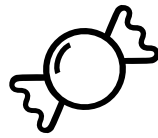


A TALE OF PRACTICAL REALITY TRANSURFING

**BY RENÉE GARCIA
AND LUCY CULTRERA**



A Practical Candy Map



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

Foreword



Reality Transurfing *will change your fucking life.*

I spent some time considering the various fancy ways I could introduce this book and decided—no surprises here—to forego convention. I couldn't come up with anything grandiose because here's the deal! If you decide to embark on this Transurfing Journey, the results of your practice will speak for themselves! In lieu of a classic foreword, let me tell you a few things that may be helpful to know before we begin.

First, the practice of **intentionally** Transurfing reality is an absolute game changer. If you allow them to, these concepts will radically transform your life experience. My suggestion? Dive in, drink the Kool-Aid and never look back.

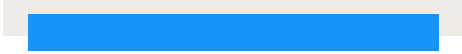
The fact of the matter is every human being on planet earth is Transurfing every moment of their lives. Unfortunately, most remain unaware of this fact until the bitter end. But you, my friend! **You have just happened upon a practical guide** to implementing the mechanisms necessary to begin Transurfing with intention and commanding your world with ease.

Reality Transurfing is simple but not easy. Remember that you are attempting to override deeply embedded theories about 'how the world works' and 'how you work in the world', that have been running unchecked for decades. In this book, I use my own life experience to share with you some common pitfalls and experiences that may arise throughout the process of waking up and installing a new operating system.

This brings me to my next point - **I did it and you can too.**

I have been able to transform nearly every aspect of my individual **identity**, and every single aspect of my **external world**. I say nearly every aspect of my individual identity because I have not so much changed myself as **I have become myself.**

Today, myself and my environment are sweetly congruent. I never knew this was possible for me and can only describe the experience as euphoric. I live the way I want, I create the things I want, and **I am free in mind, body, and spirit.** I do not adhere to standards set before me by society or conform to fit in with the masses. I live in cooperation with reality, but I play by my own rules. I have everything I want.



Freedom is available to anyone and everyone. **Make your intentions known and your world will oblige.** I hope you will allow the following story to act as a lighthouse if you need one, and that you will trust me when I say all the best is out there for you, just waiting to be claimed.

We begin this tale in the same place author Vadim Zeland began his exploration of reality creation in Reality Transurfing Steps I-V. After working with this knowledge for nearly seven years, I've come to understand why he chose to lay out the concepts in the order he did. My story kicks off with a discussion of **The Alternatives Space** because without a comprehensive understanding of this structure, tapping into and materializing your ideal world will be challenging.

Just as you've wrapped your head around this idea that everything imaginable already exists within The Alternatives Space, **Pendulums** will show up to try and obstruct your access. Learn to manage your Pendulums (and even use them to your advantage), and you will find yourself on the **Wave of Fortune**. Fail to do so, and you may experience an **Induced Transition**, descending to lower levels of reality.

Using **Outer Intention**, you will learn to harness the energy you've regained from disarming your Pendulums. The chapter on **Goals and Doors** will empower you to recognize what is intended for you and what is not, readying you to fuel any new endeavors with pure, unadulterated **Heart & Mind Coordination**.

And then it will be on to the money shot of Reality Transurfing: tuning to the Fraile of your Soul. Aligned with your **Soul Fraile**, you are your purest and most intricate self, emitting a unique frequency that will correspond to the materialization of your ideal physical reality.

The big book of Reality Transurfing is great. I suggest anyone interested in the history and science behind Transurfing do a deep dive into Vadim Zeland's amazing body of work. You will not be disappointed. The big book is esoteric and intriguing. But the language is often complex and verbose, and while it offers the reader a lot to ponder, it can make Reality Transurfing seem far-fetched and difficult to master. A Tale of Practical Reality Transurfing is meant to do the opposite and show that **all of this... well, it's not that hard**. I've got a 9th grade education and I figured it out.

If you are struggling with anything in your life, I hope you will find solace in this practical tale and leave it knowing there are alternatives available to you. Whether in conjunction with the original texts or read as a stand-alone story, this book and the knowledge held within, have the power to transform your life.



A very special thank you to the following Transurfers and friends who helped this literary experience come to life:

Terza Ekholm
Kossi Noglo
All our Reality Transurfer Test Readers
Xavier Waterkeyn
Marie-Rose Le Phan
And of course, Vadim Zeland



Hello, hello, hello Transurfer and the Transurfing curious, my name is Renée Garcia, and this is ***A Tale of Practical Reality Transurfing...***

This book does NOT follow convention because the genesis of my life has been far from conventional. Get ready for a wild literary ride. At times you may feel unsure which way is up, and which way is down, whether you're experiencing the past, present, or future. But as is true in life, you can choose to perceive the forthcoming data as overwhelming or fun.

Your move.

I am just a person who has learned through trial and error, pain and pivoting, how to command her world and create a life of joy and freedom. In the following pages, I will tell you my life story to the very best of my ability and will reflect on everything I've materialized into my world through the lens of Reality Transurfing, as I understand it.

With the proper tools, you too can materialize all that you most desire.

Now say it with me,

MY WORLD IS TAKING CARE OF ME. EVERYTHING IS GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN. THINGS ARE WORKING OUT BEAUTIFULLY AND WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO WITH EASE.



The Alternatives Space

Dragging myself to the gas station payphone behind my apartment, I rehearsed what I would say to my parents when they asked why I was calling collect.

At 24 years old, I was pregnant and penniless, battered by life and the unfortunate company I'd kept. I found myself alone, lacking the most basic survival skills, addicted to pills and alcohol, uneducated, drowning in debt, and without a car, cell phone, or bank account. Rent was due, and I was terrified.

"What are you going to do?" My mother asked.

"I'm not sure yet—"

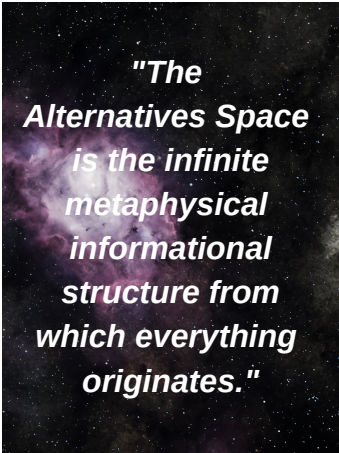
"You don't have a phone anymore? Why don't you come home to Modesto?" She interjected before I could finish presenting my bumbling and not-so-well-thought-out plan for the future.

I couldn't go home. Every version of reality I'd experienced up to that point had been a poor fit, so there was no "returning home" for me. Even living in Los Angeles, a safe 300 miles from my childhood, I had recreated conditions resembling those that raised me—marginalization, dependence on harmful people, shame for having depended on those harmful people, and a paralyzing sense of hopelessness. I had pieced together a new cast of characters and hung some new stage decorations but was acting out the same old script.

I had retreated once again to the outskirts of my environment. Lacking the skill to hold down even a minimum wage job, I'd resigned myself to staying in an abusive marriage with a machismo-piece-of-excrement husband – we'll call him Joe.

But before we get in too deep, let's pause and set the theoretical table.

The Alternatives Space is a fancy way of saying the Universe. It refers to anything that ever was, is, or will be.



*"The
Alternatives Space
is the infinite
metaphysical
informational
structure from
which everything
originates."*

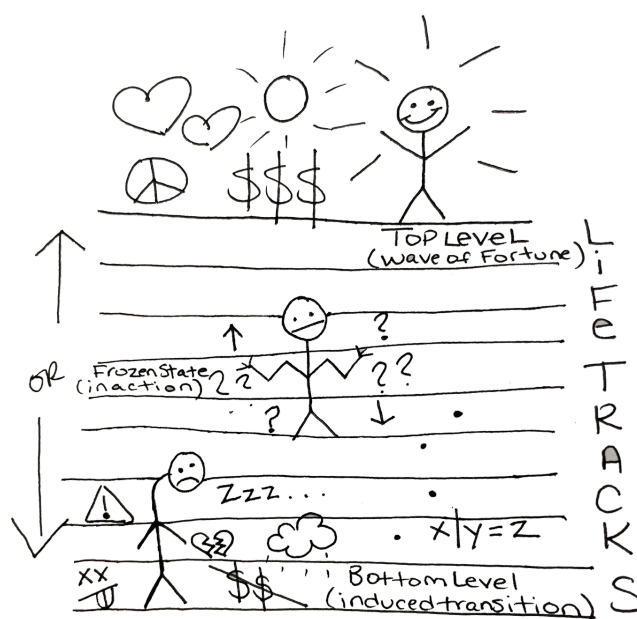
It is a massive structure of Variables (people, places, and things a.k.a. variations and alternate scenarios, a.k.a. your own personal treasure chest), from which you've pulled every single thing that exists in your life.

To harness the power of The Alternatives Space and materialize your ideal reality, you must do four things: establish a theory to support the existence of that reality, and then align your thoughts, frequency, and actions to it. These are the Four Mechanisms for Commanding Your World.

At a very young age, most of us lose sight of and disconnect from the most fundamental fact of life, which is that we have the power to create our own individual destinies. Creating is our birthright. But we forget this somewhere along the line, as external programming takes up increasing space in our minds and slowly overrides our creative sovereignty.

"The mind does not generate anything on its own accord. Rather, the mind accesses knowledge via The Alternatives Space. All scientific discoveries, masterpieces of art, languages and ideas are received from this space."

Every moment spent awake and alive is a moment spent pulling Variables from The Alternatives Space and Transurfing reality. Look around you right now and take a moment to acknowledge your current assemblage of Variables. Reality Transurfing calls these assemblages of Variables Lifetracks. Now let us imagine ten other Lifetracks relatively similar to the one you're currently experiencing. Assuming you meet basic requirements, you can easily jump to one of these because within The Alternatives Space, their Variables are relatively close by to the ones making up your current Lifetrack. By the end of this chapter, you will have the tools to render your own imagining of Lifetracks and The Alternatives Space, but for now, feel free to borrow mine:



In the top layer of reality, you are absolutely killing it, whatever killing it means for you. In the bottom layer of reality, you are absolutely bombing out, again, whatever that means for you.

On your highest Lifetrack, you are benefitting from everything reality has to offer. For example, maybe you receive an unexpected check in the mail or a promotion at work, maybe you fall in love, or find yourself on an adventure you've been dreaming up for years. You've ascended to a place of actualized potential, and are having a positive experience of life, getting what you want, and realizing a more joyful trajectory. You are achieving success and all the good stuff that comes along with it. On your top Lifetrack, you are nested in with your coziest and most luxurious Variables.

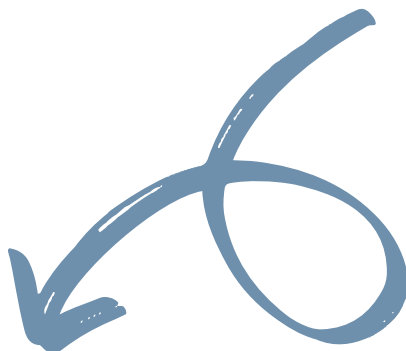
On your lowest Lifetrack, you may feel bottomed out, depressed, and like the world is swallowing you whole. Symptoms may also include: an inability to get out of bed, failing health, being bombarded with bad news, negative thoughts, feelings of unworthiness, poverty mentality, feeling stuck, hopeless, and/or anxious. You've descended to a place of unrealized potential, and are having a negative experience of life, getting exactly what you don't want, and realizing a joyless trajectory. On your lowest Lifetrack, you are sharing a twin bed with your least desirable Variables.

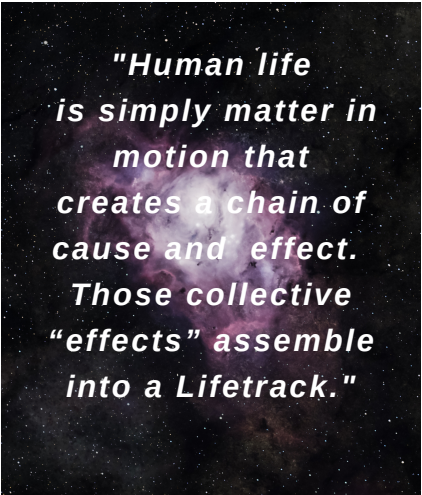
*"The set,
decorations and props
of a given Lifetrack
(people, places,
circumstances, and
material objects)
assemble in
correspondence to
thought quality,
action, and
frequency."*

And then, there are all the Lifetracks in between.

In a nutshell, The Alternatives Space is a big infinity of Variables and your current Lifetrack is made up of whichever ones you're most closely associating with right now.

The Reality Transurfing modality says you choose the Variables making up your existence, always. This means you have the power to create your own heaven or your own hell, always.





*"Human life
is simply matter in
motion that
creates a chain of
cause and effect.
Those collective
"effects" assemble
into a Lifetrack."*

The Alternatives Space can be one hell of a place for the baby Reality Transurfer who has yet to hone their craft. After leaving my nightmare of a marriage, I spent another paradigm-shattering decade in Los Angeles, oscillating between extraordinarily high-highs and devastatingly low-lows. At that point, and mostly unbeknownst to me, I was really Transurfing—rapidly shifting Lifetracks, tapping into extreme and disparate sectors of reality, leading double lives, and splitting my time between them.

But we'll save those stories for later.

For now, all you need to know is that only three months after the most catastrophic event of my life (another story I'll hold off on telling until we're thoroughly greased up and zooming), I was living in the lap of luxury, debt-free, with an abundance of adventures to be had and a myriad of new Lifetracks laid out before me.

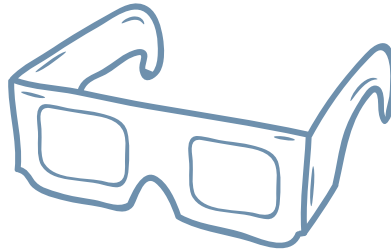
I am not here to convince anyone of anything. I am here to offer up an alternative system for navigating reality to those who are open and willing to try something different. And this system is built on the foundational belief that your theories - about life and what you're capable of accomplishing within it - matter. In fact, they matter more than just about anything else.

Why? Because your world supports and mirrors back to you any theories you hold about it and about yourself, every moment of every day. Most of us fall into the trap of believing in a fixed reality and a fixed version of ourselves, saying things (or mindlessly repeating things) like "Life is what it is" or "This is just who I am". These are just two of the infinite theories available to you, so why not choose different ones?

When I became privy to my personal power--when I decided to choose a new theory about myself, my world extended a white-gloved hand to help me ascend and transform. Was it a conventional approach to personal evolution? No way. It was even sweeter. It was my world guiding me in a language I could understand. I just had to initiate a dialog via a siren call expressing my newfound **will to have**.

I present to you a warp and weft of my personal experience and the knowledge that helped me turn my life around. Let this story support you along your journey toward elevated clarity and empowerment. It's time to upgrade, y'all. And doing so begins with reforming your theories and repositioning yourself within The Alternatives Space.

Are you ready?



My story begins at a time in my life when I was trudging along my lowest Lifetrack. My disempowering *theories*, lower energy, dismal *thoughts*, dysfunctional *actions*, and maladjusted *frequencies* mirrored back to me a world made up of all the things I did *not* want. Ironically, I see now that I was using the Four Mechanisms I mentioned earlier with amazing acuity. I ended up so bottomed out not because I wasn't using them (because we all are, *always*), but because I lacked **command** over them.

It can be brutal at first, recognizing your part in having created the things you hate. But there is power in awareness. And after all, if you are powerful enough to create things you don't want, you are certainly powerful enough to create things you do want!

Reality is simply mirroring back to us our outward projections. Therefore, those who lack self-awareness and project without intention tend to suffer passively. And those who develop self-awareness and intention tend to operate from a place of empowerment and feel a general sense of eagerness toward life. Becoming aware of what we're projecting out and what we're tuning into helps us to discern *actual* cause and effect, and then fine-tune our Four Mechanisms (cause) for the purpose of creating the world we want to experience (effect).

The first step in taking command of your world is to choose a theory that **supports the existence of your ideal reality**. Failing to do so will render the next three steps useless. *When you adopt a theory, you are automatically bestowed with the power to support it.*

Sadly, many are lost to the game before they've even begun playing; consider the masses of people running around crying that "nothing comes easy." A theory like "nothing comes easy" will materialize a world of difficulty, striving, failure, and contempt for broken dreams.

When a theory is transmitted to you— via parents, environment, media, etc. — and you accept its validity without question, your world automatically begins highlighting Variables to back it up. Ultimately, this initiates a cycle of your theory indefinitely confirming itself.

For example, let's say when you were a child your mother told you money was bad, "money is awful, money is the root of all evil, and anyone with it cannot be trusted!" As an adult, every time you encounter someone using wealth malevolently, you'll unconsciously confirm your mother's theory that yes in fact, money is bad. Reality absorbs (by way of thoughts, actions, and frequencies) your reaction and basically responds, "Ok, I guess you're right, money is bad." And then adds, "Here's some more shadiness to support your theory that money sucks."

Choose a negative theory and you'll walk through life affirming it as truth. All the Variables in your world that correspond to your negative theory will become highlighted, take up increasing space in your physical reality.

Meanwhile, there are a multitude of other Lifetracks, positive Variables, energy, opportunities swirling around you, **but you can't see them**. You are living with tunnel vision, seeing only what aligns with your negative theory.

I spent the first 24 years of my life operating from a place of guilt and shame, all the while gathering evidence to support my negative theories. The cycle initiated, and I perpetually (1) created situations that made me feel guilty and shameful, and then (2) logged those experiences as evidence of my worthlessness. LATHER, RINSE, REPEAT.

The way I see it, human beings universally strive for two things: survival and being right. It's rare, isn't it? To encounter someone who declares their opinion of the world and then follows it with, "But I could be wrong"? More likely they will say, "That's just how it is!" and defend "it" to the ends of the earth. And they would be right! *"IT" IS how it is*. "It" is exactly how it is for the theory holder.

Your theories can never be wrong because there isn't one ultimate truth. Your truths about how the world works simply depend on which theories you choose, and how vehemently you go about collecting evidence to support and defend them.

ONCE MORE FOR THE PEOPLE IN THE BACK: Evidence will continue piling up to support your theory *indefinitely*. Therefore, **you always get what you choose**.

Believe the world is a scary place – the world will give you reasons to feel afraid.

Believe the world is full of beauty – the world will give you beautiful things to behold.

Believe all the worst is yet to come – watch out, rough waters ahead.

Believe all the best is headed your way – breathe easy, you're in for a pleasant ride.

Affirm the negative or the positive and The Alternatives Space will agree with you! The flip side? Nothing is ever the Universal Reality's fault (Sorry)! It's yours. And that's the brass tacks of it.

The external world is neutral.

A cook follows a recipe, right? Maybe they'll get a little creative here and there, but generally speaking they'll use the right proportions of the right ingredients, and so beget the dish. Nothing else matters. No one cares how it's made. The dish doesn't care who's preparing it. The same recipe always produces the same results.



Now, back to the twenty-fifth hour of my story...

I was at war with myself and my reality, and the dish of my choosing was coming right up.

I laid on my couch just a few days out from the explosive finale to the drama that was my marriage and pulling the rip cord on my pregnancy (more on this later). I was completely alone now, not counting my two dogs, who were begging for a walk. They'd been cooped up since the previous day and night was falling again, unrelenting as always. Still, I couldn't move. I had no phone and no connection to the outside world. I was lost in my mind, luxuriating in a bath of victimhood, and making a mental list of all the ways I'd been wronged by life.

Then something strange happened, a crack in my consciousness. What ushered in was the thought that just maybe *I had created everything I was experiencing*.

I tried to get up for a glass of water and shake off the idea, but my knees buckled, and I collapsed in pain. My dogs stared at me nervously, both still eyeing the door. A big sob erupted from within, opening the floodgates to a torrent of self-pity and shame. That familiar feeling of shame.

Arms wrapped around myself, I rocked back and forth, getting into a rhythmic sway between numbness and grief. I laid back down, completely empty, and staring into my dimly lit living room.

A calm swept through the apartment, and I laid still. The veil of disempowerment had lifted. What washed over me then was a series of thoughts I hadn't ever thought before: "I'm free" and then, "I can do anything I want" and then, "What'll it be?"

Abruptly, the room grew to be just a little bit bigger.

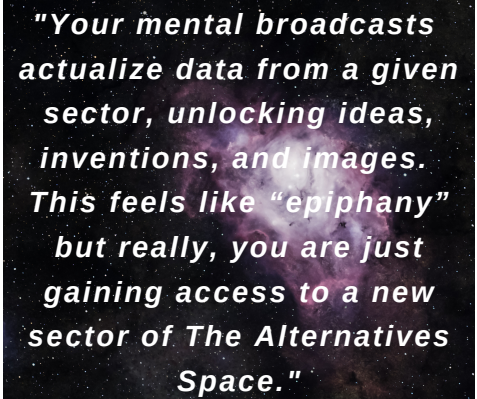
All the ideas I had been holding onto for so long seemed to fracture under the severity of my situation. My theory that playing "the good wife" would keep me safe and provided for, had crumbled.

Because of this theory, I had accommodated my husband in inappropriate ways, put up with his violent behavior, and created unhealthy strategies for coping with his near-constant verbal and physical attacks. All to maintain my "goodness." I had ignored and denied alternate realities in an attempt to keep mine upright.

I was now arriving at the end of the road and my theory was disintegrating before my eyes in ways that were both unsettling and liberating.

I didn't believe in god but knew I had heard a some sort of guiding voice. At the time, I assumed it was an angel, but I now know it was the voice of my Higher Self. Her message to me: I had to change, I had to move, because there was no more escaping myself. I laid there and listened for direction. I remained still for the rest of the night and the next few to follow, reviewing my options with new clarity and determination.

I could return home (NO you may not, my Higher Self reminded). I could invite the husband back (NO you may NOT, my body screamed in protest). I had run out of excuses to make, people to hide behind, and places to run. I needed to change. I needed to move myself toward something different. I wasn't clear on how any of this might happen, or what it might look like when I got there.



***"Your mental broadcasts
actualize data from a given
sector, unlocking ideas,
inventions, and images.
This feels like "epiphany"
but really, you are just
gaining access to a new
sector of The Alternatives
Space."***

I only knew I had to get up and off the couch.

Merely 24 hours after a rushed recovery, I threw myself into my immediate external environment the only way I knew how. I walked around town in a pair of thrift store high heels, anxiously handing in applications to anyone hiring. I solicited convenience stores, restaurants, clothing shops, the local library. I didn't return home in the evenings until I was exhausted. I had \$47 dollars in cash, two dogs waiting for me at home and rent already a week past due.

Until then, I'd been a highly dependent person. My theories about life had been shaped by generational poverty, learned helplessness, and bottom of the barrel societal programming that was so deeply engrained, it may as well have been written into my DNA. I had no goals, minimal skills, and no direction. Growing up as the oldest of four – and the only stepchild – I felt like an inconvenience and a burden. And I carried this image of myself out into the world, never evolving beyond it. I made moment-to-moment decisions based on coping – getting by. I spent my energy preserving unhealthy coping mechanisms and dulling any pain caused by the external conditions they created.

I truly believed I had no purpose. Looking around, I saw others had goals, hobbies, and things they felt passion about or proud of. Not I. Another one of my theories was that I, Renée, was a mistake and had nothing of interest or value to offer anyone. I thought the only role I was suited for was “good wife” in a low-quality marriage.

When every cell of my being collectively decided not to live that way anymore, I set an intention to be *up and at 'em* the moment I was recovered enough to leave the couch. I was going to come up, somehow. I had no idea what to do or how to do it, but I knew for a fact that I had nowhere to go but up and anything would be better than where I had been.

Concerned for obvious reasons, my parents drove down to Los Angeles. We sat together in my apartment and watched as Joe and the police he'd brought along, collected his belongings, which included one of our two dogs. I cried and clutched, Kadin, the middle-aged cocker spaniel, who'd been given to me on our one-year wedding anniversary. He was the very first dog I'd had as an adult, and I started to beg for Joe not to take him. One alpha cop, who'd been tasked with leading the miscalculated conquest looked at me.

“Is this dog yours?”

“He's ours.” Tears streamed down my face.

“This is community property, Sir” the cop said, staring coldly at Joe,

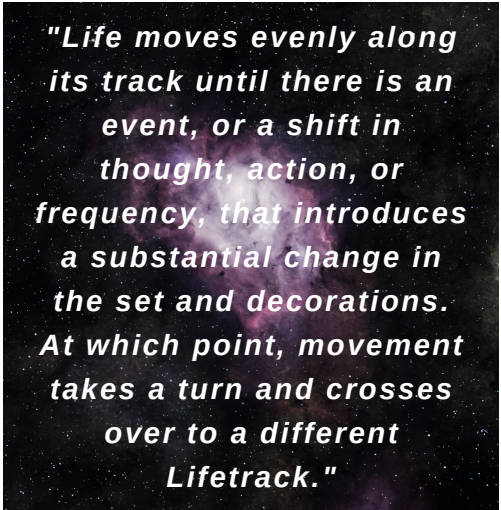
"This is all community property, so get your toothbrush because that's all you're leaving with."

Joe's face turned red, and he assumed the exact posture of the man who'd hit me and choked me countless times over the course of our marriage. Right there for everyone to see, he revealed his true self. And it felt so vindicating.

Later that day, I took my wedding ring into multiple pawn shops later. Each time I was met with a lowball offer, rage swelled up inside of me and threatened to escape my mouth as all the choice words I'd kept from hurling at Joe. I was losing hope of getting a fair price for my once-treasured diamond. It was humiliating. The only cherished thing I had left was seemingly worthless.

Not yet willing to accept this fate, I decided the unlucky employee of the final pawn shop on my list was going to get a piece of my mind. I was going to get what the ring was worth, whatever it took. So, with my mother and my intention in tow, I walked through the bulletproof doors of Glendale Pawn, **and straight onto a new Lifetrack.**

"What will you give me for this?" I asked the man behind the counter, charged up and eager to unleash the force of my intention.



"Life moves evenly along its track until there is an event, or a shift in thought, action, or frequency, that introduces a substantial change in the set and decorations. At which point, movement takes a turn and crosses over to a different Lifetrack."

He looked over the ring and walked to his desk, "What size is the center stone, and do you know the color and clarity?"

"1.07 H SI1." I was ready.

He pulled out a white laminated chart, punched some numbers into his calculator and offered me three times the highest offer I'd received that day. Just like that. Just like magic. I recognized the kindness in his face, and the pressure inside me released instantaneously.

I thanked him and then immediately turned my thoughts to buying groceries, opening a bank account, paying rent, and getting a cell phone.

"What she really needs is a job," my mother chimed in, "is there anything that she can do around here?"

The pawnshop manager looked at me for a moment. I could tell he was uncomfortable with the situation, as was I. But despite myself, I had to admit I was grateful for my mother's advocacy.

"What can you do, do you know eBay?" He asked, side-eyeing and skeptical.

"No, but I'll learn."

"Ok," He said, defeated and a little bored, "Come in next Monday and we'll get started."

I remember thinking it was odd that the one shop I'd walked into with low expectations was the one shop to not only offer me a fair deal, but also a job. I now understand the connection between importance and outcome, but at the time "Huh" was about as far as my observations of reality went, so I just settled into feeling grateful for this happy twist of fate.

I showed up Monday morning and realized immediately that I was not at all dressed the part when an older, part-time employee evaluated my short skirt and low-cut shirt with a look of absolute disdain.

"Okay, here is your workspace!" Frank gestured to a very small square at an overcrowded desk, interrupting the "I don't belong here" thoughts that had begun to creep in.

All I could think was Hooooooly smokes, I have my very own desk at my very own job, I'm a full-fledged grown up now.

In the following weeks, I learned to photograph and list jewelry. Initially, I was shocked by the amount Frank would instruct me to post as starting prices on eBay.

"\$10,000 for this?" I'd ask naively.

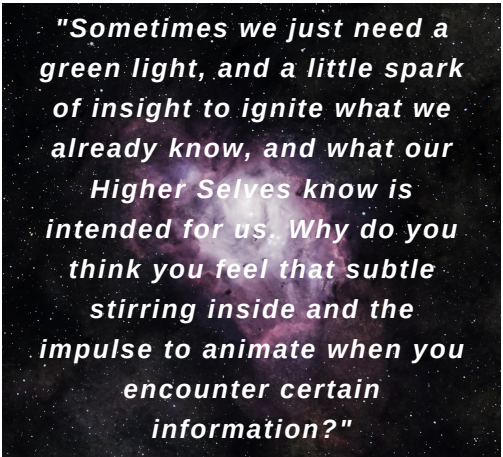
"It's Cartier!" He'd bark back.

I watched the goings-on of the pawnshop and observed the various characters lining to spin tales of lack and sorrow, just like I had. Sales started rolling in online and I quickly became privy to the name of the game. Buy it cheap and flip it for as much as possible – pretty simple formula, and one that stirred something inside me.

It was the first time working a job felt enjoyable. I had worked odd jobs before, doing things like waitressing, shuttling pets back and forth to the groomer, working retail at a children's clothing store, and childcare. But largely I had remained unemployed.

I could see that Frank was making significant money, as were the other jewelry dealers coming into the pawnshop to buy, sell, and trade their fancy wares.

"Gotta make my \$1000 a day," one regular dealer dropped, in the middle of negotiating with Frank. I tuned in, thinking, geez Louise, \$1000 a day!?! I couldn't even begin to fathom that sort of cash. But I knew I wanted to.



"Sometimes we just need a green light, and a little spark of insight to ignite what we already know, and what our Higher Selves know is intended for us. Why do you think you feel that subtle stirring inside and the impulse to animate when you encounter certain information?"

Around the same time, I realized a \$10 an hour wage simply wasn't going to cut it, so I decided to get another gig waitressing – ideally, I thought, at a high-end restaurant. I looked around my neighborhood for openings because I hadn't yet saved up enough to buy a car, but I struck out. Every restaurant I walked into was unwelcoming and asking for local references, which I did not have. I tapped back into that old theory I knew so well, that fit like a ratty oversized sweatshirt: I was worthless.

But just like with the pawn shop, I resolved to try one last place and prepared myself to do whatever was necessary to get hired.

"Why do you want to work here? These girls don't make much." The manager of Applebee's looked me up and down, "You should check out Houston's up the road, your *look* will make you more money there."

Houston's was a fine dining restaurant in Pasadena with a gorgeous mid-century vibe mystifying luster that felt other worldly. The lighting was soft, cast by giant, golden artichoke chandeliers, and chicly dressed servers shuttled around fancy plates of food and interesting looking cocktails. They were beautiful, fit, and clad in all black.

I was intimidated beyond belief, but I took the suggestion to apply very seriously, trying my best to heed any and all direction my world was sending. Still, I had to figure out a way to get there. Pasadena was the next city over, and I was still short on the money for a car.

Within one week of my conversation with the Applebee's manager, I received a surprise check in the mail from a class action settlement I hadn't even known was underway. I can't logically explain this coincidental blessing, it is just the truth of what happened.

The moment I needed money for something real, it appeared. With that and two week's pay from the pawn shop, I bought myself a 1984 two-door Saab and felt empowered to care for myself for the first time in a long time. The first ride I took was to fill out an application at Houston's, and they practically hired me on the spot.

I couldn't believe I would be working there, that I would be one of those sleek ladies I'd admired from a distance. I drove home envisioning the tips I would bring in, and daydreaming about my big, bright future.

I finished an extensive one-month training and started on lunch shifts. But almost immediately, that newfound dreaminess began slipping with the onset of significant and debilitating depressive episodes. They would come on right before going in each day and I decided I hated working there, that the people were rude, that the job was physically demanding, and that these feelings of wanting to die were all Houston's fault.

Only two weeks in, I had to just about drag myself to the restaurant. One afternoon I drove the 134 freeway to Pasadena filled with dread, running exceptionally low on energy and fucks to give. I held back tears as I pulled into the parking structure, and letting some slip, admitted to myself for the umpteenth time that I simply did not want to be alive anymore.

I turned down my rear-view mirror to assess the damage and saw two piercing green eyes looking back at me, exaggerated by a red, mascara-streaked face.

And then time stopped, just for a quick second, and I caught myself. This remains one of my most vivid memories, because it is the first time I can remember feeling aware of myself, my reality, and my trajectory all at once, like I had pulled back to glimpse a macro view of my Lifetrack positioned within The Alternatives Space. I felt dynamic because I could see the circumstances surrounding me clearly and knew without a doubt that I held the power to influence them. **I saw myself and I saw my reality.**

And then I remembered to use my little trick.

During elementary school, around fourth grade, I can remember asking a girlfriend of mine whether she too knew about this little trick I'd learned, to "make things look different."

She didn't.

"When you don't like what you are seeing, you can make things look different." I explained.

"What do you *mean* look different?"

"They look different, but still the same, it's really hard to explain." I felt myself contracting, as she looked at me totally puzzled.

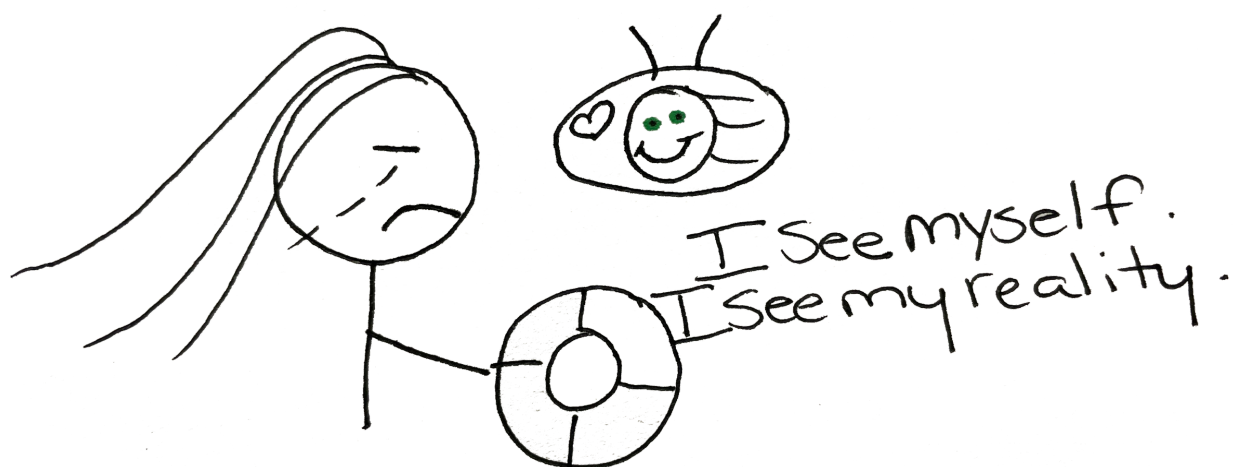
She seemed curious so I tried again, "When you're sad, your bedroom looks sad, right? But if you focus your eyes in a different way, you can make your bedroom not look sad anymore."

She clearly had no idea what in the hell I was talking about, so I gave up. Instead, we stuffed dodgeballs under our shirts and ran across the field pretending to be pregnant unicorns ready to give birth. I never tried to explain it to anyone else again.

I had been doing this little trick for a few years by the time I tried explaining it to my friend. I first discovered it while I was alone in my bedroom cutting pictures out of a magazine and tacking them to the wall. I had created two piles of images, one "good" and one "bad". I found that just by shifting my eyes between and feeling into the emotion of each pile, I could make the room look either *good* or *bad*.

That day in Pasadena, I remembered the trick, and chose to switch from feeling bad to feeling something better.

I stared directly into my own eyes and told myself, "Something good is going to happen for you today, Renée."



I pulled out my makeup bag to erase the last 15 minutes from my face. Then, I closed my eyes and held an image of myself smiling and holding tip money in my hand.

"An individual with coordinated heart and mind will access The Alternatives Space with the greatest ease. The deeper your connection to The Alternatives Space, the greater your ability to materialize favorable variations in waking reality."

I walked into the restaurant with a semi-forced smile on my face, feeling like a complete fraud. My stomach was still knotted up and I felt slightly nauseous. But I smiled, stood up straight and arched my back, walking through the restaurant with a gait reserved for royalty. The manager came up to me while I was tying my apron in the back and leaned in quietly, saying,

"Hey, Renee, I just want to let you know that you're doing great. These people have high standards and you're dealing with them well."

During my prior shift, I had made the grave mistake of removing a woman's plate before she was finished eating. She was livid and told my manager that I was an idiot. I immediately flushed with embarrassment, convinced she was right.

My manager's attention and recognition sent a little surge of energy through my body, boosting my self-esteem. At that moment, his compliment meant the world to me, **so I grabbed onto it**. I focused my attention on a Variable I liked.

The staff was buzzing with anticipation over a professional basketball team that was scheduled to come in for lunch. We all lined up to welcome them and I watched as they filed in, ducking at the doorway. I stood there in amazement. Never in my life had I seen so many tall men in one place. For the first time, I could see the success surrounding me. People were doing well, talking business, and eating fancy lunches. It was like a movie. And I tuned into it.

As the men found their seats, one locked eyes with me and stopped,

"Damn girl, that face."

The same flash of electricity I'd felt earlier pulsed through my body. Whatever I was feeling, I liked it. Something had changed, or something had changed in me, and my reality now looked and felt a whole lot different. My little trick was working.

"There is a multitude of positive information, energy, opportunity, and other Lifetracks swirling around you, but you can't see them. You are living with tunnel vision, seeing only what aligns with your negative theory."

I coasted on this frequency and before my shift was half over, felt like I was on top of the world. I hadn't made any mistakes and seemed to be in a flow state for the first time since starting to work at Houston's. I felt confident and relaxed, like the restaurant was a stage and I was there auditioning for the role of leading lady.

Toward the end of the day, a man I'd seen once before rolled through the door in his wheelchair. I had been curious about him the first time he came in because of the way people responded to his presence. He was a small and frail looking man, with completely atrophied legs. But he held a huge smile on his face and engaged confidently with everyone in the restaurant. His name was Sam.

Sam sat by himself at one of my tables in the back corner of the restaurant. I walked up to him and asked how he was doing.

As we made small talk, my curiosity grew.

"I've never seen you before. Do you like working here?" He asked, mouth full of food.

"Today I do."

I winked and we both laughed. He asked if there had been any celebrity sightings lately and I told him about the guy from Pulp Fiction coming in, you know the one who robs the diner with his girlfriend—Honey Bunny. I told him how much I'd wanted to ask, "So what'll it be, Honey Bunny?" when I took his order. It felt a little inappropriate sharing my thoughts with Sam, but I did it anyway, leaning into the flirty fun script of the day.

"I don't mean to make you feel uncomfortable but could I take you out to dinner sometime?" He asked me when I dropped the check.

He was not my type at all, but I had to admit I was intrigued. Who wouldn't want to learn more about someone who could muster such a cheerful countenance even though they were so visibly suffering?

I agreed, but made it clear we would be going out as friends. I walked him to the front of the restaurant, and everyone we passed waved him a warm goodbye. When I closed out Sam's check, I saw he'd left me a \$50 tip. That day, I went home with nearly \$100 in tips, the most I had ever made in a single day.

As if the day couldn't have gotten any better, my manager asked me on my way out if I was interested in moving up to tend bar. The bar there was a stunning display of elite drunks, beautiful women, and guys in suits talking smart. I eagerly accepted the invitation, realizing that would be my last day waiting tables.

“I saw you just had Sam at your table.”

“He just left me a \$50 tip on a French dip sandwich and a couple of sodas!”

“Sam comes in here all the time and everyone loves him. Treat him well and he gives big tips.”

I was on the fence about telling my manager I’d given Sam my phone number, but I wanted his take on the whole situation.

“He asked if he could take me to dinner.” I said, a little sheepish.

“That’s definitely a dinner invite I would accept!” He seemed confident enough.

On the way home, I loaded a CD and sang along to Maxinquaye by Tricky, feeling satisfied and powerful. The outside air was warm and pink, and a sweet sense of well-being washed over me. I made note of how different I now felt driving home, than I had driving to the restaurant.

When I walked into my tiny apartment, I was greeted by several collection notices and credit card statements that had been shoved under the door by the mail carrier. I was still in trouble... nearly \$50,000 in debt trouble... the product of Joe losing his job during the dot.com fallout and us relying on credit taken out in my name for two whole years. I crammed the statements into a hanging wooden bill box that was already stuffed full and wondered how I would pay it all back.

The reminder of my past trashed my energy levels a bit, but I did my best to shake it off and hold onto the promise of the day. I put on some music and drew a bath, closing my eyes and daydreaming about a life with no bills, paid rent, and paychecks accumulating in my bank account. I ran the numbers in my head and tried to calculate how long it would take me to square up if I continued to do what I did that day. I resolved to buy a few lottery tickets from the gas station after my bath. I was rich after all – I had a hundred bucks in my apron.

I heated some leftover potatoes before heading out the door and heard my phone ring.

It was Sam. “Hello, Renée. When can I take you out?”

A couple days later, I dressed up in bright coral pants, a fitted silk blouse with ruffled capped sleeves and a pair of hot pink pointed toe heels. My hair was long and blonde at the time, and I parted it down the middle, applying lipstick, mascara, and a spritz of drugstore perfume I rarely wore.

Sam pulled up to retrieve me from the curb and I sat down into his fancy car, trying to carry myself like someone who belonged in a fancy car. It was a model I couldn't name but immediately recognized as expensive. The car had been rigged to accommodate his disability, so that he drove entirely from the wheel.

"Thanks for letting me take you out," He said with a friendly smile that reminded me why I'd agreed to go out with him in the first place.

"What kind of car is this?"

"This, my dear, is a 2004 Rolls-Royce Phantom."

"Oh, well, it's really nice," I said, looking around, feigning nonchalance.

He laughed. "Yes, it is. Are you hungry?"

Of course, I was hungry; I had been eating potatoes and canned beans for months. We drove to the Ritz Carlton, where we were greeted with the same warm welcome that everyone had shown him at Houston's.

Seated at a little two-top against the window, we overlooked the epically lush gardens surrounding the historic hotel. I really couldn't believe my life. Things had changed dramatically in a matter of days.

Sam was a curious man. He asked me lots of questions, which I liked. It had been a long time since someone had asked me questions about myself. I wanted to ask him questions, mostly about why he seemed so happy all the time, but I figured that might be inappropriate, so instead I did my best to entertain him with my answers. He asked how I'd ended up in Los Angeles, and I told him everything, about my abusive husband, the pending divorce, and the debt.

"What are you gonna do with your life?" He pressed.

I hated questions like that because I never had an answer.

Feeling inadequate and slightly insulted, I shot back, "Is what I'm doing now not enough or somethin'?"

I couldn't answer his question, but I regretted the way I'd let trailer-trash-Renée slip out.

"Sorry, things have just been hard..." I recanted.

Sensing my unease, he quickly changed the subject, "If you could do anything that you wanted, anything in the whole world, what would you do?" He was proud of this question.

"I would travel." I responded confidently.

At age 19, I had scraped together \$2700 and backpacked alone through the Middle East for nearly three months after finding a discount flight. It is one of my most cherished accomplishments. I once told my husband about this time and he said it was the stupidest thing he'd ever heard of anyone doing. I gave up my aspirations of future travel right then and there. But whenever I wanted to escape in my mind, I would daydream about going to the Los Angeles International Airport and boarding a flight to some exotic location.

Where would you go?" Sam asked, drawing me back from my past.

"I would go to Paris."

"Why Paris?"

"Because I've never been before, and why not Paris?"

"What would you do there?" Talking with Sam sometimes made me feel like a little mouse getting gently batted around by a goofy looking cat.

"I would stay at the Ritz and I would wander around aimlessly every single day." I had no idea where this brilliant fantasy was coming from, but it felt like mine.

Sam told me he liked to travel but that it was difficult, given his condition. As dinner was coming to a close, he leaned in with a devilish look on his face and asked if I liked to party. I was a little taken aback because both the question and his tone were so distinct from those of the rest of the night.

"I don't really know what you mean." I played dumb, some part of me knowing I should proceed with caution.

Really, I knew exactly what he meant and had been anticipating the rub for such a fancy dinner since we sat down.

"Would you like to come back to my house and party?" He goaded, with the affect of a naughty little boy who just schemed to burn all his GI Joes.

As soon as we got into the car, I regretted saying yes. I mean he was nice enough, but I was very sure I wasn't interested in whatever games this goofy cat had planned.

We pulled up to his gated estate and a broad metal door opened automatically. His house sat on a private lake, as nice as anything I'd seen in a magazine. We walked (and rolled) up the drive, and I noticed a giant Koi fish swimming lazily around a moat surrounding the sleek architecture. Where in Sam's hell was I?

Inside, he fixed us cocktails at a small antique bar, rolled them over to me and smiled.

"I want to show you something," he said. And my heart sank.

While I had enjoyed the company, I was not in the mood. I was just coming out of feeling perpetually over-compromised and was tired of giving for the sake of entertaining loser dudes. I had just begun to build up my walls – walls that needed building. I would not be fucked with anymore. I wasn't sure exactly *how* to say "No," but the desire and resolve were there, and they were loud.

I followed him into a sitting room filled with antiques, art, and another bar. He went over to a secret hatch that blended in perfectly with the wall. Inside was a giant safe, from which he removed what looked to be at least a kilo of cocaine.

"So, you do like to party?" He asked me again, same devilish look on his face.

"What is that?" I asked, still playing dumb.

"It's coke, do you not party?" He wheeled it over to the coffee table.

I had done cocaine only one other time in my life and thought I was going to have a heart attack. I'm prone to anxiety, so uppers are *not* my drug of choice. He cut a little off the block and did a line while I stood there watching, drink in hand.

He asked if I also wanted to do a line and I said **No**.

"Come on, a little bit won't hurt." His demeanor had definitely changed.

"Ok, just a small one though." I caved, desperate to go home.

I tried to act casual about how many lines he did after that by carrying on normal conversation. But Sam just speed-talked about his dreams of visiting Germany and driving the Autobahn and so on and so forth, until I finally told him I had work the next day and needed to get back. I think Sam knew he'd mis-stepped, taken things a little too far because when he dropped he off at home, he apologized for "the cocaine thing."

"I hope my partying didn't bother you too much," He said, softly.

"It's fine." I felt cold at that point and am sure it showed.

Back at my apartment, I was relieved to be alone again and happy I hadn't done any more than a baby line of his coke. I had my own party to attend: 2mg. of Xanax chased by a glass of Charles Shaw two-buck-chuck.



A couple days later, Sam called me up and told me he had a surprise for me. His tone was eerily high-pitched.

"What is it?" I asked, fighting back intrigue.

I was weary but I wasn't dumb. I knew a surprise from a guy like Sam could mean good news for me.

"Well, I'll tell you over another dinner. Do you want to meet up at Nobu tonight?" I agreed. A little commanding, he told me to meet him at seven and bring the collection of statements I'd told him about.

I thought, maybe he'll offer me some financial advice, help me strategize. I wasn't sure I wanted to hear what he had to say but I gathered up the bills, dolled myself up, and drove to meet him in Pasadena, anyway.

When I got there, he was already seated and had ordered us the most expensive bottle of sake on the menu. "Did you bring your bills?" This time, hee wasted no time with small talk.

"Yep." I patted my purse.

"Let's see 'em, then."

I handed him a stack of bills about as thick as a phonebook and he cleared the table to lay them out. Sam straightened his posture, obviously meaning business.

“I’ve got an offer for you, Renée.”

“Ok, let’s hear it then.” I sat back and crossed my arms, now decidedly uninterested in taking financial advice from someone so campy.

“As you know, I’ve always wanted to travel,” I perked up at this. “But with my condition, I would need someone able-bodied to help me out.”

I would later grasp and then become hostage to the severity of Sam’s condition, but at that point I had limited information. During our first dinner together, Sam told me that he’d worked as a blue-collar-bro, a commercial electrician. One day, he had been working on an external electrical box several stories high when an explosion sent him plummeting to the ground. After hitting pavement, thousands of pounds of cable coiled on top of him and his partner, who died as a result; Sam was nearly crushed to death. He received the largest personal injury settlement in California history.

Sam’s health and money, and my desires for freedom and travel, were getting shaken up into a perfect cocktail ready to pour.

I remember thinking... OH fuck yeah, I’m getting drunk.

My coordinates were changing. I didn’t have the words for it at the time, but I knew there was a pivot happening and that my life was headed in a very new direction. I was uneasy, and the restaurant started spinning before I could take my first drink.

“Would you be willing to accompany me to Europe if I made sure that you were totally set to walk away from what you’ve got going on here?” I was stunned. “I’ll pay all your bills right now and wipe out your debt. I’ll pay your rent for the next year, so you’ll have a place when we return.”

I couldn’t believe his sincerity, as if there was a world in which I would turn down this good of an offer. “You would do that?” I asked, hiding my excitement.

“I will if you say yes!”

My mind was ping-ponging between thoughts like, “What’s the catch?” and “Maybe good things just happen sometimes.” Between, “Be careful” and “You deserve this break.”

We ordered a few hundred dollars worth of sushi and I hammered some sake.

Then, I accepted his offer under the condition that he did what he promised. That stack of bills had a shit ton of emotional charge for me, and in the moment I felt almost protective over it. I either wanted him to do what he was saying he'd do, and to do it *now*, or I wanted my bills back.

He pulled out his checkbook and began signing. He signed until there was a check covering every cent of debt I had accrued from credit card bills, a \$6500 therapy bill, bank loans that were now all majorly delinquent. All of it.

When the waiter came back around, Sam asked if the office had any postage stamps on hand. He sealed each check into an envelope and stamped them all. He then sent me outside to drop the checks into a mailbox at the corner of the block. Opening the mailbox slot, I recalled the day in the bath when I had imagined my bills disappearing. Was this it? What was happening?



For the next few days, I played it cool with Sam and waited to see if the checks would clear. I kept calling the credit card companies to check my balances, thinking there was no way they would go through, but they did. And just like that, the weight of my past life and my past mistakes, lifted.

When Sam followed through on his promise to have a first-class Air France ticket dropped at my apartment, I put in my notice at Houston's and started packing.

Before leaving, I spent Sam's birthday with him at the Santa Anita racetrack. The track staff and I planned for a cake, trumpeters and trombonists played "Happy Birthday" between races, and Sam just smiled hugely, beaming the entire day. I could tell he was really enjoying himself. And honestly, I was too.

I really liked Sam at the beginning. He was annoying and awkward but sweet and unassuming, given the level of wealth he'd obtained. He had a big, crooked nose and a crooked smile, too. Imagine a 110-pound Italian Bill Gates, but nerdier and in a wheelchair, and you've got Sam. I liked the attention we drew as such an odd duo. Sam struck me as harmless, a little broken maybe, but so strangely positive. I was young and broken myself, determined to experience something better. We were each a unique brand of naïve, appreciative of one another's attention and companionship.

On our departure day, I was so excited that I could hardly contain myself. On board our direct flight to Paris, France, the flight attendants served us champagne and I felt like a princess. We watched movies and enjoyed the food, dreaming about all the things we would do and see in Europe.

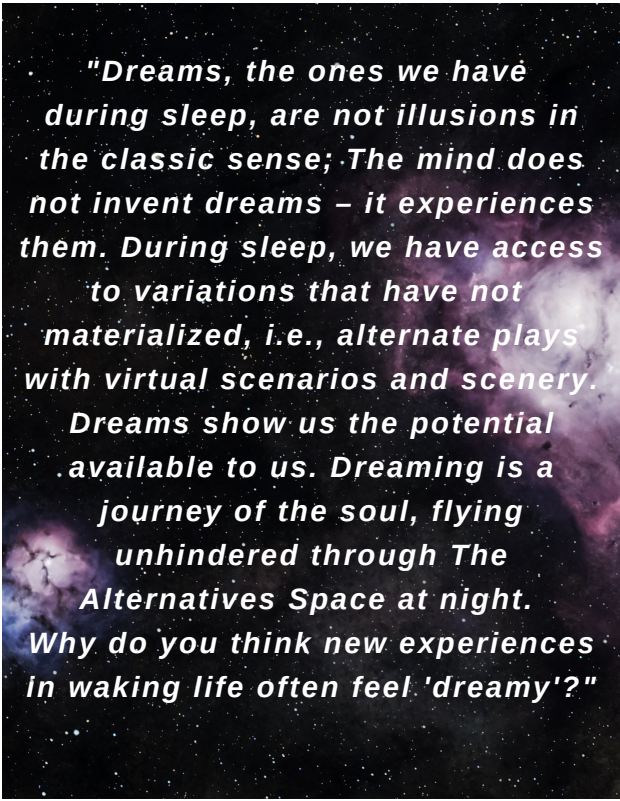
It seemed to me that the airport and flight staff were overly concerned about his level of comfort. I assumed they were being so attentive because he was rich, but I realize now that they just understood his delicate condition better than I did. Catheter and bathroom issues, timed body moves to prevent bed sores, navigating a world not built for wheelchairs... I was in for quite a ride and so was Sam.

That first morning in Paris was surreal. We drove the still and empty streets to Place Vendome, and by the time we arrived, I was out of body. On this new Lifetrack, absolutely nothing, not one sensory detail, looked or felt familiar.

We rode up to our rooms in the same elevator I'd seen Princess Diana take in old footage. On god, outside my room hung a Monet painting; and the maids were dressed (I shit you not) in a full French Maid get ups.

I was in a standard room that was by my estimation, far from standard. I imagined foreign royals wrapping themselves in the same linens, relaxing under the same vaulted ceiling.

There were crown moldings and gilded stationery at the window-side Chippendale desk. The bathroom had a giant marble bathtub, held together by pristine gold hardware. The room smelled like French lavender and refinement. My bags were unpacked for me, and my clothes were neatly arranged in the closet. My bed had even been turned down for me and I was struck with sheer delight having never experienced ANYTHING like this in my life.



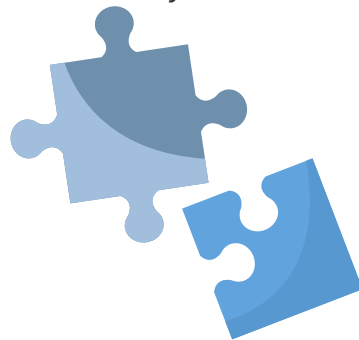
"Dreams, the ones we have during sleep, are not illusions in the classic sense; The mind does not invent dreams – it experiences them. During sleep, we have access to variations that have not materialized, i.e., alternate plays with virtual scenarios and scenery. Dreams show us the potential available to us. Dreaming is a journey of the soul, flying unhindered through The Alternatives Space at night. Why do you think new experiences in waking life often feel 'dreamy'?"

Sam and I were horribly jet lagged, and we spent that first day trying to keep ourselves awake by looking out over our new digs and drinking champagne. We were in another era, and I was overcome by the sensation of having stepped out of a black and white film into vivid color. Car horns sounded different; the telephones rang differently. I felt like a different person, and I could tell Sam did too. We were the royals now, self-proclaimed, clodhopping royals.

I woke up to pitch black in the middle of that first night, perfectly confused. I knew my eyes were open, but I couldn't see anything. It may have been the jet lag, the champagne, or a combination of both and everything else that had changed so rapidly, but **I had no clue where I was.**

Was I in the trailer park? No. Was I still married, lying next to my husband? No. And, I wasn't in my apartment. So where was I?

I turned on the bedside light, sat up and remembered upon taking in the beautiful room. I got out of bed and poured myself a glass of €100 champagne. I breathed back, lit a cigarette, and tried to orient myself to this new reality.



So now that you have the full story, let me break it down. A lot happened in those first few pages! And however that felt to read is probably how it felt to live, like everything unfolded in fast forward. It was the first time I ever shifted Lifetracks that quickly. I've made jumps many times since, but the first time set a precedent, stretching my conception of what was possible. Those early experiences connected me to The Alternatives Space, a trick I drew on in major ways down the road, and continue to draw on today.

There I was at the Ritz, with zero debt and an epic adventure in front of me, waltzing through a layer of reality several levels higher than the one I'd been trudging two weeks prior. The moment in the car when I'd chosen something different for myself, I jumped onto a new Lifetrack and began this journey.

Remember the Four Mechanisms for Commanding Your Reality, thoughts, actions, frequency, and guiding theory? I had unknowingly (that means unintentionally) pulled together everything I needed to transfer Lifetracks.

But I was highly unstable in The Alternatives Space and would be for another 10+ years. I would move up and down the different layers of reality available to me at an unhealthy pace. **This instability taught me the value of going after things that are specifically intended for me and leaving the rest alone.** Life becomes shockingly simple when you learn to sense this distinction. Without understanding it, however, the vortex of chaos swirls unchecked, making it difficult to determine upward motion from downward motion.

Creating your own reality **with awareness** is its own beast. Even “good things” may not be intended for you. Even “good things” can connect you to harmful levels of reality. You need to know what you’re doing and *why*.

Reality Transurfing is ultimately about finding what is intended for you. Look around you now at this exact moment. Are you where you should be? Can you say, without a doubt, that you’ve found your ideal location within The Alternatives Space? Are you in a place that’s fun but not so healthy? Boring but comfortable? Are you saying to yourself, “Well, it’s not exactly what I want, but it isn’t SO bad?”

During my time with Sam, I learned how to move about The Alternatives Space but not in ways that were aligned with my Soul Fraile (we will break down the Soul Fraile in later chapters, but feel free to check out the Glossary for a full description now). My story is extreme, but in the end, I experienced exactly what I needed to experience – aboard a roller coaster of nightmares and worldly delights – to arrive at the place where I found Reality Transurfing.

Eventually, I learned how to move toward my ideal sector of reality, a stable layer filled with meaning, creativity, and service to others. But at that juncture, I was still in survival mode and had no idea who I was, what I was doing, or who I was trying to become.

Teachers of reality creation, manifestation and harnessing personal power, often dilute this knowledge with promises of obtaining worldly desires, i.e., the million bucks, the sports car, the highfalutin’ lifestyle. My personal belief is that you can be manifesting well and still have it *all wrong*. Materializing “the good life” will still leave you feeling lost in the matrix if all the shiny things you attract aren’t ultimately intended for you.

I'm just going to come out and say it. The current Law of Attraction culture is complete bullshit. I have met tons of people throughout my Transurfing career who have obtained material success and are still fucked up. This shouldn't come as such a surprise, seeing as how every true spiritual teacher since the dawn of time has told us happiness is an inside job. But we silly little humans still toil for our silly little worldly delights.

It's not where it's at y'all. Don't be fooled.



Back in Paris I was on the gravy train, and things were full steam ahead. I was a baby Transurfer who had just caught her first wave. But Pendulums were gunning for me and some hard and fast wipeouts to lower levels of reality were headed my way.