intermittent showers of giggles.

Me and *Myself* looked at each other and said, "What are we laughing about?"

Me paused analytically, and then offered up, "I don't know, but I believe it is *I's* fault; however, I'll be damned if there is any reason for his laughter."

"Au contraire you cackling cluck, there is a wonderful reason for my mirth."

"Well, please share it with us," they intoned, "because we almost peed our pants and would like to know why."

I's answer both shocked and delighted his friends as he elucidated his newfound joy. "As mentioned earlier the appreciation of companionship, but far more significant is the ease you two have displayed in grasping method three. For it now seems quite possible that we can change the world."

Nervously, both friends edged towards the door. "*I*, you have cracked up, and we think you need to rest. Perhaps you will have found your senses in the morning."

"You two have hit the nail on the head. We all need to rest, for tomorrow will be a great day. Nevertheless, you are wrong in your reasoning, and I have to ask you to ponder our conversations, for they are the foundation of method three. Tomorrow we will wander the tidal pools and beaches and I'll be more specific; until then think and rest."

"Okay if it makes you happy, but remember we still have a 'giant' controversy."

I caught himself rummaging in his medicine chest before he remembered his pledge to forego mind-expanding drugs. "Damn, a Bayer® aspirin would sure feel good," he muttered.

Me and *Myself* were on their way to their rooms when *Myself* asked, "Do you think *I* will be alright? Has he really gone crazy?"

Me thoughtfully replied, "We must give him the benefit of the doubt, for, as we know, *I* is remarkably fey and enigmatic, so we better be ready for an education because it is probably us who fails to see."

"You are so right; that guy always confuses me, but when he explains, he is always right. You have to love that about him because it keeps us from getting into a lot of trouble."

"Yeah, you are right about that. We are very lucky to have a friend like *I*."

"Let's make a pact that we won't doubt him again, at least until we hear him out about method three."

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The duration of this pact was approximately three steps when the two friends questioned, “Do you think he might be nuts!” To which both merely shrugged and entered their rooms.