

MC's Super Duper Awesome Amazing Fun Journal

Table of Contents:

1. Copyrights/ Collabs
2. "The 2022 Era"
3. Deadpool/ Wolverine
4. Cafetto: Changes
5. Breakups & Pedestal Friends
6. Maule: Head On
7. The Meg Mentality
8. Dedication (x2)
9. Chilean Taco Bell
10. The Entry to End all Entries

#1: Copyrights/ Collabs

I didn't start writing and publishing stories for many years for a few reasons. One of them being that I was so worried about copyrights and maintaining ownership of my own stuff. Then the other reasons were inadequacy feelings, judgement, yada, yada, yada, etc.

Looking back at it, I was literally denying myself the joy of sharing one of my joys with others for that first mentioned reason.

But now, I have decided to take a new mindset with it. "The C can stand for Copyright AND Collaboration."

Therefore, I think this notice below sums it up nicely as a first Reflection. A Reflection into not a place or time like some others upcoming, but one into a shift in mindset.

A change from what I would have done before of trying to "lock it down," to "trying to protect yet let it grow and interact."

So, without further ado, welcome to the vibe of Castle Johnson Publishings' "Reflection Department." More to come.

:)

“We, at Castle Johnson Publishings in 2025, own the unique characters we created. But if you are like, man... these characters are cool and I want to make some cool story with them too, go ahead. Just like don't make it super weird and send us a link. We can collab or something. After all, isn't the whole point of art to express and connect? :)

But if you are going to be like not chill about it and say like you did this great epic piece of beauty yourself, just ask yourself first, why? Do I not think I can make a quality idea myself or do I believe the lie that all the good ideas are taken and gone?

Because I totally think you could. Even if you are just taking it to be a spiteful jerk. Yes, even you. Honestly, successful theft (and more importantly maintaining that theft/ lying without getting into trouble) is generally more work and stress than just not stealing to start with. So, like if you can metaphorically lift 50 kg, you can lift 25. You know?

So, sure. You are convinced now but like need idea help? Hit us up and we can brainstorm. If the idea vibes with us too, we can even collab on that or help you find someone who can.

Well, anyways, love ya and this is our version of a copyright ©.

Peace 🕊️”

That was my original idea but upon further thought, I decided even that was too formal. So, if it applies to a legal scenario in the future timelines of mischief, cool. Jaja

But just know, it doesn't mean much to me. Because if something were to happen in this realm of topic, I'll just release what I have as Fan Fiction and find something new. And probably even more ridiculous. Jaja. Because at the end of the day, my work doesn't define me. It shapes me but it doesn't define me. I define it. Always and forever.

Always and forever,

MC

#2: “The 2022 Era”

Looking at my life throughout the years, I can see the eras like looking at a timeline or storyboard. Yeah... and there were a lot:

There was Elementary, Middle School, High School, Early University, Mid-University, End of University, Dance Marathon Touring 1 and 2, Covid and then now, "The 2022 Era."

These 3 years (I am counting the end of 2021 too) have been absolutely wild when I look at all the things I have done and seen.

Weight loss (100 kg to 75 kg or 200 lbs to 150 lbs) and story pages gained. Friendships lost and won. Distances walked and records broken. Hearts forged and shattered. A personal self defined, lost and found again. But throughout it all, I knew that I just had to keep going. My "Mountain Glen" was out there.

A few of my friends have heard me describe my ultimate dream. Silly as it may be, it fuels me and all that I actually truly want and desire. Wear some straight up baller suit and slow dance with my love (whomever you may be. I can't master sports rosters/ lineups and this knowledge... Yet), in a picturesque mountain glen while it softly snows.

Well, that and have a MASSIVE beach party with everyone I know. And I mean everyone. Gather them all in one place and have the circles finally interact.

Oh, and eat a sandwich on the South Sandwich Islands, poke a mud volcano with a stick in Azerbaijan and gather my 18,000 something closest friends and go to New Zealand to LARP the Battle of Helm's Deep with GoPros.

Ok, I have a few dreams :)

But now that I'm in this Era, I feel all of that is actually possible. I have climbed the metaphorical (and literal) mountain and seen the view. I tasted the greatest waffle and I want more.

From Camp Echo Lake to Viña Del Mar, Chile, I felt that feeling. Sure, I waver like anyone. I fall. A lot. Jajaja

But I feel like holding onto those things, those goals and those ideals helped me stay strong. Strong in times when I had moments where I felt the most alone I have ever felt and times when I felt the most love I have ever felt.

But I don't think I'm super unique in this. Plenty of people have plenty of Eras and I think it's about seeing what one you are in and seeing how you can grow. Then, most importantly, don't be too hard on yourself.

Yeah, some mistakes are bigger than others but as long as you hold onto what's actually real in life (friends, family, love, hope and realizing that time is the most valuable thing you will EVER own), it's pretty hard to truly fail. So, remember, you only actually fail when you stop trying.

Your Mountain Glen is out there. Go get it.

Because if climbing a ski jump in Lake Placid, New York has taught me anything, it's that I have a huge respect for ski jumpers and that the view is definitely worth the climb.

Always and forever,

MC

#3: Deadpool/ Wolverine:

I recently saw Deadpool & Wolverine and it had a pretty profound effect on me. It seemed like it was speaking straight to my soul. Or something like that.

Despite the high levels of violence and profane language, I saw something in me there. When the antagonist was about to accomplish their goal and our heroes were on their last straw, their flashbacks and conversation with the side characters showed me it.

It made me realize what I've been running from.

For me, I think it was a fear that I didn't grow enough while I was gone. I was the same scared child. Too nervous to chase my dreams due to a fear of failure and that would say about me. But I should have been more scared to not even try. I literally have the tattoo on the shield to look at for this exact reason. "Seize your glory." Whatever that definition really is.

So honestly, I'm Chilean M everywhere, not just there. Later, I'll still be him but changed again or _____ (insert random cool place here) M. Those just merely represent phases of my life.

Minnesota M wasn't all good or bad but his time has passed. Time for Chilean M to see just the

good what Minnesota M had. So, enjoy it, learn from his bad, forgive myself and move on. Don't run from my past because it makes me who I am. Remember the phrase.

"Chilean M didn't come to exist. Chilean M has come to conquer."

Not conquer people, governments or land. That's boring. I want to conquer the only thing truly worth conquering. My own time.

So, with this in my heart, I make this affirmation. Taken with me on a trip back to Minnesota and then back to Chile again. And then beyond.

It's on. It's soooooo on.

On and always moving forward in the beautiful, ridiculous and extremely entertaining way I do.

Chilean M, vamos!

Always and forever,

MC

#4: Cafetto: Changes

People have said, "people can't change." I am just going to say that I am not one of those people. Not low-key. Like at all. People can absolutely change.

I would know because I have done it myself. Thinking of how even 2024 and 2025 M are different. *Vida loca. Muy loca.* That's just a few months but then when you increase the scope, you can see a grander effect.

Not all changes are good, that's just an obvio. But when you compare moments in life, you really are just doing the best with what you have at that time. Whether that's your age, your brain, anxieties, skills, etc.

So, you can either say "this is who I am and this is all I ever will be," or you can say, "this is who I am and I like this and this but I don't like that or that. So... what can I do about it?"

I'm not talking about situations that are placed upon you. Wars, economic dives, getting mauled by a puma, family trauma *o más*. You can't control everything that happens to you but you can control how you react to it. You aren't stuck how you are forever. Unless you look at yourself and say, "cool." Then, don't change. Jajaja

But even when the tiny voices in your head say you can't change, they are lying. Trust me, I know that very well. I took the ideas that I'm an over-texter or an intense person as my personality and just accepted it.

When in reality, it was a response. A response to feeling inadequate with who I was at that time. Not professional enough. Not grown up enough. Not determined enough. So, I needed that validation from those I over texted and over confirmed with. But honestly, I should have just taken those feelings and give them a good left-hook. I define my success. No one else. Then, tell them that this is not what I want and they can either join the rest of me or get knocked out.

Boxing is a popular sport for a reason. :)

So, if I ever did annoy or bother you, sorry. I'm truly sorry. If you are annoyed for me giving you personalized poetry, checking in or like a dedication in a story, I'm not apologizing for caring. Jajaja, but I will say sorry for over-messaging or being too intense. Growing pains and all. But in the grand scheme of it all, I was just doing the best with what I knew at the time. But in this new time, this is what I know now. With a moderately and happily changed mind.

Always and forever,

MC

#5: Breakups and Pedestal Friends

It's not the easiest to know when you should walk away from a relationship. Is it when I fought too much for it? Lost too much? They hurt me too much or I caused too many tears to fall?

Then, it happens. You break up and you feel like everything comes crashing down at once. You are left truly broken and you don't know who you can talk too. What if they make me feel worse? What then? Am I even strong enough to handle that?

The quick spoiler answer is yes. Yes, you are strong enough. :)

Why do I say this?

Let's find out.

:)

Last year, I lost a person who felt like my moral compass and yet, it was for absolutely the best. She is happy and so am I so seeing that alone has made it worth the breakup. But as I was still in the process of "becoming happy again," I was relying heavily on music, my own range of complex emotions and my friends/ family here in Chile and abroad. My support network.

Now, I will forever thank them for what they have done and I'll gladly return the favor in a heartbeat, for the same or a similar situation. Any day. Any time. Any place.

But when one does rely on this network too much, there is a small chance you can put them on a pedestal (they can make no wrongs ever and are supportive gods who will have endless patience for you. Like literal angels). Then, when they act like a normal person and don't live up to the ridiculous pedestal you unfairly placed them on, your situational anxiety acts up and you lose your sh*t all over again...

Well, if that super specific thing happened to you, good news! I have a reflection for you to read and you aren't alone. I also know exactly about that too.

I'm not saying to avoid networks or connections. Obvio. Jajajajaja

But what I am saying is that it's important to know who you are too. Aside from them. Find you. Maybe it's finding you all over again. That's okay. It can be an adventure!

Then, while you are doing this, my last piece of advice is just like don't be too mad or bad with yourself. You trusted your heart and another. You had the guts to put yourself out there and believed in the amazing gift and feeling of love. That should be celebrated, not bashed.

I will never regret starting the relationship or ending it. Those experiences made me who I am and led me to developing the connections I have now but if I had a stronger grip on who I am without that network, I could have avoided the "Pedestals."

But when you really think about it, if I did that, I wouldn't have the opportunity to write all these reflections down. Effectively putting in the work on my own mind too. Yay!! 🙌💪

And then maybe, on top of that, if someone needed to read these, they wouldn't even be able to.

See what I mean?

Life is a carnival and a rollercoaster. Wildly unpredictable, busy but super duper scary and fun. And just like those beautiful things, it's better with friends and family. Just make sure to place them where they actually belong (by your side) because I can imagine it's very hard to ride a rollercoaster or eat a delicious treat from the top of a pedestal.

Always and forever,

MC

#6: Maule: Head On

If you haven't had time to read the "Breakups and Pedestal Friends" journal entry, go ahead. I'll give you a min.

... ..

Back? Great!

So, when one does this very accidental action of putting our support network on a pedestal, it's pretty likely it blows up in your face. But c'mon, like any other outcome is likely?

You start to accuse people who have basically been your "ride or die" for not caring. Not cool. Obvio.

Then, you get into an (hopefully emotional only) fight and if you are extremely lucky, you can see just where you went wrong. You can see, "I was an idiot, I need to grow up and apologize." So, you do.

You think... I found myself, removed them from the Pedestal, they accepted the apology and we are good. Yay!

So..... Now what?

You can either go back to what you are doing, ignore it and it should be better. Or you can choose to face these consequences head on. Go to a place literally filled with the shared memories with these people and stay there. Soak in it and get your body used to this new water's temperature. The new climate of the Pedestal-Free friendship. One literally constructed differently and from different wants, needs and feelings.

Welcome to M in Talca, Maule, Chile.

I'm well aware we can't all just pick up and move to a place like that. It requires a certain amount of time, money and freedom to do that but if you can do it, I highly recommend it. Or if you can only go back for a vacation, do that. Either way, try and find a way to get your beautiful self to that place.

The reason I say that is because people will often romanticize things in the past. The "rose colored glasses of memories" are real and super nice. Generally. Until they are used against you in a series of guilt inducing actions upon your own conscience. Replaying the perfect moments over and over again and reminding yourself how I could ever hurt these people? What kind of monster am I to do that?

Well, here is some good news with bad grammar. You ain't no monster.

You just were literally seeing those places from the wrong eyes.

By moving to a place with the "Head On" approach, you can see where you once were but you can see it from the vision you have now. Not your past eyes. You see it for what it was. A frozen piece of history. Never to change or adjust. Or grow. One to cherish and enjoy but not one to live by.

Our lives progress one day at a time for a reason. Ever forward.

So, now that I'm sitting on a bench near Estadio Fiscal de Talca, I can tell you that it's been 260% worth every km it took from Santiago to here. Walking the streets. Back down "Memory Lane" or Calle 1 Norte.

And from here, the adventure shall continue. As it always does.

After all, why would I want to just live in the past when it shaped me in such a great way that I know my future is going to be even better?

Always and forever,

MC

#7: The Meg Mentality

The year was 2018 and I was just working away at my day job. Picking up and moving stuff around. Ringing people up. You know, tool store stuff.

But being the hubris filled young man I was, I didn't listen to my coworker when he offered help. I thought I could lift a pressure washer in the box by myself. With basically no training and in very bad shape.

So, I tried and as you can probably imagine, it didn't work too well.

What felt like a rope being pulled on very tightly rocketed through the entirety of my spine, bottom to the top and that is a day that would later define me by so much. The day that the Meg Mentality was born.

In my pain, I then stayed home. Nearly immobilized and forced to watch movies and TV while I iced and applied heat. Day after day. Trying to stretch it out.

Now, at this point of the story, if I told you that The Meg is a movie that proceeded to change my life (Not the last one to do it, as you can read about Deadpool/ Wolverine as well), you may be asking yourself now, "ummm... why? What does the shark movie with Jason Statham have to do with an injured back?

Well... when I was lying there, feeling sorry for myself, I had a thought. It was during this movie while the main characters were dealing with their Sci-Fi level problem that it really put mine into perspective.

Sure, the shark is a metaphor at this point, I'm well aware. I'm not currently sitting in the middle of the Pacific Ocean against an ancient predator that existed at the top of its food chain but that doesn't mean the lesson is any less helpful.

If they can deal with a 75 foot shark, I can deal with a bad back. The lesson lies in the idea of how it is a big problem and about how all my problems are smaller than that shark.

If they can put in the work for their future, so can I. I can do this recovery and get more healthy. I can return from this, but not just where I was, but even stronger.

It was from this mentality shift that I was able to slowly change it all. Piece by piece. Shirt size by shirt size. Kg by kg. You get the point.

I started putting in the km/ miles in walking, watching what I ate and realizing that what I truly want is obtainable. Then, after a brief detour in a global pandemic, I was back to this same mentality in "The 2022 Era." But we already discussed that beauty of a time too.

So, after the 2022, maybe I'll go out to sea for a bit. Tackle the Meg Mentality head on and travel the Seven Seas on a boat. Conquering the mighty blue oceans in search of adventure, beautiful vistas and the greatest treasure of all, love.

Or maybe I learned the lesson of some of these people in the movie, oceans are scary. So, maybe the greatness of a landlocked Mongolia is calling.

Either way, no matter what problems come from these or likewise, I like the odds they will be probably still smaller than our little shark buddy. So, naturally, I still got it.

Always and forever,

MC

#8: Dedication (x2):

47,438 CLP or like 50ish USD.

That's what it took to completely transform how I approach my writing and my business plans as a whole.

47,438 CLP or like 50ish USD.

Completely funded by a particular friend.

I won't go into who they are or why they did what they did which allows me to do what I do. All you as the reader need to know is that her and her bae are completely why I can afford to do this.

Not literally. I literally could have taken the money from my savings and paid for a domain name. Obvio. 🙄

But when I got the support from them for supporting them, I knew I couldn't squander it. I had to spend it where it truly mattered.

Something like Castle Johnson Publishings.

It would be a stretch to say that I owe all my writing to them though. But I can say that I literally owe this. A dedication. So, thanks, you two :)

If you want to get into all the people I owe for writing, you got a decent list. Of these people's first names, not limited too:

- Mark & Lori
- Alex & Marcy
- Adam & Tayla
- Luisa
- David
- Mattea
- Ainsley
- Wilson
- Jenna
- Yugi
- Dwight & Helen
- Connie & Neal
- All dem Aunts
- All dose Unks
- All em cousins

- All dat family
- Sofia
- Emerson
- José
- Viktoria
- Matthew
- Hannes
- Marcela
- Brady
- Eric and Erik
- Sonya
- Yannick
- Other David (you decide which is the other... lol)
- Other Alex (same as above)
- Will & Sarah
- Brandon
- Schuyler
- Shane
- Valentina
- Jackie & Dean
- Onix & Esteban
- Sol
- Boris & Kari
- Y mucho más

So, thanks y'all :)

Knowing that I finally invested in the writing made me realize how real it was getting. It was always real though. This is just even more than 100%, you know?

I feel like I've always looked at it from a professional/ job perspective and having it officially registered on the internet really meant that to me. I was writing 100 page novellas at the age of 15 (good? Well, good is a relative term. Lol), so it's not something new to me. But it's just different now. In such a way that you wouldn't even believe, yo. My own brand of fun and weird has a home now. Literally.

So, now, there are a few steps that I can take. An MBA in Europe, Mexico, Canada, U.S.A./ EEUU or a further dedication into the business side of things in a different way. No matter what comes though, I have a domain name now. A sentence that literally still makes me smile like 18+ days later. All thanks to the people I adore.

Also maybe, just maybe, I did it to impress a Pereiran girl too.

Who knows, it wouldn't be the first time I did something like this for a few reasons and one of those was impressing a girl... Yes. Game designing too. Jajajaja

Oh, the power of perspective love.

Always and forever,

MC

#9: Chilean Taco Bell

I love Taco Bell.

A menu where I can order anything and even if it's wrong, who cares. They make no wrongs in the world of food. No pork products for me (not religious, just personal reasons. For those with moderate interest by that comment), but otherwise, nah. Totally good.

But when my finances in my beautiful barrio in Santiago got to a point where I couldn't buy whatever I wanted at my local Alameda Taco Bell, I had to adjust.

With about \$10 USD left in my bank account, I really had to adjust. Listen to "Odio Que No Te Odio" by Cami and Lasso and figure it out.

I could either go once (maybe twice?) with that money or I can buy groceries and learn how to cook the basics. Like seriously, cook fried eggs for the third time in my 30ish years of life.

Figure out that if I can cook Mac & Cheese, I can cook normal noodles.

"Hey! Rice isn't that hard!"

“Wait... they make instant coffee and all I need is hot water? WHAT?!?!?!?”

You know, “C’mom M...” moments.

But this isn’t a reflection to beat down myself or make myself feel like a fool. It’s not to say that “people just need to try harder and it will be all okay.” It’s just a journal entry to say “ehhhhhhh.... 💪💪 (I’m strong strong).”

Now, before I continue, it’s important to identify that I had plenty of options for a “bailout.” I have an incredibly supportive network of parents, family and friends who could have helped me with money. A roommate who graciously offered too.

But I will reiterate what I told him.

I did this to myself so I can deal with it but I will let you know if it gets to that very bad point. But I should be fine. I want to see if I can do it.

So, I bought a bag of rice, some eggs, bread, apples and a few more things. It was finally time to learn the things that my parents tried to teach me but I refused to pay attention to at the time.

I taught myself how to cook and just when my first Chilean transfer arrived, the plot thickened. Like the messy yet delicious stew that my 2024 was. :).

I got locked out of my Chilean bank account (again, my fault). So, I had this new larger amount but I still couldn’t access any of it and the days were counting down. A random birthday transfer to an account I could use (so, I bought more food but I had to use most of that to pay a different bill. Yay bills!) but nothing more.

I was down to probably like \$2 USD. Paying with peso coins at the mini market. You know, the whole thing.

But I still kept my trust in both the universe and myself.

I can do this.

I wouldn’t let this brokenness keep me broken. Because what’s broken can (sometimes) be fixed.

I enlisted some help (thanks Will!) and went to the bank for 4 hours to eventually reset my password. Later, I got into my account (still couldn't access it through card - ATMs worked though!) but I could then move into the next phase, find a service that can successfully transfer from Chile to the EEUU/ U.S. then withdraw and set up an alternative.

Through a series of steps over the next few months, I successfully accomplished these goals and got it sorted (all good now and this whole process even led me to start investing and building my compounding interest wealth, so that's fun!) but it's important that two things remained true throughout as I did these steps:

1. My network is truly amazing.
2. I refused to let this define me.

So, I took what was once an "unobtainable desire," and made it a reward of mine. Once a week I could go, IF I do other things I need to do. Utilizing the power of tacos and burritos for good. Like all taco-fueled great things.

Now, I'm at the point where I can go to Taco Bell whenever I desire but when I do, I know it's because I can and not because I have too.

All it took was learning steps, not too different from the ingredients of the foods themselves. Adding each and every piece together and trusting that if I didn't have the process right yet, I can figure it out.

So... yeah... tacos. :)

Always and forever,

MC

#10: The Entry to End all Entries

I could continue on and on. Journal entries about past experiences of mine. Until the end of my days.

I could talk about the wildness of 2015 and how it seemed an entire relationship of mine quickly got away from me and belonged to everyone else to talk about.

I could talk about my chest tattoos and how they are shaped together like a winky face.

I could talk about the experiences being in the awkward Middle School years.

I could talk about those and so much more.

But nah. I'm good.

Because that's the thing about journaling.

It seems like there is always a new way to try to fathom and dissect what happens to us. We can keep going on forever with it.

It *can* be so freeing.

Note the emphasis on "can."

When one begins to look at their past in a journalistic approach, it can definitely help identify what various things happened and how it shaped them but it can also limit us to only see things from the eyes of the past. Perpetually analyzing but never actually curing or changing. Why would I change and grow when I can just write about it in a journal later?

Wait! And I can get even more views, visitors, likes from yet another apology?!?!

Sweet!

So, the wheels keep churning.

Until you take a giant hammer to those wheels.

I'm not saying that this particular project didn't help me greatly.

It helped me so much.

But it helped me in a very ironic way. It made me realize what I don't want to keep on doing. Mainly, I don't want to keep on putting myself in those situations where I need to journal about it later.

See the patterns and make those beautiful changes.

Eliminate the “I wanted to do this but I couldn’t so I displaced the frustration about it into _____ instead.”

So, I got a travel and experiences list and you can bet your favorite sweet potato that I am ready to check this off.

Yep. This isn’t the end of MC’s contribution to the Castle Johnson Publishings’ legacy. It’s merely an adjustment. A change.

Like Peaceful Doenca in M Monroe Casey’s story, “#14: Santi & Bubbles.”

“The Original One” changes and rewrites their story and thus, alters the stories of the rest of himself. Opening up the chance for Peaceful Doenca to then become Sixth.

Because to me, that’s ultimately what those Doencas represent.

They are the fear that what you are now is all you’ll ever be. Stuck with but one characteristic like Smart, Hopeful, Happy, Jealous, etc. Only to reflect. Never to change.

“All I’ll ever be is stuck in the past and on the sidelines to what I really want to do. I can change my attitude or understanding, which is awesome. But I can’t change the situation. Good, not great. Better, not desired.”

Or

“I am the master of my own destiny and I can’t control all of what happens to me or what others do, but I can do my best to pursue my goals. Tackling the Meg sized problems and my own insecurities head on.”

And you know, call me crazy, but the second one does sound better!!

So, if the name of “Sixth the Endless” has a nice ring to it, it’s not because of the ego or the narcissism. It’s not because of a secret desire to rule (besides me) or cause a ruckus.

It’s truly and honestly from the part where Peaceful Doenca didn’t look at his life, when he was given a second chance to change what he disliked and say “nah bro, I’m good.” He analyzed, he calculated AND he acted upon it.

His new story then continued on.

Well... they do always say that actions speak louder than words and I did already buy the compass like all great explorers have...

This will be fun.

:)

Always and forever,

MC