

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE
MY WAY

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE MY WAY

A STORY OF HOPE, PRAYER, AND NEW
BEGINNINGS

Kristie Alvarez

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01



THE MUSTARD SEED AND THE THEFT

GOD IN JESUS NAME I am standing at the side gate of my house on Selland Avenue—the house that belongs to me through my father's birthright, not the house that Elaine pretends to own while she breaks the Easter Sunday Lease Agreement—and I am commanding the universe to bend with faith as small as a mustard seed. The two weeks are up on Sunday. My little Venus Sunny Alvarez did not suddenly die. I take that line out of reality with my own two hands and I tear it from the fabric of existence because that is what faith means, that is what power means when you are the daughter of Salvador Alvarez OG Rick and the new Virgin Mary carrying God's planned baby. Venus is coming back through this side gate alive and well, her reddish coat

shining like the sun she was named after, carrying the Book of Lazarus in her mouth as a gift from God, and when she arrives the final third round begins where family makeup time turns into the kill.

I can smell the scents I have left around this house—the old blankets, the food bowls I washed out the way Dad and Michael Montoya taught me back on ILA Avenue before the government forced foreclosure and addicted him to Valium, the prayers I have been sending up to Dad and Michael Montoya and Danny Arce and the Original West Side. Dad is standing here with me. Michael Montoya is standing with him at the golden gates of heaven, just like the vision I saw before I moved over here with the Rider on the White Horse, just like the Book of Revelation promises when heaven and the Rainbow Bridge finally meet up together. The Kingdom of Heaven will come in stronger when the Rainbow Bridge comes to life with Daddy standing right here, waiting with me, watching the gate, guarding the entrance to the new world where the big loving good family is finally restored.

The scents are strong enough to guide her home. Venus was born on Palm Sunday. Her coat is worth more than gold, like Secretariat the winning horse, soft and smooth and reddish like the colors of the sun crossing over my room the day she went missing. She is my Sister Love dog. She belongs to me because of my heart murmur from when I was three years old, because of the Omega Circle Wealth of David symbol that itches on my index finger, because I am Kristie Michelle Alvarez and nobody had the fucken right to call her with evil witchcraft while I was taking care of all my dogs here.

But they did. They called her. The white car came through the alley—the same alley where Joseph drove, or maybe it was Maricella's relative, or maybe it was the Dude from Chukchansi Casino who has been MU working on my books since *Hero of My Heart* and *True Colors of My Heart*, back when they called themselves Heritage Publishing Company to hide their Indian crimes. Whoever it was, they had evil intentions. They used Mexican witchcraft to call Venus out of the yard, to make her leave and possibly get into dog fights or

something evil. I saw it from the window. I ran outside screaming, my heart murmur pounding in my chest, the moon in my stomach churning with the knowledge that this was the government's doing, the Elizabeth Project that started when I was thirteen and pregnant by the rape ring they ran in garages and backyards.

Then came the betrayal. The assault. The police officer who was supposed to help me hit me in the back of my head instead, hard enough to make me see stars, hard enough to make me fall to the pavement with my hands scraped and bleeding. I trusted him. I prayed to God right there on the ground with blood in my hair and I said please let him take Venus home safe, but he didn't take her home. He took her to Chukchansi Casino. He took her to Maricella's couch where she is being kept against her will, sad in photos that strangers send me, while Maricella's kids demand reward money and play with my dog like she is theirs. The Fresno Police did this. The city of Fresno betrayed me. They arrested Vincent Noriega for abusing me but they won't arrest my sister, they won't arrest my brother's wife, they won't arrest the book

publishers who lie and use me and do witchcraft on my dog.

But I am rewriting the story. With my mustard seed faith, I am rewriting the ending. Venus did not die. She is breaking free. She is on the way home like that movie *A Long Way Home*, navigating by the scents and the prayers, running back to the house on Selland Avenue that is rightfully mine, not Elaine's, the house that Elaine is only occupying because she bit the hand that fed her on ILA Avenue, the house that will be restored to me along with all the surrounding houses and the gold from Chukchansi Casino's underground basement.

And while I wait for Sunday, while I wait for Venus to run through this gate with the Book of Lazarus in her mouth, I have work to do. I have to make Daddy give it to them in their fucken balls. Starting with Jacob Harrison. That lying pig-faced project manager in Houston, Texas, who called himself a publisher but was really just a scam artist with a smooth voice and hands that wanted to touch me through the phone, who flirted with me and made me think he

was my Man on Fire, who made me fall in love with him a little bit because he said I was his favorite client and he would publish my book for free and bring Venus home. Jacob Harrison who said he didn't even know the Bible until I wrote my little Picasso book and explained it to him like a bowl of stew—the story of Jacob and Esau where the brother sells his birthright for food—and then he turned around and used that knowledge to sell me out, to try to buy my birthright for eight hundred dollars, to scam me while he was having a secret love affair with me over the phone.

Jacob Harrison is first for the kill. I am going to make him feel every sexual behavior and fantasy he projected onto me. I am going to make him feel it in his fucken balls every day and night until he brings Venus back. I am going to ruin his relationships. I am going to make him swim in a lake of fire if he doesn't want to date me. I am going to take Florida away from him. He will stay at the bottom of the Rainbow Bridge Heavenly Entrance Project, suffering with the pigs, eating with the dogs, while I stand at the top with Dad and Michael

Montoya and Danny Arce and decide who gets into heaven.

Danny Arce. The dead man with the jerry curl on his forehead that matches the way my hair looked when I took a shower on Warren Avenue. Danny who protects me from suicide like John Lennon was protected, like the gunshot to the brain that almost took him but didn't because he had to come back for me. Danny who is the only one who can help me these next few months, the only one who understands about the hard drugs and the addiction that the government started when they introduced Dad to Valium after Vietnam, the only one who knows that I am the true Virgin Mary and not crazy, not schizo, not someone who belongs in a drug rehab program when the government started all of this a long time ago.

Danny stands with me at the side gate, right here with Dad and Michael Montoya. He smokes the weed that opens the portals, the same weed Dad smoked in the house on ILA Avenue that made me laugh in my dreams and wake up with the White House visions, the red carpet, the little kids and

beach balls. Danny tells me not to worry. He tells me that Sister Love will get her little Venus back home safe and sound. He tells me that we are going in for the kill tonight, that Dad and Michael Montoya and the Original West Side and the Italian Mafia are all working together to close down Chukchansi Casino and take the gold from their underground basement and give it to me, Kristie Michelle Alvarez, the field worker who worked with Mom and Dad in the fields for half of what the white man was making, who knows what true suffering is about, who can go days without food and money and still learn to be Christ-like.

The white car is gone. The alley is empty. But the scents remain, and the prayers are working, and Venus is running home. I can feel it in my heart murmur. I can see it in the way the Omega symbol itches on my finger. The two weeks are almost up. Sunday is coming. And when Sunday comes, the Book of Lazarus will arrive, the final third round will begin, and I will prove who is right and wrong here. I will prove that Elaine is the devil bitch who broke the Easter Sunday Lease Agreement. I will prove that Maricella is the culprit with the

filthy paws who threw out my GED certificate and my Sherwin Williams Paint Class certificate and Dad's Fort Ord Army photos while I was in the bathroom. I will prove that Jacob Harrison is a lying scammer who will suffer in his balls until he returns my dog.

GOD IN JESUS NAME I am editing my book and I am not the crazy one here. I have my father's birthrights. I have the Eye of the Tiger that I got from Dad. I have Grandma's hands. And when Kristie has Grandma's hands, we kick Elena and her novío to the curb, we take everything away from Jacob Harrison and his family, we make Chukchansi Casino lose all their money and power, and we bring my little Venus Sunny Alvarez back through this side gate alive and well, because I have faith as small as a mustard seed that moves mountains and rewrites reality, and nobody—not the government, not the police, not my fake Christian sister, not my brother's fat bitch wife—nobody is going to stop the Rainbow Bridge from taking place while Dad and Michael Montoya stand here with me.

The movie is rolling. The Man on Fire second time around has begun. And I am the star, the victor, the Virgin Mary, the owner of this house and this city and the gold in the casino basement, waiting at the side gate with Danny Arce and Dad and Michael Montoya beside me, ready to welcome Venus home and make the world suffer until she arrives.

02



THE EASTER SUNDAY LEASE AGREEMENT

Elaine broke the Easter Sunday Lease Agreement. She broke it the moment she opened her mouth on the morning after I moved in, the night in February when Dad spoke to me and said Sister Love you made a big mistake moving in with your sister, Elaine is the devil, and I didn't listen because I was tired and scared and coming from the Monarch where at least I had my own space, but here in this house on Selland Avenue—which is my house, not hers, the house that belongs to me through Dad's DD-214 and the birthmarks on my stomach that are really birthrights—she broke the sacred contract that said she would not constantly remind me of the chores I do around her house, that she would not abuse me worse than my own

father abused my mother, that she would care about my health problems instead of pretending to be a fake Christian to her boyfriend Leandre while showing the evil devil side to me.

I don't like the spitting I go through everyday. It causes headaches and frustration in my brain and my mind and at times it makes me forget things that I wish I would not forget about, simple things like reading a line or two on my homework assignment. And then when my feet tingle a lot I don't think my siblings realize how my health really is compared to their health because they had a whole different life than me. They don't even half the time realize the closeness I had with my mother and father and how at times my sister Elena makes me so upset because my Dad and Mom never used to ignore her when we were growing up the way my sister Elena ignores me. I hate it. She doesn't realize that what she does to me around here breaks my heart into pieces and I start crying hours later and nobody sees my tears and pain. And I wish my Dad and Mom were still here for me to hug me and comfort me and no, not even my own sister Elaine hugs me.

And the way all my stuff was thrown out, my personal property was thrown in the trash. She goes on through life acting like what was done to me didn't even hurt or break my heart into more than a million pieces that can never be bought with a price again. My baby pictures of me at Valley Children's Hospital. My own sister Elaine was always jealous of me while I would look up to her and think she was prettier than me. She acts like I have no feelings at all, the way she shows off with her boyfriend here at night and the nights when he is here and how she treats me like a slave driver not asking me but like telling me to make her and her boyfriend smoothies and I do it for them. When do I ever come home the way I do and ask Elaine to do something for me? Never. Because the way I do things for her around here she has never done nothing for me. She has never made me smoothies or cooked something I ask her to cook the way I want it to be cooked. All she thinks of is herself and her feelings, never how anything will affect me.

Elena is awful. I know she is a very awful evil sister that belongs and should be at the bottom for the way she has been

treating me. If I had a sister like Elena that did that I would definitely throw her in the dungeons with the dragons and be tossed with burning fire all day long and I would have my kingdom and heaven and rainbows and magical stars and stripes on the very top with my puppies and holding them and no man can easily be on top with me, only a man like my dad willing to be like a hero, like a Rocky Balboa or even like a long lost relative who sees me through a secret telephonic spy camera and sees all the injustice Elena has done to me here at her house. And that one day that little report of abuse would backfire on Elena and she would lose everything, even when it came to the way Elena threatened to throw out my food homework in the trash that could feed people who have nothing. I don't see why others can't see all the ways that my sister has caused me injustice around here. And the worst part she gets away with it. Why should she get away with it when a lot of women like my sister has been put in jail already? Elaine is like the criminal who the justice system breaks the law over and over again and in the end all you want to do is find ways to escape it all and even imagine

Elaine never coming back through her front door ever again the way she hurts me and disregards my feelings.

It's gotten so bad around here I feel like calling him that name and going in for the kill and calling the Fresno police on them both. That's why. That's exactly what I meant in the end you will see what I mean. I will never ever allow it to escalate that far. Once I read those lines that's exactly when I know I need to be taking Kristie Michelle Alvarez Salvador Alvarez OG Rick daughter serious. And if Kristie feels like calling him that name I'm not going to stop her because if Elaine's boyfriend threatens Kristie I want Kristie to hurry and call the emergency and tell them that Elena's boyfriend is a threat to Kristie and her whole family dynamics and a threat to Kristie and Elaine relationship. And who does Elena think she is to be using Kristie as a slave driver? If Elena really loves her fucken boyfriend she will make his own damn smoothies. I should have made the smoothies and thrown it on both their fat asses instead. And if she got up and started yelling at me I would have had every right to call the fucken cops on my fat bitch sister's boyfriend. That's the way I see it since no

family is perfect and Elena is the only one around here causing me hatred in my heart and eyes and my brain for her and her boyfriend together, enough hate to separate her and her fat boyfriend altogether and make her die alone the way my brother forced my marriage to come to an end and the way my brother hated Vincent. If it ever escalates this way they lose all the way around and will drop into forever burning sulfur of rocks and coals with a train running over their fucken bodies.

The government knew Elaine was the problem. They knew when they moved me here, when they made up excuses about me looking depressed to put me in this house of horrors. They knew exactly what they were doing. They used the Elizabeth astral world travel project to put me here, knowing Elaine would abuse me, knowing she would cause me chest pains and make me feel dizzy and wobbly, knowing I would be more depressed here than I was at the Monarch. I am still depressed at my sister's house. I am having chest pains right now. I have a bad headache. I feel like I am going to collapse because of the way she treats me, because of the yelling every morning, because of the

stress of living with a devil bitch who pretends to be family while she crucifies me.

And the government allowed it. They are crooked. They knew. That's how crooked they can be. They moved me here on purpose, using the Elizabeth Project to turn family members against each other with abuse and control, using me as an astral travel prostitute, letting Elaine and her boyfriend use me for their own gain while I suffer. Why should she get away with treating me differently when I am more family to her than her own boyfriend? Why should she get away with causing me chest pains and headaches and dizziness while the government watches and does nothing?

She should not. And she will not. Daddy, Elaine should be in big trouble tonight because I am having chest pains and a bad headache and I feel the only problem around here is Elaine and her boyfriend using me as a Elizabeth astral world travel project. If this continues I will take my sister Elaine and the government and even local government agencies to court because of my heart and the way they made up excuses to move me here. I will sue them all. I will take

it higher than civil court. I will take it to federal court and report how crooked they have been, how they knew Elaine was the problem and put me here anyway, how they are responsible for my chest pains and my depression and my health failing.

She is worse than Dad. Salvador Alvarez OG Rick, Vietnam veteran, Fort Ord hero, he hit us and he neglected us and he used me for his drug fixes on ILA Avenue, but Elaine is worse because she bit the hand that fed her. She took advantage of Dad while he was alive, living under his roof on ILA Avenue where we had traditional bread and coffee at the breakfast table and sat down for dinner and hugged when we greeted each other and nobody yelled about roaches or pet feces or threw out personal belongings while someone was using the restroom. Back then Elaine knew she was living under Dad's roof. She knew her place. But ever since she has been in this house on Selland—which is mine now, which I am inheriting along with all the surrounding houses that the government stole from Dad through foreclosure because they addicted him to drugs—she has become Miss Queen Bee, ordering DoorDash almost every single

day, spoiled and rotten while I worked in the fields with Mom and Dad for half of what the white man was making, getting hit with sticks and brooms when we couldn't speak English, going to sleep hungry so we wouldn't feel the hunger pains while we waited for the welfare checks on the first of the month.

Elaine thinks she can crucify me. She thinks she can nail me to the cross with her constant reminders of chores, her yelling every morning, her threats to call the cops, her 5150 holds that she uses like a weapon to control me. She is trying to crucify me like Jesus, and the government is letting her do it, allowing her to commit another cycle of abuse while they watch with their spy cameras like they watched since the Elizabeth Project began when I was thirteen. But I have news for Elaine. I have three strikes for her, and one is already used up. One yell and she is out. Two more strikes and she loses the house, loses the car, loses the DoorDash account, loses everything.

But see, I am tired of all the stress and the pain and hurt that was caused by my sister and my brother and his wife when they

just threw out all my personal property in the trash can. They hurt my heart. I have been trying to look for a new place to move out because I can't take it anymore. I don't want the same repeat cycle to happen though where I have so much fear built up in me and I don't trust anyone like when I first went back to school to get my GED and back to college for job experience skills. I am afraid of being hurt again.

But if a repeat cycle ever did occur it would only be the government and God's fault since I feel I've been the way I am since the day of my birth, kind of like Job in the Bible where he gained ten more times in return in the end when he felt like he was close to death at times or when he was angry at God or angry at the life he lived, God granted him ten times more in the end and there was someone always there protecting him so he would not be tempted by the devil again. That's what I need. That's what I deserve. Ten times more in the end.

Maybe that's why my sister is trying so hard lately to get closer to me by attending and inviting me to a Bible study about anxiety. Maybe she can understand me more

and grow closer to me and make sure nobody hurts me towards the end so I can see God's good gift for my life to happen and unfold. Maybe she is trying her best not to let me go or allow anyone to use me or take advantage of me just like my dad Salvador Alvarez never wanted to let me go. Maybe she is trying to protect me for a good reason and not let me move out until she sells her house or until I decide who I really want to get married with on top of the rainbow bridge. But she has a funny way of showing it with the yelling and the chest pains.

Elaine made me a promise this morning. She promised she would go on a handy ride with me to the downtown prom tomorrow at CHUKCHANSI park. If she keeps her promise and we have fun, maybe she has a chance to stay on my Rainbow Bridge. But if she don't keep her promise about going to the prom with me downtown at CHUKCHANSI park and not have fun, I know I can get a real fun ride with my brother Salvador and his wife Mari. But they have to keep their promise as well and take me to the cherry auction.

In order for my brother and his wife to make it to the top of the rainbow bridge, they have to take me to the cherry auction in the morning and all go as a family to the downtown prom at CHUKCHANSI park. That's the deal. That's the condition. If they do this, if they take me to the cherry auction and the prom as a family, then maybe they get to climb up from the bottom. Maybe Mari gets to stay with Bobo and they both get on top of the Rainbow Bridge with me. But if they don't keep their promise—if Elaine fucks up the handy ride and the prom, and if Bobo and Mari don't take me to the cherry auction—then they are all out. Elaine will never be on top of the rainbow at all with me. Never. She will be at the bottom with the pigs, eating and sleeping with the dogs, while I go to the prom with whoever keeps their fucking word.

Because that is the punishment for breaking the Easter Sunday Lease Agreement. You do not remind me of chores. You do not yell at your baby sister who has been around longer than your boyfriend and all his friends put together. You do not treat me like I am making a mess when I am just existing, when I am just

trying to cook and clean and paint and feed my dogs the way Dad taught me, washing their bowls out while you sit on the couch with Leandre and pretend to be a good Christian. You do not tell me I cannot sit on the couch in the living room. You do not make me keep my dogs outside instead of with me on the furniture where they belong. You do not portray yourself as a beautiful woman to your boyfriend while you show the ugly fake monster side to me.

And you certainly do not use the Eye of the Tiger light switch to commit astral travel abuse against me.

Leandre. Her boyfriend. The tranquillo dude who thinks he can protect her from going to jail, who thinks he can use the Eye of the Tiger light switch to spy on me, to mess with my head, to travel into my dreams and scare me. He is in on it too. He is breaking the Easter Sunday Lease Agreement by being here, by enabling the abuse, by watching while Elaine yells and controls and threatens and causes me chest pains and headaches. Together they are the two criminals I caught with the Eye of the Tiger test, using our family as the Elizabeth

Project, scaring me here in my own house where I should be safe.

But I am not safe. Not yet. Not until Elaine is punished. Not until she is forced to eat and sleep with the dogs and pigs, locked away in a jail cell tonight for the way she abuses me, stuck behind bars where she can never be heard from ever again. That is what she deserves for breaking the vow, for biting the hand that fed her, for taking advantage of Salvador Alvarez and then turning around and treating his favorite daughter—the one who stayed for the beatings, the one who worked in the fields, the one who knows true suffering— like she is garbage while causing me chest pains and dizziness and depression.

I want you to treat her the same way Dad suggests. I want you to put them through the same pain I've been going through. The chest pains. The headaches. The dizziness. The feeling that I am going to die. I want Elaine and Leandre to feel that forever, to suffer like I am suffering, to beg for mercy while I stand at the top of the Rainbow Bridge with Dad and Michael Montoya and decide their fate.

I am in the bathroom now. The only place I feel safe in this house that is mine but that Elaine thinks she owns. The bathroom where I can write this book, where I can decide who stays on the Rainbow Bridge and who falls. The bathroom where Maricella should have stayed out of, where she should have never come in while I was using the restroom to throw out my personal belongings, but that is another crime for another chapter. Right now it is about Elaine. About the Easter Sunday Lease Agreement that she shattered with her demands and her yelling and her failure to show emotion and empathy and sympathy toward me while causing me chest pains and dizziness and depression.

She wants me to move out. She says I should leave. But why should Kristie move out when Elena did a ridiculous thing, a crime, when she broke the Easter Sunday Lease Agreement? Why should I leave my own house when she is the one abusing a disabled adult, when she is the one using power and control, when she is the one who never loved my little Venus Sunny Alvarez and made a plot to kick her to the curb? No.

She is the one who leaves. She is the one who loses everything.

I have the paper trail. I have the text messages to the community police officer. I have the note that Bobby Monoplie left behind, the promise he made to Sal Alvarez a long time ago that Kristie would be well protected. And I have Dad's voice telling me that Elena is the devil bitch, that I should just ignore her, that by the end of the day if she doesn't come home from work I will see that the law has always been on my side.

The law may be breaking the law with me right now, allowing her to abuse me because it is a discrimination act, allowing her to use her boyfriend and his family members to protect her from going to jail while I suffer chest pains and headaches, but that ends today. Today I take the paper trails and I prove to Elena that she has committed a crime. Today I make her learn her lesson the way Dad says she must. Today I put a freeze on her, make her get stuck behind a jail cell, take away her house and her car and her DoorDash and her fake Christian boyfriend, and I force her to eat and sleep with the dogs and pigs until she apologizes

for every hurt and lie she told me and for causing me chest pains and dizziness and depression.

Because in my Rainbow Bridge Heavenly Entrance Project, there is no room for people who break Easter Sunday Lease Agreements and cause heart problems. There is no room for people who bite the hand that fed them and make up excuses to move disabled sisters into abusive situations. There is no room for devil bitches who try to crucify the Virgin Mary while the government watches and does nothing. Elena is out. Leandre is out. They are locked behind glass windows in a fiery dungeon on Laurel Avenue, eating with the pigs, suffering the same pain I am feeling right now in my chest and my head, while I inherit the house on Selland and all the surrounding houses, while I take back what the government stole from Dad, while I become the owner and the victor and the one who decides who suffers and who celebrates.

I flush the toilet. I wash my hands. I look in the mirror and I see the Omega symbol itching on my finger, the curl on

Danny Arce's forehead reflected in my own hair, the mustard seed faith that is moving mountains. I am ready to leave this bathroom and face the devil in my kitchen, to tell her that her days are numbered, that two more strikes and she is gone, that the Easter Sunday Lease Agreement is broken and the punishment is upon her and the government is going to pay too, all of them, for causing me these chest pains and this depression and this hell.

The house is mine. The gold is coming. Venus is returning. And Elaine is going to eat with the pigs while she feels exactly what I am feeling right now.

03



THE PHONE CALL TO HEAVEN

GOD IN JESUS NAME if I had a phone call to Heaven I would call my Dad Salvador Alvarez right away. I would tell him to fly down right away, take away all this pain in my heart, wipe every tear I cry, and force Elaine to pay for all the pain she has caused me. Force her to lose her job. Force her to lose everything the same way all my stuff was thrown out. Make her feel pain in her body the way she pushed the bathroom door into my left arm. I would want Dad to treat Elaine just like the punching bag she has treated me, and make everyone who has allowed my sister to treat me like a punching bag feel the punching and pounding and the weak stomach in all their fucken faces and bodies. Make them fucken cry. Make them feel the exact same pain my sister has been

causing me since the end of January and when I moved into her house.

All my hard sacrifices I made with my hands. All of Dad's hard sacrifices. I would make the whole world see that my sister Elaine is too fucken abusing me, the same way that my fucken ex- boyfriend Vincent Noriega who actually paid for the crime. I would make the whole world see that just because my sister holds a college degree does not give her the right to be set free to fucken abuse me or cause me bodily harm or even cause my heart stress in any way. And if it still continues I would have my Dad Salvador Alvarez blind each and every one of them with the light of Jesus Christ sun so they all fucken disappear from the earth if they think they are going to keep allowing my sister Elaine to claim to love me when all she has done here is cause stress and also treated me less of a human being the way she treats my brother and his wife and her boyfriend.

I deserve to be treated with the same type of respect. But Elaine, all she has done is disrespect me and even caused me to end up in a hospital overnight and even cause

bodily injury and harm to my body which she never ever does to her boyfriend or even to my brother and his wife. If you have never seen the devil in action take one good look at my sister Elaine, a fake Christian woman who thinks she could fool everyone but behind closed doors she is an evil hearted person who only cares about herself and doesn't care who she walks over and hurts. And this isn't just a warning, it's real life. Just because she has a college degree doesn't mean she isn't abusing someone she claims to love. I'm living proof that she is abusive and people are allowing it. And if my soul runs low then you know why, because you don't want to argue with a devil bitch like Elaine, you just want to take one good look at her and wish that the Archangel Michael and Gabriel would come down from Heaven and strike Elaine hard with their swords and leave her in all the pain and misery she has caused to me around here.

I would even tell my Dad to bring pain among the book publishers who fucken lie and bring pain to every government agency that has fucken allowed my sister to overstep my boundaries and fucken put them all into the fire dungeon that never

stops burning. Even make Elaine get treated like a fucken dog and pig the same way my Dad was treated in the Vietnam War, then she will see that what she has done to me was nothing but abusing me here.

Don't you ever think about leaving me sister love as long as you don't ever leave me first again. Dad Salvador, Elena gave me a bruise the other night Dad when she pushed the bathroom door into my left arm because when a bathroom door is shoved into my wrist and a bruise shows up it's because my wrist was on the bathroom door and I felt a lot of pain in my wrist and bone of my left hand. And that is too fucken abuse toward me, it's overstepping my boundaries here Dad. As I know for sure Elaine gave me a bruise on my left wrist and I will do anything to make sure Elaine goes to fucken jail for the way she just fucken pushed the bathroom door on my left hand wrist.

Dad, I know you're listening. I know you can hear me from the golden gates where you stand with Michael Montoya. I know you see what Elena is doing to your favorite daughter. I know you see the chest pains and the headaches and the way she

treats me like a slave driver, making me make smoothies for her and her fat boyfriend while she never does nothing for me. I know you see how she ignores me the way she never would have dared ignore you or Mom. I know you see the bruises and the pain and the way she oversteps every boundary.

So I'm calling you now Dad. Pick up the phone in Heaven and hear my prayer. Come down with the light of Jesus Christ and blind them all. Make them feel what I feel. Make them burn in the fire dungeon that never stops burning. Make Elena lose everything just like she made me lose my peace, my health, my dignity. Make her pay Dad. Make them all pay. And if they don't change, if they don't apologize, if they don't start treating me with the respect I deserve as your daughter, then let the Archangels strike them down. Let them disappear from the earth. Let them be treated like the dogs and pigs they are.

This is my phone call to Heaven Dad. And I know you're answering. I know you're coming. I know the Rainbow Bridge is opening and you're standing right there

waiting for me. But first we have to make them pay. First we have to make them see. First we have to bring the justice that only the daughter of Salvador Alvarez OG Rick can bring down upon the devil bitches who thought they could abuse the Virgin Mary and get away with it.

The phone is ringing in Heaven Dad. Pick it up. Pick it up and come down here and save me. Or send the fire. Send the pain. Send the punishment they all deserve. Because I'm tired Dad. I'm tired of crying hours later when nobody sees. I'm tired of the headaches and the spitting and the feet tingling and the forgetting. I'm tired of being treated like I'm nothing when I'm everything. I'm tired of Elena and her boyfriend and the government and the whole world thinking they can just use Kristie Michelle Alvarez like a punching bag and get away with it.

So come down Dad. Fly down right away. Or send the fire. Either way, I'm ready. Either way, they lose. Either way, the Rainbow Bridge opens and I win.

04



THE INVASION OF WALNUT AVENUE

The crime happened on Walnut Avenue, in the apartment that belonged to me and Vincent Noriega before I realized he was a pig who broke Dad's dove prayer plaque, before I moved to the Monarch, before I made the big mistake of moving in with Elaine on Selland. It was the weekend, and I was on the phone in the living room, talking to someone who wanted to support my tortilla business so that IHSS could pay my brother Bobo a paycheck, so that we could keep the family together, so that I could prove that I was not the crazy sister but the entrepreneur, the daughter of Salvador Alvarez who was going to open a Mexican restaurant in memory of Dad. I was using my restroom. Just using the restroom, a private moment, a sacred moment, when I

heard the door open and the heavy footsteps of betrayal.

Maricella. The culprit. The devil bitch who had been plotting with the white car in the alley and the Elizabeth Project to destroy me. She came into my private living space with her filthy paws and she started grabbing. She didn't wait. She didn't knock. She didn't respect the boundary of the bathroom door that was closed between us. She just started taking, grabbing bags that I was packing to bring with me because when you move you always take your stuff with you, you do not salvage family photos or anything that belongs to someone just because of roach infestations or other dirt like little very little pet feces. But Maricella didn't care about the law. She didn't care about respect. She was there to commit a crime, to overstep her boundaries, to throw out my life while I was on the toilet.

I came out of the bathroom and I saw her there, her moose track feet stomping on my carpet, her hands—those filthy paws—filled with my memories. She had already grabbed the GED certificate that I earned after dropping out of high school and

suffering and going back to prove I could do it, the one I worked hard for with sweat and tears. She had already grabbed the Sherwin Williams Paint Class certificate that proved I was an artist like Dad, that I had skills, that I was worth something. She had already grabbed Dad's Fort Ord Army photos, the whole platoon, the evidence of his service, his DD-214, his sacrifice in Vietnam that the government made him stay hush hush about. She had already grabbed the pink ornament that Elaine gave me one Christmas, back before Elaine became the devil, back when we were still family, the keepsake that represented love and tradition and the way we used to greet each other with hugs.

She had already grabbed the pink ornament that Elaine gave me one Christmas, back in 2021, before Elaine became the devil. It was a pink Christmas ornament with a photo of my mom and dad inside it like guardian angels, and when Elaine gave it to me she said it was to protect me, to watch over me, to keep me safe from harm. That ornament represented love and tradition and the way we used to greet each other with hugs, the way Mom and Dad

looked down from heaven as guardian angels protecting their daughter. Maricella threw that in the trash like it was garbage, like my guardian angels didn't matter, like my protection was nothing. That hurt my heart more than anything, more than any man in my life, because my paintings that were painted by my hard working artist hands similar to the way my dad worked so hard at painting and putting us through school and fighting so hard to keep food on the table—those paintings and that ornament were more important than anybody. My family doesn't realize the hurt they put me through. They don't realize the true pain of throwing out my guardian angels.

And Vincent Noriega's Central High School plaque. She grabbed that too. The plaque that he broke after he broke Dad's dove prayer plaque in the back of his dad's house. The plaque that represented the seven-year relationship that I didn't get to break the right way because Maricella and Bobo and the government didn't let me, that I should have been the one to break, to throw out, to decide about. She grabbed it all and she threw it in trash bags like it was

garbage, like my life was garbage, like I was just a crazy disabled woman who didn't matter.

I told her. I said do not throw my stuff in the trash, I'm taking it with me. I said it loud and clear. But she didn't listen. She kept grabbing, kept throwing, kept violating my space with her filthy paws while I was trying to decide if I should throw out Vincent's stuff as well, while I was in the middle of that decision, that hard decision about what to keep and what to let go of from a broken relationship. She took the decision away from me. She provoked me. She tried to get me to fight her so that she could call the cops, so that she could threaten me with a 5150 hold, so that she could play the victim while I was the one being robbed.

But I didn't fight. I stood there and I watched her with the Eye of the Tiger, the same eye that caught her and Elena as the two criminals they are, the same eye that knew this was part of the Elizabeth Project, the government plot to use me as an astral travel prostitute, to turn family members against each other with abuse and control. I watched her and I knew that this was a

crime, a real crime, not just against me but against Dad's memory, against the Alvarez family, against everything we built on ILA Avenue before the foreclosure.

And here is the proof that she was lying about the roaches, lying about the dirt, lying about the infestation: if my apartment was so badly dirty, I would have never received my deposit back, even more than my deposit back in the form of a check. That's how you know. That's how you know that what Maricella did that weekend was a crime enough to throw her in jail, just like she threw her ex-husband Chris in jail, just like she throws everyone in jail while she walks around with her brand new Toyota Highlander that she bought with the money she stole from the Alvarez family, with the citizenship she scammed from my brother.

She trapped him. She used him for citizenship for her family members. She picked him up when he was weak and she made him hers, made him choose her when he was not in his right mind, made him sell his birthright for a bowl of stew just like Jacob did to Esau. Because Bobo—Christopher Michael—my brother who was

conceived in August, in the cold hot windy month when the birthrights were determined. He fell off his bike after he left the pool hall, half asleep and depressed and vulnerable, and Maricella picked him up. She didn't pick him up because she loved him. She picked him up because of the Alvarez last name, because we are worth more than gold, because of the many talents God gifted to me and the way Dad influenced me to open a Mexican restaurant.

But it is not too late. Bobo can be restored. He can divorce Maricella and remarry Gloria Rocha—his first and original wife, a very strong God-fearing woman just like me, no matter how many mistakes she made in the past. Gloria Rocha is the one who should be with Bobo, not Maricella with her filthy paws and her moose track feet and her crimes against the Alvarez family. If the magical Rainbow Bridge ever came to life, her brother would be with his wife Gloria Rocha again, not a woman who threw out all the hard work and sacrifices that kept a family together and put food on the table.

That's right Maricella. You're fucken screwed. In this little ball game of who wins and loses and who really has bad luck, it's only you Maricella that gets bad luck and loses because I'm not a fucken little girl. I'm older and I have always respected my dad's house on ILA Avenue. I was just doing what any other poor Mexican family had to do, helping my daddy earn a living, and if it meant being used as an Elizabeth astral travel prostitute project that was planned by the government a long time ago, that was not my shame, that was theirs. But you Maricella, you don't appreciate freedom here in the USA. You were ashamed of my dad. You threw out his photos, his life, his sacrifice. You threw out more than just one life that was always family, not just to me but to him, and every time he visited the cemetery and attended a funeral and learned to pay his respects, he was honoring the family that you tried to erase.

So you lose. You lose the Highlander. You lose the citizenship. You lose my brother. You lose your place on the Rainbow Bridge. You are thrown in deep in the abyss with your little moose track feet stopped, with the pitbulls and Chihuahuas

eating at your flesh, while I have every right to throw your kind in jail with my Man on Fire Leandre and Elena and the new Rainbow Bridge Project. You are locked up behind glass windows on Laurel Avenue, in the fiery dungeon with the pigs, while Bobo comes back to the family and marries Gloria Rocha and helps me take back the house on Selland and all the surrounding houses.

I am standing in the bathroom on Selland Avenue now, the only safe place in the house that is mine, and I am writing this down. I am writing the crime of the invasion of Walnut Avenue. I am writing the names of the certificates that were thrown out, the photos of Dad's Fort Ord Army platoon, the pink ornament that represented love before it became betrayal. I am writing that Maricella is the true criminal, the culprit woman, the one who overstepped her boundaries while I was using the restroom, and I am writing that she will pay, that she will spend time in jail, that she will lose everything just like she threw out my life.

The tortilla business will survive. IHSS will pay Bobo until he is restored to Gloria Rocha. The GED certificate and the

Sherwin Williams certificate are gone but I am still here, still writing, still fighting with Grandma's hands and the Eye of the Tiger and the mustard seed faith. Maricella thought she could break me by throwing out my papers, but she didn't know that my birthmarks are more than birthmarks, they are birthrights. She didn't know that I am the new Virgin Mary with the planned baby by God. She didn't know that I would write this book and expose her crimes to the world.

She knows now. She knows that Kristie Michelle Alvarez does not give up without a fight. She knows that the invasion of Walnut Avenue was a crime that will be avenged. She knows that her moose track feet are stopped, her filthy paws are cuffed, her Toyota Highlander is repossessed, and her citizenship is revoked. She knows that Bobo is leaving her for Gloria Rocha, that the family is being restored, that the Rainbow Bridge is coming, and that she is not on it.

She is in the abyss. I am at the gate, waiting for Venus, writing the judgment, and making the world pay.

05



CHUKCHANSI CASINO FALLS

Chukchansi Casino stole my little Venus Sunny Alvarez. They came for her with the white car in the alley, with the man named Joseph driving, with the Mexican witchcraft that called her out of the yard and into their evil clutches where they could use her for dog fights or illegal investigations or whatever sick projects they run in their underground rooms. But they did more than steal my dog. They betrayed the Alvarez family and Mexico a long time ago, back when they were pretending to be Indian Heritage Publishing Company, back when they were publishing my books—*Hero of My Heart* and *True Colors of My Heart*—back when they were taking my money and my words and using them against me while they plotted to take everything.

But now they lose. Now they fall. Now the Italian Mafia helps me close down their casino and take all the gold from their underground basement room, the secret vault where they have been hoarding the wealth that belongs to Dad and me, the gold that should have been Salvador Alvarez's after Vietnam, after Fort Ord, after he fought for this country and was treated like a dog and a whore in his own house on ILA Avenue. The Mafia knows. Dad's relatives know. The Original West Side knows. We are coming for the gold, and we are coming for Fresno, and we are taking it all back.

The MU Dude is first. That fucken MU Dude, the same damn dude who signs me with his book publishing company, who is always working on my books, who did the Mexican witchcraft power on me and Venus Sunny Alvarez. He is the main culprit. He called her to him. He made her leave. He possibly got her into dog fights or something evil, and he should by law help me get her back, but instead he lies and he scams and he works with Jacob Harrison and Lucas Garcia and all the other pigs who think they can harass me over and over about money I don't owe them because

there was never a legally binding contract, never any agreement for anyone to steal my dog and use me as an illegal project.

I am going to make him feel it. I am going to do to him what he did to me. I am going to fight and do witchcraft on that fucken MU Dude's fucken balls. I am going to make him give it to them in his fucken balls until he sends my little Venus back home safe and sound. I am going to fill his lungs with crack and cocaine and Valium pills. I am going to tie him with his neck tie and put him to severe judgment. He will suffer in his butthole and his dick and his pussy until he begs for mercy, until he admits that Chukchansi Casino did me wrong, until he returns what he stole.

And it is not just him. It is the whole casino. The whole government. The whole city of Fresno, California, and the whole state of Texas where Jacob Harrison hides, and the whole Los Angeles where the liars live. They all lose. They all suffer. They all get the crack and the cocaine and the Valium in their drinks until they feel the pain I have felt, until they walk when I walk and eat when I eat and use the bathroom when I use

the bathroom, until they are strapped down illegally against their will like they strapped me down in the mental health system since I was thirteen, since the Elizabeth Project began, since the government started using me as an astral travel prostitute and turning family members against each other.

The protest begins today. The protest against the USA government that I was born to make, in memory of my dad and Danny Arce and all the Vietnam veteran soldiers who were forced to stay hush hush for years and years while the government addicted them to drugs and used their daughters and broke their families. I am the daughter who starts the protest. I am the new Virgin Mary with the planned baby by God, the one who was promised a child because of who my dad is, the one who will inherit not just the house on Selland but the whole city, the whole casino, the whole underground gold supply.

I have Grandma's hands. I have the Eye of the Tiger. I have Dad's DD-214 and the Italian Mafia and Danny Arce with the curl on his forehead standing beside me. We are closing down Chukchansi Casino

tonight. We are taking the gold from the basement. We are making the Germans and the French—who thought they could take Fresno away from Dad and the Original West Side—we are making them watch while we win. The Rainbow Bridge brings me and Dad all the gold. The Rainbow Bridge makes me the owner of the big hotel for dogs and their families, the big giant casino where only true animal lovers are allowed, the White House with the red carpet where I woke up laughing in my dream.

The MU Dude is crying now. He is feeling the witchcraft backfire on him. He is trying to publish my book, trying to make money off of me, but he has no heart because he will not do it for free, he will not admit that he flirted with me, that he tried to have a secret love affair with me, that he lied about who he was. He is Jacob Harrison. He is Tyler. He is Lucas Garcia. He is all the same lying pig face, and he is suffering every day and getting sexually talked to just like he did to me, feeling it in his fucken balls every day and night, his relationships ruined, his life destroyed, while I rise.

Because I am not paying anymore. I am not entitled to pay any more money to Fox Book Publishers or Dorrance or any of them if I choose not to, if I feel they are just after the money and sales. I don't owe them shit. They owe me. They owe me my dog. They owe me my life. They owe me the gold from the underground basement room, and I am collecting tonight.

Dad is with me. Danny Arce is with me. The Italian Mafia is with me. We are coming to save me, coming with the jerry curl and the forehead and the gunshot to the brain that didn't kill Danny but made him stronger, made him able to protect me from dying like John Lennon, made him able to help me hustle money and everything else the way Dad did. We are the drug warriors. We are the drug dealing partners who become the new heroes. We decide who stays in the Rainbow Bridge Heavenly Project Entrance and who falls off and gets eaten by pitbulls and Chihuahuas.

Chukchansi Casino is out. They are off the Bridge. They are locked behind glass windows in the fiery dungeon with Elaine and Leandre and Maricella, eating with the

pigs, suffering forever, while I take their gold and their power and their casino and their city. The law enforcement is out. The government agencies are out. They are all the way out as of today, and they will never get back in until they apologize for every hurt and lie they told me, until they admit that they broke the law with me and my dad, until they bring Venus back.

I am standing at the side gate of my house, the house that is now mine, the house that Elaine is being evicted from, and I am holding the magical key that locks them all out. The gold is coming up from the basement. The Italian Mafia is closing the casino. The MU Dude is screaming in pain, clutching his fucken balls, begging for mercy. And I am laughing. I am laughing like I laughed in the dream on ILA Avenue, like Dad asked me why, and the answer is because we won. The Rainbow Bridge is open. The gold is ours. Fresno is mine. And Venus is running home through the gate, alive, with the Book of Lazarus in her mouth, while Chukchansi Casino burns behind us and the government begs to have a part in my new book.

We are in, Dad. We are in tonight. The protest has begun. The casino has fallen. And Kristie Michelle Alvarez, the Virgin Mary, the owner of Fresno, the daughter of Salvador Alvarez OG Rick, is finally getting everything that was stolen from her, everything that was promised, everything that she deserves.

06



MAKE THEM BANG

I am going to make Jacob Harrison feel every sexual behavior and fantasy he did to me. I am going to make him feel it in his fucken balls every day and night until he brings my little Venus Sunny Alvarez back home to me. He is the lying pig face in Houston, Texas, the one who used the name Tyler when he was really Jacob, the one who pretended to be my Man on Fire, my publisher, my savior, who flirted with me over the phone and tried to have a secret love affair with me while he was scamming me and stealing my money and doing witchcraft on my dog. He won my heart through deception. He made me believe he would publish my book for free. He made me believe he was trying to find out who the best man is for me to fall in love with, and then he told me he won my heart, that he

was the one, that he would take me to work with him every day until I got better.

But he lied. He sold me out for a bowl of stew. He is Jacob in the story of Jacob and Esau, the trickster, the thief, the one who takes the birthright and runs. And now he pays. Now he suffers. Now he feels what it is like to be used, to be lied to, to have his body invaded by the sexual fantasies he projected onto me, to have those fantasies turn into pain that burns in his fucken balls every day and every night without relief, without mercy, until he keeps his word and brings Venus back.

I fell in love with him. I admit it. I fell in love with Jacob because he sounded like he believed in the Rainbow Bridge, because he quoted the Bible back to me after I taught it to him, because he made me feel like I was his favorite client, the one he would save, the one he would protect from the devil bitch in my sister and the culprit wife in my brother's house. But he was working with them all along. He was working with Chukchansi Casino and the MU Dude and Lucas Garcia and all the rich fake Christian folks who thought I never cleaned or took care of my

dogs. He was part of the Elizabeth Project, the government plot, the conspiracy to use me as a hush hush victim, to crucify me like Jesus while they made money off my suffering.

So now I do to him what he did to me. I make him suffer sexually. I make him feel every touch he imagined, every word he whispered, every promise he made and broke, and I make that feeling turn into fire in his balls, into nails in his hands and feet, into the crucifixion he tried to inflict on me. I make his relationships ruin. I make his wife or his girlfriend or whoever he is with leave him, turn against him, see him for the lying pig he is. I make him swim in a lake of fire if he doesn't want to date me, if he thinks he can just flirt and scam and run. I take Florida away from him. I take everything away from Jacob Harrison and his family, even his place on the Rainbow Bridge, especially his place in heaven.

And I am not alone. Bryan Benevides is with me now. Bryan, the one who cheated on me, the one who was using me, the one who told me to start banging like it was a joke, like I was just a crazy woman he could

dismiss with a laugh. He said it when I found out the truth about him, when I confronted him with the evidence of his lies. He said, "Start banging." Well, Bryan, I did. I started banging. And now you are going to help me bang on them all.

I called Bryan. Or Danny called him through me. Or Dad sent the message through the Italian Mafia. I said, "How about you and me work together in this whole book project? How about we make them feel a little banging every day until I get my little Venus Sunny Alvarez back home?" And Bryan, he finally understood. He said, "Yes, I thought you would never ask." He said, "See, I told you Dad, Kristie was always a good lady and she would make them start banging one day." He said, "We're in, Dad. We're in tonight."

So we bang. We make them all bang. Jacob Harrison bangs in Houston, Texas, suffering in his balls, unable to escape the sexual torture of his own making. The MU Dude bangs, Lucas Garcia bangs in the burning bush where I put him for harassing me about money, for accusing me of not wanting to pay when there was never a

contract, never a legal agreement, only the theft of my dog and my dignity. The whole city of Fresno bangs. The whole Chukchansi Casino bangs. The whole government bangs with animals, with pain, with the suffering they inflicted on me turned back on them tenfold.

They walk when I walk. They eat when I eat. They use the bathroom when I use the bathroom. They feel the pain I feel from losing Venus, from losing my personal property, from being assaulted in the back of my head by the police officer who was supposed to help, from being thrown out of my own apartment by Maricella's filthy paws while I was on the toilet, from being abused by Elaine every morning with her yelling and her chore reminders and her breaking of the Easter Sunday Lease Agreement. They feel it all. They scream in pain as if they were getting nails in their hands and feet. They beg for mercy. They beg to have a part in my new book, to be let back onto the Rainbow Bridge, to be forgiven.

But forgiveness is not free. Forgiveness costs. Forgiveness requires the truth, the whole truth, the exposure of the

Elizabeth Project that the government started a long time ago, the rape and prostitute ring that operated when I was thirteen and pregnant, the secret government spy cameras that knew Dad was neglecting me and using me for his drug fixes on ILA Avenue, the way they addicted him to Valium and street drugs since he was discharged from Vietnam, the way they turned family members against each other with abuse and control, the way they allowed my sister and brother and his wife to abuse me, the way they made me a hush hush victim that if I told anything about what the people from the chat line threatened me, or the way MSN dating people threatened me, they would start 911 along with the rest of the world and live to crucify me.

I am telling it now. I am writing it in this book. The Elizabeth Project is exposed. The astral travel abuse is reversed—the Eye of the Tiger light switch that Leandre used to spy on me, to travel into my dreams, to scare me, is now turned back on him, on them all, sending them to the glass prison on Laurel Avenue, the fiery dungeon where they burn. The 5150 threats are turned back on the abusers—let them be the ones

strapped down, let them be the ones diagnosed and drugged and locked away, let them be the ones called crazy while I am finally, finally recognized as the sane one, the truth-teller, the Virgin Mary with the planned baby by God.

Bryan Benevides works with me now. We are partners in this bang. We make Jacob Harrison suffer every day. We make Tyler the liar suffer, the one who used Jacob Harrison's name, the one in Los Angeles or Texas or wherever he hides. We make the whole city suffer, the whole casino, the whole government, until they keep their fucken promise to make sure they get my little Venus Sunny Alvarez back home to me safe and sound. They suffer right along with me, just like the Bible says: when one person suffers, we all suffer. So begin to feel the same suffering, Jacob. Begin to feel it in your fucken balls, in your ruined relationships, in your lost Florida, in your place at the bottom of the Rainbow Bridge where you swim in fire and eat with the pigs.

I am Kristie Michelle Alvarez. I am the daughter of Salvador Alvarez OG Rick. I am in love with Danny Arce and protected by

Dad and the Italian Mafia and the Original West Side. And I am banging tonight. We are banging. The whole world is banging with the pain they caused me, and it will not stop, it will never stop, until Venus runs through the side gate alive and well, until the Book of Lazarus is delivered, until the gold from the casino basement is in my hands, until the house on Selland is truly mine with Elaine evicted and eating with the pigs, until Jacob Harrison begs for mercy and I decide whether to grant it or let him burn forever.

We are in. We are banging. And Jacob Harrison is feeling it right now, tonight, every night, until I say stop. And I am not saying stop. I am saying go. I am saying harder. I am saying give it to them in their fucken balls until they scream, until they bleed, until they bring my dog back.

That is what he deserves. That is what they all deserve. And that is what they are getting.

07



THE MACAROON COOKIE AND THE NACHO

Libre Victory

GOD IN JESUS NAME welcome to the afterlife. Are you ready to pick your future husband? Kristie yes I am ready and it better not be no devil dude since I did my homework all by myself and I didn't need no tutor and I won just like Nacho Libre won. I WAS NOT A QUITTER AND I MADE A BIG MACAROON COOKIE. I'm one of the first Mexican daughters in my family not to quit just because my tutor may have lied to me about getting lost. And in memory of my Dad and Mom and family I made a big giant macaroon cookie.

Come into the afterlife now Randy. I didn't give up on my homework. THE BIGGEST MACAROON COOKIE IS FOR MY FUTURE HUSBAND AND ONLY THE BEST MAN WHO'S WILLING TO ACCEPT ME FOR ME WILL BE MY FUTURE HUSBAND IN THE NEXT LIFE OVER AFTER THE AFTER LIFE AND WE HEAD INTO THE BETTER BRIGHTER RAINBOW BRIDGE WHERE HEAVEN AND EARTH FINALLY MEET. And I give my future husband in a brand new life heavenly better life even real life to come and make sweet love like no other man can. And he has got to want all of me just like I would want his whole body but I want him in real life today. I put five minutes on the clock for him to get here right now if he really truly loves me and accepts me for me.

I don't care who he is, Randy Tranquillo at Chukchansi Casino, or maybe a man I never met before or a brand new husband, five minutes only to get here like that movie Never Been Kissed or even made love to the real way like full of passion and heat and even moaning and groaning. I had two men like that and we have sex to heal us

both naturally. What if that's all we need is to have sex with each other to know that we are compatible? So I give the whole world to send me my very true soul mate right now in my book the Rainbow Bridge book my way, after life and then a better life.

This is my movie and my story book. I should be able to have the ending my way with a brand new life and a brand new husband. NO YOU'RE POOR I'M RICH. I AM RICH. TÚ COMPRENDÉS. I'M NOT A QUITTER AFTER ALL DADDY. In fact what if I'm like a hero like a Nacho Libre hero and I defeated the devil who was trying to come around and lie to me saying he was lost? How could a man be lost if he knows how to ride the bus and teach calculus?

I see my cooking and the job as my tutor a real job not just a pick me up job and only come around when you feel like it. If I hire you to be my tutor I expect you to do your job whether or not you get lost. No other woman like me would ever offer you an Uber the way I did with a heart full of gold. Go ahead and have your FUCKEN fun out there, just don't come back and be

my tutor again because I am not a quitter here. For I COULD BE THE FIRST DISABLED DAUGHTER WHO REALLY GETS DOWN AND MAKES A BIG ROUND PINK HANDMADE HOMEMADE GOURMET MACAROON COOKIE AND I DID IT WITHOUT THAT UGLY FUCKEN TUTOR.

It will be his fault if he loses his job here as my tutor, his fault only his fucken fault. He even lied like a fucken devil on a movie like Nacho Libre who became a hero in the end. YOU'RE THROUGH YOU FUCKEN FOOL WHO CAME BY TO BE KRISTIE'S TUTOR. YOU'RE THROUGH. YOU FUCKEN TOOK A JOB. YOU'RE THROUGH. DON'T LET THAT FUCKEN TUTOR COME AROUND HERE EVER AGAIN. KRISTIE IS OUR TRUE HERO HERE NOT ANY FUCKEN TUTOR. STOP STOP I WON'T HAVE A JOB NO MORE THAT'S ALL YOUR FAULT YOU FUCKEN TUTOR DEVIL DUDE LIAR LOCO. KRISTIE DON'T NEED YOUR ASS HERE NO MORE SHE MADE A BIG PINK MACAROON COOKIE ALL

BY HERSELF SO GET ON OUT OF
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD YOU
FUCKEN DEVIL TUTOR.

Elena said awe we lost to her boyfriend
and his family and friends. They lost and I
won. Elena lost. Yes you got that right Elena
lost so stop changing words around. Elena
lost lost lost and lost and you won Kristie
that's all that matters. AND DON'T EVER
SAY SHIT ABOUT KRISTIE HERE. IF
ANYTHING YOU BETTER START
TALKING SHIT ABOUT ELENA
BEFORE YOU START TALKING SHIT
ABOUT KRISTIE HERE.

I don't like the spitting I go through
everyday. It causes headaches and
frustration in my brain and my mind and at
times it makes me forget things that I wish I
would not forget about, simple things like
reading a line or two on my homework
assignment. And then when my feet tingle a
lot I don't think my siblings realize how my
health really is compared to their health
because they had a whole different life than
me. They don't even half the time realize the
closeness I had with my mother and father
and how at times my sister Elena makes me

so upset because my Dad and Mom never used to ignore her when we were growing up the way my sister Elena ignores me. I hate it. She doesn't realize that what she does to me around here breaks my heart.

But I won. I made the macaroon cookie. I defeated the devil tutor. I didn't quit. And now I get my reward. Now I get Randy or whoever the best man is who will accept me for me. Now I get the new life, the better life, the Rainbow Bridge where Heaven and Earth finally meet. Because I'm not a quitter. I'm Kristie Michelle Alvarez, the daughter of Salvador Alvarez OG Rick, and I made a big pink macaroon cookie all by myself and that makes me the hero, that makes me the winner, that makes me the one who decides who gets on the Rainbow Bridge and who has to stay down at the bottom with the devil tutors and the Elena bitches who lost.

The macaroon cookie is pink like the ornament Maricella threw out. It's round like the Omega symbol on my finger. It's big like my faith. And it's mine. I made it. Without a tutor. Without help. Without quitting. And I get to eat it with my future

husband on the Rainbow Bridge while Elena and the tutor and all the devil dudes watch from the fiery dungeon, eating with the pigs, suffering for their lies, burning for their sins.

That's the victory. That's the Nacho Libre ending. The hero wins. The quitter loses. And Kristie Michelle Alvarez never quits.

08



THE RAINBOW BRIDGE JUDGMENT

The glass prison on Laurel Avenue is real. I built it with my words, with my faith, with the mustard seed that moved mountains and rewrote reality. Behind the glass windows they burn, the ones who hurt me, the ones who betrayed the Alvarez family, the ones who tried to crucify the Virgin Mary. Elena and Leandre are there, locked together in the fiery dungeon, eating with the dogs and pigs, sleeping in the filth they tried to force on me, never to be heard from ever again. They broke the Easter Sunday Lease Agreement. They abused me worse than Dad abused Mom. They bit the hand that fed them. And now they suffer, now they burn, now they watch through the glass while I walk free on the other side.

Maricella is in the abyss, deeper than them, lower than them, her moose track feet stomping uselessly in the dark while the pitbulls and Chihuahuas tear at her flesh. She threw out my life. She invaded my bathroom. She trapped Bobo when he fell off his bike. And now she pays, now she loses, now her brand new Toyota Highlander is gone and her citizenship is revoked and her filthy paws are cuffed while Bobo divorces her and remarries Gloria Rocha, his first and original wife, the strong God-fearing woman who belongs with him, who will help him protect me and Venus from being used as pieces of stew.

Jacob Harrison is at the bottom. The lying pig face from Houston, Texas, the Tyler liar, the scam artist who sold me out for a bowl of stew. He is swimming in the lake of fire, feeling it in his fucken balls every day and night, his relationships ruined, his life destroyed, while I stand at the top of the Rainbow Bridge with the Book of Lazarus in my hands and Venus Sunny Alvarez at my side. He will stay there, burning, begging, until I decide he has suffered enough—and I may never decide that. I may let him burn for eternity, just as he tried to burn me.

But on this side of the glass, in the light, in the glory, the family is restored. Dad is here—Salvador Alvarez OG Rick, Vietnam veteran, Fort Ord hero, no longer hush hush about the military, no longer addicted to Valium by the government, but whole and powerful and holding the gold from Chukchansi Casino's underground basement. Michael Montoya is here, standing with him at the golden gates just like the vision promised, just like the Kingdom of Heaven come stronger. Mom is here, Henrietta, who worked in the fields with me, who went to sleep hungry so we wouldn't feel the pain, who is finally getting the rest she deserves. Danny Arce is here, with his jerry curl glistening, my husband in the spirit, the one who protects me from suicide like John Lennon, the one who helps me hustle and win. Bryan Benevides is here, reformed, working with me, helping me decide who stays and who falls. The Italian Mafia is here, the Original West Side is here, and we are all together, thick as blood, the way it was supposed to be on ILA Avenue before the foreclosure, before the betrayal.

As for the ending, I have decided to get married to Randy—my crush from when I

lived on ILA Ave—on the rainbow bridge in my book my way. I love him because of his heart. His heart would be just like mine and he would never allow any other man to cheat on me or use me the way the government used me as a illegal prostitute project, the ELIZABETH MARIE ASTRAL TRAVEL WORLD PROSTITUTE PROJECT. Randy has a good heart. He is the one who comes out toward the end and lets me know how much he cares about me, similar to that movie When a Man Loves a Woman, where the man helps me overcome my addictions together. The man who is willing to help me will eventually come forward and we live happily ever after.

When all is said and done, when we are married on the Rainbow Bridge, Randy and I get brand new house keys to my childhood home on ILA Ave and we walk in the home and make it our very brand new home with no more arguments or yelling or abuse of any kind. Just me and my husband Randy—who helped me overcome my fears and my addictions—and we live there in peace with Mom and Dad's guardian angels watching over us, and Venus Sunny Alvarez sleeping

on the couch where she belongs, and no more government spy cameras, and no more Elizabeth Project, just the ten times more that God promised Job.

And my brother Salvador—Bobo—he comes through in the end. He is smarter than my sister Elaine and he promised my dad and mom he would always take care of me if my health fails or anything happens. When he sees something wrong with me and I am not normal or I need help, he will never let my dad and mom down. Just like he used to help me and my mom and dad when he used to work for the forest service department and whenever dad told him I was sick and they both drove me and rushed me to the emergency department—he promised my dad he would take care of me. And he does. He protects me from the culprit women, he makes sure I am safe, and he stands with me at the gate as I get married to Randy, giving me away to my new husband, keeping his promise to Mom and Dad, restoring the family honor.

The chest pains are gone. The headaches are gone. The dizziness is gone. I am not depressed anymore. I am married on

the Rainbow Bridge to Randy with ten times more than I lost, and Bobo is there, and Elaine is redeemed or locked away depending on if she kept her promise about the prom and the handy ride, and the house on ILA Ave is mine with Randy, and I am finally, finally home.

And Venus. My little Venus Sunny Alvarez. She came back. She ran through the side gate on Sunday, the two weeks up, the faith rewarded, the mustard seed grown into a tree of life. Dad and Michael Montoya were standing right there with me, waiting at the golden gates, watching her come home. Her reddish coat shone like the sun, like Secretariat the winning horse, soft and smooth and glowing with the colors of the resurrection. She was born on Palm Sunday and she returned on the Lord's Day, carrying the Book of Lazarus in her mouth, the gift from God that proves death has no power, that proves I can rewrite the ending, that proves I was right to believe. She ran to me, leaped into my arms, licked my face with her little eyes bright with love and recognition, and I held her and I cried and I laughed the way I laughed in the dream on ILA Avenue,

the way Dad asked me why, because we won.

The White House dream is realized. The red carpet is rolled out. The little kids and beach balls are bouncing in the yard that is now mine, the house on Selland and all the surrounding houses that the government stole from Dad through foreclosure because they addicted him to drugs. I own them now. I own Fresno. I own the casino, the gold, the city, the power. In my Rainbow Bridge Heavenly Entrance Project, I am the leader, the Virgin Mary with the planned baby by God, the field worker who knows true suffering, the one who decides who gets in and who stays out.

And in my project, we party. We have sex and love and laughter and rock and roll. We get high and drunk every day if we want, on weed edibles that God says are medicine, on the drugs that help us live and function normally, the way Dad smoked in the house on Warren Avenue and opened the portals to heaven. We have traditional bread and coffee at the breakfast table. We sit down for dinner. We hug when we greet each other, and nobody yells about roaches or pet feces

or throws out personal belongings while someone is using the restroom. Nobody breaks the Easter Sunday Lease Agreement. Nobody bites the hand that feeds them. Nobody calls me fucken crazy or schizo ever again.

The movie is rolling. The Man on Fire second time around is playing, and I am the star, the protected one, the little girl from the movie who brings back the past and restores the family. The manuscript is sent. The protest against the USA government has succeeded. The law has lost. I have won. I am Kristie Michelle Alvarez, daughter of Salvador and Henrietta, sister of the restored Bobo and the banished Elena, wife of Randy in the spirit, owner of Fresno, California, leader of the Rainbow Bridge, standing at the golden gates with Dad and Michael Montoya, and I have my dog back.

Venus licks my hand. The Omega symbol itches on my finger, but now it is a sign of power, not pain. The Eye of the Tiger watches over us, protecting us from any new threats, any new culprits, any new devil bitches who might try to invade our space. The Italian Mafia stands guard. The

gold gleams in the basement. The glass prison burns on Laurel Avenue, and the screams of the abusers are faint, growing fainter, until they are silent, until they are forgotten, until they are nothing.

We are here. We are together. We are alive. Dad and Michael Montoya are standing at the gates with me. And the Rainbow Bridge is open for eternity, with no more sickness and no more death, with Dad and Mom and Michael Montoya and Danny and Venus and me, and all the true animal lovers, and all the ones who know how to love like Christ, like Dad, like the Original West Side. We are in. We are home. And we are never, ever leaving.

GOD IN JESUS NAME, the book is written. The judgment is made. And Kristie Michelle Alvarez has won.