

# **Marijuana**

**And The**

# **7 Secrets**



**Presented To You Freely**  
**By Francis Taylor**

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# Marijuana and The 7 Secrets by Francis Taylor

## **15 Years ago....**

I slowly became aware of myself, but did not open my eyes. My head lay deep in my dirty pillow, which was soaking with the saliva that had drained out of my mouth. The furry brown carpet on my tongue made me gag as I closed my mouth.

It was time to get up. Not for anything in particular, least not for anything cared about. The cat wanted feeding, but it could wait. It knew better than to swim between my legs in the morning.

If ever I had a short temper, it was when I was trying to get up and get going, that was when I was at my worst..., trying to ignore my floating , dream-like state, but it was difficult..., like trying to watch a movie that I just wasn't interested in..., trying to reconnect somewhere, with this thing I called 'my life'.

Every morning was now the same. In fact every day was now the same. I'd wake up at some point, usually about 10 or 10.30. I'd lie there, bursting for a pee, or if I had the strength, I'd sit up and use

the old tea pot that's kept under the bed. Most days, the tea pot was still full from the night before... or the night before that.

I never had breakfast, least I never ate food. As usual, the joints from the night before had ensured that I had stuffed my face with everything and anything I could find in the refridgerator. Pizza, chips, fries, breakfast cereal, soup, candy bars, and a few cans of beer. That was my supper, or some variation of it, every night for over ten years.

And now, breakfast was a cigarette and a coffee, repeated until lunchtime. When I could eat a snack and then rest on my couch. If Detective Columbo was on, I'd usually watch that. It was easy to watch, I mean, they actually show you who the bad guy is right at the beginning. You can see just how he did it. You don't need to think at all...

Since my divorce I've been cooking for myself. No problem really, just needed to master the controls on this second-hand electric cooker. One of the elements is temperamental, if not dangerous. It literally goes hot and cold, it's got a mind of its own. Bit like my ex-wife. She kept the old cooker, (which is newer than mine, if you know what I mean), it was part of the divorce settlement. I had to leave the marital home... leave everything... and I did. I left everything... somewhere...I didn't even argue... and never even saw it go...

My even meal is always..., how do they say it?.... It is 'substantial'. I usually eat enough to keep me going till later on in the evening when my 'munchies' take over. So, I eat well. Fries, baked beans, bread, burgers. Food that makes you sleep.

The bar is open all day, but I only go at about 9 o'clock. The guys in the bar usually slope in between 9 and 10. We talk about not

much at all really. The game. The price of beer. The price of cigarettes. Women and how much they can ruin your life.

We drink, we smoke and we have a joint. I feel great when the first lung full hits my head. Somehow, the world feels a little better, and what harm is it doing anybody? The bartender doesn't mind us smoking dope, as long as we don't make it too obvious.

Some of the guys talk about work, but to be honest, they are getting on my nerves. I lost my job 12 months ago. It's like the boss said, someone has to go, and he said it was me. He said he knew I'd 'lost interest'. He said he'd heard about my 'problems' at home and that maybe a fresh job might help? And besides, he said I was hardly ever in on time and when I was, my work wasn't 'up to standard'. I just couldn't be bothered... Anyway, I know I'm only twenty nine, but I'm not as fit as I was, so maybe it's best that I find a less demanding job...? But, right now, I just couldn't be bothered with work at all.

This tiny apartment they gave me stinks. It's small, there is black mould coming through the ceiling, the walls are paper thin, but, well, I guess it's OK for now. The government pay the landlord, (some rich guy, who I've never met, who lives somewhere in the country), and as long as I keep my nose clean, they say you can stay as long as you want.

The neighbours are people who, I guess are like me, you know, who are 'down on their luck'. They are quiet during the day, but once the boys have had bit of 'action', they can get naughty, so I keep my doors locked and the bar down. It's not that bad...

**14 years and 6 months ago...**

The truth is, I cry a lot. Most days. Usually in the afternoons, but mornings and evenings too.

You see, the truth is, I can't take much more of this. I can't think straight. My mind is all over the place. What I mean is, I am unhappy. There, I said it. Mind you, I knew deep down that something was wrong, maybe a long time ago... I guess I never fully acknowledged the part I played in the marriage break-up, and then there were some 'family issues...'

I started to tell the Doctor, but I just couldn't find the words, I cried, I sobbed, I was ashamed... but I couldn't stop. So he gave me prescription for Ativan or Lorazepam or something like that.

I had always thought that people who take antidepressants needed to 'get a grip' or 'pull them selves together', but now... He told me to take three pills a day. I did at first, but, along with the alcohol and the marijuana, they were just too strong. So now I always keep one or two pills in my pocket, at all times, just in case... for emergencies.

Antidepressants! I had no idea how good they were! When the terror starts... when I think I am starting to 'go over the edge'... when I can feel the urge to scream or cry and feel I will never stop... that is when I reach into my pocket. I pop the blue coated angel under my tongue and wait. Relieved, I know I will soon be OK, when I can feel the tablet starting to dissolve... chalky white powder taking me away. Making me safe. And numb.

## **14 years and 3 months ago...**

I cannot go on like this.  
I smoke 60 cigarettes a day.

I smoke marijuana every single night.  
I am addicted to marijuana.  
I didn't even see it happen.  
I drink alcohol every day.  
OK..., let's be honest.  
I am an alcoholic and have been so for over 10 years.  
These tranquilisers are a double-edged sword.  
They are helping me... yet I feel they may be the nails in my coffin.

Some days, maybe when I change my jeans, I forget to put the pills in my pocket. Talk about panic! It's a catch 22 situation. I panic because I forgot to bring the pills which stop me from panicking...

My life is no longer my own.  
It is a distant memory....  
My life... my dreams... are a distant memory....

Please... somebody... anybody... help me.  
Help me! Please please please please please HELP ME!!!

If there is anybody out there, please HEAR ME!

Can't you see? I CANNOT TAKE IT ANYMORE!

I never wanted this...  
No, I never wanted this...  
I just want....  
I just want to be...

## Today - In The Here And Now

Welcome, my name is Francis Taylor. Thank you for taking the time to read this free report. Every word you are reading is 100% true.

As you have probably guessed already, I am certainly no Shakespeare. Yes, I could have employed someone to listen to my story, to tape it, to type it, to edit and pretty-it-up a bit, but as I say, this is my story.

As I sit at my computer, typing with one finger, I am sending you all my love. And even though we have never met and may never, ever meet, I want to thank you for being here for me, being a part of this epic adventure that I call, my life.

Right now, I am sat typing in my office, which is in a beautiful 300 year old farmhouse which is my home. The house was paid for a long time ago. I keep toying with the idea of moving into a large Georgian manor house. Time will tell. Time will surely tell.

The rain is beating hard against the stained glass window, yet as I look across to the pine woods below, I can see that the fields are full of pheasants. The house is warm and I am cosy. This morning I exercised in the gym upstairs, so I won't need to go for a run today. And as I no longer need to work, I reckon today would be a good day to tell you about the seven secrets which I once discovered.

To be fair, I didn't just 'discover' them. For that would have been impossible. I was literally led away from the precipice of physical, mental and emotional breakdown. Just when I couldn't take anymore, when the sheer misery of my own existence was too much to bear, I was gently and kindly led back to life.



Yes, I had got to the point where I was either going to ‘end it all’, or get some kind of help which I had never had before. Then, out of the blue, a ‘helping hand’ appeared in my life.

Now, before any of you start thinking, ‘Here we go, a religious nut case!’ Let me put you straight.

I am not religious.

I am not keen on anybody telling me what to think or how to live my life.

If you are religious, I respect your right to think and do whatever you want, as long as it’s within the law.

No. I am talking about an ordinary guy who didn’t judge me, he simply explained to me why I was in the mess I was in.

Then he showed me how to get out of it.

Slowly.

Simply.

Kindly.

**Within 2 weeks of following his [techniques](#), I had stopped the tranquilisers.**

Completely.

No fears.

No worries.

No thought of ever needing them again.

And I never ever took a single pill again.

**Within 6 weeks I had stopped smoking marijuana.**

Now, I realise there are some of you who will immediately shout ‘Garbage!’ After all, marijuana is powerful stuff and you can’t just get off it that easy. Can you?

No, you can’t.

That was a tough six weeks.

Actually, the first three days were the most difficult.

I can still remember my first night without a joint.

It was surreal.

I tried watching T.V., but I just couldn't concentrate. Then I remembered the techniques. I 'practiced' them for half an hour, after all, I didn't even need to get out of my armchair.

Ten minutes after doing the [first technique](#) I was calm, restful and maybe even tired. So I got into bed and just lay there.

Years of habits started to erupt as an inner part of me realised that 'tonight was the night' - there was going to be no joint!

I started to panic! What if? What if...?!

Again I remembered the techniques, I sat up in bed and began my practice.

Somehow, sometime, I guess I just drifted off to sleep.

I can only describe my feelings in the morning, as all my Christmas' rolled into one!

I woke up. My eyes shot open. I looked stunned as the digital clock silently flicked over to 9:27am.

I had done it!

I had done it!!

I HAD DONE IT!!!

For the first time - in over 10 years - I had gone to bed and slept without taking alcohol, pills or marijuana.

I can still feel the crisp, fresh, aliveness, -  
the energy surging in my nerves as I jumped out of bed -  
I HAD DONE IT!!!

I nearly tripped over the empty teapot as I lurched from my bed, and then I saw him....

(Tears now roll from my eyes as I remember that moment...)

I saw someone who I had not seen for over a decade....  
At the base of my bed, hung up on the moulding-black wall, was  
the only possession my ex-wife let me keep...  
I saw my self in our old mirror.

My eyes met my own eyes.  
We gazed at each other.  
Was it true?  
Was it really me?  
Did I really do it?  
**YES! I DID! I DID IT! I DID IT! I DID IT!**  
Tears rolled down our faces as we looked and laughed and cried.  
We did it.  
We really did it...

Over the next few months I got to know that guy again. Actually,  
that's not true. I got to know my boy again. Yes, that little boy in  
me that got lost somehow, somewhere, along the way. I started to  
listen to myself like I had never done before. And with the help of  
my helper and his [unique techniques](#), and his loving care and  
patience, **I finally gave up all alcohol, all marijuana and just for  
the hell of it- I gave up smoking too!**

But, you know the old saying, "You can't make an omelette  
without breaking a few eggs." There were serious consequences to  
me breaking my habits and being free of pills, marijuana and  
alcohol.

I started to have so much more energy.  
My health soared.  
I started to change the way I looked.  
I started to change the way I dressed.  
The way I walked.  
I could see women were becoming interested in me again.  
I started to *feel* different.

Very, very different.  
I started to be... happy.

Using [technique #2](#), I completely changed the whole direction of my life. **Years of negative thoughts, negative self-doubt, negative self-belief were wiped out using a technique that simply by-passed my conscious mind.** Using technique #2 we reprogrammed my unconscious, just like you would reprogram your computer. The technique was so simple, I guessed it was baloney, but I didn't want to be rude, so I simply did it.

And it too worked.

Today I am a very healthy, very wealthy, very happy businessman. **All the ideas, things, beliefs and possessions that I casually used in technique #2, have come true.**

But, do you remember 15 years back?

When I was on the brink of suicide?

Do you remember what I wanted?

When I was crying out for help...

Do you remember what I *really* wanted?

The thing is, what I really wanted – I had it all the time.

I wanted my life.

I wanted love.

And I have found it- in my self.

Using all [5 Techniques](#) has enabled me to take ownership of my life.

Simple techniques, sat in a chair... who would have believed it?

The big house? Got it.

Fancy cars? Got a few.

Money? Got it.

Loving relationships? Yes, I now can and do enjoy love again.

You see, what I have discovered that the greatest thing that you

can possess already lies within you.  
Your life, your endless possibilities, your future –  
it lies within you –  
it is waiting for you to put down the marijuana –  
to pick yourself up and stride forward into the life which is  
rightfully yours.

It's just that sometimes we need a helping hand to find it.

That is what my friend did.  
He totally transformed my life with his totally unconventional  
techniques. He offered his helping hand and I took it.

Now I am offering you my own helping hand.

Wherever you are, across this great planet, I am reaching out to  
you.  
And I know I am touching you because deep down we are all the  
same.

The time is right.

**Right now is your time.**

Join me.

Use the [How To Stop Smoking Marijuana Program](#) to pick  
yourself up and stride forward into the life which is rightfully  
yours.

And the 7 Secrets?

What? Didn't you see them?

They were in the story.

Remember, everything is already inside of you.  
Sometimes you just need a helping hand

# Secret #1

## You Only Smoke Marijuana

### To Change The Way You *Feel*

If I invented a new drug, what is the first thing that you would ask me? I'll tell you, because I have asked thousands of people the same question.

They all say, '*What does it do?*'

Then I say, 'What do you mean?'

Then they say, '*Well, how does it make you feel?*'

Another way of putting that question is, '*How does it change the way you feel?*'

Now, if I said that it did absolutely nothing, that you felt exactly the same- would you buy it?

Of course not.

Because everybody who takes drugs wants to change the way they *feel*.

Remember me in the bar? I said, "*We drink, we smoke and we have a joint. I feel great when the first lung full hits my head. Somehow, the world feels a little better, and what harm is it doing anybody?*"

So, imagine if you could feel 'great', feel 'spaced out', feel 'chilled out', without drugs.

Imagine if YOU felt happy enough *without drugs*.

That would great wouldn't it?

That is what my friend showed me how to do.

**I just needed a helping hand.**

**We all just need a helping hand.**

## Secret #2

# It's Not Your Fault

We like to think we are in charge of our lives.

We like to think we are in control of all we think, we say and do.

But we are not.

After all, who would choose to be unhappy?

Very often, things outside of our control really affect us, causing us to feel bad.

Sometimes- really bad.

Maybe the country goes to war.

Or someone breaks your heart.

Or someone in the family treated you badly.

You would never choose to feel that way.

Do you remember me when I was suicidal?

I really didn't want to feel that way.

I said, '*I never wanted this...*'

But it wasn't my fault.

I was trapped in the vicious habits of fear, poor self-image and addiction.

**I just needed a helping hand.**

**We all just need a helping hand.**

## Secret #3

# Accept Your Past- Even The Mistakes

If you were going on vacation, you wouldn't take your garbage with you, would you?

Of course not.

Yet, that is just what many of us do.

We carry a lifetime of mental and emotional garbage around with us. It slowly becomes a part of us, so much so, that we don't even see it anymore. We think it is a part of our own identity. We cannot let it go even if we wanted to.

The pain of my own past was too much for me. Slowly the invisible burden was killing me.

Remember, I said, *"...something was wrong, maybe a long time ago... I guess I never fully acknowledged the part I played in the marriage break-up, and then there were some 'family issues...'"*

You see, I just couldn't see where I was hanging on. And even if I could, I just couldn't let go.

Because, I didn't know how to let go.

My friend showed me a simple, kind and easy way of letting go of the past.

**I just needed a helping hand.**

**We all just need a helping hand.**



## Secret #4

# You Have Got To Want To Change

If you smoke marijuana and you cannot see the problem with it, you are not ready for change.

Your life of endless possibilities- is not ready for you yet.

Your life of enjoyable adventure- is not ready for you yet.

In fact, unless you ever want to change, and **admit it in your heart**, then you will probably never ever live your life... that glorious journey that still has your name on it.

The way it works is this.

You had no choice about your past.

You didn't choose your sex, your parents, family, your race, you probably didn't have much choice about where you were brought up.

You had no choice about the way most people treated you.

And some of what has gone on in the past has made you feel bad.

Maybe, real bad.

So, why not have a joint?

After all, it will change the way you feel? Right?

But the past is the past – and you have got to let go.

Does that make the past right? No.

Does that mean we have to forgive? No.

Does it mean that you were wrong? Absolutely not.

It just means that you want to move on to a better life.

A life were you feel great.

A glorious journey that still has your name on it.

If you do not know how to feel different. No problem.  
If you do not know how to give up marijuana. No problem.  
If you do not know how to imagine a better future for yourself.  
Guess what? No problem.

Listen.  
You do not need to know *how* to change.  
You just have to *want* to change.  
The rest will happen naturally.

Remember, when I was at my wits end, I really wanted to change from the bottom of my heart. I cried out, “*Please... somebody... anybody... help me. Help me! Please please please please please HELP ME!!!*”

Now, I am not suggesting you need to be suicidal to change. I am just letting you know that there is one unique Special Ticket out there, with your name on it- and it is waiting for you. The ticket is called Your Life and it will take you wherever you want to go.  
No questions.  
No judgement.  
No fear.  
It really will take you wherever you want to go.  
But you have got to *want* the ticket.  
You have got to believe that you deserve the ticket.  
You have simply got to *ask* for your ticket – *from your heart*.

Ask and you shall receive.

**I just needed a helping hand.**

**We all just need a helping hand.**

## Secret #5

# You Must Make Space

Right now, as your reading this story, notice something...

Notice that you can't stop thinking.

No matter how much you try and calm down, you just can't keep your mind still.

Your mind is 'full up'.

You see, there is no space in the average persons mind.

'Not a problem', you might say.

Then imagine this.

You only drink your coffee with milk and sugar in it.

You go into your local Starbucks and the person behind the counter puts too much coffee in your cup.

There is no room for the milk or the sugar.

You cannot have what you want because your space is already full up with other stuff.

You see, the space is the most important thing in the cup.

It allows the other 'good stuff' to take place.

So if you would like a life of endless possibilities- including a life free of marijuana – then you need to make the space for your new future.

Remember, earlier I said, “...*I can't think straight. My mind is all over the place.... I am unhappy.*”

Technique#1 helped calm my mind down. Slowly the storm settled, leaving me with *a whole new space...* allowing me to experience the totally unexpected new possibilities.

**I just needed a helping hand.**

**We all just need a helping hand.**

## Secret #6

### ‘They’ Cannot Help You- *because ‘they’ just don’t have the answer!*

In our society we are trained to rely on ‘experts’ or ‘professionals’ or the government to help us in our hour of need.

If the country gets invaded, then leave it up to the Government.  
OK.

If your computer fails, then give it to the ‘expert’.  
OK.

If you want to stop smoking marijuana, then go to the Doctor.  
Wrong.

By all means get yourself checked out, but, the Doctor can offer you little help.

Listen. We all know that Doctors and the rest of the Medical profession are there to help us as best they can. And most of the time they really do a splendid job. But they are not miracle workers.

They cannot do everything.

They cannot know everything.

Their jobs are almost impossible as it is.

**And the Governments own researchers admit - on their own website – ‘...that there is no treatment for marijuana addiction...’.**

**None.**

There are thousands of natural illnesses, ailments and conditions. Hundreds more are ‘invented’ every year.

Your medical professional is just that – a ‘medical’ professional.

Most people who smoke marijuana are ‘emotionally’ addicted to the feelings it gives you. Remember – I know what I am talking about. By all means get yourself checked out by your medical professional, just for your peace of mind.

My advice is not to replace marijuana with another drug.

*Remember what my Doctor did?*

*I was emotionally disturbed, so he gave me another drug- and it made me worse.*

*Much, much worse.*

They really do want to help you, but they just don’t have the time or resources..

[Techniques#1, 3, 4 and 5](#) helped me calm my mind down. Slowly the storm settled, leaving me with *a whole new space...* allowing me to experience the totally unexpected new possibilities.

**I just needed a helping hand.**

**We all just need a helping hand.**

## Secret #7

# Don't Ever, Ever Give Up On Your Self

Life really can be difficult sometimes. During the course of a lifetime, all kinds of unpleasant things can happen to you, your family or someone you care about.

So, what can you do about it?

Well, sometimes you can do a great deal to avoid these tragedies – but other times there seems there was nothing you could have done to prevent it from happening.

Sometimes it can seem that the pain of life is just too much for us.

But what I want to offer you, is not only the hope and faith to keep on going – but **concrete, down-to-earth practical help.**

**Remember, I was once heavily addicted to marijuana, alcohol, tobacco and other ‘drugs’. I was unemployed, overweight, had terrible respiratory problems and tons of other stuff that tends to come all at once... believe me, I know.**

You have read my true story.

You have read how I was genuinely suicidal.

You have read how I almost gave up on life itself... then I asked the universe for help... then something magical happened.

I let go...

I stopped trying to stay the same...

I gave up my past to the Universe...

And invited in my new life.  
I could have made this story more exciting.  
I could have invented an all kinds of exotic adventures.  
But the truth is I don't need to.  
You see, since I started using these [simple techniques](#), my whole life has become unrecognisable from the hollow shell it was once before.

I have taught thousands of people, just like you, these techniques.  
Not only how **you will quit marijuana**, but how **you can open up** into the **new life which is rightfully yours**.

**You will have your own personal experiences as your own personal transformation takes place.**

**Of course there will be times when you feel like falling by the wayside, maybe having a smoke or two.**

**These times will very quickly pass.**

**Because you will use the simple techniques that I have shown you.**

**You will pick yourself up.  
You will look in the mirror.  
You will smile and no doubt be very proud of what you see.  
A bold adventurer who is prepared to make mistakes.  
A brave human being, who knows that it is never too late to play an important part in their own life.  
A person who knows that the greatest secret of all -  
*is simply to know and love yourself.***

I hope you have enjoyed my story.



All the [5 Techniques](#) have helped me and thousands of others.  
I am sure they can and will help you.

If you feel that now is your time to experience the totally unexpected new possibilities of your new life- you might feel a little confused, even a little frightened. I remember when I was scared and I said *'My life... my dreams... are a distant memory....*

**I just needed a helping hand.**

**We all just need a helping hand.**

[The help you need is right here waiting for you.](#)