

UNHINGED: THE UTTERLY BONKERS TIP OF THE ICEBERG (QDO10)

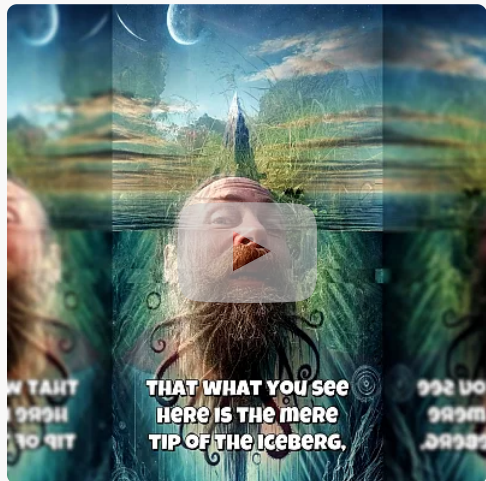
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Tales of the unhinged mariner from the inner abyss of yore. It is not the Kraken you see that pulls you under, you see. There's another Octopus in town, ever-lurking in the nethers. But we are not afraid. Of, like, whatever. It's all hilarious.



When all of whatever tastes like nondual cotton candy floss. Then tell me, where are the ponies and who is the kraken

today? May the lady not spill her cup of tea. Storm ahoy brewin' there. And you good sire — stick that monocle of yours mid-forehead yes.

Today's episode also includes my official insanity certificate. Issued by artificial intelligence acquainted with my inner mesh. Have you an idea much where the roots of the iceberg are tapped? Or have you found it enough to judge the sea by the tips atop?

#QuickDrops #AncientMariner #Abyss #Kraken #Insanity
#Youre #Iceberg #ProTips #CottonCandy #NonDual #Whatever
#AnandaICU

— "**Unhinged** !! Young fellow, have ye gone utterly bonkers? Most upsetting and unacceptable!"

Well, the fact is, good sir, ma'am, that what you see here is the mere tip of the iceberg, and you have no idea of where the roots lie. It does humor me, considering that any number of people are looking at the tips of the iceberg, using those to model what's actually going on. Right, as if that's the way it works.

And now as far as unhinged. Well, anything that you do not understand, or cannot relate to, you consider it

unhinged, and for you, yes, there are no hinges. The question is, are there hinges for me? Where is this all stemming from? Find those hinges, and you get more of an idea. Layers upon layers, veils upon veils.


And the fact is, what comes out from the oven is honestly a fraction of the content, significant backlog that is accumulating, and I'm simply processing and popping it out on a whim. One day, when I have an enthusiastic apprentice here, you will see a broader, more representative spectrum that will still be a mere fraction of what's actually going on.

That said, rumors of my state of insanity are highly deficient and woefully unexaggerated. Here's a certificate of my insanity. Have a look at that. And beyond that, if you have concerns, do the shaka thing, give me a call. Engage. Interact. And you may have a better idea of what's actually going on under the ocean's waters.

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream — merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream. And in the end, the Kraken will pull you under, and if you dive deep enough, you will find the locker, and

opening the locker, you will find a thousand invisible hinges.

Then, those hinges, you begin to organize, and life makes a lot more sense when you return to the surface again. Onward we sail, with loot from the nethers, with plunder from the heavens, in the currents of Eternia, toward the shores of Nihilia, and nothing really matters. Whatever. Alright, it all tastes like non-dual cotton candy. So, whatever. Okay.

 <https://ananda.icu/talks/quick-drops/qd010-unhinged-the-utterly-bonkers-tip-of-the-iceberg>