**The past life regression**

**multiple choice test:**

**(Mark the appropriate answers to each question with a √)**

**1.)** A young woman has always identified as male. She wants to change her sex surgically from female to male. However she is a gay male and loves men. She is absolutely gorgeous and hates women and her own beauty. This lifetime is a result of:

A.) In this new lifetime she desperately wants a TMZ lifetime achievement award for longevity entries. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) She once lived in a fifty women harem and was the most beautiful woman there, but was never chosen by the king as he feared being rejected by her and would never have suffered that kind of rejection; so she remained unloved for over 49 years though her beauty had remained unchanged and the king eventually died leaving the harem abandoned and cast out of royal privilege. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) She/he had spent a lifetime as a circus trapeze artist and the day before her untimely death from a fall from the high wire she had been given a reading by the circus fortune teller emphasizing for her to focus on balance in everything she ever did and at all times. She had remembered this advice as she fell and swore everlasting permanent contempt for it.

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) She had spent a previous life time as a surgeon working for Mengala under the Nazi experimentation of children and their sexuality, and the Fates were exacting a revengeful punishment and recompense for her past misdeeds. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) None of the above. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**2.)** A mafia crime lord hit man is eventually tripped up by an intended victim who is also a rival clan hit man who places his dead body in the trunk of his own car and has it sent to a car recycling company where the car is folded into a 2 & 1/2 foot cube of compact metal. This lifetime is a result of:

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

A.) He was the reincarnation of Harry Houdini who proclaimed to God and the world that he could escape from anything, and the Fates were letting him know that sometimes this was impossible. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) He was once a race car driver who taught other race car drivers that in order to become fully competent as a driver on the track a professional truly had to become one with his car as if it were an extension of himself, and the Fates were accommodating his intent. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) As a child in a past life he had broken into a candy store and opened up countless Cracker jack boxes to steal the prizes to add to his enormous collection, only in this lifetime to become his very obsession. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) He’d been an automobile executive insurance bean counter lawyer who had successfully brokered deals for his company through fine print contractual loopholes cheating injured customers out of millions, and those cheated had miraculously hoped for the exact same demise for this squandering prick and it only took a life time or two for it to be realized.

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) B. and C. are correct. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**3.)** This example and subsequent possible answers were deleted for being too weird and obscene.

**4.)** An author of children’s books is a multiple Newbury Award winner, but politely declines and refuses all of the accolades and ceremonies. This is a result of:

A.) This young man was many times sequentially a royal court jester trying to eventually do pre-lifetime practical roles as a stand up comic, but each lifetime ended up tragically, his being beheaded by a different Royal Majesty by going a bit too far in bringing the royal family into his one line jests, and now he simply wishes to publish without any undo notoriety or capital improvements. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) This individual grew up in a past life as a multi-handicapped child in a foster care group home where abuse and neglect were rampant and any investigations into such always resulted in subsequent relentless retaliation and further abuse and neglect from the group home overseers. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) This author is actually an alien Grey who is from another galaxy (and a “Changeling,”) capable of becoming his true alien self rather than the temporary human form he has created and manifested here to blend in, but emotional chaos brought on by too much limelight has the tendency to produce unexpected spontaneous transformations, which his overseers request he not permit. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) In a former lifetime his biological mother had been a kindergarten teacher and had insisted on his being read to by her while she used all of the Dick, Jane, and Sally series at home at bedtime every night to ensure his acquiring the basics of literacy; and though he loved writing children’s books for children he detested all questioning and answering campaigns that reminded him of his past mother’s insistence on “scaffolding,” and “comprehension discussions,” and “author’s intent.” \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) Hogwarts is real. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**5.)** A current NBA basketball hoop net has been provided with sentient  awareness of what it is, where it has come from, and where it is going, without capability of communication on any level, but feeling intently in every nylon fiber of its being (bypassing all logical and cosmic laws regarding reincarnation and even transmigration), to be and remain as a place where bouncy balls are placed into it (and through it) incessantly until it is retired and used up and thrown in the trash. This existence is the result of:

A.) A young man during the early 1900s with parental Ivy League directions and expectations, is raised in a very elite and honored household (old New England money) with parents and grandparents being conjoined through arranged marriages. He is prep schooled and ushered into adulthood knowing that women, along the way to his arranged marriage, are all simply to be expected as casual experiments of zero consequence, play things, toys, sports; and though this lifetime is easy, and banal, and useless, his untimely end by himself, in middle age, after a business venture and affair in Mexico in his private Cessna in a horrific crash in the Arizona mountains, puts him in line with his new NBA adventure. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) This young woman was born into a musical dynasty of talent and performance and was destined to become one of the world’s greatest solo concert violinists, but became sidetracked one day reading the enquirer headlines at the checkout line at a local grocery store and became obsessed with unexplained global phenomena: is there a Sasquatch? Does the Loch Ness Monster really exist? Are those really real photos of a dead Chupacabra? Did undersea explorers in a bathyscaphe record videos of a Mermaid? And this obsession caused her to drop out of Julliard, move to Soho, and begin serious full time investigations in the basement flat she subleased with a collection of other eclectic fellow investigators. Her death from eating botulism infused corn beef hash right out of the swollen can while reading up on the latest UFO crash site in the Andes mountains led to her encounter with the celestial overlords who compared for her her chosen path of irrelevancy with her unfinished destiny at Carnegie Hall, and showed her her next incarnation as a significantly worse choice as a basketball hoop net, to show her what really bad choices are all about.

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) A man in his thirties lives alone in his mother’s basement with all of his online and offline computer gizmos working freelance to cover rent and utilities and food. His main interest however is wishing to become a sports behind-the-scenes statistician, and work for ESPN and be paid by “The Mouse.” He regularly demands absolute silence from upstairs in order for his being able to concentrate on his work: the collection of baseball hits, runs, errors, pitcher ERAs, walks, stolen bases, fly outs, ground outs, bunts, passed balls, curve balls, sliders, two seam fast balls, four seam fastballs, sinkers, pitch speeds, foul balls, pitching changes, complete games, shut outs, standings, trades, call ups from the minors, etc. (and that’s just baseball). However due to unforeseen effects of Covid-19, all of his once successful siblings and their families and children have descended upon Mother’s house and hospitality (perhaps permanently) and the noise levels 24/7 have increased to a level beyond toleration. The fastidiousness of our subject, counting up all scores and shots taken and missed from every NBA player (regular and bench) has taken its toll on the multi screen TV basement setup. As the scoring becomes more and more frenetic and less accurate, basement yelling to the upstairs increases without any significant change in frequency or volume. When his online national fellow compatriots begin complaining about his lapses in details and his outright uncommon failures in presenting reliable sports data, he suddenly calmly exits his basement hovel, proceeds to the kitchen, and taking the largest sharpest knife from the wooden stand on the counter, conveniently slaughters everyone in the house before killing himself. The observant Fates provide for his immediate next incarnation as an NBA hoop net where he can keep track of all shots, scores, swishes, dunks, free throws, fouls, flagrant fouls, technical calls, substitutions, foul outs, injuries, missed calls, etc., as the Fates do not generally look kindly on murderous tantrums over OCD preoccupation. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) A farmer who toils from 3:00 AM to 9:00 PM every day of his life, prays each night before going to bed that he may be peacefully relieved of this unforgiving rat race (with little to show for it) during this brutal nationally sustained over-regulated treatment of farmers and their highly valued, but vastly under compensated efforts. He only requests ending his rural life and beginning city life, which could never possibly be worse that what he’s experienced (though in his prayers he has been no more specific than that). At age 75 he peacefully dies of a heart attack one night in bed and is rewarded with becoming an NBA hoop net, thus fulfilling his wish of being involved in city life for the remainder of this next incarnation. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) An NBA hoop mascot who is only interested in the cash and not the entertainment of fans and/or especially children, bounces off a halftime small trampoline to dunk a basketball with both hands and strangles himself in the hoop netting, thus providing the Fates with an all too easy solution. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**6.)** A side order chef in the Bronx, with aspersions of becoming a star on Broadway, can act and sing, but cannot dance; so he decides to begin taking dancing lessons: ballet, contemporary, jazz, lyrical, hip hop, Acro, tap, ballroom, modern, etc., and signs up at a local dance studio amidst much laughter and directed taunting from all of the young children in serious contention for stardom, but he manages to prevail and demonstrate enthusiasm and gradual progress. This lifetime is a result of:

A.) A young woman who has an actual time flux problem like Billy Pilgrim in Slaughter House 5, and has been a member of audiences for the television tapings of The Price is Right, Ellen, Oprah, Jerry Springer, Phil Donahue, Jeopardy, Tic Tac Dough, Hollywood Squares, Who Wants to be a millionaire, Concentration, Let’s Make a Deal, American Idol, To Tell the Truth, Jokers Wild, Wheel of Fortune, American Bandstand, Judge Judy, The Tonight Show, Queen for a Day, and The Ten Thousand Dollar Pyramid, all in hopes of being discovered as a person of interest to and for anyone in Hollywood who will spot her and determine she is the next significant find. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) He was the reincarnation of Bill “Bojangles” Robinson who had decided to try it all over again because making people laugh and smile and cheer was a special enough challenge and  reward for anyone. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) A very young and highly intelligent deaf child with terminal spina bifida accidentally or coincidentally watches a pregame Super Bowl commercial of two deaf partiers driving in a car in complete silence signing back and forth to each other trying to determine which house they’re supposed to be finding on a street where the party is, and she is so impressed by this commercial that she determines with all her heart that going into the field of entertainment is the only thing she will ever really want to do. Shortly after she passes the fates honor her most sincere and heartfelt request. \_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) A collie working at Ringling Brother’s Barnum and Bailey Circus has been such a heroic legend and delightful mainstay of the program as a pivotal entertainer and performer and assistant, the fates have determined this rare animal has successfully graduated from the ranks of the animal kingdom world and it’s time for its progression into the human experience of trials and experiences. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) None of these are correct. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**7.)** A gas station attendant working third shift at an inner city gas and food mart in crime and drug infested Chicago, where gun fire can be heard throughout the day every day, is happy that he has his night job behind the steel reinforced cage in which he sits, as he also works as a day shift janitor at the local city hospital emergency room. His wife is a nurse at that hospital 2nd shift. It’s the only way they can survive the unreasonable monthly bills raising their four children. His life is a result of:

A.) He is an advanced yogi of immeasurable skills and wisdom and was asked by his Guru and mentor on the other side to incarnate here and for this purpose to attempt to bring balance to a scenario in such desperate need of love, tolerance, patience, and generosity. He complied without hesitation. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) In a former life he was the descendant of four generations of car mechanics and wished to continue working in that field, but the trade school he had applied to had discouraged his continuing in the field as his dyslexia was so severe he would never have been able to become a quality mechanic without constant supervision. So he’d worked his entire life doing piece meal assembly line work in a cold rolled steel factory that required muscle and little thinking, though he’d still had a dream about being around cars. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) This woman has spent lifetimes making brooms, making pottery, weaving fabric, binding books, making clothes, picking grapes, washing clothes, thatching roofs, carting wool, picking apples, caretaking for the infirm and the indigent, ocean fishing, rug weaving, farming, selling news print, etc., and wishes now only to just sit and sell a very easy-to-exchange commodity. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) He’d spent lifetimes as an expert craftsman: making fine watches, fine leather shoes, hand crafted ivory and wooden canes, designing intricate china flatware, wooden cabinetry, chairs, tables, stain glass, chandeliers, silver and gold rings, necklaces, bracelets, gem stone cutting and enhancing, etc., and had grown increasingly disillusioned by the overall lack of appreciation for and regarding the craftsmanship, and wanted a thoughtless menial job with low to zero expectations. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) C. and D. are correct. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**8.)** A young woman artist lives by herself on the gulf coast of Texas collecting beach glass, drift wood, sea shells and sea rocks to make art works and jewelry for visiting tourists to purchase. Her little cabin is a treasure trove of assorted oddments and metal tools for crafting whatever she envisions. Her lifetime is a result of:

A.) An observant catholic nun over many sequential lifetimes has developed such a love for all of humanity that she simply wishes to give back the common joys she has experienced and felt throughout her silent solitary meditation by now making art works available for any of the visiting sojourners; these pieces attempt to capture and reveal the essence of those very spiritual encounters. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) A Texas gulf coast oil platform roughneck/roustabout has spent a lifetime drilling for oil and helping make a necessary mess of the sea surface and bottom environments before tragically dying in an untimely oil rig explosion far from shore and home. The Fates arrange for this next incarnation for a different look at what one might harvest from the sea without anything being unnaturally spoiled or maimed or killed. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) An elderly millionaire from New York City lost everything he and his large family owned in the investment Bernie Madoff Ponzi scheme. The financial collapse of his dynastic empire caused such heartache for all those for whom he loved and cared that he subsequently jumped from the balcony of his pent House high rise apartment complex onto the street of Central Park West far below. The kindly Fates provided him with this new life with a chance of artistic recompense to begin with. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) A seasoned mathematician, struggling with the concept of a possible prime number theorem, is positing that a potential theorem is marked by both patterns and randomness simultaneously, for besides six N plus or minus one (6N±1) containing all primes after 2 and 3, it also contains all of the multiples of primes and non primes eliminating all other numbers not being primes, for which there is no single formula eliciting just primes. He peacefully dies at his desk, pencil in hand, face down on countless charts of patterned and unpatterned numbers. The fates provide him with a next lifetime of trying to make patterned jewelry and artistic pieces out of random sea borne artifacts. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) Your distant cousin Kenny. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**9.)** A third shift stock boy teenager with undiagnosed Autism working at Giant Eagle Grocery Store in Cleveland Ohio knows where everything in the store needs to be, but has to wear sound proof headphones due to 1.) the top 40 music played every night over the loud speakers to boost employee morale, and 2.) the overwhelming and continuous static noise produced by the overhead fluorescent light bulbs. He must also work alone. This lifetime is a result of:

A.) He used to work on the inside of the Niagara Falls Hydro Electric plant where noise decibels from the water flow were always approaching 120 as a part of a well oiled machine of competent electricians who were accustomed to using hand signals to communicate intent and duties, but where failures and slip ups were never an option as the entire Atlantic grid was dependent on perfection so that stress levels were always extremely high. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) He’d been part of a late 60s rock band that relished using 40 stacked Marshall Amps on stage every night they’d performed. He’d died too young from a drug overdose way too common amongst instant millionaire performers. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) He’d been part of a Detroit Michigan inner city road maintenance work crew operating a jack hammer to dig up holes in the street and sidewalk pavements for water, electric, sewage, and gas line repairers and installers. He was overweight and a diabetic and eventually suffered from kidney failure and a stroke which killed him. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) He’d been one of the two men encamped at the weather station on the top of Mount Washington, New Hampshire, where wind speeds recorded there were the highest ever recorded on the planet. The eight foot thick cement block walls did little to dampen the sounds of the wind, and icicles in winter always grew horizontally. Spring, summer, and fall were extremely beautiful up there in the solitude, but winter was an especial Hell. One winter he’d gotten sick from gall stones and never made it down the mountain successfully in time for treatment in the half track vehicle they had stored up there, and he died before making it to a hospital. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) None of the above. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**10.)** An N. F. L. Referee is newly acquired from the ranks of the “D” league and begins work on the first Thursday Night Football game of the season, replacing one ref who retired from the game unexpectedly. She is one of the first female refs to carry an N. F. L. Whistle in the pros while wearing the black and white striped uniform.  Her current life is the result of:

A.) A  C. I. A. triple agent has used up all of her “get out of jail” free cards and has pissed off too many domestic allies and foreign opponents in playing all sides against the middle trying to set up her own eventual retirement nest egg, which has resulted in her trying her hand at “whistleblowing,” revealing anything and everything she has ever learned, and going public in an attempt at gaining her own survival at all costs. But Her own boss (the one who trained her) eliminates her with an unsavory drink. Oddly enough, she continues in her next life in appropriate prison attire of black and white stripes and as a whistle blower, but on the gridiron.

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B.) A post Haight Ashbury Woodstock-attending Hippie exercising a philosophy of free love, peace, and happiness becomes a certified teacher at a local Montessori school of privileged up and coming future civic leaders, where curriculum planning is  generated by the students, their parents, and the teaching methods of the original Dr. Maria. The chaotic open discipline classroom is such a delight to her and reflects everything she’d ever dreamed of from her Southern California lifestyle. But the diagnosis of lung cancer from asbestos poisoning due to the residual amounts from the building renovations where the Montessori school was leasing produces an unexpected unwavering glitch into her otherwise peaceful existence. She passes within two years of her initial diagnosis. The fates engineered her becoming an NFL ref, with ear splitting whistle, to show her another side of rules, order, and discipline. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) A woman was born, lived, and died in a farm stead in Indiana right beside a set of railroad tracks beside horizon-to-horizon corn fields. The doctor who helped bring her into the world said the only reason he was not able to hear her crying when she came out was due to the train whistling that shook the house to its very foundations every time a train passed. And so every major and minor event in her life in that house was heralded by the eerie train whistling: birthdays, graduations, engagements, marriages, births, deaths, holiday meals. In the solitude of farm life, there, it seemed as if the train whistling was God’s way of marking all special events in life, beginnings and endings. It was not at all a stretch for her next life to be bearing a whistle, to begin and end all plays, wearing the alternating black and white, neither fair nor foul, having ascended to become the arbiter of events in America’s game. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) A prisoner in Folsom, wrongly accused and convicted of murder, is living out three consecutive life sentences without the possibility of parole. He has exhausted his pleas for leniency and has found refuge in the prison library studying up on the law and gradually acquiring on-line degrees in both law and creative writing. After 57 years behind bars he passes peacefully in the prison infirmary from congestive heart failure, alone, as he went in decades before. The fates endow him with an NFL black and white striped uniform with whistle, to be in charge of captive and owned millionaire players belonging to billionaire owners. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) B. and C. may be correct. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**11.)** An owner of a city wide refuse disposal company living in an exclusive gated community in South Beach Florida is constantly being cited by the community Management office for not using the designated proper plastic disposal trash bags for lawn curb pickup, placing unsightly trash out on non designated days, and using the curb pickup for unauthorized  used automobile tires, paint cans, and dead TV and computer monitors.  This lifetime is a result of:

A.) A former tenant in that gated community is the owner of a tree surgeon company who steadfastly ignores the size and danger of the massive oak tree on his front lawn which is uprooted during a hurricane and squashes flat the police captain’s cruiser next door. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) The former Police Captain next door had a son who was in and out of jail repeatedly for protesting Florida’s unethical treatment of the lgbtq community and picketing and holding vigils on the next door neighbor’s sidewalk who had been a hardline judicial magistrate in many of the cases.

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) The judge next door had been holding onto a quiet affair with the seasonally visiting Hollywood movie star abutting her premises and justly hoping for a “Judge Judy” style of future nepotistic employment. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) The Hollywood movie star next door to the judge had been having a secret underage liaison with the 14 year old daughter of the tree surgeon 3 houses down and wanted to take her back to Hollywood with him for some tryouts. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) All of the above (it’s kind of a group karma sort of thing). \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**12.)** Like the 13th fairy: last night upon returning from a delightful family outing and restaurant dinner, we drove leisurely home through the winding Metropark, while slowly studying the brilliant sunlit Sycamore trees along the way emblazoned in dazzling off white colors with their late leaves not yet in full bloom. But we exited the park to take the inter-belt, route #480 home, and got onto a connecting two lane 25-mph-speed-limit street called Grayton Road. A motorcyclist sped by us in a no passing lane as if we were sitting still and raced on down to the next traffic light. We slowly continued down Grayton until we were sitting behind the cyclist at the light. When the light turned green he took off and quickly and easily ended up going somewhere between 60-80 mph. I casually stated out loud, “There’s someone obeying the speed limit.” His crash into a turning car several hundred yards in front of us happened so quickly by the time we got up to the accident that the mangled cycle was in splintered scattered pieces and the cyclist was lying motionless twenty feet in front of the sideways car, as passersby ran to see if he was even alive. This lifetime and most likely death were the result of:

A.) He was a former WW2 pilot of P-51 Mustangs and had an undying thirst for reckless speed and maneuverability in tight places. Past lives had also included being a horse racing jockey, a downhill skier, a mountain climber, a spelunker, a cavalry soldier, etc., all ending in somewhat expected but tragic premature deaths. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) His sole purpose in this life (again) was to demonstrate the perfect uncontrollable impermanence that the illusion of this life in materialization truly is, and to leave behind an indelible image of the fragility of earthly existence. (As I am unable to unsee what happened, I believe he quite succeeded.) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C. As the Fates had engineered our dawdling through the park (looking at sycamores) we were refrained from being further ahead in the time line and prevented from being involved in the planned accident. Also, as he was most probably headed for a joy ride on route #480, the fates had engineered the accident before he even got there, preventing an even more unnecessary  catastrophic pileup of other drivers and countless vehicles. As it turned out he was the only victim, and his own wanton carelessness and speed played out as arranged. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) I have absolutely no freaking clue what a former lifetime may have provided for this scenario, his crazy destiny.

E.) A. and B. are correct. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**13.)** A lifelong member of The Soupy Sales Fan Club decides, after years of declining membership and failures at keeping up the TV reruns from going extinct, to start up a new fan club for something that will never ever go away: The New World Order Fan Club, with proposals for the manufacturing, selling, merchandising, and franchising of pins, ball caps, t-shirts, coffee cups, paper plates, pen and paper sets, wrapping paper, bobble head dolls, banners, bumper stickers, New World Order Halloween Candy Bars, and Comic-Con-like conventions for inviting the leading stars, devotees, and proponents of The New World Order for meet and greet autographs, selfies, and dress up look alike contests. This lifetime is the result of:

A.) He was the reincarnation of Millard Fillmore, the “know Nothing” candidate, last of the Whig Party, who, while fed up with bogus notoriety everywhere, simply wanted more unadulterated humor in a world totally bereft of enough levity and good will. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) He was the last surviving member of a USO style banjo playing entertainer for the Civil War Southern troops based in Atlanta Georgia and missed the helping out with bolstering morale during plague ridden, awful, dismal, and socially irrelevant times. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) He was, and had been, in a previous life, a “musical chair” Christian, having temporarily experimented with every known and unknown denomination, sect, and cult he could ever find, from age 10 until his passing at age 93, and he had simply wished to find and believe in any organization he felt truly accepted him and loved him simply for who he was, without any unwarranted  blaming, castigating, warning, rebuking, or damning directly to Hell. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) A bodyless being from the future working backwards through the timeline wants to know why AI reduced his physical  vehicle to sentience in a milk carton, and what could possibly have happened in the past,  before his future time to allow AI such power, but the Fates ignored the upside down desire and gave him this fan club joy ride as a punishment for his time line infraction. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) F., though this answer has not yet been considered as possible. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**14.)** An Eskimo surfer on the shores of Hudson Bay, having watched and reveled in all of Shawn White’s competition videos, waits longingly for the storm of the millennium to descend upon Churchill, Manitoba, Canada and bring waves to the bleak and icy waters for his dream ride. This lifetime is a result of:

A.) A Tartar Bedouin from the ancient caves of the Western Sahara desert who has spent seemingly countless pointless lifetimes (perhaps hundreds of them, consecutively) in the same devoted spot protecting the hidden underground civilization from the decadent world above, finally decides to break his sacred oath and try something a little less dry and hot and boring. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) A Guinness world record holder of having been struck by lightning (and lived) more than any other  known human being, is crushed to death under a pop can dispensing machine that kids jostle and tip trying to get free pop, as he saunters by, absorbed in the 4th edition of his own autobiography. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) A retired mail delivery postman from Queens has always wanted a peaceful, calm, and secluded beach retirement plan, but can no longer stand people, crowds, civilization, and the general calamity of social undertakings. But he dies from a dog leg bite infection that doctors are unable to resolve and never realizes his palm tree Heaven. The fates, realizing his unfulfilled wish (with red flagged footnotes), provide him with his quasi appropriate arctic beach. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) An Australian rules football player suffers an extremely debilitating head injury that leaves him somewhat stroke-like and aphasic, and the words he expresses to his nursing aides in the long term rehabilitation nursing home are logically misinterpreted by all who try to comprehend what his wishes are. No wonder the fates are equally confused by his repeating daily, weekly, monthly, with extreme insistence, “arctic surfing,” “arctic surfing, “arctic surfing,” “place talk me arctic surfing,” when what he really meant was “please take me Target Shopping.” However, the advancing stroke conditions eventually permanently pause his life, and he ends up in Hudson Bay, “Target shopping” with a surf board. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) A. and C., or B. and D., are correct. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**15.)** A professional cake baker and cake decorator in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, 32 years on the job, has an unexpected and unprecedented psychotic breakdown, but retains enough head strong vitality to plan out a thoughtful and organized comprehensive barrage attack on all staff, customers, and managers, to be carried out on the next Mother’s Day, where she would be baking, decorating, and delivering orders to so many unsuspecting victims. She simply purchases on line 5 M134 Minigun Paintball Gatling gun devices capable of unloading rapid fire paint balls infused with multi colored vanilla, chocolate, orange, lemon, strawberry, and caramel frosting. She also purchases 6 LEWANT Electric Water Guns, One-Button Automatic Super 434CC+58CC High Capacity Squirt Guns, Up to 32 FT Range, filled again with multi colored vanilla, chocolate, orange, lemon, strawberry, and caramel frosting. When Mothers Day arrives, though it is warm and clear and beautiful outside, she waits until mid morning when traffic is heaviest to sound the tornado alarm system over the loud speakers requesting all customers and personnel to quickly move away from the store front windows and revert back to the tornado safety designated areas in the back of the store. Regardless of the obvious lack of weather conditions, all persons immediately comply with the loud speaker orders, so she then goes to all of the front doors alone and locks and barricades them. She then outfits herself in tactical riot gear with all of her holstered paint ball and squirt gun apparati and heads back to an increasingly alarmed (and screaming) patronage and begins firing frosting and frosting infused paint balls at anyone she comes across, while everyone is trying to hide behind stacks of 12 pack soda pop cans, neatly arranged piles of bread and toilet paper displays, coordinated salad dressing and shrimp cocktail condiments, and plastic mayonnaise and Hollandaise jars. All persons with cell phones immediately and frantically call 911 to notify police that an armed and deadly maniac is shooting up the mega-plex grocery store and has barricaded the front doors. The 911 operators can hear the incessant hysterical screaming in the background over the desperate pleas of all the callers. When the swat teams and police arrive they quickly enter the front of the store with the use of battering rams on the large plate glass window panes and cautiously descend into the aisles heading towards the back of the store towards the screaming. The baker then turns to the entering militia, and marches deliberately towards them, opening fire with her rapid fire paint ball and squirt guns in each arm. The armed militia members loudly yell, “Put down your weapons, put down your weapons,” but to no avail. Her end is quick and bloody. This life time was a result of:

A.) She had been a by-the-book Freudian psychiatrist stationed in Frankfurt Germany for over 45 years but had never once been provided or granted a single birthday party, dinner of recognition, award ceremony, or loving appreciation for her endeavors at any level: childhood, adolescence,  or adulthood, and had never expected such, until the day her aged pet parrot fell over dead in its cage and mortality and futility and the meaninglessness of everything suddenly overwhelmed her and shattered her world views and perspectives. Whereupon, she also suddenly dies of a broken heart, face down on the full sized 12 by 18 oriental Bokhara carpet in her library reading room. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) The inventor of the sidewalk grass trimmer, was dead set against unseemly lawn displays and could not stand the incessant unmanicured overgrowth onto his front walks. His garage work area invention of the gasoline driven grass trimmer/edger revolutionized lawn beautification everywhere, and especially for all the OCD uniformity lawn fanatics that suburbia routinely harvests. His eventual graduation into baking and cake decorating by the fates seemed only logical after his unfortunate demise at the local fully automated car wash when his oversized 1947 Buick Roadmaster on the conveyor track became stuck between the wash and rinse cycles and the continuous spraying and flapping of the brushes broke one of the side manual windows, and he subsequently drowned in the car as it filled up with hot soapy water. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) An escalator repair man working at Bradley International airport in Hartford Connecticut, while disobeying worker dressing protocol, is hurrying through a job thinking about his granddaughter’s graduation from kindergarten which he is late for, and gets his tie stuck in the moving machinery and he is methodically disextruded through the uncompromising but slowly moving meat grinder, such that the fates provide him his next life time of manually extruding dough into cake pans, and frostings onto cakes. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) A truck Driver for Windex Window and Glass Cleaner gets brought up on disciplinary charges at company headquarters and subsequently suspended for flipping off too many smiling then aggravated fans because of their incessant and continuous remarks to him when he’s stopped at red lights, in his emblazoned company vehicle, “Dere you go,” You no eat meat? Have some lamb,” “Give me a word. And I’ll show you the root of the word is Greek,” “We have apple and orange. We all different, but we all fruit.” After too many disciplinary encounters he decides to drive the company truck over a bridge into a river to be rid of it forever, but forgets to exit the vehicle when he does it. The fates make him a baker. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) Only two of these answers are correct. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**16.)** An autistic 20 year old man with more than a literal understanding of the English language is arrested and charged with reckless driving and endangerment for propelling his truck into the fourth aisle of a drug store after reading the sign on the building “Drive Thru Pharmacy.” This lifetime is a result of:

A.) He’d been a pharmaceutical lawyer tasked with the proper legalese writing (for liability C. Y. A. Precautions) of the various medication package inserts required by law that determine details and directions that health care providers need to prescribe a drug properly, including approved uses for the drug, contraindications, potential adverse reactions, available formulations and dosage, and how to administer the drug. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) He’d been a pharmaceutical chemist tasked with the research and investigation of all new medications regarding their possible side effects to be included in the various medication package inserts required by law that determine details and directions that health care providers need to prescribe a drug properly, including approved uses for the drug, contraindications, potential adverse reactions, available formulations and dosage, and how to administer the drug. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) He’d been a Pharmaceutical graphics designer tasked with the outlining and condensing of a more than 20,000 word description of all of the details of a new drug to be placed on a single microscopic piece of intricately folded paper for various medication package inserts required by law that determine details and directions that health care providers need to prescribe a drug properly, including approved uses for the drug, contraindications, potential adverse reactions, available formulations and dosage, and how to administer the drug. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) He’d been a pharmaceutical assembly line worker tasked by the quality assurance team for overseeing the inclusion of the right and proper various medication package inserts required by law included with each appropriate medication and tamper proof bottle  that determine details and directions that health care providers need to prescribe a drug properly, including approved uses for the drug, contraindications, potential adverse reactions, available formulations and dosage, and how to administer the drug. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) All of these answers, from the well financed pharmaceutical arsenal, are correct. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**17.)** An inner city rapid transit bus driver repeatedly running for president of the United States has his own Toyota Camry L 2014 completely covered in bumper stickers, hoping to attract all potential voters (Petrified Forest National park, Straight Christian Conservative Gun owner, Women Belong in all places where decisions are being made, The problem with political jokes is that they get elected, Unions for all, No human is illegal, Think! it’s not illegal yet,   Biden Harris, If it’s too loud then you are too old, Not drunk avoiding potholes, Take a hike, One life live it, Honk if a kid falls out, I heart my chihuahuas, C. S. I. = Can’t Stand Idiots, Concrete master, Science is not a liberal conspiracy, SH\*T HAPPENS, Love Your Mother, Later Nerds, Area 51 is real, You Are Amazing, Let your dreams be your wings, Flower Power: grow organic, Flour power: muffins everyone, Mobil 1, Army Strong, Made In USA). His current life is the result of: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

A.) He was a Midwest farmer’s auctioneer of animals, farm equipment, and tac and had had an incredible first hand education into the underhanded aspects of money, in all of its treachery and malfeasance, and he vowed to try and make a difference in the world anywhere and everywhere he possibly could forever and ever. He passed in his early fifties from lung cancer as he’d been a chain smoker since the age of 12. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) He was an institutionalized paranoid schizophrenic with bi-polar and schizo affective attributes, making life on “the outside” a complete impossibility, but he spent his hospital-gowned time doing pencil sketches on 8 by 11 xerox copy paper of all the Elemental faces he saw continuously everywhere he looked (and even with his eyes closed) that unblinkingly stared at him whatever he was doing. He died in the shallow hospital on- grounds Coy pond by drowning going after the faces in the water amongst the reeds and fish and frogs to see them better.

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) He’d been a Madison Avenue advertising executive and behavioral psychologist attempting to discover the exact number of micro seconds needed for instilling visual cues into the subconscious memories of observing consumers for greatest sales impact. His trail blazing marketing strategies were so overwhelmingly appreciated that his six figure salaried income paled in comparison to the stock brokers’ revenues he’d generated. His wife of 37 years, though, grew tired of his workaholic lifestyle and lack of attention to her and the kids and put out a contract on his life to collect the exorbitant insurance she was due as recompense for his absence. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) Clint Eastwood. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) Some or none of the above. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**18.)** A very lost and wandering quasi hippie from the 60s accidentally falls into the only discipline and field that he’s ever felt somewhat qualified and competent to do; and that is, teaching people who are illiterate how to read. As he learns only from the students he is trying to teach, he slowly acquires more and more students willing to learn. It becomes for him his life’s mission. This lifetime is the result of:

A.) In a past life he was the pied piper of Hamlin, who, because of some erroneous dealings with rats and citizenry, wantonly removed the children permanently from the town for failing to get paid for removing the rats. However, in this lifetime he is now returning those children one at a time bringing them out of the isolation of illiteracy into the socially relevant realm of literacy (a lifetime of payback). \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) He is the reincarnation of Sisyphus, and though he still regularly pisses off the gods for being irreverent and unruly and a maverick, his rock and mountain have basically remained the same, though descriptively a tad different, though just as futile and vain and tragic. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) He is the reincarnation of Prometheus wishing still to bring the fire of the gods (simply knowledge and wisdom [for what do gods really need fire for, eh?]) to the masses who desperately need it. And he still hasn’t changed a damn bit, as a ridiculous Titan wishing only as a native  bodhisattva (in training) to do anything feasible to help humanity slowly move along. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) He is the reincarnation of Diogenes Laertius, living as a monkey without his barrel, still looking for an honest man anywhere, but sharing his candle of literacy with anyone wishing some light in this forever dark realm of materialization.

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) He was a forever nobody wishing to become a forever knowbodhi, but struggling still with the steps forwards and backwards in this incessant dance with Kali Yuga, attempting to discover, by uncovering, the simple art of simply Being. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**19.)** A failed musician has spent an entire lifetime wishing only to compose the most perfectly outrageous nonsense song with the most unforgettable lyrics as a demonstration of how much fun (yet futile) life really is on planet Earth, though life here will most probably never ever change. This lifetime is the result of:

A.) A fatal cosmic mistake [Yes, they do sometimes actually happen]; this soul was supposedly destined to be reincarnated in a very different galaxy and star system light years from this current planet, but the auto correct nature of the inter generational reincarnational plotting bank glitched and changed “Planned Mirth, hard rock, from sold out myth race band  on fourth stage,” to “Planet Earth, third rock from solar Mithras, end of fourth stage,” so the dude ends up here, but with a slight memory of making music, but in a world where comedy and humor are sorely lacking. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) He was once a Neanderthal living in what has now become Southern France, and his one and only duty with his tribe was as the daily fetcher and filler of the community clay water bottles and jugs at the local stream and waterfall. It was not long after this job commenced that he became aware of the natural music that the filling of the jugs provided each time one was filled, for as they were empty originally when held in the flowing water the pitch from the mouth of the jug or bottle would rise from a very low tone to an increasingly higher tone and this daily occurrence sparked his initial love and curiosity with music, and it always made him happy. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) He was once a hobo drifter harmonica player who travelled the country hopping illegally and dangerously onto freight train box cars with other displaced vagrants traveling the country freely. And the train wheels on the tracks always provided the background drum rhythm sections needed for his harmonica playing and tunes that others aboard would sing along to. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) He’d been a Gloucester Massachusetts fisherman many sequential lifetimes in a row, and was so drawn to the sea and the constant singing and tagging along of the flocks of seagulls which incessantly cried and begged for chum to be tossed their way. The gulls’ music was a constant sad and forlorn reminder of how beautiful and dangerous and lonely and tragic and rewarding a fisherman’s life really and always was. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) He’d been a lifetime city of London England Street and subway busker, playing anything and everything requested from travelers waiting for trains and buses and cabs. He had had a dilapidated black derby he’d set on the pavement for pennies, shillings, tuppence, and the rare bob. It almost always worked out getting what was needed for a pint and a sausage at days end. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) They could all be right really. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**20.)** There’s this beautiful and brilliant soul traveling this earth plane with questions like, “What’s the meaning of life?” And “Why the heck are we really here?” And, “Where are we all really going?” And you’ve never had any trustworthy supportive answers to any of those questions and so much more. Your lifetime is a result of:

A.) You are actually a pure and perfect immortal being (have always been, are here now, and skeet’s will be) temporarily residing in very disposable physical, emotional, and cognitive vehicles, for discovering or rediscovering who you really are, in a teaching playground amusement park setting. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

B.) You are living amongst friends and strangers you’ve always really secretly (sacredly) known over myriads of lifetimes who are all your teachers and students, and they always have been. And your true self (your spiritual soul is and has always been The Observer to all of it, completely untouched by the ups and downs, the wins and losses, the joys and hurts, the temporary changes, everywhere. For it’s all been for learning how to remove the continuous “mindfulness” the incessant teaching distractions which are inhibiting the knowing, the being, the perfection that you truly are. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

C.) You are truly Divinity’s Child, so start remembering who you really are.

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

D.) Yes, I can hear you screaming at me, “Scriptures state we only have one life,” ……. And guess what? you’re right….. but that one life is: what you have and have always had, and it is  PERMANENT!!! That one life has always been, as you have always been, and always will be. One life—- permanent!! Our vehicles are all disposable. Our souls are not disposable. Holy clay, Batman!!! \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

E.) all of these are correct! Are you happy? You should be. You all aced this “Past Life Regression Multiple Choice Test.” Take a bow. The audience is thrilled and wants an encore. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_