



Michael R. Amato

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First edition

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never taken them. By the time our first beer was done, Nate proclaimed, "Guys, I'm feeling kinda funny!" With a big grin on his face, then he broke into hysterical laughter. We hung out downtown till most everything had closed then went back to the room.

Nate kept saying he had to pay me back. I told him to pay me back by going to NYC for \$17, which I found out later he did, and he had a blast! The next day I went to the Greyhound to buy my ticket, then couldn't think of anything else but to go to the Dunkin Donuts. It pretty well made sense to me, if only me, as to why I should spend the last few hours of my trip there. Ghost knew, nothing needed to be said. He simply knew. Outside the Greyhound, my Brother Ghost and I gave each other our blessings of peace, then parted ways.

We had an hour stop in Virginia. I went somewhere away from the rest of the passengers. I watched the sun set from a big rock on the hillside, reflecting on the past ten days. I finally let go and started crying. I felt a hell of a lot better though. I asked the wind to carry my words to Serendipity, to let her know I missed her and longed to hold her in my arms again. I asked the sun to bless her with sunny days. As I was saying this, a yellow butterfly appeared out of the bushes, fluttered around me while I was talking, then took off for the sunset. The universe working its majik. I smiled and got an overwhelming sense of joy and love. It felt like...as if Serendipity was right there with me. I've read poems into the wind, and talked with many butterflies since, asking them both to deliver my words to Serendipity's ears. The birds have brought me her responses, I've seen her lovely eyes in the night sky, for it can be substantiated, Serendipity, even miles away, just the thought of you is enough to make me smile, and I miss you.

We were on the sidewalk in front of the jail on State St. in Chicago. Our reason for being there was that three of our friends had been arrested in Anita Alvarez's office demanding the release of the NATO 5. I was sleep deprived so I decided to lie down. They were rolling down the street, the guy in his wheel chair, the girl on her skateboard. I figured her to be a Rainbow Kid, so I wanted nothing to do with her instantly, but then she started playing that saw. The sounds it produced were intoxicating. I started talking with her, and came to find out she doesn't like Rainbow either,

"It's just a big party now. It's total bullshit," Serendipity said.

"Yeah, the elders were the only ones I've ever met who I really liked, and that's because they are Anarchists whether they know it or not," I responded.

To this she just grinned a cute little grin, and said, "Yeah." So we talked for a while, and at one point I was thinking, "Where have you been my whole life?" which I actually said rather than thought. She looked over at me with a big smile, blushing a bit, and gave me a hug.

It was about sunset when we went to get coffee. I was falling asleep standing up. On the walk back from the Dunkin Donuts we cracked a few jokes. Her sense of humor just added to her beauty. We didn't stay at the jail solidarity too much longer; we decided to spend the night at the beach. The guy she came with had already left in a huff, because she wanted to stay with me.

"He said I couldn't stay, but I said 'Fuck that, cause I want to hang out with you,'" Serendipity said as she

poked me in the chest.

"I want to spend as much time with you as I can," I told her, "because the tragedy of meeting you is, I may never again see you after today."

"Don't say that! We will meet again, I promise!" she reassured me.

So we walked through downtown Chicago back to the hostel. Serendipity went up to her room to get her things. The self-proclaimed Deadhead she was traveling with rolled into the TV room. He started in on me.

"You know, she does this all the time," he said.

"What's that?" I asked him.

"She will take off when I rent a room with a bed in it for her," he said trying to sound pathetic.

"Well, she is a 22-year-old girl. You yourself a 72-year-old man in a wheelchair," I told him "Can you really be mad at her for wanting to have some fun, when you yourself even told me not four hours ago, 'I think everyone in the world should be free to do what they want to do?'" He didn't like this.

"All I have to do is get her to Portland, Maine, then she's not my problem anymore."

"What the fuck is wrong with this dude?" I was thinking. He started to walk off to the rest room, and said, "If I was you, I'd plow her." I almost jumped up and kicked his legs out from under him. I was so sleep deprived. "Maybe I'm hearing things" I told myself, all the while wanting to throw my chair at him. I could hear them both coming down the hall.

"Well I'm leaving at 9 a.m. tomorrow morning, so if your stuff is here, I don't know what they will do with it."

wants to eat some?"

Sarah said to talk to Peanut about it because of what had just happened with the Nazi guy. I thought about eating them anyways, but I figured, it's Peanut's house, so fuck it, I can wait, then went to eat the 2C-B I had. I decided against this too, that was for a special occasion. So I went to sleep.

Tuesday September 11, 2012. I went to get lunch with Ghost for Peanut and Beirut shortly after I got up. It was McGMOs, but no one cared. Beirut and I were upstairs with Ghost when I pulled out the shrooms and gave him some, then dosed myself. I told Beirut my story, and he said, "Dude, that little girl's heart is gonna melt when she finds out what you did for her." The mushrooms had me feeling good, but hearing him say that at the point in time when he did made me feel great! I had told him about Chicago, coming for the convention, the DHS/Secret Service showdown, and all the searching across town I had done. He wanted more than anyone had yet for the two of us to see each other again.

It was a beautiful sunny afternoon. Tripping, I decided to go for a bike ride. Ghost went with me. We went downtown and just cruised. I rented a room, for I had decided to leave the next day. It was getting to close to my deadline, plus I had every reason to believe Serendipity had already left town. No one who had seen her had seen her for a few days. I wished Peanut, Sarah, Chilly, and Beirut the very best, then Ghost and I split again back downtown with all my stuff. We met with Nate and went for drinks. I fed him some shrooms too, he said he had

on a mission from God." Holy fucking shit! That's exactly what Adam would have said!

I ran down the street drunk and high to the Common Market, almost getting run over by a cop, then juked on him when he tried to pull me over. "Fuck this shit!" I thought when I saw the lights come on. I can't get arrested now! I ran in the door out of breath, and the girls behind the bar asked if I had found Serendipity yet. I told them no, and everything that had happened to me in the last day, then they made me go outside after I told them why I was out of breath. Those people are so badass in that joint. If you're ever in Charlotte, NC, be sure to stop by the Common Market at Plaza Midwood. They will take care of you. At least they did for me anyways, maybe it was just the incredible circumstances that brought me.

After about an hour or so, I had been chatting with these fellows, we decided to smoke some weed. Man this guy had some hash that was as good as the hash my cousin used to get from Amsterdam. We smoked it out of a bong, so I was lit like a Christmas tree for sure. Ol' boy had some majik mushrooms too, so I bought those then took off for Peanuts. I didn't realize the guy everyone had called the Nazi dude had made a fool of himself. I was locked out of Peanuts. They opened the door after about 20 minutes and let me in though, once they realized it was me knocking. I proclaimed I had done the impossible!

"What's that? You find your girl?" Sarah asked. I still don't know why everyone referred to her as "your girl" when I always had made it clear we were friends, but whatever. "No, that's not impossible! I got these." Then I pulled the bag of mushrooms out of my pocket, "Who

He was trying to guilt trip her, she walked into the TV room, looked at me and smiled, then said, "Are you ready?"

Well fuckin' a right I was, enough of this old man's bullshit. He started to say something else, and I butted in, "Look man, out of respect to you, I'll leave right fucking now, and you will never see me again." He just kept up the guilt trip. Serendipity and I went up to the room for a while. "It's up to you whether we go to the beach," she said.

"Well, I don't want to get you into trouble, that guy's being a dick."

She laughed and told me, "He does this all the time, he's just over-protective."

We talked a bit more in the room, then cuddled until the old bastard interrupted us. He basically threw me out. Serendipity walked me downstairs. Out on the sidewalk, I stooped down to grab my money out of my alicepack. Serendipity bent over and kissed me. I stood up, picked her up and hugged her, then kissed her. We stood out there for what felt like a lifetime to me. I watched as she went back inside, up through the doors to the elevator, then she waved and smiled to me before going back to her room. I didn't know what to feel. So I walked to the Federal Reserve to curse it. I decided around 3a.m. to go the Woodlawn Mental Health Clinic for the Save our Clinics defense. Not to my surprise, there was no one there. So I did what came natural to me. I walked the 70-plus blocks up Lake Shore Drive back to the Fed. Let me tell you this is a long walk. I sat on the shore line watching downtown at sunrise thinking, "The only person I want to

see is right there," then drifted off for a bit.

I wasn't at the Fed long before I got the text,

"Hey, this is space cadet Serendipity atcha service!"

"Where you off to next space cadet?"

"Next stop Boston!"

"Well have fun and be safe."

"Fun and safety are arch enemies!"

"You're right! So have fun then!"

"I will, I'll see you on the front lines my friend!"

I didn't think much of it. I stuck around Chicago until after the Occupy the 4th festivities were over. Then I went to meet Ethan at O'Hare. A few days later in South Bend, I was sitting around listened to the song at the end of Blood, Milk, and Sky, by White Zombie. I started to think about Serendipity, then I started to smile. To this day all it takes for me to smile is to think of her, no matter how far away she is. We talked a bit more throughout the month. We were supposed to have our next meet at the DNC in Charlotte, NC. I was with my cousin at a friend's house listening to the same White Zombie song when I took a monster hit of DMT. If you haven't before, try DMT. It's amazing, and if you have, do it and listen to Blood, Milk, and Sky in its entirety. Absolutely phenomenal. I was sure. I had to go. I saw in the visions, and knew, for good or ill, I had to go to the DNC.

So I'm on the Greyhound heading to a Schedule 1 national event. Quite nervous I was. Not only were the best of the worst gonna be there, but I had two double hits of 2C-B for Serendipity and me to take. Mother of God, who should I see when I step off the bus

must mean a lot to you for you to have come all this way to see her."

The man told me, "What you're feeling, young man, is true love. Not this nonsense they sell you from Hollywood. I didn't think men like you still existed in this world."

I didn't realize until this moment what exactly it was I was doing. I was on a Mission From God as they call it. I love those, they have an incredibly high success rate. A friend of mine who is a heroin junkie now used to always tell me, "Shark, you know you're on a mission from God now right?" As of today, I have an almost perfect track record with succeeding at these missions. The only exception is the one I'm on now, so pretty good odds I would say. Anyhow, I hung around the Common Market for awhile. All of the people I talked to were genuinely interested in listening to me. That would never happen in Indiana, even though our state's motto is, "Hoosier Hospitality" Hah! What a joke. Indiana is one of the most unfriendly states I've ever been in. I've lived here my whole life and wondered, "Where's the hospitality?"

In Charlotte though, everyone cared, they wanted me to reunite with my friend. Hell, I could almost feel like they wanted to be there to see it. Ghost and I went back downtown for a few hours and a few beers after he showed up at the Common Market. We gathered some of his things along the way back to Peanut's that evening. It was Sunday. Monday I moped around the house like a sick cat until Chilly and I went to that bar to watch the Raiders game. The bartender told me, "I've seen this girl at Plaza Midwood before, at the Common Market for sure. You're

get into the profile to view the rest though. I think it's totally unrelated, but who knows, to this day I don't think much of it other than it was interesting to come across. Considering Serendipity told me she was from Santa Barbara, I thought it was odd, but I'll bet there's a lot of Mikes in Chicago.

We went to Peanut's that night after Nate Dogg showed up. I got a case of beer and got smashed drunk. The next morning I woke up with a hang-over. This hasn't happened to me in a while, so I asked Sarah where I could get something to eat. It was already noon. She said there was a good Mexican restaurant on the corner by the gas station, so I went there. While recovering, I had decided to ask just one more person if they had seen Serendipity. If they have, I'll stay in town longer; if not, I'm out. Well, the waitress said the girl in the picture looked familiar, and to ask the manager. When I asked the manager, the answer I got was not the one I was expecting. She said she had seen the girl a few days prior.

If it wasn't the Universe telling me something, I don't know what was. I know to follow the signs, so I went to tell Ghost. I gave him and Nate my food I never ate, then Nate showed me around Plaza Midwood. He said this would be where I would find her if anywhere in the city. So I sat around talking with people telling them my story for a few hours. No one else that day had seen Serendipity, but they sure wanted me to! I asked an older couple the same thing I had been asking everyone else. The old man smiled while I told them what happened, why I was here, and showed the lady and him the picture. The old woman said, "She's very pretty. This girl

in Charlotte? None other than the Department of Homeland Security, in force. Eight vehicles on the corner, and about 12 DHS goons, plus the CMPD. "Just pretend they aren't there," I kept telling myself. And besides, you haven't done anything wrong anyway. I made it to Frazier Park, but not in time for the march that had left before I got there. If you have never ridden Greyhound, they are never on time. I asked around the park for info on lodging, and if anyone had seen my friend. My main concern was giving Serendipity a big hug, then eating the drugs with her. The only lead I got was that people had been occupying Marshal park. "But it's in the red zone, right across from the exclusion zone," a woman had told me. Well she was right, directly across the street from the exclusion zone, there it was, in all its glory! A tent city called Obamaville! America hadn't seen anything like this for almost a year! My heart was full of joy, I knew I had to get a tent, and I did. I wanted to have Serendipity graffiti it with me.

There were some people going to area 15 for food, so I decided to go. It seemed logical, where else will you meet people you're looking for, the convergence space, of course. No one there had seen her, and right about sundown, I felt my soul yearning to leave for Obamaville. I should have walked, just left immediately. When you get these feelings, it's quite important to listen to them. Your inner voice is always right, and when the Universe gives you the signs, you follow them, for good or for ill. When I arrived at the park it was already dark; there wasn't much going on, so I hung out with Chilly and Mike, two of the coolest cats I would meet during the week at Obamaville.

Around 2 a.m. I went to sleep on a bench. It was right as I entered the theta level of brain activity. I heard the voice, "Please help me. I can't take this anymore, please help me." You've gone around the bend man, I told myself, trying to rationalize it. I knew what it was though, no rationalization can explain it. It was telepathy. Serendipity and I had talked about this and both were firm knowers that, yes people can communicate with their minds. I stared at the sky, and thought into the atmosphere, "I'm here, I'll do everything in my power to help you."

I woke the next morning feeling great. The bench had fixed my back right up. Well, first on the list, get a tent. A guy named Donald started talking to me. I knew I should have told him to fuck off. This is the kind of people Occupy brings around, the disenfranchised of all kinds, people who have new ideas, or just plan crazy ones. But we are the 99%! I didn't lose my cool. Even though the Bro's and I were going to walk to get water and smokes, Donald said he would get me a ride. Well fuck if it didn't take us three hours to do what the Bro's and I could have done in less than 45 minutes walking. Donald kept talking about his language he was inventing. The whole time he was talking to me all I could think of was wanting to tell Serendipity, "You know how awesome you are? Even from hundreds of miles away, just the thought of you is enough to make me smile!" Then taking her to breakfast somewhere.

Writer sighs, it's worth noting for my audience, I now only have one class left before I can do FAA testing to get my A&P license. That's right, this author will be federally certified to work on aircraft in

why go into the cages? The police refused to allow us entry. It was an odd spectacle, we had just defied everything the police had set out to prevent us from doing, but now they want to go into the free speech cages... we got back to the park triumphant for the most part, but still no Serendipity.

I woke quick about nine; our eviction notice was for noon. I helped with clean-up, picking up trash and cigarette butts. Around 11 a.m., Ghost and I had our things packed and ready to go to his place. I got a much needed shower and some rest, then went downtown for a bit. We met with Dirt at Noda's later in the evening. The Occupiers who got left behind were at a guy named Peanut's house. We decided to go over there, but first Ghost had to grab a few things from his place. When we got to Ghost's, the door was locked. Where he was staying was a Christian workers house or something like that, but those guys weren't very Christ-like.

We slept on the porch all night, then Ghost ended up getting kicked out because of his absence during the protest for the past week. At 9 a.m. Saturday we went back downtown to Starbucks, then to a local market. Ghost was ravaging the internet for Serendipity. A few interesting things did show up, specifically on from a girl on Myspace from Santa Barbara, who's Myspace handle was Leslie007. It was only fragments of something, but read to the effect of: "at sunset for a walk... Chicago... on our way back, Mike is the greatest man I've ever met."

It was one of those texts at the bottom of the link on Google when you search for something. He couldn't

It was a tense moment for some, I suppose. I was right up front staring up Tryon, with a vengeance outta the Bible look on my face. "Fuck this, I'm going to defy them until they arrest me." Considering what I had gone through the past two nights looking for Serendipity, this wasn't shit. I was telling the cops about how the ruling class wants to divide us. Right in their faces, I could feel my glare scaring them.

"We are all working class here, even you officers! You get paid just enough to comply with the bullshit your superiors lay on you. I'm a certified A&P mechanic. I make almost six figures a year! You see what side of the line I'm on don't you! Don't you know any better?!"

Several cops broke, one woman cop started to cry. It was all of us who caused this though, not me, it was us. The pigs knew we were right. The police let us up Tryon a few minutes later, and we erupted into cheers and chants of "Whose streets? Our Streets!" as we marched to the heart of the beast. At Sixth, they had a fire truck blocking the road, and attempted to make our path for us. Fuck that. We did a sit-in at Sixth and Tryon. This was a very powerful. "If you don't like it, then hey fuck you!" to the powers that be, and the cops finally decided to let us go back down Tryon.

We passed the Duke Energy building where Obama was giving his speech, started chanting, "Obama come out, we got some stuff to talk about!" and did another sit in. When we passed the free speech cages on South Graham, for some reason people wanted to go in. Why? I'll never know. We had showed everyone that the whole United States of America is a free speech zone,

February of 2013. I have inspections to finish in November/December, then it's on! I knew the end would be the worst: I'm squatting in an abandoned house my friend cut the electricity on in, dumpstering for food, and still making it to class on time everyday. In my life style, this license will be so worth having. I can travel and work on planes, (which I love) and I get paid bank son! More than enough for two people to live on. I knew the end would be the worst though, I have to do it. That's all we as people can do, just do it, always make sure what you're doing is going to make you happy though. There's no point in being miserable in life.

Anyway, back to Obamaville. I told the sky the night before that I would, and still will. I meant it then, and I mean it now. I wanted to help Serendipity then, and will when given the opportunity. If there is only one thing I know, it's that you can do anything in life, when you desire something truly, all the universe will transpire to assist you. Timing is crucial though, and you have to follow the signs. They will be apparent. The universe will allow. I felt great sitting on that bench, I knew I could help someone who deserves it. We could go back to Indy for the two months I have to finish school, or take the money and run. I didn't give a fuck, whatever made us both happy. I have reason to believe she isn't as happy as she seems. I ask the butterflies to carry my words to her everyday I see them. I ask the wind to whisper into her ear, and tell her I long to see her again, to hold her in my arms, and tell her how wonderful I think she is.

While talking with Donald, it dawned on me, my

day is going to be fucked. After the insanity with the Donald subsided, I got my tent set up and got the kitchen two cases of water. I remained patient with Donald, never losing my cool. "It will be worth it when Serendipity is having lunch with you at some fancy restaurant, and we can make everyone around us feel insecure about themselves!"

Oh, the Ninja plans! I'll tell you reader, there were many, and still are! The kitchen was happy for the water, I told them to thank Chase bank, they are after all giving me my student loans. Chase really fucked up giving someone like me money! Most of it has been used against them, posters, stickers, paint. Not to mention all the DMT, weed, and 2C-B they bought us! Oh Chase, thank you, but at the same time, fuck you.

The Bro's and I went to scope out downtown, there was supposed to be a rally later in the day. That week in downtown Charlotte reminded me of Chicago during the NATO Summits. We saw some of our people walking south on Tryon yelling about the matrix. Shortly pigs followed, what ever happened to free speech? Oh yeah, we don't have rights, at least not in the streets. These fucking pigs can do what they want with total impunity. They get away with murder, rape, and drug trafficking on a daily basis.

In Indianapolis alone in the past three years; Officer David Bisard, 36, was drunk, on duty, responding to a call that was already under control, when he plows into three motorcyclists, killing one, and critically injuring the other two, who were all stopped at a red light. All he

that, nor did they make plans with her to meet up at the DNC, and they sure as fuck didn't get told by her, 'We will meet again in due time, I promise.' so swallow your sorrow you gutless punk! Get the fuck up, if 2000 cops and DHS haven't stopped you yet, nothing will! Get the fuck up and keep on!"

That's exactly what I did, got the fuck up and hit the streets. I stopped to talk to a National Guardsman through the barbed wire fence at about 4 a.m. I showed him the picture and told him my story.

"That's wild you came all the way here for her man, I didn't think men like you existed, I thought they only wrote about y'all in books!" I laughed and told him, "Nope, I'm here, real life in the flesh."

"All the way from Indiana for a girl, huh?" he said.

"That's real love."

"Or I'm totally crazy, and I know that I'm not."

We laughed together, then with no tension in the air, I went on my way.

"I hope you find her!" he shouted to me. I promised him and myself I would, as I rode off, back to Obamaville.

Thursday, September 6, 2012. The final day. I was so sleep deprived, I don't remember most of the day, I was at the park a lot, and went to Noda's with Ghost for a bit. My memory comes back for the final march. We left on our usual path, but when we got to S. Graham and Tryon, we stopped. We wanted to go north on Tryon. The pigs didn't want us to, so we had a faceoff.

Wednesday morning, two days left now. Chilly and I walked to Frazier Park, and then to Area 15. No leads, nothing. I decided to buy a bike for

faster transportation, the more mobile, the better. Ghost had guaranteed me Serendipity was still in town. I couldn't tell you why, but I believed him. Ghost is the man, truly honest, and selfless. He helped me when no one else could, or would. Ghost and I went to Noda's for a break, then smoked a joint at the bus stop.

I had been having visions frequently since I had got to Charlotte, déjà vu. This day was more intense, more vivid a moment than any other. As we rode into the park, the way everything was set up, the spots everyone was standing in, I knew I had seen this before. As if I was in a waking dream, or had this dream as a child, usually this is where my déjà vu stems from, childhood dreams or visions. I have seen this before, lived it. It was midnight, I fronted on going to sleep.

I went back downtown. DHS vs. The Shark. Round two begins! Damn the cops! Damn the secret service! Damn the alphabet boys! For hours I rode on every accessible street, asking everyone, "Have you seen this girl?" and showed them the picture. No one had; my heart broke. I stopped in a parking lot at a motel on Tenth and Tryon about 2:30 a.m. I started to weep in solitude.

"The master of my universe, and I can't even manifest a reunion!" I screamed at the sky. This made me weep even more. Then I realized, "You fool! There's one day left of the convention at least! Fuck what these people are saying about her not wanting to see you! Those swine weren't with you in Chicago! They didn't talk to her after

got was one week of administrative leave, drunk driving charges dropped. The prosecutor lost his blood tests that proved he was highly intoxicated. He is at the time of this writing, still on the force. That motherfucker should have hung like the Nazis at Nuremburg. Christ knows you or I would have.

Another officer was pulled over after running over mailboxes, (among other private property), and for driving recklessly. He had in his front shirt pocket forty-seven 40mg oxycodone, with no legitimate reason for having them. Status: two days paid suspension.

An older officer has been seen numerous times at a downtown stripper club, in uniform, on duty, drinking and leaving with the dancers in his squad car. To my knowledge, the only thing that has been done was that he got a slap on the wrist and was told to be more discrete, or his wife might leave him.

The last gem I'll leave you with is this: this past summer (2012) an off duty officer was driving through a construction zone on I-465 drunk, clips a road worker, (who multiple sources have confirmed) had to jump out of the way, and still got caught by the door mirror. The officer didn't stop, so road crew workers chased him down and made him return to the scene. The pig decided to run again, this time evading the road crews. The signs on the interstate read, "Injure/Kill a road worker \$5-10,000 fine plus 5-10 years in prison" "All fines doubled in work zones" Well reader, we know this applies to us, but not the police. Not much can be found out about what happened to this officer, he probably walked though, with a fine, maybe. If it was you or I, however, we would never see the

light of day for quite some time. People still think the police are our friends, and can't figure out why I say, "Fuck the Pigs!", even with all this evidence to substantiate my claim.

This isn't a lecture, that I'm sure you already know, just an example of the police force in Indianapolis, Indiana over the past three years. Back to the story.

Sitting on a wall on S. Tryon, The Bros and I unveiled the Governor's platform for President. "Vote Arnold for Presinator 2012! Obama isn't a U.S. Citizen either! Let's take this to the next level, from Governor to Presinator!" The police didn't hassle us much, just asked if we knew the matrix dudes that they were following.

"Nope, we've seen them at the park, but we don't know them," one of the Bro's told the officer who stopped to talk to us.

"Where are you all staying?" the pig inquired.

"At the park, where else? It's the most happenin' spot in the city!" we told him.

Noticing his buddies were almost a block away, following Captain Anarchy and Morpheus, he left without incident. I asked a Sgt. if we could smoke on the sidewalk. I hadn't seen anyone else smoking, and it wasn't a bad bet I thought, that they illegalized that too.

The officer assured me, "You can smoke out here. We've seen lots of people out here smoking. They haven't taken that away from us yet."

I laughed and said, "Not yet, huh? Give the bastards time and they will do their damndest!"

to find Serendipity! Even if it's just for one minute to give her a hug and tell her she's the sweetest girl I've ever met." So I walked north on Tryon, right into the heart of the beast. The shirt I had on wasn't the best, it was the headless Anonymous suit on the front, and on the back it read, "You can't evict an idea whose time has come — Occupy 2012."

This drew a lot of stares from the over 2000 police downtown that night. DHS didn't like it either, I could tell, nor the alphabet soup, who I'm sure was in attendance (CIA, FBI, NSA, ATF, etc.) All of them were there, I'm sure, as well as the National Guard, with fully automatic rifles, and those .50 cal's on their humvees. I didn't give a fuck though. "Fuck fear," I thought as I walked every street. I just want to see my friend! It got to the point where it was just me and this massive security force, no one else was out on the streets that night. It must have been 4 a.m. as I noticed this and rounded the corner of some street I don't remember and froze in terror at what I saw. The same DHS vehicle from earlier was pulled over talking to some goons in Secret Service vests, and there was a guy in a suit with them. They looked over at me as I looked at them. There is no way I can explain the terror I felt at that moment. I was after all the only pedestrian downtown at this time, with the most massive security force I have ever seen in my life. I felt it was time for an agonizing reappraisal for the whole situation: Serendipity, if she was even awake, was not in the downtown area. So I walked back to the park with my phone in hand, ready to call Joe in case DHS tried to indefinitely detain me.

went on the Anti-Capitalist march that night, and what I saw was beautiful. There was a tactic employed that would have worked if there were more banners, and more people. There were only about 60 of us, but it didn't stop them from rushing the cop line on Tryon with this big black banner, which confused the hundreds of cops out there. I thought they would over react. I was right up front recording the scene. The pigs had no idea what to do, they raised their pepper ball guns, and bean bag launchers, and I thought, almost sadistically, "Do it motherfuckers! Do it!" I would have got the best film of it. Hundreds of cops opening up on NLG lawyers and journalists, as well as the demonstrators. I would have been happy to take a few bean bags, just because I know the NLG would have fucked them up in court. Ever since the NATO Summits in Chicago (May 21-22, 2012) I haven't been able to be anywhere else but right up front for these things. I guess Nemo was right when he said, "It takes a certain amount of just plain crazy to want to be up front at these things." The police didn't over react, which was ok, all in all. The march turned into a FTP march (Fuck The Police, for those of you who may not know), so I said fuck this, I got better things to do. There were only 40 or so people left, and I still hadn't seen Serendipity.

I walked for downtown, and on my way, who would you think I would run into? That's right! Department of Homeland Security! Again! Those motherfuckers passed me four times in all. Same SUV, same plates, "Oh fuck!" I remember thinking, "These bastards are going to abduct me and NDAA me to Guantanamo!" This wasn't enough to make me stop. "Fuck my personal safety, I have

The Sgt. just nodded his head. He knew I was right. We walked by a fountain/pool area we decided to take a rest by. The way it was set up it looked as if it was made to soak your feet in. So we did. Moments later security rushed us and said we couldn't put our feet in the pool. We sat up on the benches near by, and watched as some little kids started splashing around in the water.

"That's fucked," I said. "How come they can play in the water and we can't put our feet in it?" The security guard came back, and chased them out.

"Wow, even though those kids can't, that still doesn't make me feel any better. They are just kids man!" I exclaimed loud enough that all the people around us could hear.

"I know!" said Brian. "That's totally fucked not to let those kids splash around on such a hot day!"

The people near us knew we were right, as they nodded in approval, and started talking amongst themselves, despite our appearance (we looked like protestors). It reminded me of the church we went to earlier. The sign outside read, "Were a liberal church," as if they were advertising. It was a pro-Obama rally, no demonstration. I don't like G. W. Bush, but at least he didn't have kill lists that we openly know about. Fuck Romney too, for that matter, he is more mentally handicapped than Bush Jr. was. I'm surprised he hasn't choked half to death on a pretzel. This was the second time in one day that people with vastly differing viewpoints from us were in total agreement with us. This proves to me that we can all unite when we know some bullshit is going down and fix it, to benefit society as a whole, then go back to our business.

The reason we were downtown was to scope out the area. There was supposed to be a demonstration, but it never happened. What did happen however, was that James Taylor got rained out. It was fucking amazing. Whoever he was, his fans were pissed that they got rained out.

The Bro's decided to head back to Colombia, SC after that, and I can't say I blame them. At this point it was poor showmanship on our part. No coordination, nothing except people getting drunk and fighting with each other in the park. At this point I was about ready to leave as well, but I couldn't, I was on a mission, a mission to find a girl who in all reality I may never see again, and if I do, who knows if she will remember me, or even give a fuck if she does. I don't think any of that is true, and I won't let it stop me, but by writing things down, it forces you to come to grips with the ultimate reality of things. These are possibilities, as well as the possibility that I'm doing all this for someone who doesn't feel the same way I do, but to quote Billy Corgan, "Do what you gotta do, and say what you gotta say, do what you gotta do, yeah start today, start today." Someone finally had the idea to use to convergence space for what it was intended for, direct actions. Who would have thought?

In Obamaville, as I said before, it was quite discouraging, to see everyone arguing amongst themselves. I said fuck it though, I'm staying till I see Serendipity, for truly this is about 90% of the reason I came here. Tuesday was a total waste, except that I met Ghost, the man with the plan. He had seen Serendipity Sunday night,

while I was looking for her elsewhere. He told me, "She was trying to walk around, like she was looking for someone. The dude in the wheel chair was being a real dick though. He wouldn't let her go anywhere, he kept scolding her almost when she would try to talk to us."

Honestly, I knew it was true.

"He acted the same way in Chicago too. As they walked off together, all I could think was, 'There goes the love of my life,' all I could hear was bickering, then she walked back up to me and said, 'Fuck that, I want to hang out with you. He tried to say I couldn't, but I told him you're ok. He's just super protective.'"

"Well," Ghost continued, "I told him, that's no way to treat a young lady! I says, look motherfucker, wheel chair or not, if you keep talking to her like that I'll flip your fuckin' ass right in that goddamn lake!"

I couldn't help but burst into hysterical laughter, especially after the things Rashida had said about Serendipity in Chicago, the things I was too much of a bitch to tell her he said, especially when I should have. Ghost had seen Serendipity at Starbucks, too. I should have known. The fucking coffee! It only made perfect sense after the fact, and only if for the fact we went for coffee together in Chicago. Tim had told me as well, "I swear to God I saw her, Brother! She was right over there when you went to get water Monday morning. Her and this dude ate some breakfast, then they cut out." I knew who it was she was with, that worthless bastard in the chair. Ghost told me he'd put the word out to see if we could find her.