

# **ANSWERS**

## **The Earth Game Explained!**

### **A Michael Morris Novel**

### **Written By John Reizer**

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### **Amazon Kindle Edition**

Published by Win-Can Publishers

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

## *Prologue*

"Do you understand the consequences of your actions?" Michael asked me.

I hesitated momentarily before replying, "I think I do."

"Your hesitancy to accept the priorly agreed upon avatar," Michael continued, "created consequences for the parents of the aborted child and other players involved in the sequence.

"It's important to understand that you are not judged one way or another for not accepting the avatar. What is important is for you to have a thorough understanding of what possibilities were precluded from coming to fruition because of your decision. There are no right or wrong choices in these matters, but all decisions have definite consequences that must be thoroughly examined, reviewed, and reflected upon."

We'd reviewed the possibilities that would never manifest from that life and all the different tangents removed from the equation. The Matrix is a complex yet straightforward game. You choose an avatar, decide on a life course filled with different experiences that will ultimately give you the education your soul requires, and then get permission from your guides to proceed.

I'd been to the simulation hundreds of times (in different incarnations) and had accepted male and female biological avatars. The thing that is hard for people living in the Matrix to comprehend is that although events transpiring in the game do so in sequential order, the rules of time only apply within the parameters of the simulation construct. So, when I write that I had prior incarnations, that's not an entirely accurate statement. That statement speaks of time, an illusion that does not exist outside the game.

In reality, the souls looking to enter the Earth game can do so at any given point in Earth time. I know that is a tricky concept for humans to comprehend, so I will cover it here and use language throughout this book that respects the space-time continuum that affects all players living inside the Matrix.

The Earth game simulation is a cumbersome (dense) platform, and the light beings that choose to incarnate into the simulation must already possess a particular set of skills even to be considered for a download assignment.

When a person dies on Earth, its soul goes through a review process, and after some reflection, it can reincarnate or download again into a new body (avatar). The new life can be in the future or the past regarding the reviewed lifetime.

My guide, Michael, was a great light being that volunteered to help other souls get to where they needed to go. Michael Morris had lived on Earth many times and had garnered the experiential knowledge necessary to become a very advanced soul.

Now, it's essential to understand that many simulations are taking place. The Earth Matrix is not the only show where souls can go. Sometimes souls want a relaxing existence and choose a less dense venue (not as much physicality). Others lobby hard to get into denser simulations. You won't find a much denser platform than the Earth game. Those souls who choose to come to Earth have rewarding but challenging experiences.

What people on Earth call a hard or unfortunate life are often the conditions coveted by souls on the outside looking to re-enter the game. The perspectives of a good or bad life differ depending on whether your soul is ready to download into an avatar or has already engaged with a living biological unit.

In my last assignment, I hesitated to accept the avatar I had chosen, and it caused the baby to abort. The baby girl was not born because I had decided to refuse the assignment. It entered the world soulless and stillborn. As a result of my actions, I had to review that lifetime that never transpired and the collateral issues the aborted avatar caused for the parents and other family members.

After completing a thorough review, remapping a life plan, and picking the same parents who had lost the little girl, I am ready to take on another assignment in the simulation. The only difference is that I will download or reincarnate into a male avatar.

"Are you sure you are ready?" Michael asked once more.

"I am," I replied.

"No second thoughts this time?"

"No, it's a go this time," I assured him. "I do have a couple of unusual requests, however."

"Oh, what are they?" Michael asked.

"There are a lot of problems with the simulation on Earth, and I wanted to know if I could retain some memories about them."

"Why would you want to do that?" Michael inquired.

"Well, to be perfectly honest, I believe the problems are rather disruptive to the game's purpose and a nuisance to other avatars trying to acquire experiential knowledge."

"Okay, that request can be arranged," Michael replied.

"There's one other thing," I continued, "I would like to be somewhat intelligent and a good communicator to other avatars during this assignment. Such a skill set would help me accomplish many agreed-upon goals during this incarnation."

"Okay, we can arrange that as well. I will personally assist you in bringing the truth to other avatars during your incarnation. Are there any other special requests?"

"No, I think that about covers it," I replied.

"Very well," Michael said before pushing me forward.

Suddenly, I was falling through space and time, and as I did so, I could feel that all-too-familiar heaviness that becomes present every time a soul enters the Matrix. I was coming back to the big show! The descent continued, and the sensation of falling I was experiencing began to pick up more and more speed until it stopped without warning. Everything was still, dark, and motionless. I was back inside a tiny avatar, completely helpless and dependent on the other human avatars surrounding me. I immediately began to cry!

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My name is John Reizer, and what I am about to reveal in this book will cause plenty of people to scratch their heads and possibly question the things they believe they understand about the world. Although most of this "novel" will be labeled a work of fiction, the information presented will challenge the parameters of what most people consider conventional thinking.

In late August of 2021, I was diagnosed with COVID-19 and began to deteriorate at an alarming rate physically. After two weeks, my oxygen saturation level began to decline to the point where I was forced to visit a hospital in North Carolina.

At the time, there were so many people with COVID-19 diagnoses in my community that I couldn't even get checked into the local hospital.

After spending five days in the North Carolina hospital, the medical staff caring for me put me on a ventilator to save my life. I remained on life support for eighteen days before being awakened from a medically induced coma.

Once I was semi-cognizant of what had transpired, I was informed that the treatments introduced to maintain my life had caused internal hemorrhaging in my intestines. I would require seven surgical procedures in the weeks ahead and spend 95 days in hospital beds.

I had to relearn how to walk and regain the use of my hands because I had spent so much time off my feet, and most of my muscles had become weakened from a lack of physical activity.

Although my battle with what was diagnosed as a COVID-19 infection would make for a fascinating story, it is not the drama that makes up the content of this story.

The material dedicated to this story concerns everything that happened during the 18 days I remained on life support. It has everything to do with Michael Morris and not much with me.

### ***MICHAEL MORRIS***

Michael Morris is not a new character in my life. He appeared in my mind's eye in 1973 when I was ten. At different points in my life, I believed that Michael was probably nothing more than a construct of my active imagination, but as my life progressed, I dismissed those beliefs. I must warn readers ahead of time; Michael is an influential personality that will likely blow most people's minds once they begin to read his writings.

Michael claims to exist in an alternate dimension of existence. As readers of this story, people need to remain firmly rooted. Read what Michael writes carefully and decide about the information he lays out.

Michael Morris will try to convince everybody that he is honest. He will also make the case that I did not imagine him 50 years ago and that his conversations with me for five decades are genuine, and the information he has delivered is authentic and not based on fiction.

Before I ever publish any of the writings coming from Michael Morris, I usually think long and hard about doing so. Over the years, I have written many articles containing information directly from Michael. Before writing this book, I thought long and hard about bringing his words to life again.

What put me over the edge and made me decide to write this material was that Michael's words were the only vivid memories in my mind while I remained on a ventilator. For that reason alone, it was essential to get Michael's writings published and in front of as big an audience as possible.

### ***A FEW WORDS OF CAUTION!***

We should always be cautious about what we grab hold of in life. Sometimes, without realizing that we're putting ourselves and loved ones at serious risk, we become too consumed with potentially damaging things to our health.

When you peruse the various chapters of this book, be sure to insulate yourself from potential harm. A lot of the content Michael has written about is quite heavy. Having written that, it's still essential to be aware of what is happening in our world and the machinations constantly taking place.

Remember to insulate yourself properly as you read this book, so you are not harmed. Michael is not intentionally trying to promote fear and negativity. Unfortunately, a lot of negative stuff is happening worldwide, and it's essential to know the truth and be informed about this information. Understand the world you live in, but also take the time to protect yourself and your loved ones.

--John Reizer

## ***The Nightmare Begins***

It was September 12, 2021, and I was lying supine in a hospital bed with a CPAP breathing apparatus and oxygen mask strapped to my face. In the upper right corner of the room, a television was playing Sunday Night Football, a contest between the Chicago Bears and the Los Angeles Rams.

Doctors and nurses prepared to insert a ventilator into my airway and place me in a medically induced coma as I struggled to breathe air and oxygenate my body. I wasn't fully aware of everything that was transpiring around me, but I was later told by my wife and daughter that I had been given only a one percent chance of surviving the illness I was battling.

The diagnoses assigned to me by the medical staff were Covid-19 pneumonia, acute hypoxemic respiratory failure, atrial fibrillation, secondary bacterial pneumonia, septic shock, transaminitis, and bacteremia. It didn't look too good for me.

When I entered the hospital five days earlier, I had a significant argument with one of the emergency room doctors. For some reason, the physician ran my name through an Internet search engine and learned that I had written many articles describing Covid-19 as a fake virus. I have written nearly four hundred such articles and published them on my blog, [www.nofakenews.net](http://www.nofakenews.net).

Right out of the gate, I was not only fighting for my life but was exchanging verbal blows with the guy who was supposed to be trying to save my life.

"You're probably going to die," the medical doctor proclaimed. "You've been writing a lot of lies and misinforming people about a virus that's killing millions."

I looked over at this doctor wearing a white coat who was staring back at me and said, "I am not the one writing and telling lies. Covid is the lie, and I have been poisoned, moron!"

My memories of that hospital stay are not good. My wife and daughter said I had written some things for my blog and had conversed with them through text messaging for several days before going on the ventilator. Still, my recollection of those conversations was lost in my mind due to the lack of oxygen in my brain at the time. The next thing I remembered was...