You’d never believe me if I told you that I am not really alive in this universe, but it’s true and I can prove it.

I know sounds crazy, right? I am really a middle-aged man who sits in front of a computer wishing and hoping that I was this almighty, Force wielding, bad ass Sith who travels the galaxy killing Jedi and trying to find a cure for his wife stuck in carbonite. With a trained Sith daughter who mas made in a lab to help with finding a cure, my Sith was more focused on getting her completed to help he even overlooked the fact that she came out a very rare blue color, nothing her species has.

You are probably thinking, how is that possible? He has killed countless Jedi, been in many space battle, fought in numerous wars and yet he isn’t even real? It’s true I did them with what we call here in the real world (that’s right my world is real) video games. Jedi and Sith killed? Jedi Outcast or Jedi Academy on my computer. Space battles? Yup just played a round of Galaga and blew some ships up. Numerous wars? Yeah, I wrote about it just like I am this.

All those awards given to me by another real-life person, you call him Howie, I call him Howie all he does is review and hit a button to award or deny any ranks or medals. I mean really a Panda bear is a talking, walking Sith who kills and uses the Force? Are you kidding me? How does that not seem weird to you? I mean he is a PANDA BEAR, in a slave outfit! Even that hidden figure James is a real person, he is just really really busy in his own real life.

Think about it, all the Great Jedi wars and after a couple months we find “Peace” and move on for a year or so until we do it again. How many times have we fought against other clans or even ourselves and yet here we are in a joint venture attack ourselves and another clan we are helping each other beat up each other! Hasn’t that in the last few weeks just seem strange to anyone, has anyone stopped and said “Hey what the hell are we doing, and why are we doing this to ourselves?” Nope because even you are not real in this universe. That’s right you are the imagination of another person. Seriously they could stop writing about you, and you would never exist, they could delete you with a push of a button even. All those “Years” of your “Life’s” gone faster than you can blink or block a saber strike.

Very scary to think that all one has to do is to stop thinking about you and \*poof\* you are gone, or you come back as a woman, or another species, or whatever else they can think of. So I guess I can show you then my proof after everything I have said to you, and I know you think I am crazy. Just get on the Holonet and look up this address: <https://www.darkjedibrotherhood.com/>