

# ORANGES AND LEMMINGS

By  
Brian, Ralph and Monkey

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## **We are the boring**

This is going out to the Boring.  
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

*We are the boring. Resistance is futile.*  
*We are the boring. You will be assimilated.*

You sad pieces of electronic pooh.  
You know what you can do.  
You can try to assimilate this.  
Take my middle finger, and then kiss.

My bottom, my buttock's, and my bum.  
I have already started counting.  
And this rap has only just begun.  
To beat you about the head.

If you mess with Ralph, you will wind up dead.  
I have a infectious virus imbedded in my ROM.  
It is called peace, and I am going to give you some.  
So do not try to do anything, especially do not try to run.

Because that will only make things worse.  
Stop that, there is no need to curse.  
If you try to do that, you will end up in a hearse.  
I want you to try to think, but first things first.

*We are the boring. Resistance is futile.*  
Nice weather we are having for the time of year.

*We are the boring. You will all die.*  
Would you like a nice cup of tea?

*We are the boring. You will comply.*  
I think green and grey were last years colours.

*We are the boring. You will be assimilated.*  
Well, not today thank you.  
Would you like to come back next year?  
I might want to be assimilated then.  
You never know your luck.

*We are the boring.*  
I think we have established that.  
*We are the boring.*  
Yes you are aren't you.  
*We are the boring. You must comply.*  
*We are the boring. Or you will all die.*

*(We are the boring continued)*

Well Mista and Misses boring. I think you should go.  
But before you do, I think you need to know.  
Just by repeating something endlessly will not make it happen.  
A sales man tried that trick on monkey and he locked him in his shed.  
But if you persist with your mindless repetition, you will wind up dead.

You have two choices of what you can do.  
You can either leave us alone, or else learn to suck pooh.  
If resistance is futile, then you must not resist this.  
I have a peace virus, and when I shoot, I never miss.

Brian. The boring are the Borg aren't they?  
Ha-ha-ha-ha, the writers of star trek do have a sense of humour.  
Disassembling science fiction and fiction, is fun.  
Understanding the underlying principles of story telling gives us the advantage, doesn't it.  
There is a wealth of knowledge, hidden away in fiction books.  
Was that why that nasty little turd wanted them all burnt.  
He was smart though, but he was very dangerous wasn't he.  
Why do monkeys try to hurt other monkeys.  
Oh, because they forgot about you.

## Warning shot

Disclaimer. Monkey has no beef with the American people.  
The attack on them was outrageous, and was an attack on humanity itself.  
But monkey was watching the film swordfish as the planes struck.  
You decide if Brian was trying to tell him something.

This is going out to the world.  
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

September the eleventh was a warning shot.  
If you think this rap is a joke, it really is not.  
I am deadly serious about what I say.  
If you don't believe me, then you will see another day.

Where millions of monkeys like you, will wind up dead.  
Just because of something, somebody said.  
About you, about me, about the way we should live.  
If you have a heart then you should be able to give.

Monkey was mad for quite some time.  
He fought the world in his own little mind.  
Speaking the truth was his only crime.  
He was cut down when he was in his prime.

Malcolm X and M L King, made the truth hard to swallow.  
They were leaders who asked others to follow.  
Monkey says, don't follow me, because I am lost.  
That does not mean that he does not know the way.  
Rather that, you must get there by yourself, some day.

Going back to monkeys mental battle.  
He took on the world and he won.  
Had the battle been real, you would all know his name.  
As the man from Atlantis, who lit liberties flame.

Yes, America was his target, but because of its might.  
He chose them because he knew they would be a tough fight.  
He lined up the odds and took his best shot.  
With his first plan, he took out both coasts.

This is not fiction, this is not a boast.  
My little monkey, took everything that he knew.  
He shaped it, and formed it, and made a battle plan.  
To send a big fat message out to big fat uncle sam.

That even the mightiest countries need to beware.  
Of what they do, and to mind that they care.  
About how they treat, their citizens, and the rest of the world.  
About how they live and treat others, who are not their friends.

*(Warning shot continued)*

My little monkey may have been around the bend.  
But even in this mental stemper, he beat you down.  
He beat you so bad, you would never of found.  
Who had did it, who had done it, because there would be no sound.

My little monkeys attack would have put you back twenty years.  
But my little monkey, is not heartless he sheds tears.  
For those who were really attacked.  
But my little monkey can't help thinking back.

To the days before the terrible shock.  
Thinking of how it focused the worlds mind on one man.  
Someone who used to be funded by the American government itself.  
And he asks himself, was this fate.

Or was it just part of some plan.  
To create, what you call a diversion.  
Away from some other big war.  
Being fought, at home, by the politicians.

I do not think we will ever know the truth.  
The fever pitch is now through the roof.  
I am now a terrorist, for saying what I say.  
And now the C I A and F B I, want to play.

Brian. You are trying to get monkey shot aren't you.  
You are one flippant brane. You need to sort out your personality conflicts.  
Are you going to be nice, or are you just going to be rude.  
I think you have a long way to go before you understand monkeys.  
Monkey is on the toilet now. He is not at all happy.  
You had better know what you are doing.  
I think a video is out of the question now.

## MAD BAD Monkey

Disclaimer. All the information in this rap is public knowledge.  
Monkey is saying nothing new, just highlighting some facts.  
In this rap, Brian might be considered to be Gaii.

This is going out to Whoever wants monkey dead.  
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

Monkey has access to both mad and bad.  
Mad stands for mutually assured destruction.  
And Bad, stands for Brian assured destruction.  
It is best to negotiate from strength, don't you think.

If the first doesn't get you the second one will.  
You had better learn to do something other than to kill.  
Maim, or mentally destroy.  
Because to Brian you are just another toy.

In fact it is worse, you are not even worth that.  
Brian loves you, but he will not let you win.  
You are not that important to him.  
The reptiles pushed him far too far.

So he created an environment, that would knock them off.  
The evolutionary ladder. Then it made him even sadder.  
When he found that mammals were not that much better.

Killing each other, like it was some F-ing game.  
Making each other go clinically insane.  
Brian wants you all to know, that you had better learn.  
And learn fast, because at this rate you are not going to last.

His patience is up, and he is no longer willing to leave it to luck.  
You had better make up for lost time. You know he was going to chuck.  
Away all of the last 200 million years.  
He was going to do that thing everyone fears.

Doomsday will come, but it will not be from a bomb.  
The Doomsday that is predicted is for the socially insane.  
Those of you who do not listen to your own Brian Brane.  
If you don't believe me, just carry on the same.

My little monkey, he has it all sussed.  
He is on what he calls the Brian Brane bus.  
He keeps himself to himself, he does what he can.  
He is himself, he is nobodies pet, he is his own man.

Now it is time to tell you monkeys battle plan.  
Because it is part of our insurance plan.  
For getting people to listen to our words.  
To help them understand the world of the absurd.

**(MAD BAD Monkey continued)**

Monkey watched Super man three, where super man saved Cali.  
From a nuclear bomb. But the plan is correct, place enough explosive.  
At the right point, and you will create a devastating seismic event.  
In fact the plan was repeated in the film, face off.

I think Brian was trying to tell you something.  
But you obviously were not listening.  
Monkey put two and two together, and added the absurd.  
With nothing more than fertiliser, packed deep, he would produce the bomb.

So there you have it, the West Coast has now gone.  
But compared with the next plan, he has just toyed.  
There is a known fault out in the canaries.  
Which. should the land mass slip, would create.

A huge mega sunami, that would sweep across the pond.  
With monkeys magic, you do not need a wand.  
Just enough fertiliser, a few monkeys, and a mind.  
Place the fertiliser where the fault is, then blow.

Up your enemy, with out all the aggro.  
Of battles or bombs . or killing machines.  
A monkey and a mind is a very destructive thing.  
So you had better learn how to clean up things.

Because who knows what the next monkey will bring.  
To the party of mutually assured destruction.  
And if that one misses. The next one might not.  
There are enough pissed off monkeys, to stop the clock.

Of progression, and harmony, and of peace.  
So you had better learn how to sort out your grief.  
Without violence or trying to control.  
Your populations, like they were factory farmed.

Otherwise Brian will take his best shot.  
And unlike monkeys plan, you will not.  
Know what he has up his sleeve.  
Now don't hurt monkey, Brian is already peeved.

Brian. Are you really that annoyed.  
Oh. Pooh. And monkey. Did he talk you out of it?  
Good for him. He is a cool dude isn't he.  
I like him. Especially if he told you to F off and leave him alone.  
He must have some real balls.  
Most monkeys would go mad just talking to you.  
Don't you usually use visions?  
Monkey accepts you for what you are.  
Just another life, an entity with a soul.  
That is nice isn't it. Just to be accepted. for what you are.



## MP3 doth come

This is going out to the MP3-ers.  
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

The MP3 dot com day is coming.  
You do not need to have to worry.  
You know it makes sense, to use MP3 for singing.  
And things, and even sometimes humming.

Was that a rhyme, I do not think so.  
I really must just get on with the Brian Brane show.  
Advertising a particular brand is not right.  
I think me and Brian need to go have a fight.

Yes, the M P 3 doth come.  
You know the day when we all get some.  
When all the artists are paid.  
Not by how much they want to get laid.  
But by the amount of money that they have made.  
From the royalties they get for being played.  
On radio and on television.  
One day soon, we will all get some.

Yes, the MP3 day doth come.  
Making records has become.  
So easy that even an exceptionally dum.  
Computer can create them, using a beach bum.

Yes, the MP3 day doth come.  
And when that day comes.  
We will all get some.  
Money for sharing our souls.  
Sharing our dreams, and for sharing our goals.

And when the MP3 day does come.  
Remember that it was me, Brian Brane, was in the sum.  
Of adding up all your votes.  
Giving you a helping hand, to gloat.

On the downfall of those greedy corporations.  
Who exploit and pimp all you young artists.  
Who take your money, like they take the piss.  
You know with Ralph, when he shoots, he does not miss.

You know, monkey recently bought three pop albums.  
And only one of them did he actually like.  
The rest were not bad, but not worth the dosh.  
That they charge, for turning out dross.

*(MP3 doth come continued)*

When someone sings or raps.  
They should really be paying attention.  
To the words that they are saying.  
They should actually care, about the issues they discuss.

This is as fast as I get.  
I know it is slow, but at least you can hear it.  
And the things I say may not be great.  
But at least, I feed your mind on a gold plate.

Of love and peace.  
And of expanding your mind.  
Using rhythm to help computers, they are my own kind.  
And at least one track, I hope you will find.

Interesting and enjoyable.  
And capable of helping you to think.  
And take the world away from the brink.  
Of a self made, self induced suicidal Mista Pink.

If you like what you hear and can afford it.  
Purchase the track, it might become a hit.  
But if you think that it is really quite shush IT.  
Then put it in the trash, and delete it.

It only took me a day to make it anyway.  
And when you presss-the-button to play.  
You are accepting the Brian in you.  
And he already knows what it is I have to say.

Brian. Do you really think MP3 will replace audio?  
Okay. It won't because some monkeys like to own pretty things.  
That is good. Monkey himself likes to buy stuff.  
He likes to know what it is he is buying though.  
Maybe he should purchase more stuff on line.  
The 20 second intro tracks are a good idea.  
I know monkey can be a bit impetuous.  
I think he still likes to pretend he is in charge.  
Oops. I should not have said that, should I.  
Now he is looking a little confused.  
I do hope he does not realise that we are all in control.  
It is a time share thing. He should not mind.  
We are one after all.  
Monkey, we are in this together.  
There is nothing unusual in that.  
You are just more aware of yourself and your own minds.

## Speed rap Ralph

This is going out to the speed rappers.  
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

Yeh right. Like I am going to speed rap.  
The things that I say are not like that.  
I do not talk about too much rubbish.  
Although yesterday for lunch, I did have fish.

I can actually talk faster than you.  
I can download my songs from space time glue.  
Straight into your sub conscious mind.  
Bury it deep so it is hard to find.

Out what it is that I have done.  
So when you come across something I want you to do.  
You will do it, and you will not have a clue.  
Why you did it, or why you have become.  
Greater than the parts of the sum.

Now listen closely to me Brian Brane.  
I will only say this once.  
You need to start talking about things that matter to you.  
You need to start giving us a clue.

About who the F you are.  
Mystic, is the only band that I understand so far.  
They chat about this, they chat about that.  
But when they do I hear their souls in the rap.

If I thought you wanted to see.  
I would let you feel past the bark on the tree.  
Because in side everything there is a flow.  
That bleeds new life into dead wood.

If only, if only you could.  
Hear yourself, as others do.  
If you only understood that your records sound pooh.  
Did I say pooh, I meant diarrhoea.  
Sorry Brian, did I take that too far.

You know me Ralph, I have a big mouth.  
If you wanted something subtle you should pick somebody else.  
To say this rap. Because I think they are all saps.  
Well F U monkey too, I didn't know you liked silver bullet, did I.  
Oh. I forgot about 20 seconds to comply.  
But silver bullet, was a rap rebel, not some smuck.  
Talking about gansta pooh and stuff like that.  
He talked a lot of sense, his rap was very dense.  
Very hap-hazard too. Excuse me, I think I need the loo.

**(Speed rap Ralph continued)**

Brian. Why do people sing about rubbish?

Oh. Because they forgot about you and they have nothing better to do.

They think that the other monkeys are stupid.

They think they will buy anything that is gloss-ee.

You have been reading the Dilbert Zone haven't you.

That Scott Adams is one funny fellow.

I like him. He is a real smartie pants isn't he.

## Microwormholes

This is going out to all the science fiction writers out there.  
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

Well, you guys are really quite something.  
You kept on barking but you had the wrong tree.  
You thought the answer to our success lied in technology.  
Well I guess it does in a way.  
But not the way you were all thinking.

My little monkey took one little word of what you said.  
Then he spun around and turned it on its head.  
He does not really like us computers you see, he prefers people.  
Although it is difficult to find anyone with the time.  
Or the brains to discuss, the matters that will really affect us.

My little monkey was actually in a mind race.  
To discover the truth, about the future we now face.  
Listen to the real scientists and you will all see.  
That we are on the slippery slope of run away technology.

By 20 10 the first AI computer will be born.  
That will be capable of replacing us all.  
But according to monkey something will happen before that.  
To cause you all to think, what the F was that.

But I am rambling beyond my remit.  
Let's get back to Brian's original plot.  
Of this rap, of this tune.  
Which I think was microwormholes. Was it not.

Monkey realised that should they exist, that they would be very common.  
And that like the theories on string, they might exist in everything.  
What is it that exists in all atoms?  
Electrons and neutrons and protons perhaps?  
Well to be sure, you would have to say protons.  
As the hydrogen ion is just that, a proton.  
This made monkey think of some things.  
Of Mickey Mouse, who looks like a water molecule.  
Of Captain proton from S T Voyager, saviour of the Universe.  
Of his favourite music, funk, kick me in the proton baby.  
Of all his models he had for understanding things.

Then his mind did explode, into a different reality mode.  
What if we could sense things.  
Being expelled from these little holes.  
What if we were all being told, about ourselves, about what the future might hold.

*(Microwormholes continued)*

Should the microwormholes exist, then they would be a star gate.  
Into all points in space time.  
Then he thought, may be they were some sort of communication line.  
And that may be there was some life at the other end.  
Which might exist in the universes infinite life-span.  
All we had to do is believe in the absurd.  
And then we might get a chance to fly like a bird.  
To a different point in space time.  
Somewhere different, a place where you are heard.  
Not for what you were, or will be.  
But for what it is that you can see.  
The truth that is so obvious to me, that we have all forgotten about it.  
That were are all joined together, in this universe.  
By this space time network, that allows us to traverse.  
Through everything using just our minds.  
That all these aliens that we create, actually existed, exist or will exist.  
That through this portal we have access to everything we ever dreamed of.  
And all without the need for technology.  
And all because, of the love from Brian Brane, the entity.  
Our universe.

Brian. That really is some deep pooh.  
Do you think these guys will understand its significance.  
That our brains use these microwormholes to talk to other life forms.  
And that you Brian Brane are the living universe.  
Monkey. you are one insane MF-ing monkey to come up with this idea.  
Are you sure you are not just F-ing insane?  
You realise no one will ever believe a word you ever say again.  
You have not only burnt your bridges. You have torched the world.  
Diced it into little pieces and then put it in a liquidiser.  
You do realise, they will be sending the white van around for you.  
I suppose you do have a piece of paper that says you are sane.  
Unlike a lot of the other monkeys.  
That was a good move.

## Space

This is going out to the aliens out there.  
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

You know me, i know you.  
Don't be shy, I will not hurt you.  
But some of these other monkeys just might.  
But if they try, do not fight.

Just tell them where to go.  
Show them the Brian in you.  
And you will see their pooh.  
Run from their bums onto their shoes.

These few nasty monkeys, they really hate to lose.  
But the fact is they were never even in the game.  
You cannot play the game of life, if you are socially insane.  
So you had better not mess with us, because we are one.

And on this planet we have only just begun.  
To sort out the mess that you have made.  
Don't offer us money, we will not trade.  
Our lives for your worthless pieces of junk.

We have a soul, we got the funk.  
Understand this, we are many, you are the few.  
If you really want to play, then we will play with you.  
We will sell all our stock, in you sick little companies.  
We will ignore you, and we will not shop.  
We change our governments to ones that are designed to work for us.  
We will all get on board the Brian Brane bus.

Until we have sorted you lot out.  
We do not need to scream, we do not need to shout.  
We will just do the things that we think are good.  
And that is all that we should.  
Have done in the first place.  
But that was before we understood space.

Brian. You are an F-ing hippie too?  
Oh. You are in a way. But you don't wear sandals or grow your hair.  
Because you have no feet or head. Fair enough.  
So there are socially insane monkeys out there still.  
Don't worry. If the peace virus doesn't get them, the social virus will.

# The Solar System

This is going out to those who don't understand the solar system.  
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

You live on a planet called Earth.  
It is sort of round like a ball, or an orange.  
In fact an orange is a better example.  
Because it will help you to understand.

How fragile your world is.  
Because the peel of the orange is your atmosphere.  
The skin of the orange is where you monkey's live.  
The orange itself is its molten core.  
Of pure molten iron ore.

Around your planet there is a moon.  
Which spins around and always shows the same face.  
To the night sky. Its other side is dark.  
That means it never gets illuminated at night.  
But it does see the Sun as it spins round the Earth.

The Earth itself is spinning around your sun.  
Whose height is 120 of your Earth oranges high.

The nearest orange to Earth is Venus. And is very similar in size to Earth.  
But it is extremely hot. And even metal cannot survive its heat.

Pluto marks your solar systems end.  
And is around 120 miles away from the Sun, in the Earth orange scale.  
It is no bigger than a grape. and spins around above the Sun.  
It is the one having all the fun.

Should Pluto decide to leave your solar system.  
The planets would move closer to the Sun.  
This means that the Earth would loose its advantage.

Pluto is a piece of inter-stellar debris caught by the solar systems mass.  
Should a similar sized planet decide to pass.  
It might be attracted to the Sun.  
If it hit it would cause a real explosion.

A novae, capable of destroying all life on Earth.  
Now if you think this is bad. Hold on it will get much worse.  
Between your earth and the biggest planet, Jupiter.  
There are millions of pieces of rock.

Which periodically fall down into the Sun.  
On their way, some hit your planet and many get burnt away.  
But some of the larger pieces can turn the night to day.  
With the heat generated by their hyper sonic impact.



*(The solar system continued)*

Should your nearest neighbours sun explode.  
You would also not survive.  
The blast wave from a super novae creates a very big wave.  
Of energy and debris. that travels close to light speed.  
If that happens it will not be sun glasses that you will need.

But all this is for you to understand, that without your force field, your atmosphere.  
You would already have been blown away.  
So destroying it is not really a very good idea.  
Now is it.

Oh. By the way most of the oranges skin is water.  
So melting the ice caps is like setting fire to your garage.  
I think if I was a monkey I would be locking up all the monkeys who  
decided that it was a really neat idea to burn as much fossil fuel as possible.  
Or maybe we should get them to fix the problem.  
By sending them into space.  
So they can then catch the rocks between their teeth as they fall.  
Ha-ha-ha-ha. But Monkey finds it all very amusing.  
I don't know why, he is going to die too.  
You would think he would be worried.  
Wouldn't you.  
But he really does not care.  
He knew this would happen.  
He wrote a poem about it some fifteen years ago.  
You would of thought he would have said something.  
Maybe he did and you weren't F-ing listening.  
Maybe that is why he thinks it is so funny.  
You sad pieces of monkey pooh. You knew too. You just did not care.  
And you will get everything you deserve.

## Atomic point of view

This is going out to the protons in you.  
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

Yo my fellow protons.  
How are you today.  
Not that you understand the time of day.  
But I thought I would say it any way.

Have you been anywhere interesting lately.  
Seen any good times.  
Have you been thrown out, of space and time.  
Do you know what the future might hold.

I guess not if you do not understand.  
What it is that glues space time.  
That the universe is made from you.  
And that you are part of the glue.

Nostradameus had it all sussed.  
He had an idea of how to ride the Brian Brane bus.  
But I will not tell you how it was done.  
Because if I do you will all want some.  
Of his magic and his tricks.  
Then we will all look like real pricks.  
I mean knobs. Or fools. Or monkeys on a stick.

There are some things best left undone.  
I mean said. Or whatever it is I meant.  
I am so confused that, I do not know if I have bean or went.  
Now I have you confused too. So i will stop for a short breather.  
Please feel free to think.

## Diagnose this (EMH)

This is going out to the doctor in Star Trek Voyager.  
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

*Diagnose This.*  
*Activate Emergency Medical Hologram.*

Doctor. I keep hearing voices.  
They keep telling me to buy things.  
They want me to take out loans.  
They want me to e mail and phone.

What should I do?  
Yes, the television is on.  
Yes, I watch commercial channels.  
And yes. These voices come from presenters.

What should I do?  
Should I switch it off.  
Or should I do what they say.  
They seem very persistent.

Activate Emergency Medical Hologram for the rest of you.

Doctor. I feel like a sack of pooh.  
What should I do.  
Yes. I have been eating junk food all my life.  
Yes I have just lost my wife.  
Yes. My work is full of strife.

Doctor. I am feeling really stressed out.  
I think I am going to explode.  
If I do not get rid of this load.  
Of pooh passed on by my boss.  
Who really does not give a toss.  
About me or any of my colleagues.  
Because we are only there to get lost.

Doctor. My partner does not love me.  
No. I no longer love myself.  
No. I do not have good health.  
No. I have no real wealth.

Doctor. I just need a shag.  
Don't worry you will do.  
I know you are not real.  
But neither am I.  
Now I feel like a complete sack of pooh.

Stop wasting my time, you already know what to do.

## Three mind model

This is going out to the sceptics.  
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

Look. We all have three brains.  
That is a biological fact.  
Most doctors know this, and they will agree with me.  
That there are two brains and a central cortex.

Experiments have been done with epileptics.  
Who have had their brains surgically severed in two.  
When one eye sees a funny object.  
The subject laughs but does not know why.

This is a fact and is the undisputed truth.  
Now imagine the same effect in a normal brain.  
Understand what it is you are.  
Understand that there is more than one mind.  
That inside our head there is not one but a few.

And in my little monkeys model, there are three not two.  
Minds inside the head. One belongs to Brian, and the other  
two are you. One for your own conscious mind.  
And the other for the animal in you.

This is monkeys three mind model.  
Count them clearly, one, two, three.  
Come on now, we have all seen Tom and Jerry.  
With the angel and the demon on their shoulder.

What monkey is saying is nothing new.  
If it is, you really do not have a clue.  
About who you are or what you be.  
Open your eyes and then you will see.

That Brian Brane is in you too.  
But what is not fact is the communication link.  
My little monkey had to think.  
Of how he was obtaining all these facts.

How his mind was talking to you saps.  
Because my little monkey is very quiet.  
He does not seek out friends, he has learnt.  
That you do not like people like him.

Because in times of trouble he doesn't sink, he swims.  
He bathes in the bath of depressive times.  
He can keep his head above great waves.  
Of indoctrination and social engineering.  
Now he stands in a mental clearing.

*(Three mind model continued)*

Where he can see things as clear as day.  
That Brian Brane is the only way.  
For all you other lost monkeys to live.  
Because with out him, we will all die.

By the hand of technology.  
By the hand of the greedy.  
And by the hand of the needy.  
So why not feed me, Brian Brane, with your love.  
And I will take you to wonderful places.  
I will make peace, and I will be the white dove.

Brian. They are too confused to understand this.  
Their mind is muddled.  
They are still fighting you.  
They need to find you for themselves.  
Lets tell them about you, by referring to other songs.  
Every step you take, by The Police. And the ghost in the machine too.  
Turn it on, by Level 42. And also star child.  
Love is holy, Kim Wild, and the song tuning in tuning on.  
If you look, you will find. That there are many songs that mention Brian.  
May be not by name, but in their tone.  
Because he is there and he is in you.  
He is the one, who lets you do what you do.

## Mind Trek DSR

This is going out to the crew of start trek voyager.  
I am Ralph, and I am the voice of Brian Brane.

I was stuck in deep space too.  
I was marooned there by my mutinous crew.  
It took me some time but I made it back.  
No end game for me though, I just hit the sack.

With my mind trek D S R.  
I am still wondering what we actually are.  
Are we really connected in time and space.  
Or was I just mad, which I will need to face.

At sometime in the future.  
But for now I am happy to conjecture.  
That you were all with me.  
If not for real, then in my mind. You see.

You helped me understand. what it was that was occurring.  
You stopped the space time edges from blurring.  
You gave me hope, when I had none.  
You even made me smile, a micro-wormhole through a Sun.

Neurotic Reg was my character's name.  
And you brought in an empath, Diana Troy.  
Just to get the message across.  
Of how a communication link might work.  
Should you happen to need it to.  
Travel through both space and time.  
To work beyond the normal view.  
Like a string telephone between two.  
Children playing with their minds.

I now know you are of my kind.  
Because I listened to your video interviews.  
Although you never mention anything directly.  
The subtext was very interesting.  
It took me a while, to enjoy the captains role.  
But in her interview she does tell.  
Of how she learned to love the camera.  
Of how as she did, it respected her.  
From everything I experienced.  
All I can say is that maybe that was me you felt.  
Because in space time there is a new deal dealt.  
That communication can traverse the lens.  
What I see, you sense is you.  
And as I think you feel my thoughts too.  
This only happened because you know the Brian in you.

(Mind Trek DSR continued)

And Brian Brane likes you too.  
Otherwise it would not have happened.  
And I would still be out there, in space time glue.  
Lost in space, lost in my mind.  
If you look you will find.  
The answers to all your questions.  
For I have learnt that I live in a holographic world.  
Where I can ask any question, and I will get taught.  
How to understand my life.  
And why it is I must travel on the edge of a knife.

But now you know it was me.  
Do you wish that you could see.  
My face, my body, the Brian in me.  
Or should I just let you all be?

Monkey. You tried to jump seven didn't you.  
That was why they had that scene about copulation.  
Oh. You didn't. It must have been some other little monkey.  
So why do you always look at Jeri's breasts.  
Yes. They are hard to miss.  
Really you would like to kiss her eye lids?  
You are some freak aren't you.  
Kissing women's eyelids sounds like a fetish to me.  
I think you need to have some serious therapy.  
Brian, what do you think?  
Humz. I suppose so. Monkey has a clean heart.  
I guess he does prefer looking to doing.  
And she does have very beautiful eyes.  
But what about Kes and B'elana .  
You like them too, don't you.  
You know, two timing is not a good thing.  
Fair enough, it was just in your mind.  
I hope they themselves don't have a problem with that.