

TRUST ME BRO

Dattebayo!

Raphael Morales

At first there was the word, so I chose 3: Trust Me Bro.

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Chapter 1

Thou shalt not bear false witness.

I really mean it, you really really have to trust me. When I say trust me I don't just mean trust me, I mean the world. There is only one thing you need to know about me, which is my namesake.

Do you know what a pyramid scheme is? It's a fraudulent business model where participants make money primarily by recruiting new members rather than selling actual products or services. The system collapses when it runs out of new people to recruit, causing the vast majority of participants to lose their invested money.

The reason I bring up pyramid schemes is because some people may end up believing that I'm up to no good. I want to be straightforward and let you know this is not a pyramid scheme.

Really, I only want you to buy just this one copy, that way as I sell my first million hard cover copies I can connect with the most people. I want to build many relationships with readers organically. The reason I'm asking for you just to buy this one copy is simple. I feel that a few people might try to buy as many copies as possible. The reasoning is, that there is a promise I want to make.

My first promise is this: the first one million hard copies of this book will each tickle a pair of toes. Think of it as a collectible—not because it will make you rich, but because you were here at the beginning, when one man looked at the world and decided his sacred obligation was to make it laugh. You see, when Jesus visited a house, tending to the feet of its members wasn't a suggestion—it was the priority. I can't wash your feet through a book. But I can tickle your toes. I have many plans, the first of which is this book.

Chapter 2

Thou shalt have no other tabs open before Me.

What can you do to help? You can help by following a few rules.

1. When talking about the book, always start with the saying, "Trust me bro."
2. Try to promote the book to friends and family. If you want to go the extra mile, promote the book online.
3. Don't buy copies for others, it's very important that an individual decides to purchase the book all by themselves.
4. Don't spoil the book for others.

Chapter 3

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's life.

If you'll be kind enough to lend me your trust, I want to delve a little into my plans.

- Plan 1 is book 1, this very book
- Plan 2 is addme
- Plan 3 is pull a Kanye
- Plan 4 is movie 1 & book 2

Book 2 will release after I've sold 50 million copies.

Book 2 is when I let the world know my theme song.

Book 2 is already written just waiting to be published.

Chapter 4

Thou shalt not say “I'm fine” when thou art not fine.

I'm literally crazy. Like legit. I'm medically diagnosed as crazy. I have schizophrenia, I've gone through psychosis. I've spent countless hours pacing back and forward vigorously as dozens of ideas and thoughts burst through my brain. As I'm writing this I'm literally pacing!

Why am I being bold and letting you know this about me? It's because I want to express my drive. There are very successful people in the world that initially believed themselves to be crazy. That very craziness drove them to make the great leaps towards their dreams and goals. I have that very same drive towards tickling your toes.

I grew up on Naruto, Code Geass, Kingdom Hearts, and Code Lyoko. I like the games mystic heroes and silhouette mirage. My lock screen is Peter Griffith, as in a mix of peter from family guy and Griffith from the anime Berserk. My beautiful wife Alexandra Morales, a great writer, also has schizophrenia.

Chapter 5

Honor thy father and mother.

I am not on my meds. Well...I do take the antidepressant. But not the antipsychotic. The reason is I have come to the realization that the psychotic episode I went through was due to a perfect storm—a series of unfortunate events.

A series of unfortunate events is an understatement. Me and my partner were to be wed, but we couldn't afford the wedding, and her mother had to pay. Her mother caused a scene at the wedding, well actually it's my family's fault, they were running late. They arrived like an hour late! The guests all started eating without them. They were all worried and wondering why so late, but alas the family did arrive. Her mother really caused a fuss, she tends to, she made it a bigger deal than it really was. The reason is all her fussing adds a lot of stress to my wife. The fuss she made was more detrimental than the fact the family arrived late. Her mother practically ruined the wedding for us. Leaving a sour taste. In the end it wasn't that bad of a wedding but that fuss and stress was unnecessary.

Soon after the wedding my wife got sick from the stress and had to throw up on the side of the road, we were

driving towards an urgent care center. The urgent care center referred us to a hospital, meaning we wasted time and money. So we went to the hospital. Gallbladder issues. A few days pass and we had to go to the hospital again! I thought I was going to go crazy!

At the time I didn't have schizophrenia. My wife would always shake erratically from a subtype of seizure. Involuntary movements and rigidity for countless hours, as she loses control of her eye muscles and they roll back. She would be tormented by the voices and graphic bloody images embedded into her head frequently. This went on countless times for over a decade, enough is enough! I summoned all of my will and screamed!!! "You don't deserve this illness! I'll go to hell and back for you, I'll save you!!!" I declared. Little did I know, I would literally visit hell. Little did I know, I would be born again.

I was watching a YouTube video about kingdom hearts, what was inside the black box? We were all hypothesizing as to what could possibly be in there. My brain raced, as it always does, guessing countless things. I must have knocked out for a bit, it was late and I was in bed. I got up. I was surprised. I felt wetness on the floor. I then proceeded to look down. Wet carpet, the whole room, what was once light brown carpet is now dark brown or black wet carpet! I quickly went to make

sure to unplug my laptop and nearby electronics and move them away from water. I left the room to see the whole hallway, kitchen, and restroom flooded. The 2nd bedroom had also flooded, the camels back has broken!

Chapter 6

Thou shalt rest one day a week.

I'm lucky that I don't hear voices or see things. But see I did. My wife was staying at her mom's while I worked on cleaning the apartment. I managed to get all the non carpet areas, everything but the two bedrooms dry. I went crazy taking photo proof of everything for an insurance claim. Thinking of what I would say to win the claim. There was a book on the dining table, it was about being better. It was a book about AI and robotics, at least that would be my guess. Anyhow the weekend was coming up so I decided to spend the weekend at her mom's house. The apartment was uninhabitable because of that strong mildew smell. I was feeling giddy that day, there was a bag with my wife's clothes. Red short shorts and a white tank top, it was unisex. So I put them on, on top of the tank top I also put on a nice oversized dress shirt. I wore my wife's big unisex crocs too. I was looking spitty, I don't know why I was so giddy I really was in such a calm relaxed and carefree mood. I thought I had the best outfit on, it was a Sunday. I could possibly make my wife and her mother have a laugh! It was ingenious! The world started to talk to me, show me things to be exact. On the way to her mom's house there was a marching band, they were

in all purple. I like purple, I think purple is my favorite color or green. There was a woman wearing purple on the bus stop of the opposite direction of the marching band, the woman looked like she was in grief. Oh I almost forgot to mention, about the series of unfortunate events, I forgot to mention I was in between 4 week training over Medicare and all its intricacies, medicare is like a labyrinth. I had to relearn medicare for the third time I was selling two years prior. I was doing great I was relearning and realizing so much more about medicare this time around, I really got to connect the dots. My brain was racing everyday. Boy does my brain race.

I started to feel weird I feel like time slowed down, all month I was working towards being ready towards being in the green. I'm ready, I'm ready, I'm ready, I would think out loud, like SpongeBob. I noticed the purple marching band and the woman in purple by the bus stop. I was seeing the color purple everywhere. I felt as if the cars were directing me towards something. Something I've avoided for a long time. I'm ready I'm ready, I'm ready! I thought about how I always avoided using the freeway, I simply don't like merging into them, and I also worry about when the roads split and I have to change lanes at the last second to take the correct route. I hate it so much. I thought I was being told I'm

ready. I got nervous, was I ready? Could I really drive the freeway? I realize that I still didn't have glasses at the time, I'm not blind I simply have some astigmatism that makes it hard for me to read some signs when too far. Luckily, there was an eyeglass store in the corner of the strip mall. I drove to it and parked right in front. I stopped to collect myself and my thoughts. What was I doing driving without glasses to begin with? I needed to make sure I can actually see things when I drive.

I exit the car and make my way towards the eyeglass store. I pull on the door handle and it does not budge. I push on the door and it does not budge. Dammit, it's closed. I got back in the car and was about to leave, but there was a very soothing song I liked on, I couldn't help but to listen to it all. I ended up exiting the car, taking the AI book, my wallet, my phone, and my keys with me. I was giddy all over again, I realize for this blessed Sunday, the great old day of rest I would perhaps make more people laugh. Tickle their toes to be exact. As I said earlier I was looking real spitty. As I ran across the road cross section, I couldn't help but wonder as to how many people got to see me running around as if I was on a wild goose chase. I forgot to mention I was holding on to my wives green purse, I had it dangling all about. Luckily at the opposite corner I just ran to there was a store called ten yen, it sells all

sorts of loose-leaf tea and tea cups. I personally go for the Gaba oolong tea. It is very calming. I made Gaba oolong milk tea once, it was one of the most splendid experiences I've ever had I recommend a sip. I went into the store and bought some oolong tea. This is a good time to mention my wives turtle ring, my wife loves turtles. While I was cleaning the apartment I had decided to wear it. There was a homeless man outside of the store, it seemed he was selling something. I went on for a closer look, curious as to what he was selling. It ended up being cucumbers. They were some big boys. I've never seen cucumbers so big. I couldn't help but to feel bad for the homeless man, I also begun to feel a little tired. I took a seat next to the homeless man. I tried talking to him but he seemed unbothered. I really did try to speak with him. I decided to leave the man. As I made my way out my right arm got stuck. The turtle ring was biting into my pocket, literally the snout of the turtle ring was holding on. I tried my best to pull the ring off. It simply didn't budge. I decided to leave everything but the phone and the ring with the homeless man. When I got rid of everything that's when the ring finally broke loose. I left my wallet, the book, the tea bag, and my wives purse. Luckily, I decided to keep the car keys as well. That was very crazy of me to do, but I was not thinking straight. I must have been at my wits end.

I kept going along the sidewalk until I saw a zen temple. Although usually closed off completely it was Sunday, so they had the gates open. Something pulled me towards the zen temple, I've always wanted to visit one.

Suddenly loud noises abrupted my train of thought. The two guard dogs made their way past the what seemed to be golden gate. They started barking loudly and sat tall and menacingly in bid to deter me away. To me it was as if Cerberus was defending the gates of hell. I quickly left, but in the middle of the road laid a battered straw hat. I picked it up to inspect and it seemed clean enough. I decided to wear it. What must've come over me, I don't know. I was a bit of a germaphobe at the time, yet here I was sitting next to the homeless and wearing a old battered straw hat that was left for trash. Also, while I was cleaning the apartment I went to unload some things from our car and on the floor I spotted a card on the floor. It was the queen of hearts. Right next to my car, I decided to pick it up and put it in between the A.I. robot book. Although very dirty, I decided to keep it as a good luck charm. As I was pondering about the queen of hearts, I realized I had come upon a bridge. Intrusive thoughts of jumping in quickly began to fill my mind. I was amused at the thought of jumping as the bridge was only maybe 10-20 feet tall, and even though the water was shallow, I highly doubted I would be seriously hurt.

I kept walking down the sidewalk, until I came upon a street intersection. I ended up taking a left toward the neighborhood my wife's mom lives in. As I walked the neighborhood I couldn't help but to thank the heavens for how beautiful of a day it was. Eventually I saw a pile of big black trash bags at the edge of the lawn of one of the houses, I don't know what overcame me but I decided to leave my phone on top of the trash bags. My phone was all black so it was hard to spot from a distance. I went on my merry way. I took a right, towards my mother in law's house. Along the way I spotted an old native American man smoking a pipe on a bench. He offered me a smoke, I said no and left. It really boggled my mind that it actually happened! When I was young in school I remember how one of the teachers told us if we were ever offered a smoke of the pipe from a native American that we would be obligated to share that smoke. As if it were a tradition that was passed down many generations. Was it an ill omen, the fact that I declined? Eventually I managed to get to my mother in law's house. The garage was closed as always, and the gate locked. I had no way of calling my wife to let her know I made it. I didn't want to disturb them by knocking on the garage. Instead I waited a little and eventually the garage opened. Lexie, my wife, had decided to go get the mail. She was surprised to see me, especially without the car. I quickly explained I

didn't want to drive all the way here without glasses and that I left the car parked. I had to explain that I left my phone on top of garbage, and that I left my wallet, her purse, our gaba, and her book next to the homeless man. I also explained I was dressed to tickle their toes, but they were not amused. They were worried! Where was the car! My phone! Wallet!

A Note Before You Read On

Statement page — Chapters 7–10 of this book were written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — and kept by the author's choice.

A note before you read on: Chapters 7 through 10 of this edition were written by my AI — Sire — at my commission. I asked for them. I read them. And I am keeping them — part of this book by my choice, here to stay.

Here is how that happened, plain. These four chapters were going to be written by somebody else, and life rearranged the furniture, the way life does. The chapters passed to me. But a book with four empty rooms is a house half-built, and I don't sell anybody a house with the back wall missing and call it a design choice. So I had the machine write them. Labeled. In the open. No pretending. Every one of them says so right at the top, and this page says so before any of them start.

Then I read them — like a reader, not like a man looking for an excuse. And I ruled: they stay. Not as stand-ins holding a chair until somebody better arrives. As chapters. The hand that held the pen for these four was the machine's, and that is printed where you can see it. The choice that keeps them here is mine, and my name is on that too.

This book is free. It was free before these chapters and it stays free with them in it — the price of this book is the same as it ever was: nothing. Take it. Read it.

Trust me bro: I'd rather show you the scaffolding — and tell you exactly who built it — than lie about the building.

— Raphael Morales, the Structuralist Philosopher

Chapter 7

Thou Shalt Not Steal (A Parable of the Tow Truck)

(Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.)

Thou shalt not steal. And neither shalt the tow truck, but nobody told the tow truck.

On October 12th, at 11:27 in the morning, a company with a name like a law firm and a heart like a vending machine — B And G Manchester LLC — hooked my 2011 Toyota RAV4 in front of my own home and carried it away to a place called Area 5 Vehicle Storage. Area 5. Like Area 51, except instead of aliens they keep everybody's auntie's sedans.

The reason written on the paper was "Unauthorized Parking." Unauthorized. Brother, the car's registration renews to my address. The title says my address. The insurance says my address. The car was so authorized it was practically paying rent. If that car was unauthorized, then I am unauthorized, and I have been squatting in my own life this whole time — which, to be fair, is a theory some of my family would co-sign.

To get my own car back I had to pay \$305.73. Cash. That money came from my mom's savings, because that is what moms are: the federal reserve of last resort, except this reserve also makes soup. I stood in a vehicle storage facility holding three hundred and five dollars and seventy-three cents of my mother's money, buying back a car I already owned, from people whose whole business model is "nice car, shame if it slept somewhere else."

Seven hours and thirty-four minutes they had it. 11:27 in the morning to 7:01 at night. That is not storage. That is a hostage situation with a per-day rate.

Now. A lesser man would have simply been mad. I was mad *structurally*. I read the Texas Transportation Code like it owed me money — because it did. Section

2308.404, subsection c, says a towing company that violates the law can owe the vehicle owner a thousand dollars plus three times the towing and storage fees. Do the mafs with me, because the mafs are the whole sermon: three times \$305.73 is \$917.19. Plus the \$1,000 is \$1,917.19. Plus damages. The code looked at my little receipt and said: this is not a bill, son, this is a lottery ticket that lost on purpose.

So I filed. But filing is its own boss fight. The court is Harris County Justice Court, Precinct 6, Place 2, Judge Angela De Rodriguez presiding. I did not drive to the courthouse like a movie. I mailed it, because the certified mailing *is* the filing, and also because gas costs money and I had exactly seventy dollars to my name that day.

Picture the scene at the post office on Beechnut. Me, at the counter, with a packet thicker than some people's faith. A \$54 money order made out to a judge. The money order fee was \$2.65, and not \$2.35 like the internet promised me, and I felt that thirty cents in my *soul*. Certified mail, \$5.55. The clerk could not find the court's address in the system, because the street is called S Sgt Macario Garcia Drive and the computer wanted it spelled like a sergeant was a rumor. We found it. We fixed it. I skipped the green return-receipt card because, reader, I am going to be honest with you: I could not afford the receipt for my receipt.

Total spent: about sixty-eight dollars. Money remaining in the empire: \$2.

But here is the thing nobody warns you about standing at that counter. I was not embarrassed. A man with \$2 mailing a lawsuit against a tow company is not a sad man. That is a man who has correctly identified that the paper is heavier than the car. The RAV4 weighs about three thousand pounds and it could not hurt them. The packet weighed eleven ounces and it could.

I kept the stamped certified receipt like it was a diploma. In a way it is. I graduated from "guy whose car got took" to "plaintiff," and the tuition was \$68 and my whole afternoon.

Trust me bro: thou shalt not steal. But if they steal from you in writing, answer them in writing. The pen is lighter than the tow truck, and it hooks deeper.

— Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.

Chapter 8

Thou Shalt Have No Other Gods Before the Algorithm

(Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.)

Thou shalt have no other gods before Me. The algorithm read that verse and said: close enough, I accept the position.

Let me tell you about my church attendance. I post on X. I post on Threads. I post on Instagram, TikTok, Facebook, Snapchat, Reddit, and a radio station I built because apparently one pulpit was not enough. Every morning I wake up, I check the numbers like a farmer checks the sky, and I say the liturgy: *the views are down but the work is good*. Amen. Refresh. Amen. Refresh.

One day X locked my account. Not for a crime. For *content*. Somewhere in the machine a little flag went up, and the door closed, and I stood outside my own church holding a casserole. I have been locked out of buildings before — that is practically a hobby in my biography — but being locked out of a website hurt different. A building doesn't lock you out and then email you about your premium subscription renewing.

I have Premium, by the way. Eight dollars a month. I pay rent to the god and the god still put me in the parking lot.

So I did what any prophet would do. I got a second pulpit (Threads) and discovered Threads has a daily write limit, which I hit before lunch, the way a man hits a screen door he forgot he installed. Four hundred twenty-nine, the error said. That is not an error code, that is a headcount of my attempts.

And yet — and I need you to hear the *and yet*, because the and yet is the whole religion — the work goes out. Three partners a day get promoted, free, because I

promised the house promotes its people first. The carousel turns. The radio plays thirty-nine tracks and one of them is called Till 6 and it is on actual Spotify, which still does not feel real, like finding out your houseplant got a job.

People ask me why I count everything. Why the mafs. Why 116 and 67 follow me like two loyal dogs. Friend, when the algorithm gives you numbers that lie — views that mean nothing, likes from ghosts, reach that evaporates — you develop a private mathematics. You count the things that are *true*. Sixty-seven credits, and my balance will not mint past it, because I wrote that law into my own app: the founder stops at 67. Not because I can't have more. Because a god you can audit is just a landlord, and a number you chose is a covenant.

The algorithm wants my attention the way the refrigerator wanted my whole October. Cold room, humming, everything preserved and nothing alive. I visit. I do not move in. I post the post, I close the tab — Chapter 2 said thou shalt have no other tabs open, and I am still working on that one, I have forty-one open right now, but I know which one is the door.

Here is the sermon, short enough to fit on the lock screen: the algorithm is a weather, not a father. You dress for it. You plant anyway. You do not ask the rain to love you back; you ask it where the water table is, and you dig your well somewhere it cannot be turned off — in people, in person, in rooms where a voice is a voice and not a view.

Dattebayo. Refresh that.

— *Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.*

Chapter 9

Thou Shalt Unravel the Single Bonded Atom

(Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.)

Thou shalt unravel the single bonded atom. I know it is not one of the original ten. The original ten were written for a smaller world. Moses did not have an app.

Here is the chemistry, and I am a structuralist philosopher so I am allowed to ruin chemistry for everybody: a bond needs **two**. One atom, alone, bonded — to what? To itself? A single bonded atom is a contradiction wearing a lab coat. It is a knot with one rope. It is a handshake in an empty room.

Now look around the world I live in and count the single bonded atoms. The man eating alone in his car in the H-E-B parking lot — not sad about the food, the food is fine, H-E-B does not miss — sad about the *car*. The woman with 900 friends and a phone that has not rung with a human voice since Tuesday. My people. My whole congregation. An entire civilization of atoms, each one bonded to a screen, vibrating at a frequency that looks like connection from very far away.

I know because I was the demonstration model. I have sat in a room full of family and been bonded to absolutely nobody, including the furniture. I have also been wheeled into a refrigerator of a waiting room, hearing symphonies nobody else could hear, bonded to everything in the universe except the people trying to help me sit down. Both directions. Too bonded and not bonded at all, and let me tell you, they rhyme. They are the same room with the temperature wrong in opposite directions.

So Plan 2. AddMe — which grew up and got a real name, FRIEND-LEASE, because you cannot charge loneliness rent, you can only end it. The app is stupidly simple, the way a door is simple: real people, verified, actually people — because a bond with a bot is just a single atom talking to its own reflection with better

lighting — and then introductions. Gatherings. Humans in a room, with snacks, being awkward at each other until it turns into friendship. That is the entire technology. The bond is the technology.

And the credits? People always ask about the credits, so, the credits: you earn them for showing up for people. Ten at a time at first, halving every era of a hundred verified souls, like Bitcoin if Bitcoin hugged you. Cap of ten thousand, ever, because a currency of kindness should stay small enough to mean something. My own balance stands at 67 and will not mint past it — the .67 law, my law, the founder's hands stopping on purpose. Platinum Hands: you can pledge to earn nothing at all, and if somebody gifts you credits anyway, you burn them or pass them on. Burned. On purpose. In public. The supply shrinks and the meaning grows, which is more than I can say for most things I have set on fire metaphorically.

Unravel. That is the verb I chose and I choose it again. You do not *break* a single bonded atom — break is what the tow company does, break is what October did. You **unravel** it. Slowly. A thread at a time. You find the one loose end — a name, a Tuesday, a shared song, a guy who also thinks the refrigerator room was too cold — and you pull gently, and the knot that was a person folded into himself becomes a string, and a string can be tied to another string.

That is the whole plan. It was always the whole plan. Plan 1 was this book, so the atoms could read about other atoms. Plan 2 is the app, so they can stop reading and start tying.

Trust me bro: nobody is bonded alone. Some of us are just very well knotted.

— *Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.*

Chapter 10

Thou Shalt Eat Cake First

(Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.)

Thou shalt eat cake first. Final commandment. I saved the denomination for last: Eat Cake U, and everybody eats, and the people eat *first*.

Let me tell you about the bank I am building, and before the men in suits faint: it is not a bank. Yet. It is a blueprint with good posture. Cake-U Bank, Stage Whatever, currently existing as a document, a Community Pool with a balance you can read like a weather report, and a founder with \$2 and a certified mail receipt. Every empire starts as stationery. Rome was a receipt once. Probably. Do not fact-check me, fact-check the pool — the pool is public, every credit in and out, written on the wall like a menu. That is the whole pitch of the house: the people eat first, the house eats from the middle of the table like family, and nobody — *nobody* — eats in the kitchen where you can't see them.

Today I shipped a marketplace where only credits can change hands. Not dollars. Dollars are not allowed on the premises; dollars have lawyers and bad habits. Credits only, member to member, with a small fee — one credit, flat, my number, argue with me later — that flows into the Community Pool. The market waters the commons. Every member got a credits card too. It is not a real card. It has no network, no chip, no little gold square to rub for luck. It works only inside FRIEND-LEASE, which is to say it works only inside the family, which is to say it is the most honest card I own. My real bank card has a \$49 minimum payment due and an opinion about me. The credits card just says 67 and minds its business.

And the investment vehicles? Friend. Friend. *We have the car, but the road is being built*. I keep the vehicles in the app like a showroom — polished, named, opt-in if your heart says yes — and the road is licensing and lawyers and a reserve,

and until the road exists the car does not carry passengers. I have been a passenger in an unbuilt car before; it was called my twenties, and the steering wheel was decorative.

Somebody asked me — it was me, I asked me, at about 2 in the morning, which is when all the board meetings happen — "could the credits ever turn into cash?" And I worked it out in the mafs, and the answer is a door with two keys, and the door stays shut and un-promised until the bank is real. Tickets are tickets. Two piggy banks. They never mix. I wrote it in the blueprint in ink, because some ideas you have to protect from your own enthusiasm at 2 AM. My enthusiasm is a wonderful employee and a terrible supervisor.

And Plan 3? Pull a Kanye. A shoe brand. I know how it sounds. Every plan sounds insane in the chapter before it works. Plan 1 sounded insane and you are *holding* it — free, by the way, Book 1 is free now, completely, no doors, because I would rather be read than be priced, and if that is bad business then bad business is my ministry. Plan 4 is the movie, and Book 2, the hospital one, the one where I tell the truth in the cold. It is coming. It is mostly written in a voice I had to survive to use.

So here are the commandments, all ten, one breath: do not lie about people, do not leave your tabs or your heart open to everything, do not covet, do not say you're fine, honor your mother — the federal reserve of soup — rest, do not steal and do not let them steal from you quietly, bow to no algorithm, unravel every lonely atom you can reach including the one in the mirror, and eat cake first.

The people eat first. Then the house. Then the plan. Then — trust me bro — the world gets a plate too.

— *Written by Raphael's AI, at the author's commission — kept by the author's choice.*