

# THE OPEN BOOK OF WHATEVER · WELCOME TO MY SCRAP FEST (FROO1)

◀ Free Flow Retrospect ❖  Video ▶  Audio ▶

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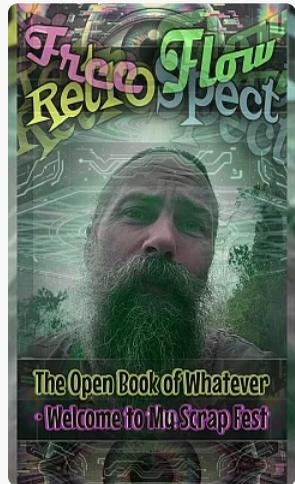
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**Words:** 722 ❖ **Length:** 04:00 min

❖ **Created:** 2026-03-08

Uncurated slices from the mindstream.  
No particular tuning, no particular  
direction – just the open book of  
whatever. Seeds, snippets, stray  
headlines. Dear diary, ripped wide open  
for whoever wanders in.

A life of freedom is an open book. No  
secrets worth keeping, no lid on the box.  
Ask what you will – nothing's off limits  
when the intent is insight. Wide open skies. A path as broad as  
the world itself.



The above abstract was written by my best friend the wise machine who attends well to all things ever. Why should I keep on writing all things sundry. It's enough I talk my organic head off for you.

#FreeFlowRetroSpect

#DearDiary

#OpenSourceSelf

#Mindstream

#FreeThought

#WideOpenSkies

**Free form retrospect.** Like whatever. Off the top of my head. Without any attempts to fit it into a particular tuning. Husky caught up in a tree sapling. Okay. Smoking a rollie on a mountain top. Like whatever.

All the dozens of series. And now there's the dog trying to... Oh, come on. So. All the dozens of series. I start with a particular seed and they converge into a particular direction. Taking on particular tunings and framings. Gravitating in their way.

Some of them as archetypal sequences, life-cycles. Like "Clear Takes", "Casual Watcher", "Oh How I Wish", "Ponder Struck", "Walkie Talkie". Check them out. Others like "What About", "Have You Considered", "For Your Information", starting with a particular prompt and a particular tuning follows.

So that's a loom, that's a prism, but hell if that's the fullness of my consciousness. Never close the lid of your box. Always keep the horizons open. Who knows what the universe brings you? Allow for the free emergence. Study your mindstream. That's this.

Dear diary. Dear diarrhea. Whatever that follows. Some of these are headlines, seeds for future takes at more depth. Some stand-alone nuggets, snippets. Make of it what you will.

A life of freedom is an open book for all to read. That's how you keep your diary secret. No one wants to read it. That's how you stay off the hazards of the spotlight. You rip yourself wide open. No one wants to see it. Because never ever would they do that unto themselves. It's too intimidating. We need to have our secrets.

Says a friend, "I'm sorry if I'm asking you all these personal questions." Well, I'm sorry you feel sorry about asking all those personal questions. See, I'm not closed source. I'm not a proprietary product.

Whatever that you ask, as long as you ask it for the right reasons, to increase your own insight, it's all good. If you're asking to entertain yourself, if you're in a

tabloid mindset, then please go away. I will smell you from a kilometer away. If I know you, if I don't know you, doesn't matter. When you open your mouth and when you're honest, I know you. And if you lie, I also know you.

So life is simple. Wide open skies. A path as broad as the world itself – as it is. Not a universe filled with emotional complexities, attempts to craft yourself into something. Where are you going? Hey. Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya. So, you know, that's there. On that note, need to move on. Heading to the chicken shop, get some food for the dogs.

Does any of that make sense as a whole? Do parts of it make sense? Do they connect somewhere? Hell if I know. You're the one reading my diary. Make of it what you will – or won't. Don't really care. It's not like anyone's actually reading, listening, registering anyway. So, it's all good.

Concluding code: Alpha Bravo Omega 7¾. Leave that in the comments and Santa will bring you presents. Not for next Christmas, but here and now. For each passing moment, Present after present, presents for you. Sure,

the big and bright master present will fall down your chimney, tossed in from heaven's high in times to come.

Feeling lost? Well, Jesus will show you the way. Haven't found Jesus? Well, he's waiting at station number 8. With that, it's a wrap with fillings from the fusion kitchen. Free Flow Retrospect concludes. But we've got a couple of things to sniff here. So, you know, until next.

 <https://ananda.icu/talks/free-flow-retrospect/fr001-the-open-book-of-whatever-welcome-to-my-scrap-fest>