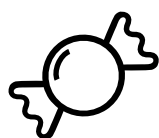


A TALE OF PRACTICAL REALITY TRANSURFING

**BY RENÉE GARCIA
AND LUCY CULTRERA**

CHAPTER FOUR



A Practical Candy Map



Please use this color-coded map to track your
Practical Transurfing journey toward
Commanding Your World with ease.

HOLD UP!



Trigger Warning: This chapter contains extreme adult themes, including content related to sexual abuse, drug use and suicide. We understand that this may be triggering for some and ask that you practice discernment throughout your reading experience. Please take care of yourself above all and break from reading if necessary.

The Induced Transition

A QUICK NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR:

Sup y'all! To adequately relay my most practical take on the Induced Transition, we must travel together back in time to my breaking point, leaving Los Angeles at 35 years old broken, battered, and hysterical.

Lots of stuff happened in between the events of Chapter 3, The Wave of Fortune, and this Chapter now, The Induced Transition. We will backtrack and cover those juicy tales in the few chapters after this one. For now, sit back, relax, and allow me to take you for a ride through my own personal house of horrors. I'll try to keep things a little bit fun, a little bit light. But the truth is, I've visited some sordid sectors of reality. Let this be a tale of caution and most importantly, triumph.



**THIS CHAPTER IS DEDICATED TO
LITTLE RENÉE, AGE 6, MODESTO CA.**



SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, 2015

It is an early April morning. The sun hangs high and bright in a cloudless blue sky. The city is waking up to a slow but steady stream of calamitous sounds; car horns, voices, birds squawking their morning hellos.

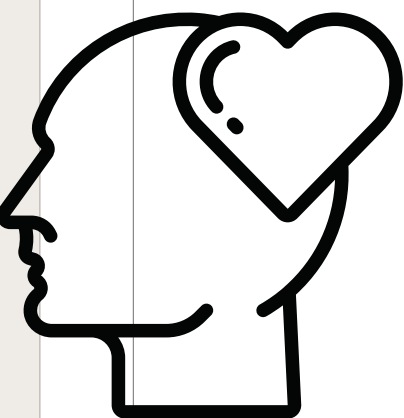
A vista of various highways crisscrosses one another, stretching endlessly in all directions.

A large brick building surrounded by asphalt parking lots is marked with the Caduceus symbol.

Inside the hospital, low-ceilinged hallways painted eggshell white and well-lit with fluorescent bulbs sheen everyone who walks with a sickly yellow tone. Nurses mindlessly attend to overflow patients.

A woman in her mid-30s lies lifelessly in her hospital bed, draped in an oversized gown. She has just awoken from a sedative-induced sleep state after being admitted the previous night to the ward for psychosis and severe paranoia brought on by sleep deprivation.

Still asleep, the woman wears a solemn look of apathy as if trying to recall a nightmare, the details of which she can't quite remember.



SACRAMENTO COUNTY HOSPITAL, 7 AM

My eyes refused to focus. My mind was heavy with Seroquel and the lingering emptiness of last night's pitch-black sleep. A pulsating ache in my head kept me stuck under the starchy hospital sheets tucked tightly around my body.

I'd spent the previous 30 days and nights wide awake in a harrowing state of mania. Then, after catching my first full eight hours of sleep in over a month, I awoke to the "real world," which felt more disordered and abstract than anything I'd experienced before in my dreams.

I rolled onto my side and looked over at the young woman in the bed next to mine. She couldn't have been more than 20. She had an angelic face, and I watched her soft expression while she tossed and turned. Abruptly, she woke up and turned her head to face mine.

"Today, I have to go home."

I couldn't come up with a response so I said nothing and smiled weakly, hoping that would be enough to communicate my understanding.

I got myself upright. Now unlike my body, which still felt lead-heavy, my mind was racing, feebly piecing together any fragmented memories it could trace from the few days prior. The events were fraught. Trying to tease out what was real and what was delusion gave rise to an all-consuming panic.

I knew one thing for certain: I was now a ward of the State of California. I had signed away my rights to a social worker that deemed me unable to make decisions on my own behalf and temporarily diagnosed me "Gravely Disabled". California now had the right to make my decisions for me. My worst nightmare had come true; I had completely – contractually – lost control.

I got out of bed and stripped from my hospital gown. Looking around the room for the first time, I realized I had nothing with me. My clothes and shoes had been taken the night before. I sized up the pair of robins-egg blue hospital scrubs they'd given me at check-in.

The room was stark: waxy linoleum floors, two simple oak bed frames, and a matching desk and chair in between. Plastic that crinkled under the slightest movement covered each mattress. The thick clear wrap was dressed in a fitted sheet and a thin linen blanket, topped by one stiff pillow. As a rule, the door to our room was always left cracked about six inches.

Sick with familiarity, I scraped cotton ball and tape residue from my arm where the IV had been. I knew the routine.

The dehumanizing essence of a psych ward wasn't foreign to me. In fact, I had done three stints at various hospitals before that final visit. The coordinates changed, but the aesthetic details were nearly identical.



I flashed back to the hour-and-a-half ambulance ride I'd taken the night before and prayed to God or whatever was calling the shots that my insurance would cover it. Then, later, I got the \$6500 bill.

With nothing else to do, I unfolded the hospital scrubs and slowly dressed in apathetic defeat. Then I sat on the edge of the bed, having exhausted myself with the task, and no energy left to concern myself with what to do next.

"Are you happy to be going home today?" I asked my angelic-faced roomie, feigning sweetness and trying to act casual, like it was all so normal.

She looked at me blankly, and my imagination began to run wild with visions of what they'd done to her. Maybe she'd undergone a lobotomy? Shock therapy? Why wasn't she talking? Helloooo, anyone home? But I knew the reality: she was just really, really sad.

I gave up on trying to engage her. But after a couple minutes of silence, she started talking. The husky timbre of her voice startled me. She immediately struck me as someone who'd seen some shit. Maybe a ghost, maybe worse. She looked about a hundred pounds overweight — like she was carrying the weight of the world.

"My mom has the kid but she's gotta go back to work so I have to go home. Anyway, the doctors said I could leave yesterday."

"Are you married?" I asked, not exactly sure of my angle.

"Yes, but he's not right in the head. "

That stopped my line of questioning because I understood her dilemma. She was in a mental hospital, which was bad, but I saw in her eyes that going home was even worse.

We walked out of the room together. Nothing like the mental hospital to bring people together, I thought. We passed the nurses' station as they were handing out morning meds.

My disbelief upgraded upon seeing the rest of the facility. I was in a mild state of shock. I couldn't believe after all of it — living on my yacht, trips around the world, Jason, Don, the businesses, the banging lifestyle — I wound up in a psych ward in Sacramento, CA. Of all places! Give me a fucking break!



“Renée Garcia?” One of them called to me before I could sneak past.

I made a note to self to pick up the pace and make myself scarce. Like I said, I knew the drill.

“We’ve got your Seroquel for you.” She cooed like a pleasantly programmed little robot in scrubs.

“I’m not taking anything else until I see a doctor,” I announced defiantly, business-like.

She turned to a fellow robot nurse and loudly reported, “patient is denying medication,” and then rattled off a string of numbers.

I rolled my eyes and sauntered down the hallway to the recreation room, oddly energized by the thought of looking upon my fellow ward members. Other than one gal who couldn’t have been more than 18, and of course, my roommate who was younger, everyone was middle-aged. A few patients were watching television, but most were just sitting around doing nothing.

An employee walked in and announced that it was breakfast time. What’ll it be today, folks? Dry eggs? Lukewarm pancakes? Ooh, maybe today we’ll be blessed with the overcooked, rock-hard pancakes instead.

We walked as a group to the far end door of the wing and watched like a flock of sheep as the unnamed employee let us through with his key card. We shuffled down another hallway and through another locked door, fluorescent lights flickering loudly overhead. No one said a word.

Walking through the final door, I let my eyes settle over a small cafeteria with a buffet bar at its center. The smell of hospital food overwhelmed my senses, and the thought of eating almost made me sick. I saw eggs a couple of hours old and graying, greasy hash browns, and boxes of orange juice – I patted myself on the back for a pretty accurate estimation of the morning’s menu. Long gone were the 5-star breakfasts I’d grown so accustomed to. I laughed at the irony, avoided the perishables, and grabbed two slices of white bread, a plastic round of butter, and a jam packet.

I found a table in the corner where I could eat my cold bread in peace and watch the other group of patients at the opposite end of the room. Clearly, they were the people suffering from more than depression.

Behavioral health centers usually consist of three wards; the first is for children and teens (I visited that one as a teenager), the second for midrange wingnuts like me, and the third for people that are all the way gone. Those are the people who are truly a threat to themselves and others, completely checked out of reality as most people experience it.

One man sitting across the dining hall, alternated between muttering to himself in a child's voice and erupting into laughter.

"STOP DOING THAT!" The woman sitting across from him screamed at the top of her lungs.

The man didn't even notice her. He was gone, lost entirely to his own world.

All I could think to compare the scene to was *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.



I noticed another unnamed hospital employee, zoned out and staring at his cell phone.

"OK, everyone, it's time to go back." He looked up sharply, snapping back to reality like an alarm had gone off in his brain reminding him to do his job.

He and the others shuffled out a set of double doors and I, having finished my breakfast of champions, went back for an orange juice. I noticed my roommate then, sitting with the rest of the flock, not eating anything, just crying. I knew exactly how she felt.

I asked the employee escorting our group if I could go back to my room. The drugs were still circulating, and I just wanted to sleep. "No," he told me, "We go back as a group."

With no energy to fight his ruling, I sat back down and just watched.

In a moment of quiet, it hit me how completely defeated I felt. How I kept finding myself in those places was beyond me. I just wanted to die. I knew I could never go back to Los Angeles but struggled to think of where else I might go. I reminded myself that I had plenty of money, so at least I wasn't returning to poverty. But there I was again, level number one.

Some time passed and we shuffled, "as a group", back to the ward from whence we came. I split off, making a beeline for the nurses' desk to ask when I could see the doctor. I was told he'd be in shortly and that I was second in line. I waited in the rec room with little to think about and even less to do. No cell phone, no cigarettes. My mind was uncharacteristically blank, and I felt like I was floating. It wasn't entirely unpleasant, but it was pointless. My entire being felt pointless. I was dissociated from my environment, paralyzed by the surreality of it all.

After about an hour of that, a nurse alerted me that it was my turn to see the doctor. I was directed to what looked like a conference room with a big table and a bunch of chairs crowded around it. The doctor introduced himself. He was just some hipster nerdy looking guy, about my age.

I thought to myself, "Oh my god, and for my final act, I will be assessed by a dude I probably would have matched with on Tinder."

I sat down. *Whatever. Let's fucking do this.*



SACRAMENTO COUNTY HOSPITAL - CONFERENCE ROOM A, 12 PM

The guy looks like he's playing doctor. He's got the white coat, the round-framed glasses, and a long chin-strap beard.

"So what brings you in here, Renée? I see from your chart that you've been admitted under the diagnosis "gravely disabled." Would you mind telling me a little bit about what's been going on?"

I am immediately agitated. What a stupid question, I think. He obviously knows why I'm there; the guy has my chart after all. He probably knows more than I do. But I collect my thoughts and will myself to play his little game, whatever it'll take to get me out.

"I was at Kaiser for a day while they were trying to figure out what to do with me but then they came to the conclusion that they couldn't send me home so an ambulance brought me here." My words felt like mud, formulating thoughts was like wading through sludge.

"Why do you believe they couldn't send you home?" He continued, assured by his own doctorly performance.

"Well the doctor told the social worker that I was a danger to myself because of my lack of sleep."

"How long has it been since you last slept?"

"A full night's sleep? Probably 30 to 40 days at this point"

"That's a long time."

Oh, is it doc? No shit! Tell me more! I thought. I shift uncomfortably in my seat, wondering why I thought this time would be any different than the previous times. I had no faith in the mental healthcare system.

"So you just lay in bed at night?"

I try to be honest and explain to him that yes, I lay in bed at night and that right before I start to fall asleep, what feels like a bolt of lightning hits my brain.

"Can you describe that a little more?" he asks.

"I experienced it once when I was younger, maybe 14 years old... my parents put me on a bunch of psychiatric meds... it's like my brain is having an allergic response to sleep or something... it's hard to describe. I'll get myself to the point of exhaustion and feel like I'm going to go to sleep but then a lightning sensation hits me hard, and my heart starts beating out of control and I have what feels like a total fight or flight response." *Just talking about it stirs up terror in me.*

"Are you taking any medications right now?"

I shake my head no.

Can you tell me a little about your life right now?"

I tell him about Los Angeles, my business, and my recent break up. I brief over the autoimmune issues that have dominated my world for the past few months.

"So you mentioned having been on medication before. Have you been hospitalized before?" He interrupts my soliloquy. Quite rude, I think, I was just getting to the good stuff.

I nod my head yes.



"How old were you and how long did you stay each time? What were the circumstances?"

"The first time I went, I was about 14. I can't really tell you exactly what was going on at that point because I didn't really know myself. All I can really say is that I was like a feral animal."

"What do you mean?" He asks, stifling an innocent laugh. Despite myself, I'm starting to trust the guy.

"I don't know, I was like an animal. I had no impulse control and would consume pretty much any drug I could get my hands on and drink alcohol until I blackout. Then one day my parents drove me to a psychiatric hospital in town and dropped me off."

"What did they do for you there?"

"Put me on a bunch of medications I shouldn't have been taking and told me to go to rehab."

"Why did you feel you shouldn't have been on the medications?"

"Because my problem stemmed from my environment. There is nothing wrong with me mentally, other than depression and anxiety," I say, a little defensive now. Still, *I remind myself to watch the tone, and that I'm there only to convince him I can go home.*

"Can you tell me a little bit more about why you say your problems stemmed from your environment?"

"It just seemed like things were always wrong. Dark."

"When did that start? When did you start to gain a sensation that things were all wrong?"

"Probably at about five. That's how old I was when I was molested."

"Do you mind talking about what happened?"

"Yeah, sure, I mean it was a teenage cousin of my mom's... the family also lived in Modesto, they took me and my mom in when she was 18 and I was an infant," *I'm holding back tears now. I've told this story to plenty of doctors, and it never does anything to change my circumstances,* "the actual being molested part wasn't really even the worst part of it."

"What was the worst part?"

"Everything that came after it, I guess. I left the room where it happened... I walked into the living room where my mother was with her aunt and told her what happened... she told me it was probably just an accident and to go back to the room."

“Wow,” He says, raising his eyebrows and taking notes, “how did that make you feel?”

“Well I was FIVE. What five-year-old knows how to reconcile something like that?”

“So what happened after that?”

“Sometime later, a puppet show came to my school to talk with us children about child abuse. At the end of the show, one of the puppets told my class that if we needed to tell the puppet anything, a secret we were asked to keep or anything like that, they’d be waiting for us after the show to listen.”

I laughed a little, thinking back to the poor puppeteer, who’d been assigned the unfortunate job of listening to our tales of molestation and abuse while his coworker quietly dials Child Protective Services. Modesto has one of the nation’s highest molestation and incest rates per capita in the US. It is charmingly referred to as “Molesto”.

“So did you tell the puppet?” The doctor asks, pulling me back to the present.

“Yes, I told the puppet.”

“And what happened after that?”

Child Protective Services showed up at my house and told my parents what I’d said to the puppet. I remember they arrested and charged the cousin and I remember being at the county courthouse. I remember someone coming into the room we were waiting in to tell us that the cousin had admitted to what he’d done.

“How did that feel?”

“Like shit.”

“How so? Can you elaborate?”

“I could tell my mother was really irritated with the whole situation. Like she saw my disclosure as an inconvenience. I was sure at the time that I had done something wrong by telling the puppet.”

“Those are mature thoughts for a five-year-old. How do you feel about your decision now?”

“Well I mean, I can’t go back in time and take it back now, can I?” *Irritated again. Why does this feel like an interrogation?*

“Do you wish you could?”



"Not really, but I can see how a lot of what happened around that experience has left me with some pretty serious problems."

"Can you elaborate on that?"

Oh, for crying out loud, I thought. More of this? Seriously? How many times do I need to rehash this shit? Over 15 years of therapy and I'm still here!?

"In short," I tell him, trying to control the sarcasm in my voice "I became a magnet for more sexual abuse. I recreated the trauma. I looked for the wrong things in the wrong people. I always feel like an inconvenience. I always feel unwanted. Everything since that experience has gone straight to hell"

He only stares, so I continue.

"I started acting out in school. I got suspended in first grade, which is when the problems really started."

"Suspended in first grade huh? I've never heard of someone getting suspended so young."

"The principal told me in his office that he'd never had to suspend a first grader." *I'm trying not to boast, but it is pretty fucking funny.*

"Why'd you get suspended?"

"Do you remember those Squeezelt drinks? Little soft plastic bottles you'd bite the top off and squeeze to suck the liquid out? I took one into the bathroom, filled it with water and squirted the water to hit the overhead light bulb, which exploded as soon as the water hit. I went around the bathroom and blew each light bulb until the room was completely dark, then I went to the next bathroom and the next.

Then, I took a mouth full of water back with me to the classroom and walked over to a boy who made fun of me and spit the water all over his face."



The doctor didn't even crack a smile, what a buzzkill. Mic tap, is this thing on?

"What were the years like after that?"

"I stayed at home and took care of my siblings because my parents were at work all the time. I started running away from home at 12 or 13. Then I learned about drugs and obviously started taking them. I guess it just got worse and worse and worse."

Drugs really were my saving grace during my adolescent years. I'm not advocating for getting high to deal with your problems but at the time, raw-dogging my day-to-day reality would have been worse. My first experience with drugs was dropping acid at school in the 7th grade. By 8th grade, I was smoking meth.

*The doc asked how I'd ended up in Los Angeles and I told him how I'd gotten married in my early twenties. I briefed over the abuse and my first bout of suicidal ideation that led to my third and final **5150**... before now.*

"What about the second time you were admitted?" He asks.

5150 is the number of the section of the Welfare and Institutions Code, which allows an adult who is experiencing a mental health crisis to be involuntarily detained for a 72-hour psychiatric hospitalization when evaluated to be a danger to others, or to himself or herself, or gravely disabled.

"The second time was at 19. I had gotten deep into the Bay Area rave scene and messed myself up pretty bad on drugs. My serotonin levels were always bottomed out and at one point I was diagnosed with the dissociative disorder, **depersonalization**."

Depersonalization disorder is marked by periods of feeling disconnected or detached from one's body and thoughts (depersonalization). The disorder is sometimes described as feeling like you are observing yourself from outside your body or like being in a dream.

"So why do you think you aren't sleeping now?"

"I don't know." *Isn't it your job to tell me?* "I mean things weren't exactly going well in Los Angeles and I was having a bunch of anxiety and stuff. But I don't really know what caused the insomnia."

"Tell me a little bit more about the autoimmune issue. They put you on medication for that?"

"Yeah, they put me on that steroid Prednisone. I took it for a few weeks" I tell him.

"Had you ever taken it before?"

"No."

He stops talking for a minute and begins to write down a bunch of stuff on my form.

"What are you writing down?" I ask, leaning toward him to try to catch a glimpse.

I hate the way doctors jot their little notes like it's more their business than mine what's wrong with me, like I'm not paying them to be there.

"Prednisone can cause manic episodes in certain people. Do you think things started to get worse when you started the prednisone round?"

My mind traces back the timeline of events and realizes he's right. I feel a hint of relief for the first time since arriving at the place I now vow never to return. Like, maybe I'm not actually insane.

"Have you ever had a manic episode before?"

"I don't think so, this is the first time anything like this has ever happened."

In fact, I had begun spiraling out of control when I started on the steroid pills. I had been on them for about two weeks when things hit a boiling point. Back in the conference room, the doctor had gone on to ask if I felt okay to leave, and if I felt like harming myself or anyone else. I said no, which was only mostly true.

In fact, I had begun spiraling out of control when I started on the steroid pills. I had been on them for about two weeks when things hit a boiling point. Back in the conference room, the doctor had gone on to ask if I felt okay to leave, and if I felt like harming myself or anyone else. I said no, which was only mostly true.

He scribbled some more notes on his legal pad and told me to stay on the Seroquel until I pulled all the way out of the episode. We left the room and I heard him tell one of the nurses that he was clearing my discharge. In total, I spent about 12 hours there – a new record – and was happy to leave.

I called my dad to pick me up. He'd always been the one to do hospital pick-ups and drop-offs throughout my life. When I entered a rehab facility in Port Hueneme at age 14, he was the only one who came and visited me.

The nurse who had loudly announced my denial of medication less than three hours prior unlocked the double doors separating the world from the ward. My shoulders relaxed and I exhaled at the sight of my dad nervously joking around with the admissions clerk, and realized I'd been holding my breath since arriving.

My dad's tendency to make inappropriate jokes during awkward or difficult moments was dear to me. It was a coping skill I had adopted myself. We drove home from Sacramento to Modesto, making small talk along the way. He asked what my plan was, and I told him I thought it would be best if I went up to my grandma and grandpa's house in Oregon for some downtime. He agreed it was a good idea.





The Induced Transition concept clicked for me the very first time I heard it in the Reality Transurfing Space of Variations audiobook. I understood the sensation of spiraling down, and I recognized the actions outlined in the book that Vadim Zeland said would cause Induced Transitions. I'd acted them out in my own life. Many, many times.

11A ▶

12

INDUCED TRANSITION

A **mental state** marred by unfortunate occurrences, negative information, and unsavory circumstances that sends the individual experiencing it on a plummet to lower levels of reality. The Induced Transition is **initiated when an individual focuses their attention on a negative event** and in doing so, exponentially materializes more negative events. **Continued attention and energy will cause the frequency of negative events to accelerate faster and faster**, finally leading to a climactic event with the dispersion of all that built-up energy releasing into the Alternatives Space. This is followed by a temporary calm.

11A ▶

12

I had spent my whole life wondering what was wrong with me – why had I done so many drugs at such a young age? Why had I been admitted to psychiatric wards on the brink of suicide four times?

The third time I was hospitalized for suicidal ideation was during my marriage. I had left Los Angeles and returned to Modesto, to escape. Modesto to escape? Wtf? Though I successfully distanced myself from my abusive husband, I wound up experiencing the worst Induced Transition of my life. At the time, I was resonating at such a low frequency that altering my external environment did nothing to alter my mood.

As I mentioned in Chapter One, I had a habit of piecing together a new cast of characters and hanging some new stage decorations, but inevitably playing out the same old script, perpetually swapping out one harmful situation for another.

One morning shortly after leaving Los Angeles, I woke up in my parents' converted garage and just thought, "No." I pulled the covers back up over my head and did not move, except when I had to go to the bathroom. Even that I put off as long as humanly possible. I didn't eat, I didn't speak, I just slept. I tried to take a shower one of those days when I was feeling particularly ambitious but became completely paralyzed, unable to move my body, the moment water from the shower head reached my scalp. I stood in there for nearly an hour and let the water run ice-cold, unable to remove myself from the situation. Quite the metaphor, no?

I closed my eyes and tried to make myself disappear. A hard knock on the door and my dad's voice calling my name finally snapped me out of it. I peeled myself from the shower and crawled back to bed.

I did have the wherewithal to call my therapist, who instructed me to go to the hospital immediately. She lovingly threatened to call an ambulance if I did not.

Filtering memories like those through Transurfing theory, I can identify exactly how things unfolded as devastatingly as they did. Hint: I wasn't insane! I was in a deep state of Induced Transition! I was at the bottom layer of my reality, a terrifying place to hang out. There was no comfort, no self-care, no gentleness. There was nothing soft to hold onto. I had no hope, no goals, no direction. I hated my world and my world hated me right back. I was suffering and I used the only tools I had – sedatives, painkillers, and copious amounts of alcohol – to dull the pain and blur the edges of my world.

Before the incident with my mother's cousin, I had been named my Kindergarten class' *Student of The Month*. My teacher had snapped a picture to commemorate the momentous occasion and in it I am a happy child, holding my little award, proud of my accomplishment.

My school picture from the following year shows a very different child. In that one, my eyes are glossy, and I look somehow both hollow and full of fear. Fast forward to the school photo taken my eighth-grade year right before my first hospital stint and trip to rehab, and you'll see a young girl in an extraordinary amount of pain, eyes welled with tears.

My middle school years and single high school year were marked by isolation. I sat alone at lunch, visited only by a group of bullies who came by every day, like clockwork, to fuck with me. Occasionally, the school psychiatrist would call me into her office to ask if everything was OK. Around that time, I started running away and sleeping anywhere I could so long as it meant I didn't have to go home. Cops frequently picked me up and dragged me back to my parents. One night, they switched things up and drove me directly to the police station.

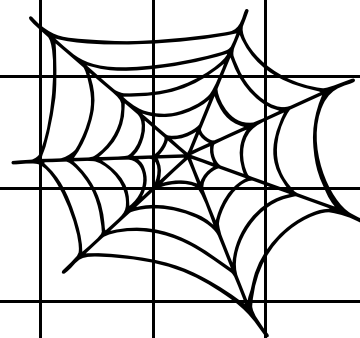
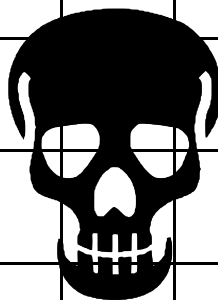
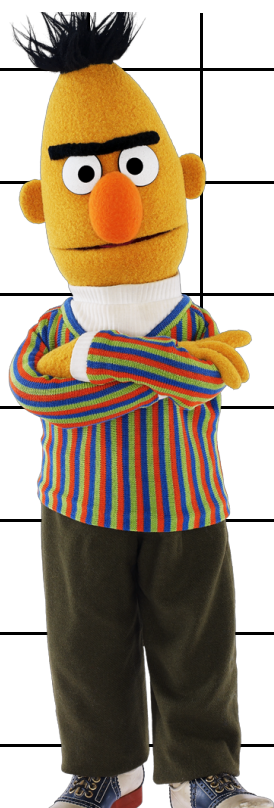


That time, my parents came to pick me up and when we got outside to the street, I ran. It was the middle of the night, and I ran and ran. A man sitting in the passenger seat of a parked car leaned out his window and asked me if I was OK. I knew to be wary of strangers but at that moment, I couldn't have cared any less about what happened to me. I stopped and told him all about what had happened, and he invited me to come sleep on the couch in his brother's garage. I took him up on it without hesitation. Anything to not go home.

We drove to some track home development outside Modesto, where I spent the night smoking meth out of a lightbulb with a bunch of 30-something-year-old men. The following morning, I made my way outside and began walking. The fringes of reality, where I was then existing, had a unique quality to them. Everything felt like a jump cut and events never quite transferred from present-moment sensory intake to memory.

That's how it felt anyway, when I found myself at a gas station asking early morning commuters for help. I knew in my heart that there was a threat everywhere and no one was safe. I had no time to process, I was living in reaction. An older woman finally agreed to drive me home and when I walked in the front door, I immediately had a seizure in front of my little sister.

Looking back, those men could have raped and killed me, and no one would have known. When I see missing posters of young women, I think of that night.



My earliest memory is of my biological father breaking down a door to get at my mother, who was holding me and cowering on the floor. **FEAR.** The sensation that dominated my world for the first 25 years of life.

So, why am I telling this story? What is the correlation between trauma and reality creation? Does any of this actually help anyone? It does, powerfully.

Whenever someone reaches out to me and begins our time together by telling a dark story, I congratulate them. See, The Alternatives Space holds a vast spectrum of Variables, from the darkest hues to the most brilliant colors.

I have seen this modality transform people in amazing ways and have learned by working with others that **the person who has visited the lowest layers of reality holds the strongest innate ability to access the highest layers.** Picture our capacity for experience as fields of space that expand both up and down, mirroring one another in depth. *The dark and light expand in equal proportion.* Those who access their lowest level one reality gain the ability to swing just as high in the opposite direction. And no, I am not talking about manic swings, I'm talking about access.

If you know a thing or two about pain and darkness, you have experienced expansion. If you've ventured so deep into pitch black that you've glimpsed the end of the road, you hold the ability to travel just as far to the opposite end of the spectrum. I have experienced this firsthand.

**DEEP INTO THAT
DARKNESS PEERING,
LONG I STOOD THERE,
WONDERING, FEARING,
DOUBTING, DREAMING
DREAMS NO MORTAL
EVER DARED TO DREAM
BEFORE.**

Edgar Allan Poe

Like myself, most who find their way to the Transurfing modality have been visited by darkness. But where I once was lost, now I am found.

These stages of my life are difficult to revisit. In fact, I've not been looking forward to writing this chapter. I wrote all the chapters for this book in sequence, except this one. I held off on writing it until the very end because I was concerned about getting stuck in a low frequency and losing the momentum I knew I'd need to complete the process. I have the tools now to pull myself out of dark places (and this book will equip you with these tools), but the familiar emotions brought on by this chapter and the intensity they still elicit, could have been extremely detrimental to my well-being.

That said, I believe in the power of storytelling and am committed to letting people coming to this modality know that you can have a fucked up past and transcend it using these concepts.

A misguided theory I held onto for years was that I had to fix myself before I could go about learning how to enjoy life and do things to improve and expand my reality. I realized after working with these concepts for a while that the process of self-improvement actually works the other way around. It was improving my life and expanding into the things I love, and that fixed me.



I started going to therapy when I was 18 years old, and I stayed connected to a therapist until I was nearly 35 – until right before I found Reality Transurfing. I am not undermining the benefits of talk therapy or discouraging anyone from going through the process. For me, however, things didn't start tangibly shifting until I found and implemented this knowledge. Reality Transurfing helped me connect with everything I needed and helped me make sense of what I had been through in my past.

What happened to me as a five-year-old, the events that transpired after, my feelings of not belonging to this world, being denied nurturing from those who were able to give it... drug use, depression, anxiety, dissociative episodes... more sexual abuse, an abusive marriage... all the trauma that accompanied my decades-long Induced Transition... all of it began to make sense.

When people come to me with extreme stories of Induced Transitions, I try to communicate from a place of understanding. I share how my personal experience taught me that sometimes hitting a very low bottom is the only thing that wakes us up to wanting something higher and better.

This is exactly how it happened for me. I woke up in the hospital that morning after being admitted for Prednisone-induced mania and sleep deprivation and decided, *never again*. That was the first time I'd reacted with such certitude. The times before, I'd simply used the experience to confirm my victimhood and then slip back into my well-worn woe-is-me routine... my world hates me. Sure, before then I'd had moments of bouncing up out of the darkness and stabilizing in my external world, but I always returned to level one.

I set the intention that morning to evolve, to never again return to where I was. I couldn't envision something higher and better for myself at that point, but I knew that I couldn't continue living the way I had.

Before I left for my grandparents' house in Oregon, I sat on my parents' patio smoking cigarettes and watching Bob Proctor. I have no idea how I first came across one of his videos. At the time, most of what he was saying struck me as ambiguous in nature and unhelpful. But one thing did come through, the concept of *shifting your paradigm*. I didn't know what it meant, I had no experience with spirituality, self-development, or self-help, but something stuck with me. At that time, I'd never heard any of the names that are now familiar to me within the reality creation world. It was all totally foreign, but *shift your paradigm* resonated.

A couple of months later, I saw the two words: Reality Transurfing. They had an almost 3-D quality to them, I *felt* them in my body. I read over a short paragraph on Wikipedia, which is now long gone, and that led me to the audiobook, The Space of Variations.

I entered a process of connecting the dots that seemed to unfold without much effort on my part. I listened to that audiobook on repeat and each time, I felt shaken by what I heard. The ambiguity that had plagued me since childhood around why I'd suffered to such an extent evaporated into the broad, overcast Oregon skies.

Reality Transurfing... the two words orbited above me, extending down a rescue line that broadcast, "This is it Renée, you can do it."

I used my level one experience as a springboard. I jumped, grabbed the line, and pulled myself up. Leaving behind my Los Angeles Pendulum gave me the energy I needed to rise. Things began to look brighter, and my whole world took on a rosy hue. I bid goodbye to level one, never to return.

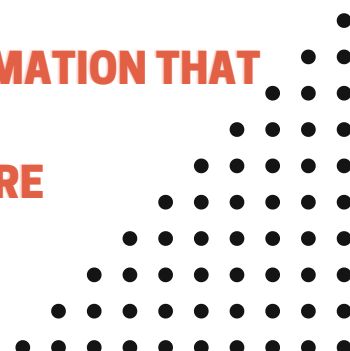
Let me reiterate here that we have infinite realities available to us; that the external world corroborates our theories about which of them are available to us; and that our world responds uniformly to all our theories, whether we've created them intentionally or unintentionally.

DID SOMETHING HAPPEN TO YOU AS A CHILD THAT WAS OUTSIDE YOUR CONTROL?

DID THIS EVENT CONNECT YOU WITH MORE INFORMATION THAT RESULTED IN THE FORMATION OF A NEW THEORY?

DID THAT NEW THEORY THEN ALIGN YOU WITH MORE UNDESIRABLE EVENTS?

Work backward through the events of your life and connect the dots.



One of the most positive aspects of an Induced Transition is that it's **OBVIOUS**. Train yourself to recognize these slips for what they are so you can quickly wake up and springboard back up to higher layers of reality. Slow, incremental degradation can be hard to recognize, so in a lot of ways an Induced Transition is an experience wrought with opportunity. They've got a bad rap, sure, but once you are back up on your surfboard and headed toward that next wave, you'll have the perspective to see the wipe out for exactly what it is, a wipe out. So why wait? Why not adopt that perspective amid the slip? Your world isn't pitted against you, it isn't being cruel, and the stars aren't misaligned. Reality is just acting like reality, and you are acting like a human living in reality. Adopt the mindset I outlined above during these melancholy phenomena, and you will learn to not only navigate Induced Transitions with ease, but also to your benefit.

I will list some of the ways I now use Induced Transitions as opportunities to come up in my layer of reality.

The fantastic thing about Reality Transurfing is that it clarifies the *why* of our tumbles down, whether they are momentary experiences, or you've lived at lower levels for an extended period, as I had. It should be crystal clear at this point: it's an Induced Transition. **Breathe deep, there is a solution.**

In the early stages of your Transurfing practice, you may still feel confused as to what is causing you to induce, but recognizing that you have induced at all is the most challenging step. If you've learned to acknowledge when you're slipping, congratulations! You've woken up! Once you do this, regaining your foothold becomes about determining which Pendulums in your life you are succumbing to and how you're operating your Four Mechanisms of Reality Creation, which are: guiding theory, thought quality, action, and frequency.

You can come out of an Induced Transition in a flash if you choose to. The process is quite simple. Once you've acknowledged what's happening, you can quickly run an assessment to determine which Pendulums are responsible for the shift and then energetically and emotionally sever ties from it. You may be thinking, "yeah ok, easier said than done" but if you want it to be simple, it will be. Changing your experience of reality is a **choice**. If you wish to remain energetically and emotionally connected to whatever is causing your Induced Transition, declaring that it is too important of an issue to let go of just yet, then this will be the case.



If you decide you want to jump out of an Induced Transition by promptly managing your Pendulums, then you will. After you've acknowledged the Pendulums and severed ties, check in with your Four Mechanisms. What is your current guiding theory? What are you thinking about? What kind of action are you taking? And what is your frequency?

It is true that we spiral up or we spiral down via the theories we establish and that our world is always merely nodding its head in agreement, but we are not born enlightened. So, if you're looking back now to time spent suffering as a child, a teenager, or young adult, don't be hard on yourself.

YOU ARE AWARE

**YOU HOLD THE
CONTROL**

**YOU GET TO
DETERMINE YOUR
DIRECTION**

NOW
NOW
NOW

The reason I was not looking forward to writing this chapter, outside the obvious discomfort inherent in revisiting trauma, is because ruminating on past events does not help my layer of reality today. In fact, I only recount my grimmer past experiences nowadays when I think they might potentially benefit someone else. I consider the events in this story to be mere chapters in one volume of a series of books. Our lives are bigger than its darkest chapters. To these chapters, I say thank you for all you've taught me. I place the book containing them back up on the shelf and only reopen it when it may benefit another's Transurfing journey.

My memories don't pain me much anymore. I've done my best to release blame and resentment. I've released those who were responsible and cast them out of my layer of reality. My life is my own and I decide who stays and who goes. I do not allow people who reinforce my old theories of self into my world – theories that I deserve inferior treatment or that I am fundamentally broken. I have taken my power back and now rule my reality as the sovereign queen and creator of my world.

An Induced Transition can last a day, a week, a month, a year, a decade, or a lifetime. It can constitute a bad mood or an epic plunge down to the lowest levels of reality. These episodes are all the same, varying only by degree of severity. Establish your rescue lines now and acknowledge the next time your spiral begins, as quickly as possible. Until that happens – and it will because reality never stops presenting us with challenges – use this modality and these concepts to navigate away from the danger zone. When you find yourself there and sense you're losing control, recognize the benefits, the lessons, and then seize the opportunity to wake yourself up and set an intention to change directions. Use the momentum of an Induced Transition to springboard off whichever lower layer you've landed on.

If you're sitting at home thinking about how much life sucks, moping about, drinking alcohol, eating low quality food... if you haven't cleaned your house or showered in days, well there you have it.

But here is the cool part and why the obviousness of an Induced Transition can be so beautiful: You can, in this scenario, look at everything you are doing and start doing the exact opposite. The energy you collect from acknowledging how you've created that situation for yourself combined with taking steps in the opposite direction creates momentum. I've experienced moments of absolute euphoria after waking up in the thick of an Induced Transition and seeing my world with full lucidity.

Conducting a quick assessment and then executing a plan for spiraling up and out of a negative state is extremely empowering. It's like having a jet pack at your disposal. You can jettison up to higher layers of reality if you choose to strap in and initiate blast off. This is the technique I use every time I experience an Induced Transition, unless I've consciously decided to succumb to a lower state for a set amount of time.

Sometimes, succumbing to an Induced Transition benefits my teaching work within the Transurfing community. By visiting other less attractive sectors of The Alternatives Space, I uncover lessons I wouldn't otherwise be able to access.

In practicing controlled Induced Transitions, I've learned to separate my actions and thoughts from my fundamental state of being. I've mastered the art of leaning into my humanness and playing around in a lower space for a while without sending funky messages to my mirror or broadcasting to my world that I want more funkiness.

Other times, I really do seize the opportunity to just lay around gluttonously for a day or two, getting my fix, but usually the experience just reminds me why I don't hang out down there anymore. You see what I'm getting at here, don't you? We can do a lot within an Induced Transition. Bring awareness into your next spiral down and you will likely come out of it more quickly than you have in the past, maybe even having gained new insight.

Imagine yourself jumping into a swimming pool. Say your cannonball has landed you halfway from the bottom and halfway from the top. Needing oxygen, you decide it's time to swim back up to the surface. To do this, you'll need to really move your body and generate enough energy to halt and redirect your momentum. If you relax however and sink down to the bottom, you can bounce off the cement floor and rocket yourself to the surface of the water with more drama and speed. Both get you there; the two courses of action just require different amounts of energy output at different points in the process.

I have trained myself to do both but prefer the latter for its energy boost. If you can't seem to shake an Induced Transition, assume there is a lesson for you there. When you choose to lean in, set yourself a time limit. I'll allow myself 24 to 48 hours maximum and then begin engaging my Four Mechanisms.

The whole of Reality Transurfing is about choice. Notice how we keep coming back to it. If what you have going on right now isn't satisfying, other choices are available, so the question becomes whether you are willing to reach out and grab them or not. Looking back on my life story, I see that I existed in such a desperate state for as long as I did because I didn't know I had a choice in the matter. I do not take my ability to choose for granted now. I have a magic wand in my hand, as do you, and at any point I can choose to transform my layer of the world.

If you are no stranger to the Induced Transition, set an intention to do this work. Choose "experiencing transformation in a flash" as your guiding theory and you will feel things beginning to shift before you know it, just like magic.

Here are the **FIVE STEPS TO SPRINGBOARD OUT OF AN INDUCED TRANSITION**

STEP ONE.

Realize the slip in your mood, assess where you're at energetically and emotionally, and why this is happening, e.g., are there Pendulums in your life that need managing?

STEP TWO.

Wake up. Say to yourself: I see myself and I see my reality. Ask yourself: Is this helping or hurting me? Is this moving me toward or away from my immediate and/or long-term goals?

STEP THREE.

Acknowledge that you have the tools to make a different **CHOICE**.

STEP FOUR.

Get moving and redirect your momentum. Ask yourself what your ideal self would do in your situation and act accordingly. When in doubt, do the opposite of whatever you're currently doing or whatever you would do in a similar situation in the past.

STEP FIVE.

Continue to fuel your new choice. Commit to this new mode. Be persistent, and continue increasing your movement to gain momentum.

I've had people in the Transurfing community react with surprise when I tell them I still experience Induced Transitions. Nowadays, I'll only induce a level or two before catching myself and bouncing back up. When I interviewed Vadim Zeland last year, I asked him the same question, whether he still experienced Induced Transitions. His response was cryptic and something I still mull over from time to time; he told me that his whole life is one continual state of Induced Transitions.

This modality does not extinguish suffering. As far as I'm aware, human life can never be entirely free from suffering. People like Jesus Christ or Buddha are one-in-a-billion personalities who've learned to surf at the highest level. Trying to emulate them and failing only exacerbates your suffering. We would all do well to let go of the false hope and delusion that someday, someone or something outside of us will swoop in to save the day and take our pain away. We would also do well to let go of the idea that we'd even want to live a life free from suffering. How boring life would be without a little tension!

When your suffering persists past the point of it feeling manageable, do not blame this or any other modality for being ineffective. If you do, that will become true for you. And why would you want that to be true? Remember, you get to choose.

So, choose something else. I am committed to doing the same.

Currently, I am feeling the weight of an Induced Transition, the pain of which is very real and just as cutting as the pain I felt pre-Reality Transurfing. There is one huge difference though, between then and now... Now, these low points do not block my ascension to higher layers of reality. I never lean so deep into the death spirals that they land me in a hospital bed, unable to move, crippled by anguish and postulating on the meaning of life.

I now have my answer to that question: There is no meaning. My incessant searching, my relentless need to make sense of things was precisely what kept me in a melancholic trance for so long. There's no bottom to that hole, no escaping. I would sift through my memories and what I knew of the world, weighing out the good and the bad, hoping for a stroke of luck, filling my voids with worldly delights, grasping at things to fill the void and dull my pain, temporarily.

I run no more. When I see an Induced Transition on the horizon, I know I have two choices:

I can Transurf my way out by improving my thought quality and frequency and by taking higher Anomalous Action

or

I can step right into it. The actions I take now to step into a Transition look like those I take to Transurf out. From the outside, you may not even recognize the difference. I might spend a couple days relaxing more than usual and treating myself to high acts of self-care.

One of the greatest rewards of this modality is the opportunity to master the art of disengaging from our own suffering.

Suffering is real. But trying to escape it is nothing more than a Chinese finger trap. The harder you pull, the tighter it grips you.

And then at the same time, suffering is one of our most powerful vices. How twisted is that?

As G.I. Gurdjieff famously quoted, *"It is very difficult also to sacrifice one's suffering. A man will renounce any pleasures you like but he will not give up his suffering."*

Won't give it up. Can't give it up. Don't want to give it up. Don't know how to give it up. The whys are endless... suffering is a mainstay of the human condition.

The best thing I have found to do with suffering is to transmute it like a MF. Fall into it backward and reap whatever your emotions are trying to show you. At the same time, acknowledge your out-of-whack Importance levels and triggers, and choose to believe that you are not your emotions. Because YOU ARE NOT YOUR EMOTIONS. You are experiencing causality and your brain is simply responding chemically.



SO LET THE SUFFERING COME. OBSERVE IT. DISENGAGE FROM IT.

I spent the first couple days of this recent Induced Transition trying to determine which Pendulum was getting the better of me – a Pendulum all its own: trying incessantly to figure out what's WRONG and how to FIX it. I arrived at something much simpler, which is that I am going through changes. I'm living in a very northern part of the world now and I rarely see the sun. My vitamin D levels are probably low. I've got a new puppy who was just spayed and that hinders my mobility. The old family Pendulum came knocking about a week ago and hit me with a real humdinger. There are countless little things that COULD be the cause, but at the end of the day, it doesn't really matter what is causing the Induced Transition, unless it's something I can immediately pinpoint.

The remedy will be the same regardless. I'll get out of bed and jump into my day. I'll dance around in my kitchen in the morning with my dogs, singing praises of how my world is taking care of me. I'll offer help to anyone who may be going through something similar. There is incredible healing power in turning back to wave at a fellow Transurfer following a few steps behind.

This is the way. Keep going. Don't be afraid. You are not alone! The dark days are only one part of this big, expansive dream we call reality. The illusion is born out of your mind highlighting negative material, events, and circumstances. That's it. No big deal.

I'll set an intention for myself to take Anomalous Action, I'll plan an act of self-care and reach out to a couple of friends to see how they're doing. I am NOT my suffering. I am ALL the other things I have chosen for myself. I am a survivor, a genius, a maverick, a leader, an action taker, a fucking badass. I am a queen.



If you are struggling today, TAKE ACTION. Even if that just means going for a walk in a new part of your world you've yet to discover – literally. Turn left instead of the right you usually take at a stop sign. Anomalous Action means doing something that is wildly un-you. Transmute the suffering by turning it into art. You are the artist of your own world, the creator of your own reality.

I started re-listening to the audiobook a few days ago and even after seven years of practice, the Transurfing modality rattles me to my core. Every word of this knowledge is true if you choose to believe as much. There is always a way out. Still, cultivating a practice to maintain your frequency and continue functioning highly within whatever undesirable state you may encounter, is your golden ticket.

Let's get into a little theory to round out this chapter, shall we?

Visually, succumbing to an Induced Transition looks like laying down on your surfboard and floating off to sea during a storm. You are not surfing the waves but rather getting tossed by them. In this state, you are failing to recognize the abundant goodwill, prosperity, and auspiciousness that always exists in your layer of reality to be recognized. You are moving through reality with blinders, blocked by your own focus on suffering and misfortune.

You may catch yourself excessively tuning into disheartening news broadcasts, communicating negatively with loved ones and friends directly or passive-aggressively, or abusing your body with drugs and alcohol. Other telltale signs of an Induced Transition may be feeling sorry for yourself, giving your energy to resentments, trying to control other people and situations, or living in the past. In these states, you are buying into the belief that the world is degrading over time, that things are getting increasingly worse, becoming increasingly desperate. But they're not. This is the illusion.

In the previous chapter, we discussed The Wave of Fortune, which is a culmination of serendipitous and propitious circumstances compiling and compounding exponentially. The Induced Transition is the exact opposite, a spiral in the opposite direction. It is a culmination of calamitous and foreboding circumstances compounding exponentially.

I believe the reason I spent most of my life on level one – indefinitely succumbing to deeper Induced Transitions – is because for many years, there was legitimately no one in my reality presenting anything positive to me. Positivity was there (it always is) but I was not able to see it.

I wasn't nurtured and I wasn't obviously or even subtly encouraged to recognize the goodness in the world. I didn't have a single adult in my life asking me what I wanted to be when I grew up, supporting me, or telling me I was special or pretty. If you similarly lacked the encouragement fundamental to positive development, let me tell you now, that you are special. You are worthy. And you have an abundance of strength and power not yet tapped.

The maternal side of my family were ragtag Okies who came out to work as fruit pickers during the depression. We were in spirit, the grapes of wrath.

"We didn't have a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of." I heard my grandmother say countless times throughout my life.

We were poor American white trash, though my family members would all foam at the mouth in rage if they ever heard me say that out loud. They can't see how destructive their ideas about themselves and the world are. Neither could I, when I was steeped in them. Our day-to-day existence was constructed by shitty theories confirming themselves faster than you could say "dust bowl" into eternity.

The world I grew up in is a living, breathing model of how much destruction an Induced Transition can cause. It's a shit vortex that sucks you in – a shit wormhole if you will. The longer you succumb, the deeper in you go until you become completely unaware that other options even exist.

This is where Reality Transurfing bears fruit like a motherfucker. You are given the power to stop Induced Transitions before they put you down or take you out. Whether you are in a momentary Induced Transition or one that spans generations, take this *one simple step*. **The step is waking up.**

Declare to yourself, "there it is! I've been snagged by a Pendulum" or "I've been caught by disproportionate importance levels" or "I'm suffering because it's the only thing I ever really learned how to do." **Gaining awareness of what you are experiencing is the work.** Once you call out what's happening and see the situation for what it is, you can choose a new theory and go about activating your reality creation mechanisms to climb up from the lower levels.

I had an experience that I'll now share, which illustrates the power of this knowledge.

A few years back, I bought a home in Modesto, CA and returned to an old layer of my reality, one where I had experienced my own personal nightmares. I recognized how monumentally my perception had shifted when I arrived back in my hometown armed with new self-esteem and the tools of Reality Transurfing. I was able to buy myself a gorgeous home in one of the city's few premier neighborhoods. I had a couple of beautiful classic cars, the dog I'd wanted since childhood, and I was in love. For the first time, all the pieces came together, and I felt full, alive, and creative. I was traveling around the world delivering Transurfing seminars and working to build what is now the International Transurfing Institute. I was doing it. I was living my premiere reality.



My partner lived in a house down the street from mine and I spent most of my evenings with him. I became concerned for my house, which was sitting empty most nights, and decided to rent out a room. Through a friend of a friend, I got linked up with someone I believed would be the perfect roommate. Marlon was in his mid-50s, Jewish, an attorney from Detroit, just my type. My best friend is an older Jewish man, so I thought we'd get along swell. We shared a similar sense of humor, wit, and lifestyle. He was the deputy public defender for Stanislaus County and a divorced father of two. He told me when we met up that he was looking to downsize his life in preparation for retirement. He wanted to get rid of his home, sell his material possessions and live a freer lifestyle full of travel and experiences. It looked to be a perfect setup for us both.

Marlon did a fantastic job concealing his suffering, but in retrospect I see that I had sensed something was off. He often came home drunk. On several occasions, I left my office late and saw him sitting at beer gardens drinking with his attorney friends.

Sidebar: Alcohol consumption guarantees an Induced Transition. Getting drunk is an act of borrowing energy to create the illusion of elevating to a higher Lifetrack. Again, it is just an illusion. A few drinks give you an energetic edge, which obviously makes you feel better than before you started drinking. That's why people do it. But ultimately – whether it's the next day or later in the night – you'll pay this energy back with interest. This is the puking. This is the hangover. This is the shame. This is the lethargy. Same goes for drugs. We get high and drink to feel self-assured and euphoric, but it is all temporary. In the aftermath, you will find yourself lower than you were when you made the choice to chemically ascend.

Marlon lived his life in this perpetual state of borrowing energy and paying it back with interest.

One morning, he came out of his room with a massive gash on his head, two black eyes and a brace holding his recently dislocated shoulder.

When I asked what had happened, he mumbled something about falling at a bar. I knew this was total bullshit, but I also knew it wasn't my place to pry, so I let it go. Shortly thereafter, Marlon stopped going into the office and concealed himself in his room. All day every day for the next two weeks, I heard nothing but MSNBC leaking out from underneath his bedroom door. He snuck out only to get McDonald's or to buy a bottle of wine. He stopped going to the gym, going out with friends, or taking his 10,000-step walks. His entire demeanor changed, and he became unrecognizable.

After a couple of weeks of this, he emerged one morning done up in suit and tie and announced that he was attending a hearing, which would determine whether his client was capable of standing trial. He had taken a job defending a man who, two years prior, had shot the Modesto County sheriff execution style in the street after a six hour long high-speed chase through the Central Valley. The sheriff was a week away from retiring.

Marlon came back from his hearing and told me the trial date had been set. He went straight back to his routine of holing up in his bedroom and only coming out to buy alcohol or fast food. Meanwhile, Marlon's face was on the front page of every local newspaper. This was the hottest story in town.



That Saturday, he knocked lightly on my office door and told me he was going to the store. I asked if he was doing OK and told him I was always available for a chat. He thanked me and left.

Marlon didn't come home that evening, which was a first. The next morning, I was getting ready to take my dog out for a walk when a stranger pulled into my driveway.

"Is this where Marlon Simon lived?"

"Yes, Marlon lives here." I sensed the woman at my doorstep wasn't there to deliver good news.

"I'm Marlon's ex-wife, he killed himself last night in San Francisco."

I fell to the ground, knees taken out by a Quantum 2x4.

I caught myself after beginning to cry and stood up to hug Marlon's ex-wife, who also was crying. I opened my eyes, head rested on her shoulder, and saw Marlon's 13-year-old son sitting in the passenger seat. I had known Marlon for less than a year, but I was absolutely devastated.



How could this have happened? Here I was, having the time of my life, bouncing around my world and dancing with my reality. I was happy; I loved my new home. I was on top of the world and Marlon was living on level one; all under the same roof.

Marlon had booked a single night at a hotel in SF the morning he learned his client was set to stand trial. He decided to opt-out of the trial pendulum entirely, I guess. The following Saturday, he took a swan dive off the hotel roof shortly after midnight. He left behind two teenage children, a glowing reputation, and many heartbroken and bewildered friends.

When my partner and I entered Marlon's room, we witnessed a small slice of the hellish reality he'd created for himself. I tried to respect Marlon's privacy and thus had no idea how bad the condition of his living space had gotten. The room was dark, the floors were covered in old fast-food packaging and the tv was on, still tuned to MSNBC. His desk was stacked high with bills and old alcohol bottles. His bed was barren, he'd been sleeping without sheets or blankets.

The day after hearing the news, I boarded a first-class flight to the UK to conduct a 10-day Reality Transurfing seminar. It was one of the most challenging endeavors of my professional life. I was wrought with shame and guilt; I blamed myself for weeks, wondering why I hadn't introduced Marlon to Reality Transurfing.

I resolved then to tell Marlon's story wherever appropriate to illustrate this exact concept. In doing so, I hope to honor his memory and use his experience of suffering to help others.

Every version of reality is available to each of us – mine, Marlon's, and everything in between. You can have it all or you can have nothing at all. You get to choose.

The solution lies in the previous chapters. Establish a strong connection with The Alternatives Space and acknowledge the infinite variations of reality that are available to you. Manage your Pendulums and renegotiate when necessary. Highlight all that is good in your world and protect your layer of reality with your life. Do not let negative information, negative habits, and low frequency bullshit direct you down.



Suicidal ideation exists on all our level ones, on which we lose our ability to perceive the availability of other options. Use this knowledge and any new awareness you've gleaned from this chapter to take back your power and get yourself where you want to go. Now.



Ok, wowwee! That was a bummer of a chapter but here is the deal: all that business of identifying and letting go of past hurt releases the sandbags that keep us from Transurfing for real. Go do something nice for yourself. Get your frequency back up, perform some self-care, go enjoy a favorite treat. You deserve it!



What's to come is the power that Transurfing offers us. The last four chapters we've covered have set you up the stable foundation you need to create. The next lessons will be pure, practical metaphysical magic, which will guide you toward building the reality of your dreams. Are you down?



If you or someone you know is struggling with the thought of suicide, help may be available. National Suicide Prevention Lifeline (800) 273-8255

In Loving Memory of Marlon Simon

2.9.19



(Click for song)