

Of my stoned life that I live out of breath.

(Names have been changed)

Yes I am a ghost of several years of project plan that I create with all my mental and monetary strength that I risked everything in all my life projects that in the place where I lived part of my childhood "the island Paton" that in 1988 I was 18 years old and in 2004 I was the rebel creator that the

American government refused the creation of Youtube and was against me multimillionaire rebellious creator of a social web platform he refused me paternity but I remained owner majority shareholder that I turned the first video of Youtube by trapping the video where I waxed my surcies got dark circled eyes black from insomnia the video was doubled and in 1988 I had 80,000,000 dollars that I invested my money that I had money left with my American pop star daughter: Britain

Carry" That I created Youtube when I was with her in the United States. As in 1992 I was in the States that my daughter Martine was born in April 1992 so I was

with Britain, we lived I do not remember exactly but I believe that it was in her house in Minnesota that Britain not only had friends that there were people who wanted his life that they had put during the night we slept a rattlesnake filmed on the surveillance camera

...to be continued... Hello here Frank Laporte father of two children of which I am the father

on the birth certificate and also the father of 3 other children of which I am not not the father on the baptistery. I had parallel lives than the life that is registered by the Government of Quebec without anything happening to me is false, I want to restore facts that began in 1988 with the legacy of

\$80,000,000 that I obtained during her lifetime from the "Queen of England"
my

mother the queen. Then in 1988 after my journey as a young man

multimillionaire I landed in Montreal ruined where I met

several friends including Algerians who arrived from France and who wanted to
live

in Quebec and I met a café on St-Marc Street called: "La

objective gallery "which I made friends with the poor owner who was on

social assistance: "Antony". For lack of money, he sold marijuana to the

very beginning a little hashish, and I lived in a small two and a half in the
basement of a

duplex on Robert Street. Of her story I won't lie when I tell you

will explain in detail what happened to him in 2007 to my friend Antony that

the story is a story a drama where there were gangs attacking

us, we who had seen our family die that even in an atrocious way is

death of the victims but my memory fails me, after being lobotomized from

the memory after the government or act as if it had never

existed this drama, I defend myself against individuals with dubious links that

tens of thousands of victims and crimes of torture have taken place this day

there...Let's go back to "Antony", in 1988 where I met "Mélissa" in the St Paul

square near the Gardin metro station than "Mélissa" who lived not far from the
metro station,

made me discover "the Objective gallery" a very nice man is a person

engaged in humanitarian causes including Palestine that he is also, he

speaks Hidish a Palestinian language. Melissa, Melissa Lupin, she was 16

years old, a young freak from the St-Paul square. She was curious by nature,
she

met travellers, musicians, artists and the unemployed

square. His mother worked in the offices of Air Canada, she had tickets free and made her daughter travel, for example, a trip to Brazil alone that she had

done and she was in the summer, all the time, at the St-Paul square who presented me with a

young Moroccan whose name was Zel, so we were customers of the little café on rue St-Marc and Zel became the café's little protege, Zel had a friend from heart which was Of a different nationality from Zel foreign nationality than his girlfriend's mother told me one day, visiting Zel's that she is a

terrorist, not a violent terrorist who plant bombs but she is a terrorist she told me but I didn't believe her her daughter "Linda" was so nice to her boyfriend "Zel" who was smoking husband's hash with me, with we! I will only say a few sentences about what happened to "Antony" the day of the drama that in this drama thousands of innocent victims died and a "Antony" me, one day I woke up and the memory came back to me of a tragedy that I was the victim of, that I no longer remember the details unfortunate that this is all a story of the past. "Antony", sad and hard is life when you are a victim

defenseless and today is still my friend who operates an art gallery

that I have to submit my portfolio to him. We lived at the gallery, without work we young people shared all our savings to consume at

the gallery where we shared our time. Anna the ex of Antony a nice one

"Hippies" who had some psychological problem she should have taken medication. She arrived at the gallery often quite confused often she

she was furious with her little boy "Steph" who was bored by the

clients. A professional artist that I no longer remember which

category of art she does. She arrived at the gallery with or went to see her little

boy who was not yet in kindergarten. "Antony" was an open hippie and left her boy naked in the gallery during the day. I put an end to the story of the drama that Antony suffered, a horror drama or me, my sudden friends, my family, and the population have been victims, we have not ask to be an integral part of this drama. I tell the story of "Antony" because he is a big part of my past. An unclear past filled with drama that even my daughter spent there over 25 years ago e.t.c...I will go back to the "Objectif place" gallery where "Antony" organized evenings musicals where music artists were invited to perform a thirty spectators and opposite the gallery on the other side of the street there were an empty room that "Antony" organized a night of free poetry. He was selling Small glasses of wine \$1. Me and "Antony" were poor and to get by go out a bit we only did a few small thefts not very serious for the time "Antony sold my wine for a dollar a glass on his night of poetry that I stole from grocery stores ... that I, who was poor, stole wine in the convenience stores that I sold to "Antony" I will tell you that he was not at aware that I was stealing the bottles of wine, he was not aware that I stole, I sold him \$5. Antony obtained the small duplex housed in his "Objectif" art gallery from his deceased mother. He got it as an inheritance. He was studying at the University in a doctoral program in political science. He fought for Palestine to be free. ... In 1988 I was in the police and imprisoned in a 3 foot high earthen cellar, the attackers held down the small cellar door which led to the small courtyard of the building which

housed a small popular restaurant which they opened the door with baseball bats and wanted to beat me saying we don't like the police... for the moment when I met in my life "Anthony", it started in my younger life on Patton Island with my friend Sam than me, in the north of the city where I went to Sam's in the west of the city English district where the English of the city Réal live there. I live in Réal-Nord in a small 2 and a half on the second floor that my mother pays for the apartment that I visit my boyfriend "Sam" in bus that I transfer to the Honoré metro to go to his place in Des Ormeaux. So one evening, coming back from "Sam's", me, a punk with my mohawk on my head, I meet a punk on Réal's bus, I chat with her and I invite her to my apartment and she comes. I invite her to sleep at my place where there are two beds and she accepts. The next day she invites me to her squat in the city center and I go. So we arrive at the squat and she introduces me to her punk friends downtown and we decided to go downtown and my punk friend introduces me to her little pet a big rat that in the squat at night she sleeps with her rat and in the morning we went for a walk in the sidewalks of the city center that walking I did not realize that she has with her on her shoulder the rat ...

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Francis Laplante". The script is cursive and somewhat stylized, with the first name "Francis" and last name "Laplante" clearly legible.

Francis Laplante: writer, publisher