

# Saved from Drowning: From a Virtual Existence to a Real Life

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Theme: [History](#)

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*Please note: I have written this in an unusual form - as a story told by a young person suffering, and finally overcoming, addiction to an increasingly pervasive IT world. It is an urgent humanitarian alert. A whole generation can be lost if we cannot help them grasp the tragic dehumanising trajectory of their 'deep state'-induced life style choices. Please ask as many as possible to share this story, especially on social media.*

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### **A personal story - as told by Mo**

*Someone put it to me, around a year ago, that maybe I should change my life style and try to get my feet on the ground. She said, "you know, if you really want it, there is a way to get from purgatory to paradise in this life."*

*My reaction was: Surely not. No way! Purgatory is great - so much going on. I'd be bored stiff in paradise.*



*Get a new message on my tablet every few minutes. Got six social media accounts. So many conversations to check into and add my bit too. Just got an*

*earbud so I don't miss any communications. Wow - how things have moved on.*

AP's are great. Life without AP's seems unthinkable now. Receptions great too these days. Remember poor signals when travelling? Thing of the past, with a few exceptions. And now Elon is putting all those satellites up, so even in the Sahara desert it will be possible to tune in. Sat Nav our way to the moon...

I text a lot. Love the personal thing - cool to have this sort of privacy. Can't imagine life without texting. OK, I'm a bit of an info junkie. Like to stay online with what's going on. Even when it's scary. Get a kind of thrill knowing I'm alright; you know, comfortable, out of danger.

It's the convenience of the tech that really does it for me. I must spend three to four hours on my smart phone every day and probably another two on the lap top. You see, it's my reality. It's my world - and for lots of my mates too. It's cool. You can add on Netflixs and some favourite TV shows in the evening as well.



Wi-Fi is brilliant. Never bother with land lines any more. OK - maybe it's zapping me more than is good, but who cares? Life's too short. Like the stuff you get ready prepared and just stick in the microwave. Who needs to bother with cooking? Cooking's a pain, isn't it?

Eat a lot raw these days - like vegan 'saving the planet' stuff.

Global warming is scary, don't you think? Hope it doesn't happen in my life time. No thanks!

Decided I'm going to get tattooed. There's a dark side of me that wants to be expressed - my mates have this too. Going for a skull and cross bones on the back of my neck - all black. That says it about pretty much all of life, doesn't it. I mean life sucks. No point in pretending otherwise.

I've found a way of isolating myself from most of it. I mean, my virtual world saves my life.

I must confess to being a bit jealous of trans people. Not sure I have the guts to go for it. - but wow - that really is a statement; a cool expression of personal freedom. If you don't feel like male or female fits your personality, then get something that does!

OK, it's a 'me, me' world, but that's all there is in the end.

Can't get into this god stuff. If there was a god the world wouldn't be so fucked-up, would it?

Some of my mates tried the spiritual thing. But the teacher said if you want to do it properly you have to be disciplined. Not so much meat, coffee, sugar, booze, TV and junk foods.

Can't manage that - and anyway why try to get closer to something that doesn't exist - some abstract power?

If there is such a thing, good luck, I'm not going to try and stop anyone doing what they want - no way.

Somebody told me god is 'trans', so having the operation is the best way of getting closer to him..err..it.

Ugh, so much confusion. Really, we don't know what we're doing, where we're going, who we are or what life's about. But we've got to navigate this mess somehow.

To stay sane got to smile a bit- and selfies are great for this. I've got thousands of selfies with me and my mates in crazy situations against great backdrops.

Yea, well, that's about it really. I didn't tell you that I've been getting pretty bad headaches lately. Not good. I'm popping pain relievers, but they only do a temporary job.

Scared shitless by Covid - took all the jabs - my mates did too. Had to do it, of course. Those political geeks put the clampers on us - didn't they.

My gran says I should go to the doctor to get checked-out if the headache continues. But then she also says I should walk in nature. Get out of the 'concrete jungle' as she calls it. Gran says that's the way to find out about god. Maybe she's right..who knows.

But really, I get all I need from my Smart Phone. That's real. It's better than god, as far as I can see. And actually I can't see so well these days; kind of fuzzy thing blurring my sight. Particularly when I get stressed - and I do. We all do. So we try to chill-out in the bars and cafes.

Okay, so it's not all so great. Sometimes I wake up in the morning and don't want to get out of bed. I've never told anybody this - but I even feel a bit suicidal. Wanting a way of getting all this shit out of the way - once and for all.

It's tempting, but I don't have the guts to go for it.

## **One Year Later**

It's difficult to believe that a year ago I was so far gone. How the light had faded to the point where I was ready to take my life. How I couldn't see my life as anything other than the norm. Taking what turned out to be a death wish as some sort of cool life style choice.

Well, eventually I did hit the bottom. I tried to take my life.

A botched job I guess, fortunately. But the blood was seeping away nevertheless, my wrists both slashed and my consciousness fading fast.

That's all I remember - bar the searing pain, the internal agony and seeing the blood trickling across the living room floor.

“Mo, Mo!” someone was shouting. My head was propped up in a hospital bed, my wrists covered in bandages. I was weak as sin and my eyes, open for a few seconds, just wanted to close again and remain that way.

“Mo, Mo!” shouted this voice – while some medicine was being administered to me intravenously.

That’s where my new life began.

I was hospitalised for around three weeks. My brother, sister and gran visited regularly. My estranged mother, once or twice. But it was someone else who really changed things for me.

The hospital had me transferred to a special care centre for people needing psychological and psychiatric support.

It was here that I started my new life. My second life.

There were two exceptional careers, John and Anna, who made me understand what I never understood before. That life is precious and that I was responsible for everything that happened to me.

That the fact that I was saved was close to being a miracle – and that having ‘one more chance’ was not just due to the intervention of my rescuers (my sister and her husband) but also some universal influence. ‘Grace’ as Anna called it.

**Once I was a little stronger I asked what had happened to my phone and Tablet.**

**“We have them” said John “but you won’t need them any more, not while you’re here.”**

I was a bit credulous, almost angry.

**John said, “Mo, you can’t know this yet, but that piece of technology and the information it carried played a big role in your downfall.** You were addicted, a full-on IT consumer. What you thought was a benign conveyor of information, was/is a weapon of indoctrination into a virtual world of empty promises and material titillation. You had allowed yourself to become trapped by its instant, seductive and superficial convenience attraction.”

I wanted to reject this view, but something kept me curious enough to continue to listen.

John went on “if we suppress that which is the signpost for our true life; if we bury it under a toxic mix of health destroying habits, anxiety and EMF radiation, we are voluntarily entering a road to suicide. Primarily a soul suicide.”

Listening to this scary summary of my daily life made me realise, for the first time, that I had never stopped long enough to actually ‘think’. To allow myself to reflect on what I was doing. John was right, I was under some kind of spell, addicted.

**I started to discover a calm inner peace. I had never felt this before in my whole life. It was an experience of such richness that I wondered whether John had dropped some hallucinogenic pill in my water!**

Anna offered extraordinary love. Yes, I can say that now, but I had no idea what love was

until I met Anna. She seemed to see into my very being and describe to me what that being actually is.

She said that it is a reflection of God. 'The Supreme Being' in her words. "the father of us all" she said.

And you know what - I started laughing!.

**Me, Mo, didn't believe in god - thought my smart phone was it.**

**But now, as I looked into Anna's deep smiling eyes, I started to laugh and laugh. And then the tears welled-up and filled my eyes. And, dear friends, I say that this is when I discovered my soul - because, well, it was!**

I was out of there two weeks later. It was a wobbly moment. I was standing on my own two feet for the first time. Yes, the me who now had a soul and a sense of purpose.

The world outside had not changed: still running abstractedly towards nowhere. Confusion as the norm. Fear always close to the surface. Narcissistic ambition driving the machine on and on in an endless process of consumption and competition.

But I held on. John and Anna's words had gone deep. Gran had reminded me about nature when visiting me at the care centre.

I had this sick feeling when contemplating going back to the urban way of life I was raised on.

**So through a first cousin who lived in the countryside I managed to get my foot onto a small green space with a rudimentary cabin and a nearby wood.**

Still young and reasonably strong, I found a job as an assistant gardener and started learning how to grow plants - edible and inedible. This gave me the confidence to cultivate a bit of land at my cabin and start growing and eating my own food. Real food!

**Dear reader, my life has gone from strength to strength. I have learned some spiritual practice and even meditation. I've fallen in love with nature, particularly the wood.**

**And if you can tolerate one last song of praise for my transformation - I've found a true soul mate. An activist and campaigner for a better world.**

**I am determined to fight for, well, what can one call it - Life! And a future based on all the qualities I have discovered since my new life began.**

**Really, it's hard to put in words, but I feel I've crossed a bridge. Gone from purgatory to paradise.**

**I know you can cross over too. Just drop-off the toxic baggage, listen out for the voice of your soul - and turn to face the rising sun with a courageous heart. Everyone can do it, everyone.**

Whatever you do, be sure not to be as reckless and irresponsible as I was, trying to destroy the greatest gift any of us will ever be granted. Life, however difficult it may be at times, is

of immeasurable value and has no substitute.

Love,

Mo xx

P.S. You want to know what happened to my phone? I dispensed with it. Didn't need it any more. Just the old land line connection in my cabin. Don't buy into that smart fakery any more. No going back.

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