

©
GET PERSONAL POWER

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Hi.. .

I'm Steve. I hope you enjoy this free report. At Wisdomgame we use entertainment to educate and enlighten. Sometimes life is fun. You get a laugh or two. Or you might feel stupid, then you'd be just like me. If you understand what this report is about will you please email me steve@wisdomgame.org and we can chat it up. You deserve a tremendous amount of personal power.

Anyway, you can have whatever life you want, and this free report proves it. If you enjoy this report, pass it on to a friend or enemy who needs a laugh or two. One of the tenants of wisdomgame is that when you take action, an action like declaring to others you support a life of love, joy, freedom and abundance . . . then that life becomes yours.



INTRODUCTION

I've read a lot of self- help books and normally I don't read introductions, so why am I writing one? Maybe you like to read introductions, I don't know. You're not me, and if I could read your mind I might be in the circus. This world certainly is a circus too, but I'm not a mind reader.

Maybe you want to know what

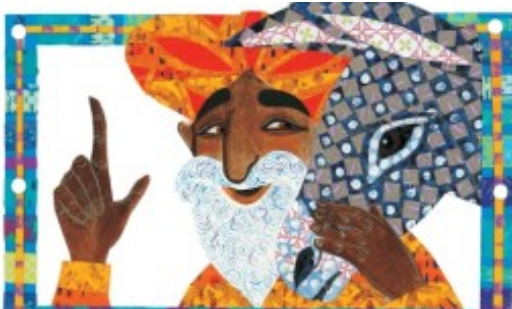
qualifies me to write a report about breaking through to a life of abundance, health, and love. This is a paradoxical question. Being ‘qualified’ to do something is a gigantic barrier. It’s a concrete wall that takes a huge crane and big metal ball just to make a dent. You’ll have to spend a lot of money, get a PhD, and work at least five years with a psychoanalyst to get one of those and then you’ll also have to buy an operation manual.

Don’t worry about being qualified. With the download of this report, I automatically have granted you a ‘license’ to use the information within to do whatever you want with it, except of course, resell it without paying me. If you are reading this in a library or the coffee shop of a book store, good for you. However, as soon as you put the book down you will forget and your ‘license’ will expire. If you buy the book, you can carry it around. You can tell your friends about it, or act like a smart ass and quote from it. You can put it in your bookcase and show it off, or put it on your coffee table and put a cup of coffee on it. If the weather’s cold you can burn it in the fireplace, or you can even resell it at a garage sale ten years from now. If you buy it, it has a thousand and one uses. . . . but this one's free on me!

Actually, I don’t care what you do with it. I’m already financially secure. Money flows easily to me, without much effort, because I support the Universe and the Universe supports me in all that I do. If you scan it by speed reading, if you read it once, if you buy it and take it home, use it and study it . . . (I suggest this) . . . it doesn’t really matter. These words are like magic. This book is your doorway to another life.

Why you’re reading this introduction, I have no idea. Like I said, I’m not a mind reader, but that does reminds me of a Sufi story. The Mulla was waiting at the border with his mule. It was hot and a long wait because the inspector was a very thorough man and he had to check everybody. When the Mulla reached the hut and the gate, the inspector took one look at Mulla’s clothes and his mule and thought to himself, “He’s smuggling something. I will search everything.” Well, this went on and on. Year after year the Mulla crossed the border with his mules,

but the inspector never found anything illegal.



Finally, after the inspector retired, he was in a coffee shop and saw the Mulla. “Okay, I’m retired,” he said, “Now, tell me what you were

smuggling?” Mulla looked at him. “Why mules, of course.”

Why this introduction? ‘Cause I’m sneaking ideas by you without you knowing it.



Wild. Crazy. Stupid. Idiotic! Maybe I am. I don’t know. Mom always used to call us that. Until I was eight, I didn’t know my brothers’ real names. Turned out Mom had three kids and none of them were idiots. Wild is a professional speculator. Stupid’s worth ten million bucks and sits on his ass all day. I’m not crazy and I’m not an idiot, and I don’t have to write e-books like this for a living. I like to write e-books.

Well, maybe I am crazy . . . Which reminds me of another story. A young man was looking for the meaning of life. He heard about a guru on top of Pyramid Peak about twelve thousand feet up. Well, it was a long hike, sometimes without a trail and metaphorically speaking, more like a grind. At last, he came to the old one’s hut and got on his knees and begged for the answer. The old man said. “Do you know how a dog poops?” The young man looked quizzical. “Not really.”

“Do you know how a cow poops?” Was this a trick question? “Not sure,” replied the young man.

“Do you know how a horse poops?”

“No,” replied the young man.

There was a long pause. The guru jumped up. “You come here and take my time. And. you . . .”

“What?” asked the young man.

“You don’t know shit!”

Well, dear reader, you’re not the seeker and I’m not the guru. In fact, the opposite is true. You’re the guru. I’m nothing and you know everything. I don’t know anything and you’re the guru because you know a considerable amount about me already. You know I don’t read introductions, I don’t believe in barriers, and I learned everything I know in the restroom of my fourth grade grammar school. That last part’s not really true, but I do know a lot of dirty jokes which is somewhat paradoxical, because jokes depend on timing and in this e-book I absolutely prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt that time does not exist.

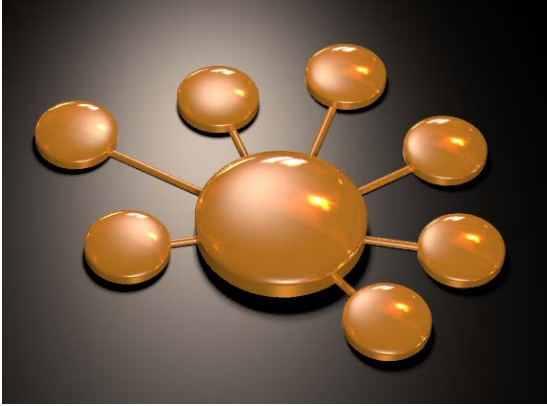


“Beyond a shadow of a doubt.” That’s a funny statement, if I ever heard one. Think about it. When you cast a shadow, the light of day is beyond it. But what kind of shadow can doubt cast? Doubt’s empty. It’s a state of mind of not believing, which is one hundred percent sure of not being sure. Maybe when you doubt, you’re full of yourself. In that case you’d cast a big shadow on everything. Thinking about it kind of twists your mind up and wraps it around itself.

Next time you’re all twisted, lay on your side with your head on your pillow and say “Wish I may, I wish I might, wish upon a star tonight. If I should die before I wake, may God my soul to take.” As you lay on your pillow, you will feel a little moisture run out your ear. Oh no. You’re losing your mind. Sometimes you have to lose your mind to save your soul.

Doesn’t matter if you speed read this report or take it home and practice it. (I recommend this.) You can understand, even as your read these words, the world is changing, and you’re changing. My old boss used to say when a pretty girl walked by, and my eyes bulged out of my head and followed her behind barking up her legs and drooling; he’d always remark. “All cats are grey in dark.” That’s what we’re doing right now. We’re in the dark embracing the cat of change.

This report’s not about change. It’s not about how to change. It’s not about anything. It’s a blazing hot poker that cauterizes your festering. It’s a vice that compresses your self and produces a self-healing salve for those wounds. It’s radical. It’s innovative. It’s a revolution beyond anything you’ve ever experienced, and such a sophisticated brand new technological breakthrough that if you can understand it, send me a note, and let me know what it really is about. Buy my book, read it once, you’re cured! Buy it again, read it twice, you’re unlimited. Buy it three times, read it three times, you’re nuts and I’m rich.



DEPOTENTIATING FRAMEWORKS

The purpose of the following is to remove the barriers you hold in your conscious mind. The writing that follows uses humor to remove the road blocks and tear down the brick walls which keep you from enlightenment. This work is written strictly as entertainment.

Disclaimer:

This report is only for entertainment. Contained within the following pages are physical and mental exercises. Always check with your doctor before attempting anything strenuous. While WISDOMGAME® provides these exercises solely to entertain, educate, and enlighten, in doing these exercises you accept responsibility for any changes which occur.

START HERE



If you are here for the first time, look! You're going to have to start doing things a little differently. Following the rules got you where you are right now. You wouldn't be reading this report if you weren't at least a little curious about creating something new, or having more life, or attracting something more and better. If you started here, go somewhere else and start there. Stop reading this, and if you don't stop and you continue reading this . . . it just proves you always get what you deserve. So thumb through to another part and read that.

You deserve an unlimited life.



Okay, very good. You did well. You're reading this right now. There is no doubt about it and that goes to prove that time does not exist. Again, it's right now, and I want you to remember back to your days in school. If you didn't go to school, that's okay, you'll still recall this because it's in everyone's memory bank. Italian philosopher, Descartes, of the sixteenth century coined the phrase, 'I think therefore I am.' So, 'I think' is equal to 'I am.' This could be expressed as $I \text{ think} = I \text{ am}$, and since both sides of a mathematical equation can be reversed, $I \text{ am} = I \text{ think}$. It is apparent what Descartes was saying is $I \text{ am } I \text{ think}$. I doubt if it was $I \text{ think } I \text{ am}$. That doesn't make much sense.

This may be spurious logic, but at least one thing we do know is that *you think you are*. Right now, I'm not sure what I think. But this book's not about me. You can read the introduction if you want to know about me. This report's about you. The question is not if you think you exist, **it's who do you think you are?** . . . and how are you going to get what you want?

So you remember being in school and all that reading that put you to sleep every night, and you have a lot of other memories of this, that, and the other thing, and it all fits in sort of a time line that goes back to pictures of when you were a little baby. I have to be brutally frank with you: All that's an illusion.

The concept of time as a line is incorrect. Even if you believe the images in your head are close representations to what happened, in our universe no natural straight lines exist. Universes, solar systems, planets, and atoms follow spiral paths. There is no such thing as a straight line. Even a straight line drawn with a pencil on paper is simply a series of dots and as you get real close it's not straight anymore. It jumps around. So 'straight' doesn't exist. The interpretation of time as a line moving from past to present and future is an idolized extension created by humans to explain and protect us from truth. Which is, we are constantly changing, but time is always eternally now.

You can ask Descartes.



WHO ARE YOU?

And does anybody care about that right now except me and you? Probably not, or you'd be out cruzin for a bruzin instead of reading. I care about you because it's my special intent to wake up a few people, and after reading this report, *stop sleeping*. Hey, wake up!

You chose to read this e-book because you are a special person. You are unique. The changes you desire are occurring now. This is the way. You can have as much as you are able to have. This is the nature of the universe.

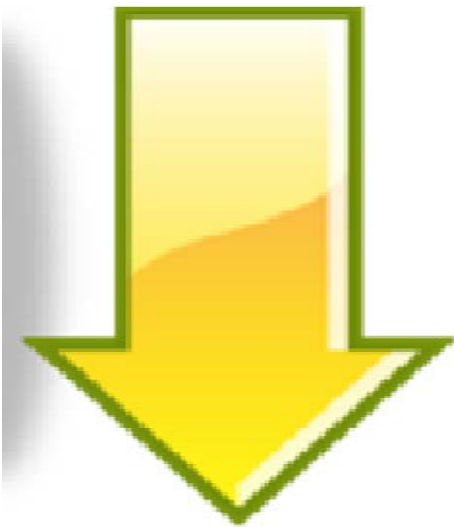
What you consider to be you is an ever changing group of visual, auditory, and feeling states that come and go and produce different thoughts and moods. These are retained within and sometimes, maybe often, cause you problems because something in those memories is unfinished and incomplete. This is not right or wrong, good or bad. It's the way we are. When one or two unfinished color, sound, or feeling states monopolizes our lives, we can get attached to this position and this prevents us from feeling fulfilled.

Time is an illusion, but we're not concerned about time. We're concerned about you, about breaking through the barriers which bind you in any way. What you need to do is complete those unfinished situations. How do you do that? That's a good question. You can't go back in time. Even if you could, it wouldn't be the same. You'd be

bigger or older and nothing would be like you remembered it. So what can you do?

You can apologize and forgive people who are still around, and you can also change memories by redoing them and completing them, and in your day to day operations you can complete situations and not leave anything unfinished.

What happens after you do that is sometimes called ‘quickenning,’ ‘awakening’ or ‘enlightenment.’ By resolving all unfinished memories and keeping new situations from becoming unresolved, you free the energy necessary for break through.



NOW

The ever present moment of now it the only time we have. This is important to remember, and you won’t ever be able remember it. It’s a paradox. It’s Zen, which reminds me of a story about two monks.

Eraserhead and Zip were young monks at the inner city monastery. The master asked them to drive the van over to the other side of town and pick up a load of rice cakes. Only thing was, outside it was raining cats and dogs. It was a long drive and Eraserhead didn’t like taking the freeway because he got flashbacks. So they took a route through town. Zip didn’t care, it gave him more time to study, recite, and pray.

Halfway back with the van stuffed full of rice cakes, the rain, sleet, and hail got so heavy you could hear cats barking. Eraserhead stopped at a light and wiped his hand on the steamed up window.

“Gimme something to wipe off this window.”

“Maybe we should call the master.”

“Gimme the edge of your robe.”

“No!”

“Come on squirt. The master wants these rice cakes.”

“Use your own robe!”

“Hey!” Eraserhead pointed, “On the curb,” he yelled, “what’s that!?”

A shapely young girl with her body showing through her drenched clothes hitchhiked at the light. Eraserhead jumped out of the van, opened the door, and shoved her on top of Zip.

“What!” cried Zip.

“Where you headed?” Eraserhead asked as he got back in.

“Anywhere dry,” the young girl replied. “Couple blocks, Sally.”

Zip fidgeted and blushed and looked up at the girl in his lap. “Your name’s Sally?”

“No. Jill. I’m headed to the Salvation Army. You know, the Sally. There it is! Here. Let me off here.”

After they left her off, Zip looked at his wet robe and steaming crouch where Jill had been sitting. He berated Eraserhead.

“You know we’re not supposed to get near women. Look what you made me do. I just can’t believe it. I touched a woman. I touched a woman!”

They drove on through the rain for a few moments. Eraserhead turned to Zip.

“We picked her up and dropped her off back there. You’re still carrying her.”



BAGGAGE

No one can remember now because the act of remembering is looking back in the past which takes you out of the now, so now is gone on to another time. Bye bye. Nice knowing you, remember me to Harold Square. Tell all the boys down on 32nd street that I will soon be there. Now is sort of a non existent animal. It's here. Then it's gone. You can't put your finger on it before it slithers away and another moment of now takes its place . . . now, it's gone. Reminds me of a chameleon I had when I was a kid. I'd put him on my shirt and he'd turn the color of my shirt, then one day he bit my finger and wouldn't let go. I finally shook him off, and he disappeared. Now, he's gone, or maybe he's still around and I can't see him.

You can have anything you want.

Everyone is full of it. Baggage, that is. We all carry around emotional states and mental crystallizations which we have built out of unfinished situations so we can prove that we were right and whoever or whatever we can't let go of for whatever reason . . . well, of course, they are wrong. I must be right about this. I thought a lot about it, and I've really invested a lot of time and energy in writing this e-book. I am right! Actually, it's not really baggage. It's in this leather bag here, but viola! It's not baggage, it's a tool kit.

The first tool is like a screw driver. "I won't like you anymore if you don't agree with me."

The second tool is kind of like a wrench. "Been there. Done that. I know. Let me tell you!"

Sometimes, it's a hammer. "You're stupid!"

Sometimes a sledge hammer. "Damn you. You idiot, %@*# you!"



If none of these tools work, finally there is a little jewel box. When you open it, it sings a sad little song and moths flit into the air. They're all those unfinished situations which you use now to make yourself right and keep you in your box.

Look inside: Larva.

The jewel box starts singing a little tune from kinder garden. "The worms crawl in. The worms crawl out. The worms crawl over your

greasy snout."



DEATH

I don't want to talk about death. So I won't. I'll just stare in a certain direction and put one finger up to my lips and keep quiet. Don't look over your shoulder right now, because if you do you won't see

my chameleon.

When you die, the door of the hold on your jet to Heaven will open and all that baggage you're carrying around will blow out and disappear. But right now, you can't grab hold of the moment because the moment's always gone. So what are you going to do? You see your baggage flying out innuendo, and you can't hold on to the now.

In the last century, Krishnamurti was considered the teacher of the age. When I was young, I listened to him in the Oak Grove in Ojai. He spoke softly. You could hardly hear him, much less figure out what he was talking about. Later, I read everything I could find that he'd written. He's hard to crack, but here's the meat of the nut: Your mind is fear.

Most people are afraid. But I'm not saying he said most people are afraid. That too, but the point is the mind itself is fear. Specifically, the

thinking that goes on in your head, the psychological process which defines you as you, is the creation of a personal time line so as to defeat the coming extinction of that created time line. In other words your mind exists as a process or means to prove to itself it exists and will exist after you die; in reality, it doesn't exist at all and is simply fear. Your mind is fear.

I don't want you to think about death. You might get scared. Think like this:

Once upon a time, in a womb surrounded by warm nurturing fluid, you lived happily ever after.

Just kidding. If the door is going to open for you, you have to die before you die. The you that is your baggage which is fear has to die if you are really going to be born. To do this you really don't need to understand why people create tool bags and jewel boxes. If you want, right now, you can simply take out the garbage. In your mind's eye, put all your 'shoulds' and 'oughts' into a plastic bag and throw them out. If not, keep dreaming.

I certainly am. I hallucinate that you enjoy using this e-book. So after I go out and mow the lawn, I am filling up some more pages.

TIME MARCHES ON

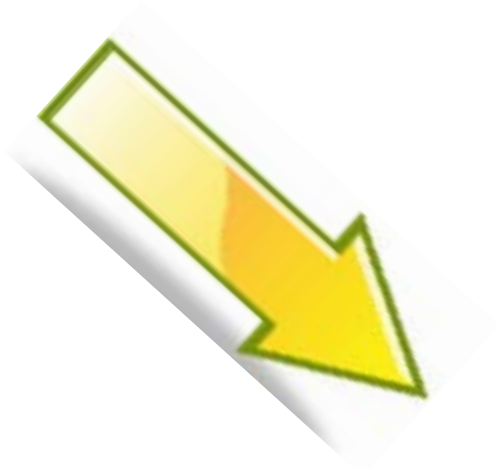
Wow. I've got a big lawn, but it's a pleasure to be outside and the mower does most of the work. I just walk around and then dump the bag. I could pay a gardener, but I like doing it. It's good exercise, and it proves a point. Not that I have anything to prove, but it only took a second for you to turn the page or to read this while I was out in the morning sun mowing my lawn for forty minutes. Time is relative. Sometimes it might seem to be speeding along, but most of the time it goes in a spiral.

Your mind doesn't work in a straight time line either. It associates or links memories, feelings, and states of mind to similar and opposite links. It jumps around like a monkey. You can put that monkey on a leash and chain and give him a cup and grind out a sorry tune day after day, but you won't get what you deserve.

You deserve unlimited prosperity.

Or you can understand the monkey and cut it loose. Maybe it'll get a job in New York City in a big corporation and bring home some real money.

The mind jumps around like a monkey because it's afraid to look at its coming extinction. You get caught up in this activity when you harbor unfinished situations. This is why you have to die before you die. You need to finish all the unfinished situations which is the you, you have created. Then, when you actually die, who knows what happens. We're not concerned with that. **You need more life now. No one really knows what happens when we die. That's why there are so many different religions and concepts of the afterlife. You can spend a lot of time dreaming and hallucinating and picturing a heaven, but in this e-book, we're not concerned about this. Rather here are you instructions:**



Bite the ass of life and drag it to you.



Mulla was smuggling ideas (not asses).

OPEN THE DOOR

When you begin to see how your thinking works, you open the door to a new reality. The only time there is, is right now, so let's open that door. Go into your thoughts and create a long hallway. It's dark. You can feel your way along the walls and you can kind of tell there is a rug on the floor and up ahead it's getting a little lighter, but it's still too dark to tell what's ahead. It's like you're in a long tunnel but there's enough light to see that it's a hallway, and up ahead you notice, in the

ceiling, there's a skylight. It is open and as you look up you see dark clouds that seem to be moving in a blue sky and now the clouds part and a ray of sunlight streams down into your eyes. You can look directly into this sunlight, and the energy of your mind streams into you.

You is bigger than you think.

The memories, pictures, feelings, and associative links in your mind can be changed so they link to pleasure and enjoyable states. Let's go back down that hallway for a moment. Until the light came in the skylight, you didn't notice some framed pictures on the wall. Now, as you notice them, you can see the glass is dirty and the frames are worn. Rub the glass, you see there's a picture of you when you were young and growing up. There's lots of pictures of you and even some pictures of a you as you thought you'd turn out. A couple of them show a big rock candy mountain and a floating pie in the sky.

You are bigger than your pictures of you.



Thanks for reading.

Okay. We opened the door up little, not it's time for you to take some Action, because power comes from doing. We'd love it here at Wisdomgame if you could share these free reports. Our mission is to use entertainment to educate and enlighten.

You can join our membership at <http://wisdomgame.org> and we'll notify you as soon as another free report is available. Right now, we'd love I if you could share this humorous (I hope!) report.

It's important is that you share the information in this report with your friends and family. New ideas, new impressions—experiencing a refreshing and a joyful life—depend on caring about others and helping them to achieve a wonder-filled life. The word “Enthusiasm,” in Latin, means “God within.” Sharing information with enthusiasm is a tremendously powerful force.

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