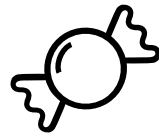


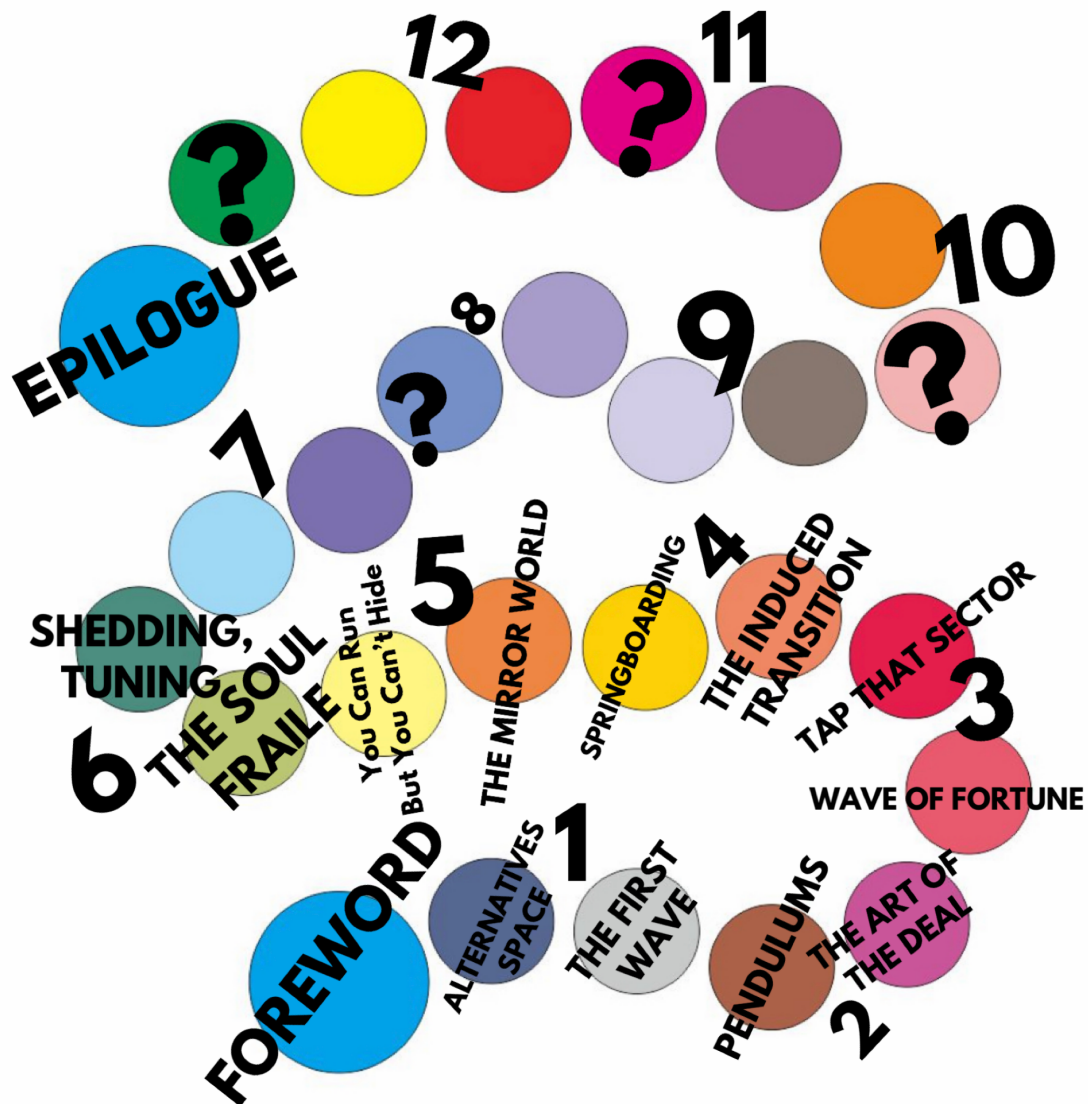
A TALE OF PRACTICAL REALITY TRANSURFING

**BY RENÉE GARCIA
AND LUCY CULTRERA**

CHAPTERS FIVE-SIX



A Practical Candy Map



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

Part I. The Mirror World

By now, we should all be on the same page about one key fact, that

ALL REALITY DOES, HAS DONE, AND WILL EVER DO IS REFLECT TO YOU A MIRROR IMAGE OF THE ATTITUDE, BELIEFS, AND ACTIONS YOU SEND OUT TOWARD IT.

For this reason, a deep dive into the source of the image, YOU, will serve your Reality Transurfing experience well. The image you see in the world's mirror... it's all you.

In addition, I wholeheartedly believe that Reality Transurfing offers us the ultimate key to unlocking secret, magical sectors within the mirror: the Soul Fraile.



Ready to upgrade the image in your mirror and start experiencing an improved version of reality today? If so, you will need to upgrade your human operating system by tuning to the Fraile of your Soul.

CONSIDER IT YOU 2.0, THE VERSION OF YOU THAT HAS ACCESS TO REALITY 2.0.

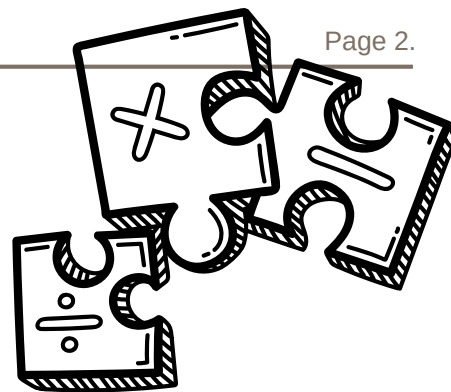
The best part of this formula is that your higher self already exists, as does the higher version of reality it exists in. Using this knowledge for maximum personal benefit doesn't require you to become this version of you, it requires you to undo something that has already been done, and therefore reveal you. Consider this a process of removing layers of environmental programming, the "wants and shoulds" of others and the ways in which you have tailored yourself to suit the standards of Pendulums...

HERE IS THE BREAKDOWN:

Pendulums ripping you to shreds,
convincing you of foreign standards and
altering your beliefs, attitudes, and actions

= A version of you that is tuned away from your Soul Fraile

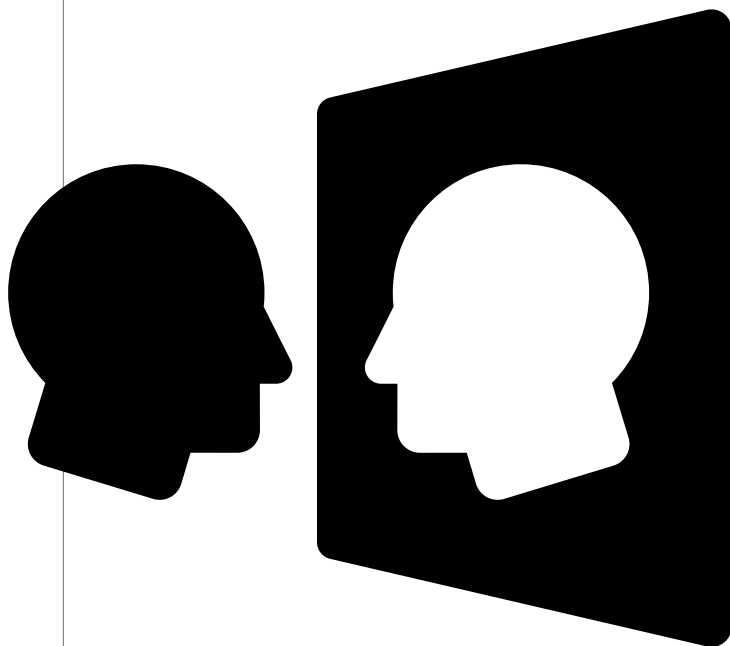
= An unsatisfactory image reflected in your mirror.



When you're properly tuned to the Fraile of your Soul, you resonate at a frequency that corresponds to an ideal sector of reality for YOU... one where everything you want to see exists.

Tuning to your Fraile is like focusing a camera lens on the most perfect image of you... a lucid image of who you truly are with all your unique characteristics displayed in full regalia. This image, the picture that is created, is reflected to you via your mirror which is your ideal reality.

Aligning with your Soul Fraile will give you a life of joyful meaning directly in line with the essence of your purest self. In this reality, you are doing the things you love, experiencing coordination of Heart and Mind, and traveling along the Lifetrack specifically intended for you. **Happy you, happy mirror.**



If you do not like the world you live in, you are the only who can change it. This is not done by attempting to change the image within the image itself, however. Changing the image is done **within**. Every shift you want to make, every detail you want to see change about the reality you exist in every day, is attainable. If what you see today isn't cutting it, your first move must be to correct the source of the image. There are an infinite number of realities available to each of us and they all originate within.

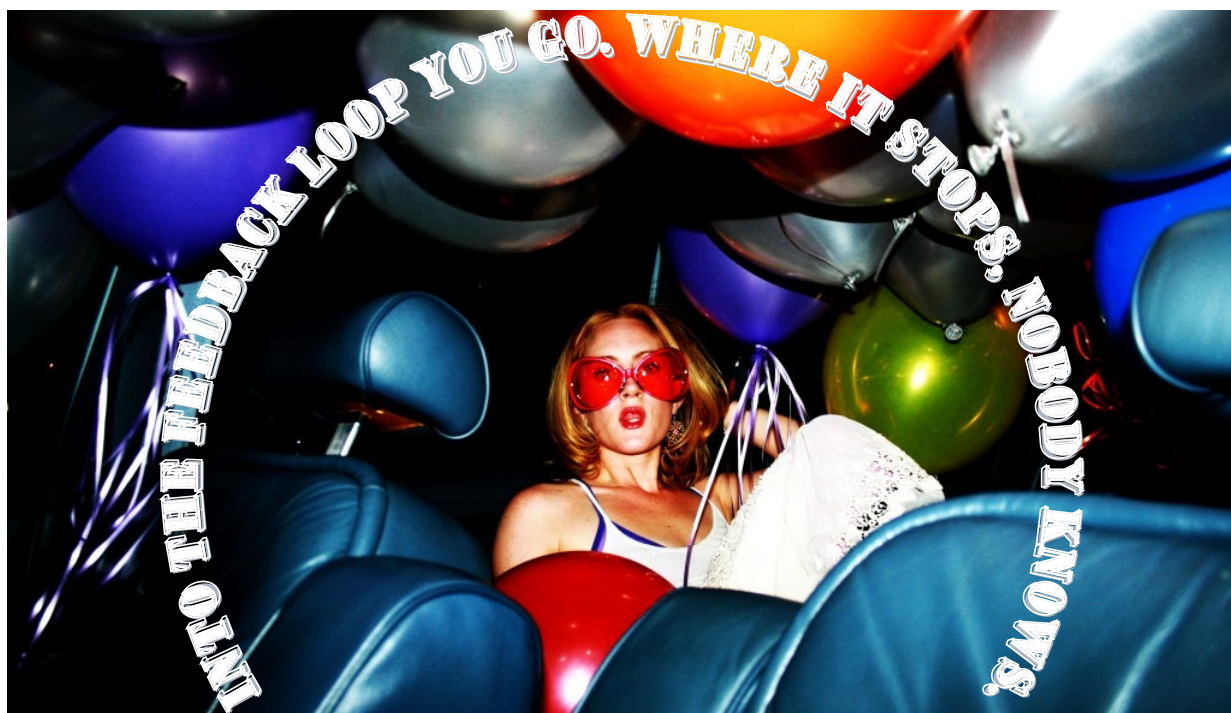
**WE HOLD THE KEY TO ANY VERSION OF OURSELVES
AND OF REALITY THAT WE WANT TO UNLOCK. THAT'S
THE GOOD NEWS.**

Read on. These changes cannot be made by applying pressure to your world, which is how most people go about trying to get things done anymore.

During a time when many people were feeling challenged by pandemic and post-pandemic realities, I received an uptick in messages about how to navigate this fresh dynamic. The questions I received were generally along the lines of whether to vaccinate and mask, and more generally how to survive.

The number of people who have asked my opinion on vaccination alone is astonishing. If someone is asking which avenue to take, they've already bought into the polarity of the Pendulum. **From a Reality Transurfing perspective, the question should not be "Do I, or don't I?" The question should be, "Which direction will enable me to stop ruminating on this question?"** Choose the reality that will please you and NEVER look back, PERIOD.

Don't waste time attempting to decipher nonsense, trying to make sense of what you cannot. By doing so, you fall right into the trap that's been set for you. Hyper focus and rumination will show you a world that reflects how important the issue is, one where the issue needs even more of your attention.



GET OFF THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

I made my decision quickly and then backed off the subject entirely. I chose to spend my time working on creative projects instead of getting involved with the politics of the situation. I stayed away from the divisiveness, the arguing, the fearing, and anything that could have caused my frequency to drop.

Even writing this chapter now, it feels strange to talk about the subject because again, it's just not part of my reality. I don't watch the news, and I don't have conversations about it with others.

I am in my own world of creativity and childlike wonder, surrounded by the things that fill my time and create what is a very pleasant reality. The outside world more or less does not exist for me. I recognize how this statement could be interpreted as ignorant or callous. Maybe you're thinking,

"Well, what about those of us for whom the outside world does exist!? Must exist!?"

But I stand strong in my conviction that if you choose to succumb to Pendulums and relinquish your power as a creator to things outside of your control, then that is your choice. The image in your mirror will show you bound up and tied, in the same manner you have allowed yourself to become by your own mind.

The more you focus on something you do not like, the more it becomes affixed in your world's mirror. **Reality is extremely agreeable.** In fact, this is the only way it operates. Whatever you believe is true, will be true. Whatever theory you buy into will be reflected to you with the manifested version of that reality. Transurfing is ultimately a practice of commanding the image you see, your reality. Whatever you focus on either positively or negatively, will be reflected back to you. Count on it.

Someone emailed me recently, enraged. They said people like me are the problem, that racism, injustice, animal cruelty, and the decline of the world were *real* problems and that by choosing to stick my head in the sand, I was failing to create solution. They wrote, "If we all collectively got on board, these problems would cease to exist." The email continued with declarative statements about how selfish I am and how irresponsible I am for including others in my distorted ideas about reality. They called me reckless, non-caring, and idiotic because of my philosophy. To this day, I don't think I have ever found an email so entertaining.

I responded, "You are absolutely right."

They messaged me back, "What do you mean? You are admitting to all these things and still refusing to change? Well, that makes you a sociopath."

I can't help but laugh at messages like this. I have yet to meet a social justice warrior who is truly happy or who has stopped for a second to consider how they may have contributed to their misery. The more tuned in a person becomes to social topics and the injustice du jour, the angrier and more unwilling they become to consider a different perspective.



On top of it, nailing ourselves to any cross seems to inspire an intense and incessant urge to get others to conform and acknowledge the dark versions of reality those dogmatic belief systems manifest. **A life guided by righteous anger invites into it a constant cycle of discontent, misery, and submersion into everything that is wrong with the world.**

What strikes me as most outrageous is the belief that getting on Facebook and venting in the form of re-shares and toxic purging, taking short breaks of course to let me know how people like me are failing to live up to our responsibilities to the world, will eradicate hate.

This cycle has undoubtedly contributed to the rising number of people living with depression, lack mentality, meaninglessness, low energy, suicidal ideation, and induced transitions. Reality gives us exactly what we choose. In abundance.

Hence, why I believe so hardily in ***looking forward and up rather than downward and back.***

What does this mean exactly? It means maintaining your focus on the future that is in front of you. It means looking up, focusing on everything that is going well, everything that is right in your world, everything you are good at, everything you like, everything that is beautiful.

Looking downward and back is focusing on the past, primarily in a way that highlights what hasn't worked, what hasn't gone right, what's played out differently than you would've liked for it to, where you've failed, where others have failed you. It's focusing also on all that isn't right in the present, imbalances you can't control and the shadowy parts of the world affecting you in a negative way.

Of course, there are various shades of thinking in between these two modes but generally we choose between forward and up or downward and back. Either you are primarily positive or primarily negative. If you're feeling triggered by this chapter so far, it might be worth checking in with yourself and asking *why*.



Watch yourself, observe how you move through reality, and pay attention to what you express toward others with your words and attitude. You will see quite quickly which category you default toward.

My default for a long time was negativity. If someone asked how my day was going, I was quick to express my discontent by explaining in detail everything that wasn't working out. *The deal had fallen through, the boyfriend was a monster, the trip I'd just gotten back from was a disaster.* I focused on all that was wrong within my layer of reality. My focus would stir up the dust of similar circumstances and envelope me even further into a shit vortex, one that I'd created. I lived like that for most of my life.

For me personally, the greatest takeaway from the Reality Transurfing modality is that there is evidence to support all theories. One is simply experiencing the version of reality they have chosen for themselves. Have you ever seen someone, or even yourself, experience a version of reality they didn't create? **Undesirable things do happen, no doubt about it, but a single experience in this world is never *all bad* or *all good*. In every experience, there are elements of both.**

You can derive a tremendous amount of positive information from even the most serious of events. I mean, look at everything I gained from my epic nervous breakdown. At the time, I considered it to be the worst thing that had ever happened to me. Looking back now, I would say it was one of the best. In the last chapter, I disclosed how I had considered suicide at my lowest point, only to realize that I was being handed a gift. It's all about what you choose to extract. Assuming **the event is neutral, what will you choose to extract?**



I now live in my little reality bubble, extracting everything from life that brings me joy. I have a nice big studio in the basement of my house where I set up all my lights, my books, and my video production equipment. I have a desk covered in little things I love and a whiteboard hanging above it to write out my ideas and the various goals I want to accomplish across a given week. I have a wardrobe area overflowing with crop tops, space pants and fur coats, puppets, and high heels. I go down into my little world every day and luxuriate in my creative kingdom. I can spend nearly 12 hours in there at a time, taking breaks to play with my dogs, eat healthy food or take a long hot bath. When I go out into the “real world,” I’ve centered myself well enough to do what’s asked of me without fighting anyone for any reason.

Someone at the grocery store tells me to put a mask on and I don't even think to argue about it. I'm there to stock up on my upper crust groceries so I can get back to my little layer of the world and create.

I often tell people who've messaged asking how to deal with a reality they have grown to hate, and my answer is always the same.

FIND YOURSELF AN EPIC CREATIVE PROJECT THAT BRINGS YOU UNADULTERATED PLEASURE AND THROW YOURSELF INTO IT WITH RECKLESS ABANDON.

I struggle to find compassion for people who hate a reality they've both chosen and refused to disconnect from. If you have grown discontent with your experience of life, DO NOT go about trying to control it even more. Let go and give yourself the space to create a new image. If you think you are going to fix anything about the world by arguing with it or hating on it, you will continue to be gravely disappointed.

As stated in the original teachings, the world is essentially asking you to play a game of "Guess what I am?"

You ask the world, "Are you happy?"

And it will answer, "Yes."

"Are you mad?"

"Yes."

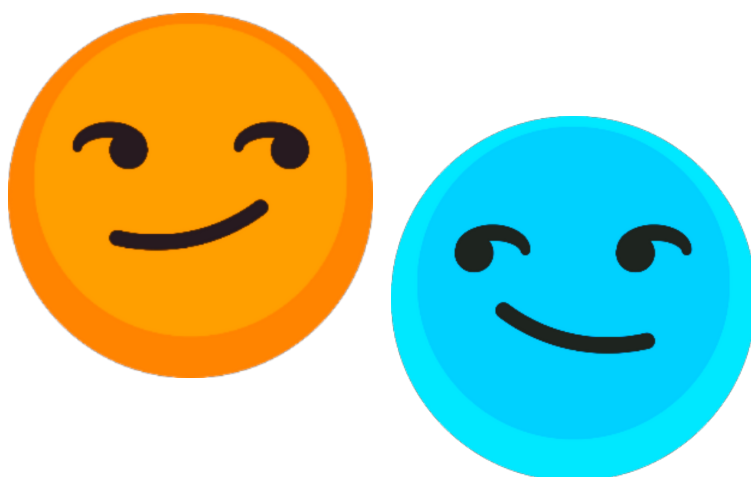
Joyful? Depressing? Yes. And yes.

You get to choose.

Getting back to forward and up thinking rather than downward and back. I want to acknowledge that our human nature doesn't always serve us well in this regard.

Throughout history and especially during prehistoric times, we *had* to focus on what was wrong to survive and evolve. Predators, injury and infection, starvation, you name it! We *had* to focus on all the above just to reproduce a few times before we reached age twenty and then died shortly after at the ripe old age of thirty. And that was if we were lucky.

While I can understand the perspective that the world has gotten progressively more hostile and difficult to navigate, I see something else. *I choose to see something else.*



I see advanced medical technology, grocery stores brimming with nutritious treats, the ability to sit inside our homes with the doors unlocked, and little threat of a Viking tribe storming the town to rape and pillage.

Looking back, you'll find that we live with less threat now than ever before. But even so, a whole part of our brain still operates on this instinctive level, it's called the basal ganglia.

What's a modern human to do when there really is no threat? **Create it for themselves, of course!** The world and its Pendulums are more than happy to abide by feeding you a steady supply of threatening Variables.

If you look for something scary, you will find it. If you look for confirmation that it's all going to hell, it'll be there. Want to buy into a world where you're powerless? Your world will serve it up lickety-split. The Pendulums favorite dish to serve!

In the presence of all these scary distractions, there is no better antidote than dialing to the Fraile of your Soul. When you're focused on this, nothing else really matters. Start regularly asking yourself, is this good for my Fraile? Spend one full day doing this to identify how many things you're participating in that have nothing to do with you. How much energy are you giving over to things that do not give you a positive experience or contribute to your upward trajectory? Cut out everything that doesn't serve you and your mirror will thank you with a more pleasant reality.

When you begin to ask yourself, *is this good for my Fraile?* You will see with full lucidity just how many Pendulums you're engaging with that don't give one shit about you.

Don't be too hard on yourself upon seeing this clearly for the first time; tuning to the Fraile of your Soul is a process. The first step is seeing which elements of your reality are hindering your progress and blocking you from a higher image of yourself. A few somewhat obvious Pendulums to consider include divisive media, mind-numbing social media, Netflix binges of low quality, meaningless shows. These big faceless Pendulums are typically the easiest to call out.

But then we get into some more delicate Pendulums like friendships, romantic relationships, occupations.



Ask yourself, which *part* of you is showing up in these various aspects of your reality? Intimate relationships are a great place to start. In the self-development space, I see strong emphasis placed on cutting out toxic people. And yes, this is pertinent to the growth and healing process. **But I wish I saw more messaging that encouraged people to call out their own toxicity.**

Because surprise! If you have a toxic person in your life or are trapped in a toxic environment, you have a role to play. Start paying deep attention to *you*, *your* contribution, which *you* you're feeding it, and what you're feeding the Pendulum with. How are you perpetuating a dynamic that no longer serves you? Start addressing your own toxicity.

It all boils down to discerning HONESTLY what is helping you, what is hurting you and what you are going to do to reconcile the whole lot of it. Again, focus on your Fraile. More on the Fraile coming up in part II.

Through the process of tuning to the Fraile of your Soul, you'll get the chance to ponder big life-changing stuff like your direction, purpose, and programming. Just as we must work out the equation of why we are experiencing the world the way we are, we must work out how to maximize our ability to seize the good stuff in life with another practice I have simply titled,

"Why Not?"

When I first started down the path of Reality Transurfing, people in my life at the time looked at me sideways. Primarily family members, but also the boyfriend I was with for a short time.

All knew about the successes I had experienced in my jewelry business and then my Campervan business. The people in my circle simply could not envision a path to success with Transurfing. And honestly, neither could I.

I had no idea how I was going to make myself available to do it full-time, what that would look like or the steps I would need to take to facilitate this new passion. I did know one thing however... nothing had ever felt so good, and I did believe that there was a way.

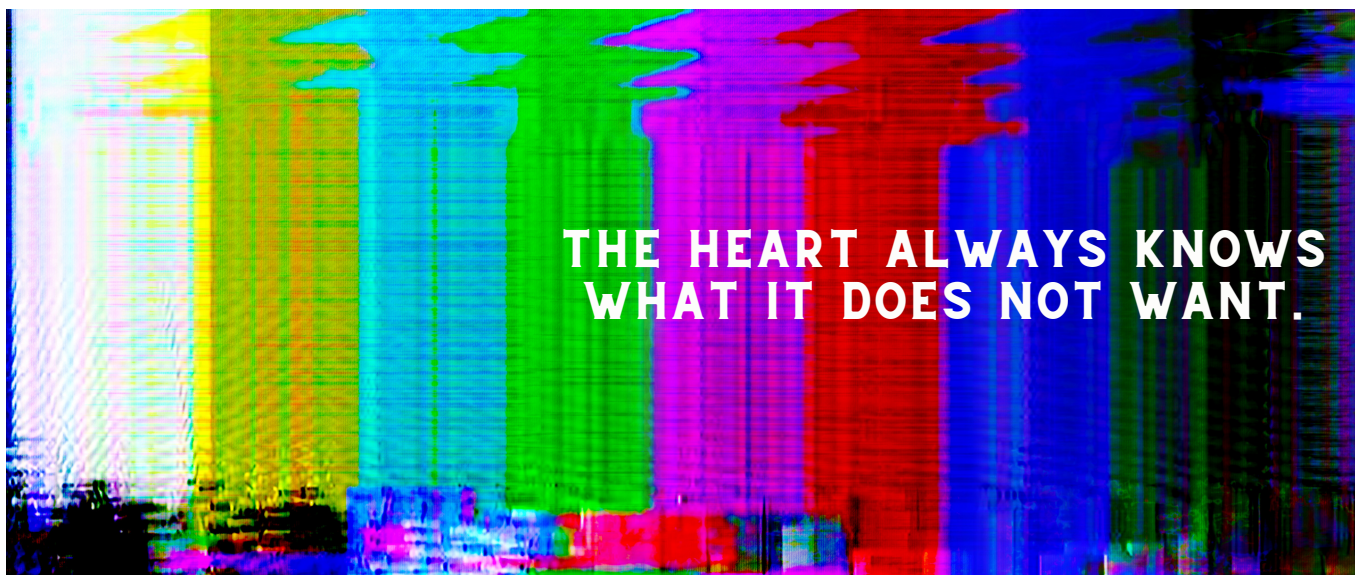
I may not have been seeing my ideal reality reflected to me, but I believed in its existence. That was the period when I started asking myself, *why not?* Did I truly believe this version of reality existed in the Alternative Space? Absolutely, *why wouldn't it?* Do I believe in the possibility of my finding a way to turn Reality Transurfing into the primary feature of my reality? **Yes, why not?**

I STOPPED LOOKING FOR CONFIRMATION THAT IT COULDN'T WORK AND STARTED CONFIRMING HOW AND WHY IT WOULD WORK.

As you begin tuning into your Fraile, notice how the undesirable images, ones that cast doubt onto your mirror begin fading out with ease. Naturally, there will be moments of static and undesirable feedback before your picture crystallizes because you are adjusting your antennas and finding a clear connection to the channel you want to experience. But pay more conscious attention to signs of steady improvement.

The things I needed to let go of to align with my Soul Fraile were not necessarily easy to give up, but I sensed the rightness of my direction. **And I followed that sensation trustingly and without hesitation.**

The boyfriend I had taken up with in Portland, Oregon during that time was clearly not intended for higher me but rather the previous version of me or some other bizarre transitional version. As soon as I saw this, I knew what needed be done. **I took Anomalous Action by doing the opposite of what I'd done in the past** –"work at it," attempt to mold it into a satisfactory situation, or at least try to make it manageable. Instead, I acknowledged that it wasn't for me, period. The boyfriend put up a fight and made a huge scene about my choice to end the relationship. He accused me of running and not knowing what I wanted. I agreed and told him it was true that I didn't know exactly what I wanted. But I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt what I did not want.



Consider the various aspects of your reality and whether they align with or contradict your ideal mirror image. Use this awareness to protect yourself from winding up in that space between channels, where there is endless static. Staying in this in-between space for too long will also elicit negative emotion from the people in your life because they too will be forced to live with the constant hum of static.



**I RELEASE MY LOYALTY TO
GUILT, REMORSE, AND DUTY.**

Guilt, remorse, and duty are useless emotions that only inspire my mirror to pay me out with more of more of the same. Upon formulating a plan or executing a decision, be ruthless about cutting out what is not intended for you so you can move in the direction of all that is.

CASE STUDY #1

In earlier days of my Transurfing career, I took on a client who was struggling to overcome the pains of his divorce. He began our time together by telling me an unfortunate tale, one that had commenced 15 years prior when he first met the woman of his dreams.

They married and after a few years, had a child together. He said that's when problems between them began to arise. The man's biggest fear was being left. After he'd "gotten what he wanted" – a wife and son he adored – he was plagued by worry that it wouldn't last.

This fear ultimately led to him becoming clingy and desperate, and to him falsely accusing his wife of cheating and wanting to leave the family they had built together. Eventually the woman got fed up, took their son, and left. His intention upon beginning to work with me was to "work things out and get her back."

Upon listening to his story and reflecting on how he'd behaved toward his wife and son, I personally concluded that she would not be interested in returning to the relationship. We finished our round of lessons together, but I never did receive an update on how things unfolded. The lesson in this story is illustrated by the man's worst nightmare coming true, and how it happened by his own hand. Something he himself knew to be true.

Everything you actively do not want will be affirmed in the world's mirror because of the laws of Importance, Excess Potential and Balancing forces. More on this to come in the next chapter... it's going to be a real humdinger.

CASE STUDY #2

In another case, a physician from the UK contacted me for help with what she deemed “an urgent family matter.” She was vague in our first meeting together, not wanting to disclose her secret. I picked up on this and didn't press, letting her speak at whatever pace felt comfortable to her. When she finally did open, she spoke of the heartbreak that had plagued her life since “losing” her daughter. The daughter had dropped out of med school and purchased a one-way ticket to Syria, along with several of her girlfriends.

Fast forward to the climax of the story wherein they all joined Isis.

This made international news. Further controversy ensued when the daughter's high-ranking Isis-official husband was killed and the daughter wanted to return home, now also a mother to two young children. The UK government denied her request for reentry. At the time of her call, the mother's life consisted entirely of trying to get her daughter out of Syria. But her efforts were unsuccessful.

As we dove deeper into our work together, I became aware of the pressure and control this woman and her husband had exerted over their children. They were both physicians and the daughter had been in med school. That along with other situational details led me to believe that the parents' expectations differed from what their daughter had wanted for herself. I am no one to judge – I am simply recounting what I saw, a daughter looking to free herself from the grips of her family; a daughter who had taken extreme measures to break loose.

Again, this story portrays a woman whose worst nightmare had come true. *Her attempts to control resulted in a monumental loss of control.* Her attempts to secure her daughter's future at all costs resulted in the loss of exactly what she was trying to gain.

WHEN YOU PUSH, YOUR MIRROR PUSHES BACK.

Hence the value of looking forward and up and turning away from the downward and back. Paying attention to what you don't want and then acting in the direction of preventing it at all costs, will create the exact experience you're trying to avoid. You cast a spell on yourself and your reality. You confine yourself to a glass case, helplessly watching as the events in your mirror unfold in opposition to your intention.



I no longer think about what *could* go wrong. I choose instead to think about what *could* go right. I think about where I'm headed and acknowledge daily how lucky I am to have the gift of choice. I am committed to never forgetting it. I allow others to be who they are because I understand the consequence of expectations and the tension that they create in my layer of reality.

I am with the man of my dreams but if he decides someday that our relationship no longer serves him, my door will be wide open. I have no interest in applying pressure to my reality. **I let things come in with ease, I let things flow out with ease, and I leave alone the things that are not intended for me.**



I allow others in my life the same grace and make sure to communicate as much. I am guided by the belief that **what is supposed to be here now is here now, and what is not supposed to be here will leave in perfect timing.** As a result, my mirror grants me a world of ease.

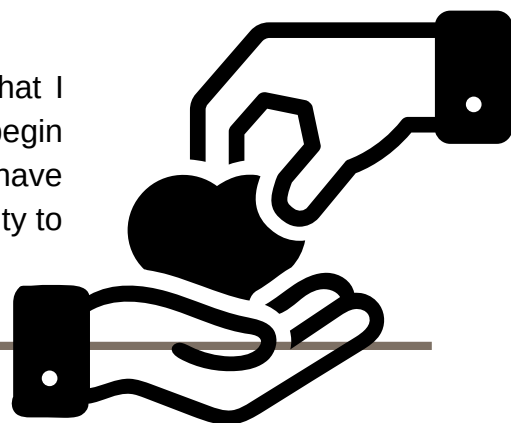
This is a far cry from my past ways. Before leaving Los Angeles for the last time, my mirror was delivering me a product akin to those in the stories I shared earlier – of the daughter joining Isis and the man who was left by the woman of his dreams. I created exactly what I did not want to see. I was alone and ill, my reality prickly, uncomfortable, and filled with monsters.

I used to introduce people to, and then sell them drugs, snatch womens' husbands up, and hustle my layer of the world. These transactions left me with a broken heart, addicted myself, and internally empty. I extracted from reality much more than I deserved and certainly more than I was giving. And as a result, my world took from me more than I had to give.

If you want to receive something from your reality, you must be prepared to give it. This is precisely how my actions failed to line up with the version of reality I was wanting to experience. I was a taker, trying to pressure my reality into giving.

Ultimately, I was left no choice but to give it all up and wipe the slate clean. I declared personal and spiritual bankruptcy.

It wasn't until I truly understood the nature of the mirror that I was able to see just what I had done, and just how I could begin influencing it in a fresh and positive way. Everything I have today has come from me giving away all that I want my reality to give to me. I stopped taking.



If I want to experience a positive reality,
**I give to others what I believe will help them
experience a positive version of reality.**

If I want to feel loved,
**I don't grasp and demand others to love me. I shower
those I choose with all the love I have to give.**

If I want financial security,
I work on supplying my reality with healthy valuables.



WHAT YOU TAKE FROM THIS WORLD WITHOUT GIVING IN RETURN WILL SLIP QUICKLY THROUGH YOUR FINGERS.

Our mirrors are in a constant state of balance and correction. You can only get away with imbalance for so long before your mirror cracks and responds.

Two final points regarding the mirror,

POINT #1 ❤️

The mirror responds with a delay. We know this from the original teachings. You cannot expect your mirror to respond based on your decided upon time frame. I often receive questions and laments from folks who've acted toward their mirror for a period and feel disappointment by not seeing results.

You can *never* expect results. Expecting results is like staring into the amalgam of the mirror waiting for change. It doesn't work. And moreover, your mirror will reflect a world where everything plays out like a waiting game.

The analogy I like to use is this: Your hair is messy, and you want it combed. You look into a mirror, and you see the mess that is your hair. You attempt to fix your hair by reaching out to touch your reflection, but of course nothing changes. You must take the comb and fix the source, your actual hair. The action of you combing your physical hair is what changes the image reflected in the mirror, not the other way around.

I know this sounds obvious... I mean, who tries to improve their image by touching their reflection in the mirror? But this is how most people go about making changes in their lives and reality, by trying to fix the reflection by altering the reflection itself.

People believe they must have the experience of something before they gain access to the feeling of that experience. But this isn't so.

Example: I used to go around exclaiming, “I just want to feel loved!” I used to demand this of my world. At my core, what I meant was that I needed someone else to make me feel loved. But to attract the same frequency into my reality, I first needed to feel loved by myself, on my own accord, and radiate it out into my environment. It just doesn’t work the other way around. People want to see something first to feel it. *But we must feel something before we can see it.*

Forget about the mirror, don't even look at it! Forget about the human construct of time, don't even think about it! Develop for yourself a world where you get to dive into creating and acting in the direction of the image you want to see. It will all come in due time, without a doubt. I peek at my mirror occasionally just to affirm that there has been change, but that’s it. My energy goes toward evolution and creativity.

Don’t get caught up in the illusions you see in the reflection. You are the illusion.

POINT #2

ARE THE ILLUSION.
YOU

You cannot lie to your mirror. I often see people half-heartedly attempting to act like someone they’re not just so they can experience the version of reality they think will match up with that character. You can do this, but any effects will be short-lived. You cannot find mind-heart cohesion, i.e., your Soul Fraile when you’re “in character” because your heart cannot lie. To create a beautiful, abundant, long-lasting image in the mirror, you need authenticity.

Maybe you’re thinking, “But doesn’t Reality Transurfing mean that we can go to any version of reality we want?” And the answer is yes it does, and yes you can. But the Lifetracks that are intended for you, in line with the Fraile of your Soul, will materialize with much greater ease. *And they will feel the best anyway because they are intended for you.*

You can experience a reality that is intended for someone else, but it may be rough going. You will encounter roadblock after roadblock, and it won’t feel very good. Isn’t the goal of trying to experience whatever fantasy reality you have dreamt up ultimately to feel good? Trust that the reality your Soul Fraile creates will outshine any life a Pendulum could manufacture for you.

Lastly, I would like to say that the mirror doesn't care about the circumstances behind an action. All it responds to are the facts. When someone does you wrong or harms you in any way and you retaliate, your mirror responds to the vengeance. It does not matter if your retaliation was “justified” or not. It just doesn’t.

The mirror couldn't care less about the details of why you did or are doing something. Plus, we build castles in our minds to justify poor behavior, can you really trust your own appraisal of what is "justified"?

You flip someone off on the freeway because they cut you off and almost killed you, all the mirror sees is your rage. You tune to a frequency that bears little benefit and your mirror responds to that. It doesn't give a shit about the reasons, your excuses, or the circumstances behind what you put forth.

YOU CANNOT LIE TO YOUR MIRROR.

The woman who lost her daughter to Isis still wouldn't give up her ploy for control, even after all that had transpired. She convinced herself that the correct course of action was getting her daughter to a safe country, removing the children from her daughter's toxic belief system, and then immediately issuing a structure she deemed suitable. She felt entitled to doing this and justified in her actions. I knew, but struggled to show her, that this was the exact reason she wouldn't connect with her daughter again.

In her plan, control and dissatisfaction were still her primary motivators. That frequency, the gear she was in, did not and never could correspond to what she wanted. She would never climb those levels of reality in that gear. Her mindset needed to evolve beyond the need for control. The mirror does not care why you are doing something, it cares about what you are doing, and reflects to you an image commensurate with it.

So, what image are you experiencing in your reality right now? Do you love your experience of it? Or are you attempting to comb your hair by touching the amalgam?



Now, let's get it on. The Soul Fraile. The gravy train to level 10. Choo Choo! All aboard MF's.

Part II. The Soul Fraile

While I wasn't looking, my heart had slowly but surely hardened to ice. By the time I left Los Angeles, I was entrapped by a cage of fear and self-hatred. Now looking back from my present vantage point, I'm sincerely surprised I had the strength and love to do for myself what I did, leave.



During my years in the city, I had watched others fail to leave when they should have and instead fall prey to their own self-destructive behaviors. In those final months, I too was living in a self-destructive spiral and my world was exclusively reflecting to me all the things I loathed about myself. As it goes, these boorish experiences provided me all the evidence I needed to justify my perpetual hatred of self and reality.

In Part I we discussed the Mirror World and introduced the Soul Fraile. Part II will expand further on the Soul Fraile and how you can begin aligning with your own.

These two concepts are fundamental for truly mastering your reality. I certainly mastered my own reality by sharpening my understanding of the Mirror World and tuning to the Fraile of my own Soul. The outside world reflects our internal world so life becomes highly pleasurable when we become adept at fine tuning our personal intricacies.

Your Soul Fraile is the magical key to discovering and navigating to the sector of reality specifically intended for you... those top layers of reality. Consider it something like an upgrade to your human operating system that allows you to perceive previously invisible doors.

The Fraile of your Soul is the specific little code that makes up... YOU. You discover it by detaching from your environmental programming, the "wants and shoulds" of others, and the ways in which you have tailored yourself to suit the standards of Pendulums. Aligning with your Soul Fraile is a process of taking back your individuality, owning it, and maximizing it.

AS STATED IN PART I...

Tuning to your Fraile is like focusing a camera lens on the most perfect image of yourself, a lucid image of who you TRULY are as an individual and all your distinct qualities. Living your Fraile is living a life of joyful meaning that is directly aligned with the essence of your truest self. This is you doing the things you absolutely love, existing in heart and mind coordination, traveling along the Lifetrack that best suits you.

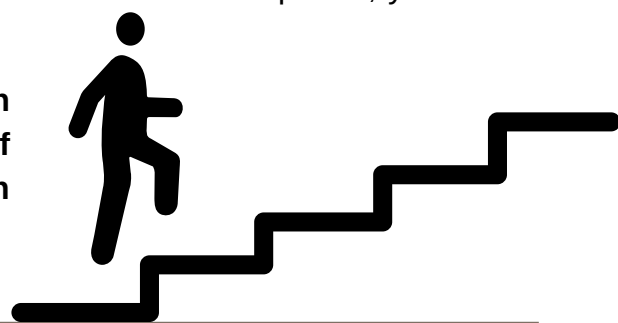
*Here
is the
key*

When you are properly tuned to the Fraile of your Soul, you resonate at a frequency that corresponds to your ideal sector of reality... one where everything that is intended for you already exists. This is you and your reality living in harmony.

Let's revisit my visual representation of The Alternatives Space. As you dial in to your Soul Fraile, your world begins to correspond to this change in frequency. Things begin to look different, sound different and feel different. These subtle shifts add up and ultimately create substantial change in your Mirror, which is of course reality as you experience it. For anyone new to this modality, I want to stress that you should not expect this to happen all at once.

The Alternatives Space, which holds all the Lifetracks available to you, will present itself in the form of a staircase. You wouldn't jump from the bottom stair to the top stair, you would climb the staircase, one step at a time.

As you begin dialing to your Fraile, you'll begin emitting a frequency that resonates with that of your highest Lifetrack. This will all happen naturally.



You do not have to do anything in your external world to make this happen. In fact, meddling could slow your progress. **But intentional acknowledgement of the changes you do notice in your world will increase your momentum.**

The process is like that of getting into shape. You would begin by committing to a new gym routine, knowing full well it would be challenging for the first while. You would make the effort knowing it would take some time to see any results. But as you began to see results, your enthusiasm would grow and so in turn would your effort. The results would snowball from there.

So, what does this process look like exactly?

It looks like you taking the initiative to manage your reality. Begin by managing the Pendulums in your layer of the world to building up some energetic reserves.

In that first step, you will gain a new lucidity and a greater awareness of the options and opportunities available to you. You will act in the direction of your new endeavors and receive positive feedback in return.

With your rose-colored Reality Transurfing lenses strapped on, things will begin to take on a new hue. Life will transform before your eyes and from there on out, small internal adjustments will create monumental shifts in your reality.

My heart was closed by the time I left Los Angeles. I kept to myself and was generally a miserable person. Any engagement I did have with my environment was negative. I didn't even consider positivity an option. *The world is what it is*, I thought. I didn't question what I was seeing, what I was feeling, or consider the possibility that there could be a relationship between the two.

After finding this modality, I came to learn that *I actually like people*. I love engaging with strangers. Before then, a lifetime of conditioning, big city living, and self-preservation had closed me off and shut the door on positive interactions. Crazy shit, I know.



At some point, I began allowing myself the luxury of dialing into the social aspect of my Fraile, one I previously thought didn't exist. It was a slow practice but one that has completely transformed my experience of reality.

I prime my days by engaging with others on my morning walks. I smile, and people smile back. I say *hello*, and people say *hello* back. My world takes on a welcoming and warm tone, which I resonate with and get to carry with me throughout my day. This has now become a habit for me, and it's such an easy thing to do. I project love with an open heart and, oh my god, it actually works! Who would have thought?

To reiterate, the change will not be instant, but it will be continual and progressive if you keep this knowledge and these practices near the forefront of your mind.

THE EQUATION GOES LIKE THIS:

You start tuning to the Fraile of your Soul and the mirror image starts changing. Once you recognize these changes and experience the shifts with all your senses, your Fraile gets reinforced by your world. One hand washes the other and your dance with reality commences.

I am currently experiencing this progressive change in my world, and **I'm not quite sure how high ceiling reaches. I have a good feeling it'll continue to rise so long as I do too.**



Zooming out, I can say that my life has improved in all respects since beginning to work with this knowledge. I've dipped down here and there but have always recovered and brought back with me new insight on how to improve my internal and external world.

If I see something I do not like in my world, I check in with what's going on inside of myself and adjust accordingly. When I become frustrated by an aspect of my reality, I figure out which Pendulum is involved and where my Importance levels have created Imbalance. Then, I move in the opposite direction, knowing opposite action delivers opposite results.

EXAMPLE

When I first moved into my new home on the Western Slopes of the Rocky Mountains, I became convinced I was unwelcome. I'd heard the tales of Californians moving out of state and getting rejected and shunned, and I let these stories run in the background while I played right into them. I came to wholeheartedly believed I was receiving inferior service at restaurants and that locals were looking at my partner and I with disdain any time we mentioned our recent move from California.



But then I caught myself. This wasn't me. This was the work of a Pendulum I'd unwittingly tuned into. I projected out its exact frequency, and that frequency boomeranged back to meet me in return. I was energetically positioned to pick up on any sign of confirmation.

People weren't rejecting me. I had cast myself in the role of 'Person Who Gets Rejected by Locals' and my world simply agreed. Once I woke up to what I was experiencing and identified the source, I simply adjusted my lens. The external vibe disappeared almost instantaneously. I resolved to turn myself away from that version of reality.

From then on out, even if I did receive what I took to be a funny look after mentioning we were from California, it didn't get logged as proof of anything.

To the best of my ability, I keep myself dialed to my Fraile regardless of circumstance. I'm a fun and engaging person who is welcome mostly anywhere, according to my Fraile. Any other story is a Pendulum bog.

I keep my feedback loop as clean as possible, pay attention to my experience, and tune into pleasantness and out of darkness, unless it brings me pleasure.

IT'S A SYSTEMATIC PROCESS OF SELF-OBSERVATION AND HEIGHTENING MY AWARENESS OF WHAT REALITY IS SHOWING ME. IF I DON'T LIKE MY EXPERIENCE, I CHANGE THE CHANNEL.

Again, back to Los Angeles and those final days before I jumped ship...

I rarely considered the needs of other people. I have enough self-compassion now to know my behavior didn't stem from pure selfishness, to see that I was in crisis and truly lacked the energy to care for or about anyone else. Even if I had the thought of helping another person back then, it would have been inappropriate, and all my efforts would have been futile.



We can effectively help others *only* when we are dialed to our Soul Fraile, which I was not. I had become a mere product of my environment and was suffering considerably, dialed to the exact opposite of my Soul Fraile. Los Angeles may be the right place for some, but it absolutely was not for me. Living there had convinced me of myriad things that I now view as illogical.



For example, I wanted so much. I wanted to feel loved, respected, and cherished. I wanted someone who wanted to give me the world. And yet, I did nothing that was in line with obtaining any of the things I wanted.

I'd become a full-blown taker, operating from the mode of... what's in it for me? I had trained myself to ruthlessly look out for my own best interest. And when that meant hurting someone, I did it without hesitation.

I had become cunning and cutthroat. But this is not who I really am. I had turned myself into a monster by adhering to the standards around me, and my world simply agreed. My reality assured me that I was living well, even though all the things I held dear to me were gone, like my creativity. All the qualities I cherish in myself today were never even thoughts that crossed my mind, like supporting others or showing kindness to the people I encounter in my world.

Before my escapades commenced with Don - stories for the next chapter -, I was living an artist's life, bunking with Jason in downtown Los Angeles – this was before DTLA had been heavily gentrified; before any high-rise condos had been built along Skid Row.



Jason was an artist, a painter. We lived in a big, beautiful loft with towering ceilings and exposed bricks and beams. Our abode was nearly 100 feet long, spanning half a city block. The building was over a century old, it had gorgeous hardwood floors and a manually operated freight elevator.

We dove into the world of street art by using creative mediums. One time, we spray painted a few hundred dollars' worth of coins in red, white, and blue to match the USA flag. We arranged the coins to spell out the word CRACK COCAINE in giant letters and debuted our masterpiece on Main Street at 4 AM.

We watched in amazement as the crackheads of our community descended out of nowhere and removed the change from the cement in all sorts of creative ways.

We plastered the streets with stickers, frequented art openings, and held hours-long creative brainstorming sessions. The world around us reflected creativity.

Our friends were all artists and we all lived to create. Jason and I would host epic parties, take drugs, and capture it all on black and white film. We would venture down to Skid Row in the middle of the night with our boombox and fur coats on to film ourselves dancing in the street for our music videos. I wrote poetry, made creative short movies, and was in a constant state of generating higher and crazier ideas.

I maintained a side relationship with some world-famous artist/movie star and felt like the coolest shit in town because of it. My relationship with Jason was comfortable, open, and inspiring. He supported me dancing and fueled my flames with his own creativity.

It was a great reality, but it wasn't my own. I was restless, still wanting more because I wasn't tuned to the Fraile of my Soul. I was tuned to Jason's. Something didn't feel right, and that gap between myself and my Fraile was where Mr. Duplicity snuck through into my world.



I was convinced by then that the life of a broke artist's girlfriend just wasn't going to cut it for me. And that is exactly how it happens, Pendulums convince us of some random made-up rule and then, before we know it, it's out with the old and in with the new.

While these sudden transformations may not deliver what's really intended for you, they may help you determine what's not for you. If you pay attention.

As a Transurfer, I do not tend toward regret. This modality offers us the **Law of Advantage**, a refreshing perspective. **This law says everything that happens seemingly to spite us, is really moving us in the direction of our intention.**

Everything happens *for* you. Everything you experience is what you must to evolve, grow and ultimately thrive. But if there is one thing I regret in my life, it is how I treated Jason when I left him for Don. I had convinced myself he was dead weight. He experienced long bouts of depression, unemployment, and didn't care about money in the slightest.



Much of the time, I was tasked with floating our boat and I eventually became exhausted with the responsibility. Running my jewelry business, dancing at night, paying for everything and keeping up with all my little side relationships ran me ragged.

So much so that when Don came along with his grand displays of "love", I was easily convinced that going to him was the best decision, the easier path. I sold Jason out for a married man 30+ years my senior. *Oh, the tangled webs we weave.*

The Pendulums in my world assured me it was the right thing to do. There was no doubt in my mind, until I began seeing the error of my ways. My decision moved me further away from my Fraile, and quickly my world responded with reflecting strange and distorted hues.

My creativity died. The new Pendulum I was involved with didn't value art, so I gave up on it. I became obsessed with my image, my weight, and Don's every word. Shit got dark. Fast.

One evening at my office, a client came by to look at a piece of jewelry. I buzzed her in the security door and got up to give her a hug.

"Oh, wow. You look like... you need a hamburger." She said as we embraced.

As we sat on my office couch catching up, I noticed something off in her behavior toward me. *Why does she keep asking me if everything is ok?* I wondered. I told her things were great and that I was living the life of my dreams. She bought the piece she'd come for and we said goodbye. The next day I received this text from her,

"It was really nice seeing you yesterday, Renée. I just want to say that if you're in trouble or if there's anything you want to talk about, I am here for you."

"What do you mean?" I replied.

"I was just surprised to see how thin you are... it upset me a bit. Please don't be mad at me for saying so. I'm just concerned."

I wasn't mad. I was shocked because I thought I still needed to lose a few more pounds. Packing to move a few months ago, I saw a picture of myself from those times and I was indeed ill.

When the shock of her statement wore off, I was overcome by a feeling of insult. I thought my friend was trying to one up me somehow. I didn't listen to what she was saying because my mind was off in a different version of reality. This was a case of my external reality trying to send me messages that I simply couldn't receive.



Losing contact with your Fraile is dangerous. The further we tune out of our Soul Fraile, the more lost we become to distant sectors in the Alternatives Space.

It is disorienting to find yourself in a version of reality that isn't intended for you. Your world makes no sense and the people in your life – their intentions and words and actions – are confusing and easily misinterpreted.

You are cast out to sea. Your life raft has a hole in it, and the exposure to harsh elements directs you further astray. You look out on the bleak horizon, no help in sight, all indeed lost.



My life became solely dedicated to procuring the highest experiences I could. I hyper focused on things like finding the next best five-star resort for us to visit, which \$500 bathing suit I would bring, and which airline offered the best first-class experience.

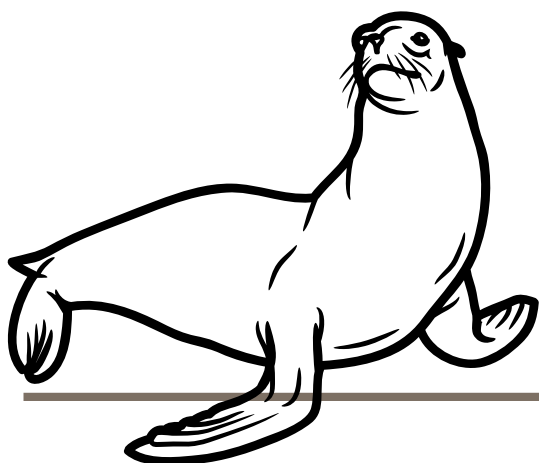
We would arrive at the five-star resort I'd chosen, and I would immediately meltdown about something I considered inadequate.

I would call reception to complain about everything that wasn't exactly right and spend the first couple of hours of our stay at a \$4,000/night Aman resort raging at hotel staff because the experience didn't meet my outrageous expectations.

I was self-conscious, uncomfortable, and powerless to enjoy any of the luxury my life afforded. I lost contact with friends and began to isolate. Don was the only one left in my world and I was either living in the cascade of his "love" and money or a state of desperation and longing when he would inevitably go back to his wife. I was a miserable, shitty version of myself. It was absolute hell.

Thinking back to that sector of reality, my priorities and how I engaged with the world, I am at a loss for words. The level of disbelief I feel over having let it devolve to such a low is paralyzing. I think the saddest and most shocking part is that I truly felt I was doing the right thing.

If you aren't hip to their game, Pendulums will extinguish your Fraile. When I was with Don, my light dimmed, dramatically. My Soul Fraile got extinguished. Pendulums were on me like fucking zombies, chewing my face right off.



I had brief moments of lucidity, but they faded quickly. I once tried to rescue myself by buying a sailboat, my Antevasin. Don and I would spend weeks at a time sailing the Channel Islands, swimming naked and lounging around the boat, cooking, and fishing, and making love. One day, I was sitting at my built-in vanity and a seal swam right up to the porthole and popped his head inside.

It was a beautiful life in many ways, but again it was not my own. I believed at the time that I loved everything about the ocean and sailing. But really, I was just tuned, once again, to the Fraile of another. Don.

By the time I met him, Don had sailed around the world several times. He carried an adventurous, otherworldly spirit. He was the real-life Dos Equis guy, the most interesting man in the world. He bought his first boat in his 20s and after a lifetime of sailing, had an endless supply of epic tales to tell.



Like the time his boat flooded with water in the dead of night, halfway to Northern Europe, and he found himself completely alone, fighting for survival. Or the time Africans came out to his boat in a dinghy on the Ivory Coast and he didn't know whether they were pirates or town officials coming to say hello. Don had spent months alone anchored in the South Pacific, fishing, and swimming with seals.

His 67-foot Ketch was adorned with 30 years' worth of these round-the-world adventure photos. I was mesmerized by him. He flew his own jet, scuba-dived, and played tennis like nobody's business. I dove into his world, and it swallowed me up. I lived to be out on his boat, Galatea. Back on land, I took up tennis lessons.

After one particularly heartbreaking split with Don (this was a regular occurrence), I decided to buy a boat of my own so I wouldn't have to depend on him to get my fix. I purchased a stunning 41' foot Hunter Deck Salon and quickly became the talk of the marina.

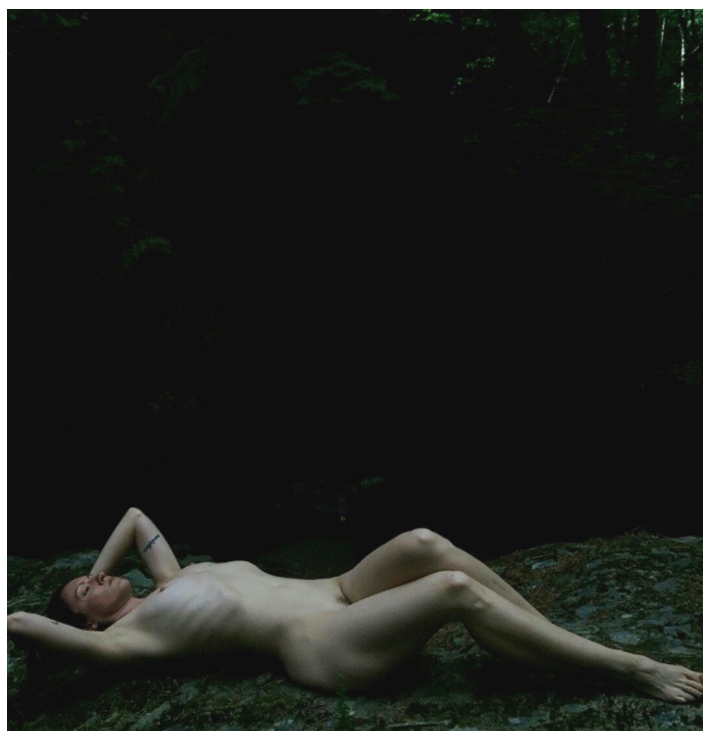
Pause. Do you see the parallels between my relationships with Jason and Don? Jason was an artist, Don was a sailor, but in both relationships, I tuned to the Fraile of their Souls and lived by the rules of their layers of reality. **I did find pleasure in both worlds but only because they activated two specific parts of my individuality:** my creativity, and my adventurousness. Living as an artist or a sailor wasn't in line with my Soul Fraile, but I was grasping at meaning so I took what I thought would provide me some.

Think back to a time when you felt like you were living in the "wrong" layer of reality. Maybe there were feel-good moments, especially if the aspects of that Lifetrack were enjoyable. But if that Lifetrack wasn't ultimately intended for you, things likely did not maintain or satisfy you long term.

Are you experiencing this right now? Lower energy levels, lack of passion, confusion around your actions, or a feeling as though... something just isn't right. Maybe you sense discord between yourself and others. Maybe you are "achieving" your "goals" but still feeling dissatisfied.

When people come to me asking whether they are tuned to their Fraile, this is what I tell them...

Get yourself somewhere quiet, take an early morning hike or a relaxing bath. Close your eyes and ask yourself, "Am I in the best version of reality for me?" If you do not hear a resounding YES, it may be time to do some tuning. If you think that expecting to live in the best version of reality for you is unrealistic or unobtainable... well, good luck with that theory.



The real shame about living out of tune with your Fraile is that it blinds you. You are so focused on your problems and solving them that you rarely get the time and space to perceive what is truly intended for you.

You just glaze over and miss the alternate higher variations your world is presenting. Your frequency doesn't match with that quality of information so entire Lifetracks completely pass you by.

It is in my opinion that the disorientation of living out of tune with the Fraile will, after a while, manifest as a nervous breakdown, psychological upheaval, a physical ailment, or all the above.

That is why most people you meet in places like Los Angeles or New York City seem to always be in some stage of a nervous breakdown – either entering one, in the grips of one, or trying to recover from one. Depression, anxiety, dissociative disorders, feelings of apathy towards life... all these symptoms are caused in part by misalignment.

The stronger the Pendulums are in a place, the more out of tune a person living in that place will become. The more out of tune people become, the more severe their symptoms. The soul is crying out, gasping for air, and releasing an onslaught of symptoms to get the attention of the lower self.

Auto-immune issues, IBS, unexplainable rashes, acne, Fibromyalgia? I believe all these ailments present themselves like an allergic response to prolonged disconnect from the Soul Fraile. Of course, some folks have genetic predispositions, but pair that with a soul desperate to be heard and shit starts to pop off.

Usually at the onset of mental illness, say depression or anxiety, the sole focus of the person experiencing the unpleasant symptoms is to alleviate the symptoms rather than address the cause. Most people trap themselves in a vortex by trying to manage the effects so much so that they completely disregard where they are stemming from in the first place.

A person who is tuned to their Fraile is a person who is creating their own reality. Few and far between, these people live life according to their own rules and are still, somehow, successful. They spend their time how they please time and create a layer of reality that reflects their individuality. Their external environment is in complete agreement. No pushback.



Have you ever encountered someone whose life experience is truly unique, who seems content with everything they have and do? Maybe to the extent that causes you to ask yourself, *how do they do it???* This person is tuned to the Fraile of their Soul.

You'll find these people to be successful artists, or entrepreneurs passionately pouring everything they've got into their work and loving it. They are the travel writers of the world, the authors of masterpieces, the successful brain surgeons cracking jokes to their medical team and listening to heavy metal while performing an operation. They are the people who seem to stand out from the herd, thriving and alive. These humans are tuned to the Fraile of their Soul.

You'll recognize these lucky folk by the way they carry themselves. They may have a fashion flair, seem particularly charismatic, or look like they are vibrating. If you see someone like this, strike up a conversation with them. You'll gain a little boost of energy by osmosis.

As I began to tune to my Fraile, very interesting things began to happen to me. I first noticed the shift out in public. People would approach me in the grocery store and strike up conversation out of nowhere. I would be out grocery shopping in my small rural town, wearing in sweats, muddy sneakers, a baseball cap, and no makeup, and I'd hear someone say hello over my shoulder.

Coming from Los Angeles where everyone seemed to have a motive, I questioned what was going on. The first couple of times this happened, I shut down conversation quickly and got the hell out of there... something was clearly wrong.



Then I noticed it happening virtually everywhere I went, and there was no through line in terms of the type of people who approached me. One day it would be the old lady on the electric grocery cart, the next it would be a three-year-old boy trying to give me his toy. My frequency became attractive to others.

At that time, I was Transurfing and spending quite a bit of time outdoors. I would walk to the back of my grandparents' property, prop myself against a tree, look towards the wooded area and tune.

I was struggling with the aftermath of being poorly medicated during my manic episode and would later be diagnosed with severe PTSD. I had insomnia and anxiety, but I was healing. I began listening to the rustle of the morning stars in the comfort of my grandparents' house and my life felt like a cakewalk compared to living in Los Angeles.

One morning I got out of the shower, and as I was towel drying myself off in the steamy bathroom, I started thinking about how lucky I was. I had plenty of money in the bank and no debt. I could operate my jewelry business and still make my monthly overhead with 1/10th the energy I previously had to muster.



I had bought myself a brand-new beautiful Airstream and parked it on the back of my grandparents' property. It was springtime, which is gorgeous in Oregon. There were flowers everywhere, clean air, mountains. **I could breathe.** The door of my Airstream opened to a view of the epic garden my grandfather and I were tending, and reality really started to take on a dream-like effect. I thought to myself, I could ride this for a while.

That moment in the bathroom, however, something struck as still feeling off. I thought to myself, *"This is amazing but what am I going to leave behind? Who am I helping? Do I want a life centered around just coasting?"* I had never thought like that before. I must've created the space for something more to come through.

I wiped away the fog on the mirror and looked at my face. I felt something very meaningful in that moment, like what was intended for me was showing up at the exact right time. My higher self told me to bring Reality Transurfing to the world in a much bigger way.

I had no idea what that meant, what it would look like, or what to do next. But I felt something in the following days I had never felt before. Colors were more vivid, there was a sweet smell in the air, and I started to *feel good*.

I remember cruising into town, going for my swim at the YMCA and then stopping by the Grocery Outlet afterward to buy some sweets before driving down to the river. I watched a man fly fishing and started up a conversation with an older woman who was walking her two small dogs. I sat alone then and just watched the world. **I was totally present. I wasn't thinking about my past or concerned with my future. I was enjoying my reality.** It was working.

Over the next few days, I ran through all the ways I could possibly connect with the version of reality where I helped get the word of Transurfing out into the world. I had no social media at the time. In fact, I was ardently opposed. But I created an Instagram account and began posting small quotes from the book. Surprisingly, people started to comment and follow me. However small my beginning, I felt like I was contributing something.

At the YMCA where I swam, I began to make friends with some older regular swimmers, primarily retired people. In the locker room one day, a gal invited me over to her house for a brunch party with some other swimmers.

I drove up into the hills on a beautiful spring day, with my sunroof open and feelings of rejuvenation and aliveness pulsing through my veins. I arrived at the party where a home cooked meal was being served. We sat around a table family-style and for the first time in a long time, **I felt connected.**



I had mentioned Transurfing to the host only once before, and vaguely at that. Sitting at the table however, no more than 20 minutes into the meal, she gestured toward me and said to the other guests,

“Renée has something very interesting she's learning and doing. Would you like to share it all with us?”

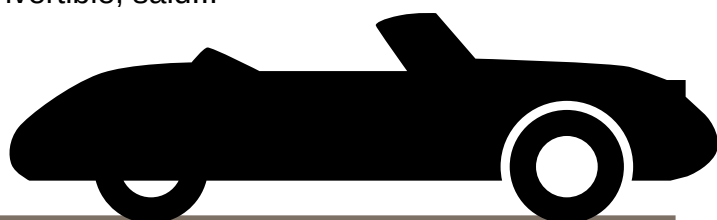
My heart raced. I was still shy around new people and didn't have much practice addressing a group. I felt put on the spot, but everyone turned toward me, and I knew they were waiting to hear the stranger speak.

I dove in without pausing long enough to doubt myself and explained to everyone that Transurfing was a specific set of concepts to help understand, navigate, and improve your experience of reality. I gave them the G-rated version of how I'd arrived in Oregon and explained the personal improvements I had experienced since beginning to use Reality Transurfing. I broke it all down in about 15 minutes while everyone just ate and listened.

There I was in a small conservative Oregon town, talking Transurfing and recounting my nervous breakdown to a group of complete strangers.

One guy at the table, who drove a red corvette convertible, said...

**“WOW! I THINK I'VE BEEN
TRANSURFING MY WHOLE
LIFE WITHOUT KNOWING IT!”**



The other guests laughed, breaking what had been an intense moment of silence. They got it. I felt proud and a little surprised by how effectively I had communicated my ideas. A couple of people seemed intrigued, and one person even told me they planned to listen to the audiobook on YouTube. Later at the YMCA, that same person asked me a few follow up questions, and I did my best to clarify.

I WAS TUNING TO THE FRAILE OF MY SOUL.

I drove home that day after brunch through the hills of Roseburg, luxuriating in the present moment. I was comfortable and satisfied with the rosy hues my mirror was reflecting. I started to feel as though I was living in the right version of reality.

Many lifetrack shifts were still to come and I didn't stay in Roseburg for long, but each move I made from that point on was in the direction my new calling and my Soul Fraile.



A few things that held value for me became meaningless. I got rid of my luxury car and bought a pickup truck. I began to gain weight and got rid of my double zero jeans with the intention of never fitting back into them. I sold nearly everything I owned, keeping only my inventory of jewelry, my books, and artwork.

A year or so later, I flew to Russia to meet Vadim Zeland and he gave me his best wishes. I came back to the US and dove into something I never in a million years saw myself doing – creating a curriculum and building out programs to help others.

I would sit in my airstream and write for hours, breaking to water my garden or go for a walk with my grandpa. In the evenings after dinner, I would practice giving seminar-like lessons to my grandparents. My grandmother would ask the cutest things like...

"SO, WHEN YOUR GRANDPA STARTS GETTING ON ME ABOUT THIS OR THAT... THAT'S A PENDULUM RIGHT?"

"This all sounds like a crock of BS to me." Grandpa would jab back.



One day I heard them getting into it in the kitchen, some small household squabble over a chore.

"I don't have to accept this Pendulum!" I heard my grandma say with pride.

I had experienced a true and indisputable shift; my new world felt both meaningful and multi-dimensional. I would remember that old version of myself living in Los Angeles, wracked with insecurity, confusion, and through-the-roof Importance levels. And now, it was all fading away, becoming a distant Lifetrack.

I cut off all my bleach blonde hair and let my natural color grow. Acquaintances from Los Angeles would text me occasionally, but mostly I wouldn't respond. I continued to ask myself deep questions and listen for the answers. The questions were vague by design, nonspecific but meaningful. Things like - Who are you? - and - What is this? - I was completely transforming my experience of reality and my relationship to it. I had pushed the reset button.

Once I settled a bit into this new mode, I began to see things that I could've sworn weren't there before. I started a business buying and selling Campervans, traveling regularly around the US to pick them up. I would drive them home, clean them up a bit and flip them for a big fat profit. I absolutely loved the business. I got to spend long hours on the open road, just observing and tuning.

The vans were highly sought after and rare in the Pacific Northwest. I would find them in other states where there was less of a demand and bring them back to people looking after happy homes and dreams of adventure. I met amazing people living off-grid living and writing their own rules for life.

One buyer, a retired woman, had just lost her husband and decided to go out on the road alone. Another buyer was a burner who was beyond thrilled about taking her new vehicle to the desert festival.

This was all mine. This did not belong to anyone else. I was no longer tuned to the Fraile of anyone else's Soul. I was tuned to my own. These were things I wanted, things that were intended for me, things I'd chosen. I was happy, coordinated, and thriving.

Hundreds of people contacted me during that first year of sharing Reality Transurfing online, expressing their discontent and unease with reality. I quickly saw patterns emerging and began to understand with certainty that all discontent stemmed from a lack of attunement to the Soul Fraile. People were ceaselessly managing symptoms of discordance.

I also began to recognize the delicacy of my endeavor. I had to tread softly. People were contacting me about unhappy family lives, toxic romantic relationships, jobs they hated, lack of time for creativity or listening to the rustle of the morning stars.



Most of the time, I felt reticent to advise people in the way I would have liked. Most couldn't hear it or execute what needed to be done to change. I still struggle with this part of what I do. Often, the pleas for help and guidance feel overwhelming.

This is why I am firm in my request that folks do not ask me for personal advice. **All conclusions must come to each on their own accord.**

I do believe that a person can manage their current circumstances of reality to the extent that they become satisfied. But to truly take our life experience to the next level, we must be willing to do what the Fraile of the Soul asks. This means shedding everything that is not intended for us and letting ourselves be guided into a new space.

My life now is 100% dedicated to maintaining the health of my Fraile.

Mostly I recognize laziness in the people who contact me with declarations about the impossibility or complexity of Transurfing. It requires initiative and the willingness to make different choices where necessary. **It's easy, but you must be willing to do it**, and most people are not.

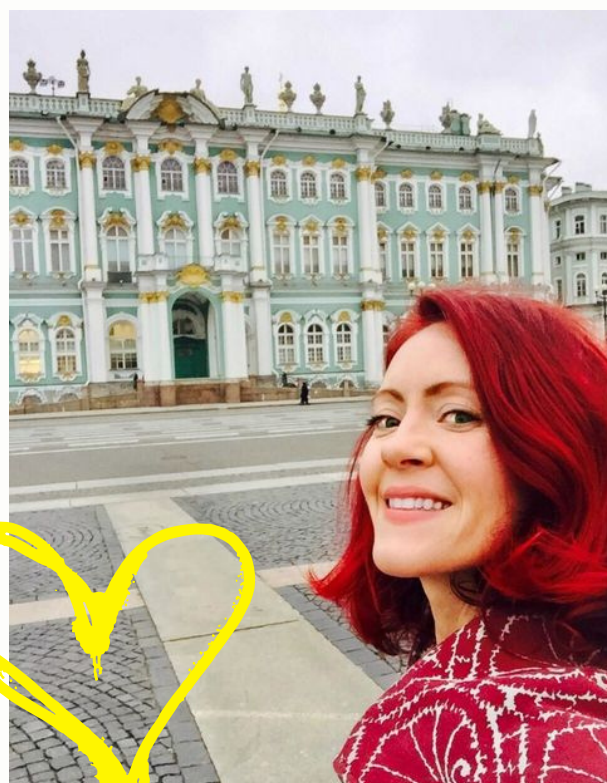
Pendulums convince us that we must accept what we have in the present and learn to be happy with it.

We act like gamblers at a poker match, bluffing even with a mediocre hand.

We don't want to accept that we have chosen things not intended for us and so instead spend huge swaths of energy and time, years and decades, defending and supporting those decisions instead of just making new ones. This can be hard to face and oftentimes others are involved who may feel wronged by the Transurfers' process, so people just choose to stay stuck.

Reality Transurfing has the power to disrupt your current script and completely overhaul your reality, as it did mine. You can also use it within your current circumstances to help shift things around to an extent that life offers more pleasantries and a nicer, more lubricated external world. **It is entirely up to you how you want to use it and how far you choose to go.**

I'm willing to take it all the way and let the Transurfing community watch. I trust my world and myself these days and know without a shadow of a doubt that my Fraile won't lead me astray. Oh, and all those shitty parts of my past? Well, I got lucky. I got to go places and see parts of myself I never want to experience again. Those experiences help me to this day to stay on course and for that, I'm infinitely grateful.



So, I will leave you with this dear friend... Are you who you want to be today? Is your mirror reflecting back to you a magical vibration originating within? Is there some work to do? Some tuning, perhaps? Great! Because I'm here for it! In the next chapter we will slay the metaphysical dragon of Importance, Excess Potential and Balancing Forces. Get down on it.