

Why Elvis Faked His Death
And How You Can Prove It

-or-

The Letter I Sent To Mr. Beast

By Jeff Brixey

Commander, Elvis Presley's

Rock N Roll Knights

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Dedication

Son, this book is dedicated to you. It only exists because of you. I was ready to take the secret of what I did to help Elvis to my grave. Now, for YOU and because of YOU, I'm telling the whole world!

For YOU, we **are** going to change **EVERYTHING**.

I Love you bud. You are the greatest thing that has ever happened to me, and getting to be your dad is the biggest honor I have ever been given.

You are everything.

-Dad

ALL THE WAYS TO PROVE ELVIS FAKED HIS DEATH.

I'm going to list all the ways you, the fans, will be able to help me prove Elvis faked his death right here at the beginning.

1. The first time Burt Reynolds appeared on the Tonight Show with Johnny Carson after Elvis faked his death...Elvis called into the show. Live on air we can hear Elvis say something to Burt like "you old dog, how you been?" (or something like that) and Burt is SHOCKED. Burt says "why that sounds like..." and the show cuts to commercial

Voice analysis using modern tech should EASILY prove that was Elvis who called in to the show.

2. There was a singer in the 80's called Orion. Orion was Elvis's childhood nickname, they called him Orion the Hunter. When his first child was born, Joshua Lee Presley, Elvis called Joshua Orion. (Josh was born in 1956, during The Louisiana Hayride days, and is the REAL reason the Elvis and Colonel Parker split everything 50/50)

As Josh got older, he was more and more upset that no one could know about him. After Elvis faked his death, the two of them decided to help Josh launch his singing career as Orion, the Masked Singer.

I have added a section to my website dealing with Joshua Lee here. <http://www.ElvisAndJeff.com/otherkids>

During the Orion concerts, Elvis and Joshua Lee would wear identical costumes. At one point in EVERY Orion concert, Josh walks offstage and Elvis walks out. They look alike but they are clearly not the same person because they aren't the same height.

Elvis sings one song (Joshua said he liked to sing the song "Snowbird" a lot so maybe examine the songs before and after "Snowbird") then he walks back offstage, and his son Joshua Lee comes back out and finishes the concert. Once you see it and know who was who it will amaze you that they got away with doing it....it is really funny because it's so obvious. Voice analysis should easily prove that is Elvis Presley walking out and singing the one song.

As an aside I tried to start a company with a couple of friends, BS (whom you will meet later in this book) and this guy we called Hopper. Our company was named "Orion's Destiny." See Josh? Even as a dumb kid I somehow knew I was going to end up helping you. Or something like that....lol.

3. Sticking with Orion for a minute, there is a famous interview where the reporter spoke to Elvis in his hotel room over the phone. The network had a picture of the hotel up, and a pic of the reporter asking the questions.

Joshua Lee was with his dad in that hotel room, and Josh said at one point in the interview Elvis handed him the phone and said, "you talk to him".

Analyze every Elvis phone interview and with modern technology it should prove there were two different people on the phone in at least one interview. Elvis and his son Joshua Lee.

4. Gail Gorgio Brewer(sp?) put out a book called Orion, about a famous singer faking his death. It hit way too close to home and Elvis did end up contacting her. She recorded the conversation and released a tape. If you can find a copy of that tape, voice analysis will prove it is Elvis just like that double crossing bitch said. It was because of her and this incident that he began using a voice changer with almost all his calls.

5. The movie Finding Graceland is basically a true story....it wasn't Memphis where Frank and Elvis first met, but Elvis said it is 95% true.

The truck driver's arm in the beginning of that movie is ELVIS'S arm...the arm you see shaking Frank's hand is Elvis. Surely modern technology can compare that arm to his movies and shows and prove it is a match. Someone in that movie must know about it.

6. Dr Hinton betrayed Jesse back then (I'll get right into it in the beginning here Don, you sack of crap). and I want him involved as little as possible.

He was Jesse's doctor in secret for years. Elvis said Don really was a good friend to him. Elvis said Don literally kept him alive for years. Elvis said Don just got greedy and he understood and forgave him. He told me I needed to forgive Don too.

I forgive you Don. That is why the next time I see you I'm not going to beat your ass for what you did to Jesse and Linda. Because Elvis said I should forgive you.

That doesn't mean I can't tell the entire world that the real reason the book didn't launch back then is because you are a shitty little weasel. He wasn't coming back out as Elvis but did want the world to know he was still alive and why he had to fake his death. So, you snuck in cameras to try to secretly record him and force him out (Elvis had 3 plastic surgeries over the years to hide his identity, so DID NOT want anyone to know what he looked like. He was NOT coming back out as Elvis).

Other than a long overdue "Fuck You Don" I'm not doing anything about you. I will simply tell the truth and let the fans handle that shit for me.

POINT IS, Elvis mailed Don all kinds of things over the years. He has several cassette tapes from the times Elvis was staying at Johnny Cash' place. On those tapes you hear Elvis, Johnny, Jerry Lee, Merle Haggard and others sitting around playing music and singing. Analysis on those tapes should be

able to determine when they were made. Voice analysis should prove it is Elvis on those tapes. IF a tape made in '82 or '83 has Elvis singing on it, that's proof.

7. Since he stayed with Johnny off and on over the years after faking his death, the entire Cash family knows. PLEASE admit Elvis, living as Jesse Garron, stayed with your family over the years? If you guys will just tell the world I'm telling the truth from day one then it's over, Priscilla has no choice but to admit it, and we can get on with changing the entire world.

I was going to send a letter to a guy in Nashville named Jason Campbell. Jason and I had been friends since we were 5 or 6 years old.

In the letter Jason, I was going to explain who I was and what I did for Elvis. They ALL were watching my website about the book back then. That way you could have contacted the Cash family, and told them we were friends for decades, and even if they wouldn't publicly admit it, "is my friend telling the truth?" The way I wrote the letter they would have at least admitted privately to you it was true.

You completely ignored me in every attempt to reach out for help. Treated me like I was nuts. To launch this project, we are going to need to set up an in-house record label and studio to re-record his old stuff and release Johua Lee's new stuff.

Despite you being one of the biggest dicks ever to me, your friend who met your idol Elvis and risked his life keeping Elvis safe, you are very, very, very good at what you do. (YOU are one of the reasons I started helping in the first place ,you ass. LOL god I am so mad at you Jason)

I would like to work with you on everything related to recording and releasing the music.

You are going to have to kiss my ass if you want me to make you a Rock N Roll Knight though. I needed you man! If you would have helped months ago...GRRRRR. Why wouldn't you help? Lol, I mean I'm laughing but **IT HURT JASON**.

I forgive you but I am **PISSED** at you. Take this book today and go fucking ask the Cash family if it's true, you dick. It is.

Have Alice Cooper reach out amongst the Hollywood Vampires. One of them must have a way to contact Nic Cage and show him the book and ask if it was true, you dick, it is. (almost all my friends just suck)

8. If you will watch episodes of David Letterman's show, every year on Elvis Presley's birthday, ONE YEAR Dave started wishing a "Happy Birthday to his very good friend Elvis Presley".

Elvis had been impressed with Dave and reached out to reveal himself. The first year Dave wishes Elvis a Happy

Birthday is the year he met Elvis and learned Elvis had faked his death.

Mr. Letterman, I was told you and Elvis were friends and he is the one who pointed out the birthday wishes just randomly starting one year.

I am asking you to tell the truth and help me start changing the world. I know you won't know the truth about a large part of this book, **BUT YOU DO KNOW HE FAKED HIS DEATH.**

When asked about this book I am asking you to admit what Elvis told me: you began wishing him a Happy Birthday on your show the year he reached out and revealed to you he faked his death. That's it. **PLEASE TELL THE TRUTH.**

And because I might never get another chance to ask you, Did you grow out your beard because you are jealous that your son is the only Harry Letterman?

9.When Nic Cage married into the family he found out the truth about Elvis faking his death.

Nic, just like with Letterman I know you have no idea if half the things in this book are true. Even other members of his Circle of Friends don't know as much about some things as me.

Elvis **didn't** tell me the things I know.... **his SON** Joshua Lee told me. After Josh told me, Elvis began talking to me about all of it, but I had to learn it from his oldest child first.

I **KNOW** when you married into the family you learned he was still alive. **I AM GOING TO CHANGE THE ENTIRE WORLD** Mr. Cage, but I cannot do that until and unless one of the celebrities who know Elvis faked his death will stand up and tell the world it's true. **PLEASE TELL THE WORLD WHAT YOU KNOW**

10. Around 1997 a book came out called "I Lisa Marie". by Lisa Marie Johanson. She **IS** the real Lisa Marie Presley. That book has proof. (Lisa didn't know her dad was going to start on his book the next year in 1998, so she sticks with him being dead, but the rest is 100% true.)

The point she makes in the book is that if you look at pictures of Lisa the day her dad "died", or the weeks leading up to his death The little girl in those pictures had a larger forehead than the girl Priscilla begins passing off as Lisa after Elvis faked his death.

It is absolute proof and using modern technology should be easy to prove. Forensic analysis should easily prove the little girl being passed off as Lisa Marie **IS NOT** the same little girl Priscilla was passing off as Lisa after Vernons funeral.

The whole story comes out later in this book, but **LISA?** The person pretending to be Lisa Marie Presley all those years was Sarah, your older sister.

Sarah was born in '56 or '57. Elvis and your Mom were intimate before marriage, and at the age of what Priscilla? 16

years and 8 months, 9 months you got pregnant. They were wed at your grandparents' house (Joshua Lee thought they went back to Germany for the marriage, but he wasn't 100% and the secret wedding might have happened here instead of Germany) and not long after turning 17 your Mom gave birth to Sarah Presley, She and Elvis's first-born child.

After your dad testified against the mob, some group called "The Fraternity", they didn't believe he really was dead. They were sure he testified and went into witsec.

They came to Graceland and murdered your grandpa Vernon, shot him in the back of the head in front of you. If my telling you this unlocks a repressed memory of the murder, I am so sorry. (there is a chance that Lisa herself doesn't know all of this...there are so many F-ing secrets..layers and layers upon layers of layers. Its STUPID how many secrets there are with all of this!)

After Vernon's murder, Elvis basically kidnapped you and took you overseas to hide you with his mother's family in the Netherlands. People kept asking what happened to Lisa, where is Lisa? So your mom went to Germany and began passing your oldest sister Sarah off as you. The one the world believed was Lisa Marie Presley was actually her older sister, born in secret in Germany. Sarah and Lisa never met. Sarah was going to be one of those secrets that was never revealed, but Elvis took you to keep you safe, and Priscilla did the only thing she could

think of, went and got Sarah, and began passing her off as you, Lisa Marie.

11. Vernon's death certificate says he died of a heart attack Priscilla and we both know that's a lie. He was shot in the back of the head.

It should be easy enough to prove I'm telling the truth about that much at least. Let's get the fans to pressure the local DA to exhume his body. Graveside exam will prove he was shot in the back of the head, I doubt they would even need to take the body back to the morgue.

OR you can tell the world this is true and we don't have to go digging up bodies. Vernon's is NOT the only body we can dig up to prove this story is true.

12. Elvis told me that after both President Clinton and President Obama won their elections, he revealed himself to them and was friends with both. *(edit: This isn't quite true. I know he revealed himself to President Clinton, and I just assumed he had done the same with President Obama because of how excited he was that Obama had won. I don't know for a fact that President Obama met Elvis and learned the truth. Clinton knows. Obama may or may not)*

Read this book Mr. Presidents and decide if what I'm trying to do is worthwhile or not. if it is a worthwhile goal then just publicly admit you found out he faked his death after winning and you were friends with Elvis.

13. There are other ways we can try to prove it. Elvis said he and the Emperor of Japan had become friends and he left proof of faking his death with the Emperor.

14. Whichever news organization, network, etc. that takes this up first to prove it's true, I would like to have your lawyers file the suit against Priscilla and Riley on my behalf.

There was a trust set up to take care of Elvis. I know for a fact that Elvis changed his will, Joshua Lee told me he was there with his dad when Elvis changed his last will and testament to leave things for the Circle of Friends.

Josh said his dad set it up so none of us would have to worry about money again. None of that happenedso "Law Firm that Watched out for Elvis all those years"? What happened to the trust fund monies and why did you not execute Elvis's last will and testament? He left a new Will and I know for a fact it was never executed.

When this book breaks, you fuckers better hold a press conference within days admitting its true and explaining why you didn't execute his Last Will and Testament. Because I am SO FUCKING over the truth not coming out because everybody involved with this except for a hand full of us in his Circle of Friends are greedy assholes.

The NEW Introduction

-OR-

The PRE Pre-Introduction

This chapter is being written August 8th, 2024. I am leaving the original as written (mostly. I will notate when I make a change) after this new (pre pre-introduction) introduction.

You will see as you read the original that I had hoped the truth about Elvis faking his death, and our friendship for those few years back around the year 2,000, would have come out before August. Elvis Presley's last wish was to be cremated and his remains mixed with his mother's ashes and scattered over his childhood home in Tupelo.

If you can get a copy of the book we tried to put out back then, *The Truth About Elvis Aron Presley in His Own Words*, Elvis talks about his deep-seated belief in numerology. He honestly believed he could foretell the future using numbers. Given the success he had in life, and after he walked me through how his entire career followed numerology, it was REALLY hard to argue with him about it.

The guiding number for Elvis and his career was the number 8. By launching things on dates revolving around the

number 8, and timing things based off 8, Elvis believed was one of the biggest reasons for all his success.

Elvis ALSO didn't do "real" numerology. He would "Chase the Eight" as I called it, and it made him chuckle. I told him I thought he wasn't foretelling the future with the numbers but was manifesting/causing the future by "Chasing the Eight". I thought the number 8 must have some universal "success" or "luck" energy attached to it. By "Chasing the Eight" he was just tapping into that universal energy and success followed easily and naturally as a result.

Elvis said he had thought the same thing for a while but had concluded it didn't matter if he was seeing the future or causing the future because it worked. So, he wasn't going to worry about why it worked and just kept using it to his advantage.

As you finish this book you will read about the dream/vision I had where my friend Chris Robinson and my Uncle Dave came to me and said it (Elvis' remains being cremated and scattered in Tupelo) has to happen in 2024, and August 8th would have been the perfect date according to Elvis.
 $08/08/2024 = 0+8= 8/ 0+8=8/ 2+0+2+4=8$

So, you get three 8's from the day, the month, the year. $8+8+8=24$ and $2 \times 4 = 8$. (AGAIN, this is how Elvis would do his numerology. For instance, in numerology if you are adding

digits, then you add all digits and don't mix multiplication in. If you are multiplying numbers, then you multiply and don't add.

For instance, Chasing the 8's Elvis might launch something on 04/28/2024. Why?

$$0+4 = 4.$$

$$4 \times 2 = 8.$$

Then Elvis leaves the 8 in "28" alone so he now has two number 8's.

Then he takes the date and $2+0+2+4=8$.

This way Elvis can pull three 8's out of the date. Three 8's adds to 24 and $2 \times 4 = 8$. Any date that can be reduced to 24 (and thus 8) like that was extra successful or lucky according to Elvis.

There were also weird rules about how you can subtract sometimes...so the 19th for instance might work as a date because $9-1=8$. It wasn't really numerology, it was Elviserology.

Elvis told us that in all his movies if you look at the numbers, they all carry hidden messages and meaning. Door numbers in hotels, license plates on cars, etc.

It wasn't REAL numerology, but that is how Elvis did it. He swore that his success was because of the numbers, so I'm going to be "Chasing 8's" a lot setting this up.

This book for instance. Originally it was 116 pages. $1+1+6=8$. It had 114 numbered pages with the two unnumbered pages at the beginning.

My mailing address... 420 Orchid Street. $4 \times 2 + 0 = 8$. PO Box 233 because $2+3+3=8$. The zip is 60002 which adds up to 8. That's three 8's which adds up to 24 which is $2 \times 4 = 8$, and therefore especially lucky according to Elviserology. Everything we do trying to build this organization is going to be Chasing the 8's. We would be stupid not too!

According to his Elviserology August 8 would have been the perfect date to lay him to rest. One of the OTHER reasons 2024 HAS to be the year is because 2024 is 248 years since the Declaration of Independence and the founding of The United States of America.

America doesn't have Kings and Queens, but we gave the WORLD Elvis...King of Rock n Roll. Laying America's gift to the world, and our first and only King, Elvis Pressley, King of Rock n Roll to rest per his last wishes HAS to happen in 2024. It's only fitting.

He was probably the most famous performer in history, and it was really, REALLY hard to argue with him about the thing with the number 8. If the guy said that's what made him successful then that's what did it, ya know? Lol it was Elvis. At some point you just shut up and listen.

Between Elvis/Jesse, Linda Johnson, and I the numbers 124 became important, as did 248, and 1248.

The first time I had a chance to mail something directly to Elvis, (instead of handing things off to couriers and lawyers, or using safe drops, etc,) I wrote and recorded two songs to send to him. I had tried making it as a songwriter, the story is in the book, so OF COURSE I had to write a song for HIM. He was the greatest singer on the planet! I didn't have a choice, dammit! Lol.

The first song was called "Dreaming of You" and the second was "Lost in Your Eyes". "Dreaming of You" I wrote in case he wanted to record a new song for his fans, and it was basically him singing that he was still the King because he could still dance and sing, and that every time we dreamt of him, he was dreaming of us. Elvis LOVED this song, lol. (I know, I know, I totally cheated. No one had written a song **specifically** for Elvis to sing for decades, and given everything I knew about him, if he could tell all his fans one thing since faking his death it was that not a single day went by without him thinking about us. There was NO WAY he wasn't going to love that song. But cheat or not, Elvis LOVED it and told Linda I was "One Hell of a Songwriter", so you know...suck it. Rofl)

I also want some of you to know that I KNOW you are just desperately wanting to let me know your opinion of me. Don't. I don't need to know who you are, or who you **think** you are, to know that you were **never** the King of **anything** the way

Elvis was King of Rock n Roll. There are over 8 billion people on this planet. You and your opinion **do not** matter. Nothing you have to say about how much you hate me, etc, means a damn thing.

Elvis Freaking Presley, the King of Rock n Roll, absolutely **LOVED** me. Your opinion **really** isn't as important as you seem to think. Certainly not to me. Lol.

SO...to jump right into the controversy here at the start; Jimmy Donaldson, I rescind your appointment as a Rock n Roll Knight. You are no longer wanted as one of the commanders.

I reached out to you over a year ago. What I have come to discover in the months since I first mailed my letter to you, you Mr. Beast are not the philanthropist I thought you were.

You are NOT doing the charity work because it is the right thing to do...you are doing it because THAT'S how you advertise the Mr. Beast brand.

Don't get me wrong, once we have the Rock n Roll Knights up and running as a charitable organization, I would love to give you the money to do your "charity work" on the Mr. Beast channel. I mean giving you 1.248 million (in honor of Elvis) to buy houses and give them away would be a no brainer. One million, two hundred forty-eight thousand dollars to reach over 300 million viewers? For a whole episode talking about how my organization sponsored this and is allowing you to give the homes away (or operations, or whatever)?

It cost what? A million bucks to buy a 30 second Super Bowl commercial in order to reach half that number? As opposed to having a 5 to 10, maybe 15-minute video run where MY organization is featured the entire time? Of course, it makes more sense to give Jimmy money and sponsor some of his “charity” give aways.

So, I will sponsor giveaway and advertise with you. I’m happy to help you build the Mr. Beast brand into that 10-billion-dollar empire you dream about. But it’s disappointing that instead of helping me prove Elvis faked his death, and help me change the whole world Jimmy, you couldn’t help because you were busy getting your Feastable candy bars in Walmart and promoting you, you, you.

You would have **severely** disappointed Elvis if he were still alive. **You make LEGENDS sad in Heaven Jimmy.** Elvis, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis and the rest are **so sad** because you aren’t a better person. Shame on you Mr. Beast. **SHAME!**

This leaves an opening in the roster of people I ask to be co-commanders of Elvis Pressley’s Rock n roll Knights (the organization he told me to start). So, I’m going to do something I should have done from the start.

The Education Amendments of 1974 created a federal office within the U.S. Department of Education called the “Office of Gifted and Talented”. A whole new federal agency just for smart kids!

Which meant that when I started school at Stilwell Elementary in 1975 the school districts were gearing up to start raking in government money for setting up Gifted Education classes for the child geniuses. We were tested and the kids with genius level IQ's (135 or higher) got placed in "Gifted Class"

All my fellow gifted classmates? The reason it seemed like the gifted teachers were just making crap up as they went along was because they WERE just making it up. It was all brand new.

One day in elementary school Gifted Class the teacher was telling us about philosophy and the "great unanswerable questions" such as "If a tree falls in the forest and there is no one there to hear it does it still make a sound?"

A few days later we covered human hearing back in regular class, and how we hear things was discussed.

For example, someone claps their hands. That causes sound waves to travel through the air. Those sound waves enter a listener's ear, travel through the membrane of the ear drum where it vibrates those three little bones. Those bones send electrical impulses to the brain, and **THE LISTENERS BRAIN MAKES THE SOUND** from these electrical pulses. Mark Majors, Phyllis Kolbinger (McDaniel at the time) and I all looked at each other. They had been in the Gifted Program and heard the Tree in the Forest thing.

A quick conversation amongst the three of us and we came to the realization that NO....if a tree falls in the forest and there is no listener there to hear it then there is NO sound. It is the listener's brain that makes the sound, not the tree.

So, everyone on Earth, let me ask you a question, "If a tree falls in the forest and there is no one there to hear it does it still make a sound?"

NO.....DUMBASSES! It doesn't. All 8 billion whatever of you outta be fucking ashamed of yourselves. We were in 4th or 5th grade for fucks sake, and Phyllis, Mark and I figured it out.

AND THAT IS THE CORRECT ANSWER! It was **NEVER** one of life's great unanswerable questions. At some point in the past, some dumbass politician, or some celebrity, must have been asked that question, and instead of just admitting they didn't know the answer they made shit up. Claiming no one knows or can know just because they didn't know. And the rest of you people listened to them. Or at least your ancestors did.

WHY?!? Why are you people still doing it? Listening to Joe Rogan for advice on taking vaccines? Joe Rogan doesn't fucking know....he is a comedian. Didn't he have a show on tv where he made people chase Bigfoot through the woods with horse dongs, and if they didn't catch big foot, they had to eat the dong? Maybe I'm mixing up two different shows he had, but **STILL!** Not a single fucking human being on the planet

should have been listening too, **OR MAD AT**, Joe Rogan over medical advice. **Comedian** Joe Rogan.

(And Joe? Tubal Cain bitch, now help me prove Elvis faked his death and I'm telling the truth. Someone fucking help me dammit, ROFL. This shit is getting really old. Help me News Radio, I said the name! Lol...HELP ME PROVE THIS IS TRUE. Tubal Cain, motherfucker, TUBAL CAIN! Help me Joe, lol. And if you don't know what Im talking about Fuck You for not watching News Radio...that show was fucking hilarious.)

EVERY FUCKING DAY in this country people are believing **EASILY** disproved lies and disinformation. The lies are what is tearing this Country apart. It has to stop. America will not survive if we do not put and end to lies and disinformation.

-Ahem, sorry, back to the book-

What I should have done from day one is name Phyllis and Mark as Rock n Roll Knights and asked them to be co-commanders of the Knights. They are the only two other people on earth that I know for a fact aren't completely stupid. (Lol, okay...sorry for calling everyone else on Earth stupid. I recognize that's not actually helpful AT ALL. Sorry).

I have had a very frustrating life...since elementary school I have known that without a listener, there is no sound, while the rest of the world has run around pretending there was no right answer. I've had to deal with people being in positions where they were supposed to manage me, or give me guidance,

etc. and I KNEW for a fact that those little dumbasses thought the Tree in The Forest question was “one of life’s imponderable Mysteries” when in fact it wasn’t.

Meaning that every manager I have ever had to work for, and every supervisor I have ever had overseeing me, wasn’t as smart as me and my two friends were when we were in elementary school. Being smarter than most people just comes with being a genius...we ARE smarter than 98% of you and we are VERY aware of that fact. But knowing for a fact that you and your two friends were smarter than **EVERYONE ELSE ON EARTH WHEN YOU WERE 9 OR 10?** Frustrating really doesn’t cover it.

This country is tearing itself apart because instead of listening to people like Mark, Phyllis and I, everyone listens to the stupid people who didn’t know the Tree in The Forest thing.

I know the Rock n Roll Knights can help. That’s another reason we need to get the truth out there as soon as possible.

So, by the power vested in me as Commander of The Rock n Roll Knights I name you Lady Phyllis, Rock n Roll Knight and co-commander of Elvis Presley’s Rock n Roll Knights.

By the power vested in me as Commander of The Rock n Roll Knights I name you Sir Mark, Rock n Roll Knight and co-commander of Elvis Presley’s Rock n Roll Knights.

Let’s Get it Done

Pre-Introduction

The year 2024 is 248 years since this country was founded. Elvis wanted his body cremated, his ashes mixed with his mothers and scattered over his childhood home in Tupelo by members of his Circle of Friends (my friend Linda Johnson being one of them)

This never happened. He was a National Treasure, a World treasure really, and his last wishes must be carried out!

Mr. President, this is any easy matter for you to prove is true. Simply order the DEA, Federal Marshalls, FBI and any other Federal Agency that will know he faked his death to give you a report on it.

They will confirm this book is true. Then YOU hold the press conference telling the world it is true, and I and the Rock N Roll Knights will go retrieve Elvis Presley's body from where it is buried, will have it cremated and then laid to rest per his last wishes.

We can bring the body home on the 4th of July, and have the ashes scattered over his home in Tupelo on August 8th. It NEEDS to happen on 08/08/2024. According to Elvis and his belief in numerology it is the perfect date, and 8 am will be the perfect time.

There are a handful of other dates that would work, but according to him 08/08/2024 8 am is the most perfect time to finally lay him to rest.

PLEASE help me Mr. President. Help me change the entire world.

A Lot of the Mr. Beast letter is made redundant by putting all the ways to prove it at the beginning. So, I might just copy and show highlights from that letter. 2 years, 4 months, and 8 days after Priscilla passes, he will release the whole letter anyway.

Now Begins My Story

Introduction

My name is Jeff Brixey, and I am about to tell you the most amazing story you will ever hear. It is the true conspiracy theory I have been trapped in for the last 25ish years.

The story involves Elvis faking his death after testifying against the mob, a former Nazi concentration camp guard, a serial killer and a summer vacation, and the original drummer for Mega-Death for starters. I GUARANTEE it's a hell of a story. You are going to want to read the entire thing.

YOU, the fans are who and what I'm counting on to help me prove I'm telling the truth. Proof is out there, but I don't know how to do the voice analysis, etc. to prove what I'm saying. So instead, I'm writing (almost) everything I know in this book and that way all the fans, who do have the know-how, can prove this all instead of me trying to do it alone.

I will tell you who and what to look for out in the world. You find the video footage and audio I'm talking about, and you CAN prove Elvis was alive after his supposed death. You guys can use AI and all the tech tools I can't. Please help me prove that I am telling the truth. First person to post a conclusive video analysis proving it's Elvis on the Tonight Show, or its him walking out onstage at an Orion concert, that person gets made a Rock n Roll Knight.

I am also aware that this is a poorly edited **mess** of a book. I apologize for that, and once Priscilla tells the world this book is true then a publisher can work with me to bring out a properly edited second version.

I am having open heart surgery on February 5th, and am writing this book, and putting this information out there in case I don't survive the surgery. Well, and because of Elvis and numerology, 02/04/2024 is a perfect day to launch the book.

To the other commanders of the Rock n Roll Knights...12.48%. That's my share for making all this come true. That is 4% for each of my nieces, 4% for my son, and just under half a percentage (0.48% in honor of Elvis) for me. Upon my death that 0.48% goes to my son. 12.48% of everything the Knights make goes to my family in case I die during my heart surgery.

I tell the story in the letters I wrote that are reprinted later in this book, but basically Elvis testified against the mob, faked his death and went into hiding. Around the year 1998 I began doing Reiki healings for a gentleman named Jesse Garron. Jesse turned out to be Elvis who was living as his twin brother Jesse who died in childbirth.

He asked me what I wanted in return for helping him, and I asked America's first "King" to make me a Knight. He did. Everything fell apart trying to bring the book about him faking

his death out. I ended up moving away and tried to forget about Elvis.

In 2008/09, over that winter, Elvis called me, after a painful betrayal by a friend, to make sure I was okay. It was during that call that he told me he wanted me to build the Rock n Roll Knights into a real organization. A global charity to help change the world. (Lol, no pressure right)

He promised me the money will be there once Priscilla tells the world this is true, Elvis told me to take the phrases, "Let's Get it Done" and "Get it Done" to Adidas and sign a deal to make our clothing. When the time came to put up the website for the book we were trying to launch, he called to say it was time to Take Care of Business. I said nope, lol. I told him TCB was old school from back then, and around here we Get It Done. He said I was something else and laughed.

The night the website went live, He called Linda to say it was Elvis (he always called as Jesse) and for her to tell me to put the website online. He said, "tell Jeff I said Get It Done". (This will always be tied for greatest moment of my life).

He said once everyone knows I'm telling the truth if we make a great quality product, the fans WILL buy them, and we will make the money to pull this off.

Elvis challenged me to make and give away 124 billion dollars with the Rock n Roll Knights before I die. If I manage to

do so, then I could claim the title “King of Charity” and when I get to heaven I win.

We would both be Kings of something, but only I would be commander of his Knights. I would win. If I can make and give away 124 billion dollars then I will beat Elvis in heaven. PLEASE help me beat Elvis when I die!

Elvis named me Commander and told me to go find Dave Grohl and tell Dave Elvis made him co-commander. I made Mr. Beast a co-commander of the Knights (if he accepts).

To make sure this happens and that the Knights succeed (because I really want to win in Heaven, lol) I am naming the people I feel could have the largest impact on the Knights and our charity work to be co-commanders.

I already consider Joshua Lee Presley de facto leader since he is technically “The Crown Prince of Rock n Roll”.

Lisa Marie Johanson (the REAL Lisa Marie Presley) if you will give up any claims to existing trust, to any monies earned by your dad, then I will pay you \$124 million, in honor of your Dad, when we finalize the agreement with Adidas. I would ALSO like your help in running the Rock n Roll Knights.

So, by the power vested in me by your father as commander of his Rock n Roll Knights I name you Lady Lisa, Rock n Roll Knight and co-commander of the Rock n Roll Knights.

Please say yes to both the money and the offer to help lead the Knights. YOUR story will need to be made into a movie too Lisa, and I desperately want to work with you to make the Knights be the ones who get to make your movie and tell your whole story to the world. Tell the Lisa Marie Story through the Knights and the world learns about you WHILE making money to fund the Knights charity work.

Taylor Swift, if you will accept the position, then by the power vested in me by Elvis as commander of the Rock n Roll Knights I name you Lady Taylor, Rock n Roll Knight and co-commander of Elvis Pressley's Rock n Roll Knights.

When Taylor's tour rolls into a town, all the food banks in town just mysteriously get filled. All these charities get donations.

Taylor, you have been silently going through the world trying to do as much good whenever and wherever you could. No publicity, no cameras, which means you are doing good because it's **the right thing to do**. It isn't a publicity stunt or advertising. You, Taylor Swift, are just a really, really, good person. Millions of people have been touched by you and your music. Millions of people whose lives have been made better (even if just long enough for them to sing along to the chorus) by your music.

Nothing would have pleased Elvis more than to see you leading the Rock n Roll Knights. Please say yes. Let the old

dude(me) run around and get everything set up, everything put in place so the Knights can start making LOTS of money, and then you and Mr. Beast(*HA ..NOT anymore Jimmy*) and the other commanders can give it all away.

Eventually Taylor, instead of the food banks and charities in all the cities your tour stops in getting donations, with the Knights, every foodbank in an 24-mile radius of your shows will get filled up. We turn you from this comet blazing a path of goodness through the world into a flipping **SUPERNOVA OF GOODNESS!** With you as a commander of The Rock N Roll Knights, I KNOW we can pull this off.

We will also need a Knights organization for all the other non-music folks. So, we are also forming the Rock n Roll Knights Auxiliary Knights. We will do it publicly for the whole world to see, but I would very much like to offer the commander positions in the Auxiliary Knights to Jon Stewart, Patrick Mahomes, Travis Kelce, Stephen Colbert, and John Oliver. I hope you all will accept. (except for Oliver. He's British. I said the words Johnny Boy, and by the power of **your British blood** you are now a Knight tasked with helping a King... **YOU** don't have a choice. Mr. British **MUST** accept. It's in your blood **Sir John**, and **The King Commands**) I hope the rest of you accept and can start helping me give away LOTS of money.

We are also going to set up a Junior Knights organization for school kids, and college kids. Basically, the Junior Knights

will be for people 24 and younger. I have a few ideas about who to ask to lead that, But I need to talk with Dave Grohl first.

There is also a good chance that this does end up having to go to court, so I will need lawyers, etc. Any law firm that wants to take my case up on contingency, let me know. Elvis faked his death, and we can easily prove it in court. I know who to subpoena. It should be a slam-dunk so the first law firm that hits me up can be my lawyers.

Contact me at Jeff Brixey
 420 Orchid St
 PO Box 233
 Antioch, IL 60002

(for fans, feel free to send letters there as well)

You can also email me at info@ElvisAndJeff.com.

My Son is the entire reason I'm telling the world about this now. I had pretty much decided to just take my secret to the grave.

He is in 6th grade, and he lives in a town about 6 hours away from me. My son needs me to be there for him, and the older he gets the more important it becomes.

I WILL need to raise money first to hire lawyers, etc. in case I must sue Priscilla or Riley to force the truth out in court.

So, I am setting up various fundraisers to help me get the truth about Elvis out there, and so I can buy a place in the same town my son lives in.

Links to those donations page and fundraising pages can be found here www.ElvisAndJeff.com/jeffhastobeg

I HATE having to do this at this point. Once the truth is revealed and I option my story there will be plenty of money to make everything else fall into place. Until she admits this is all true I can't sell my story, so I have to make money selling this book, and fundraising.

Lord, I know what a mess of a book this is. I am having heart surgery three days from now and I'm desperately trying to finish before then. If I survive the surgery, I will start on a second version of this book and will slowly start making the elvisandjeff website better.

Until then, this book will have to do. Elvis made me a Rock n Roll Knight and then later made me commander.

Elvis ALSO made the following people Rock n Roll Knights:

Steve Novich and Pete Gilliford, my friends who met his son Joshua Lee and have been invaluable in helping me, and in making this possible. I would have died without those two looking out for me over the years. Literally died.

Holly King, who had been the singer for local KC band Jade Raven. Holly, I sent Elvis my friend Steve's copy of *In the Dark*. Elvis loved it (oh yea, Sorry Steve...I sent him your cd. That's what happened to it.)

When he called me over the winter of 2008-2009, he had recorded some songs I had sent to him. IT was the first time I got to hear him singing *Lost in Your Eyes* and *Dreaming of You*. He had also rerecorded several other songs I had sent to him as well. Once Priscilla admits I'm telling the truth and puts me in contact with Joshua Lee, we can find those recordings and release them.

Holly, he had rerecorded Sparks and Drop it Down. (I also had to hear him being all "Elvis, hello. Come here. Don't forget to finish what you started" a few times, lol)

He named you Lady Holly, Rock n Roll Knight because of your songwriting on that album.

Mary Garrison. Mary was an artist that my company Promeus Studios recorded and released her cd. Mary was insanely talented and should have been one of the biggest acts out there. I didn't know that I was supposed to help Elvis back then, and I'm almost certain that Mary could have blown up everywhere if I didn't have Fate hanging over my head. I had to help Elvis so couldn't go with International Superstar Mary Garrison as she launched her career. If Mary had taken off, I wouldn't have been forced to take a job at the hospital where I

met the people taking care of Elvis and began doing Reiki treatments for him.

I'm betting that I was right all along about how good Mary really was though, and I BET we can launch her career the right way this time.

Mary, I sent your cd to Elvis. That winter he called he had rerecorded 8 of the songs off that album. He said you were an exceptional singer and songwriter. He named you Lady Mary, Rock n Roll Knight.

Mary is incredible and should have been one of the biggest acts on the planet. She really is an amazing artist, and it always killed me that I couldn't help her to become as big as she deserved back then. I can hopefully fix that now.

Mary, I'm putting your album on iTunes and Spotify, etc. Hopefully this book goes viral, and everyone finds out about you and your music. It was about 4 months after everything started falling apart at Promeus that I ended up meeting and becoming friends with Linda Johnson, who had been taking care of Elvis forever. Few months later I was doing distance Reiki healing on Elvis," Jessie Garron" as I first knew him.

I HAD to help Elvis Mary, so I couldn't go with you as your career took off, and I really believe that's the biggest reason things fell apart and failed. If I didn't have the Elvis destiny getting in my way, I truly believe we could have made you one of the biggest artists on earth.

SO... now we can. Here is the link to your songs: www.ElvisAndJeff.com/songs . Not the whole album, just the 8 songs he had recorded.

To be clear **THIS IS MARY, NOT ELVIS**. I need to talk to Joshua Lee to find out where his dad's recordings and things are. The only way the world gets to hear Elvis singing these songs is if Joshua Lee knows what happened to them and where they are. Elvis made the recordings, along with my songs I sent him, and the two Jade Raven songs. Hopefully Joshua Lee will help me track them down so we can release them to the world.

If we find the Elvis versions or not, I would very much like to have Joshua Lee record his debut album as himself (he has the Orion records already out there) by recording the same songs Elvis played for me the last time he called me.

As a side note, I figured out what my deal with Run Free was Mary...because when Elvis sang that song it was like a flipping religious experience. He sang the ever-loving shit out of that song, Lol.

Seriously , hearing Elvis your songs was a life-changing experience. I hope we can find the recordings and share them with the whole world.

If not, or even if we do, I still want Josh to record them. I would ALSO like you to sign with the record label the Knights will set up. I can **guarantee** I will give you a more artist-friendly

contract than any other label ever could. I want to fix the mistakes I made back then, Mary. I want to help you be as big as you should have been the first time we tried to get you out there.

Holly? Get Jade Raven back together and sign with the Knights record label to re-record those first albums and put out new material.

Hopefully THIS can make up for all the ways I couldn't help Jade Raven get wider exposure back then. You guys are amazing, and everyone should hear your music. I know I loved it, and **Elvis Freakin' Presley loved it too!**

Before I get into the letter and the bigger story directly, I want to lay out the initial goals of the Rock n Roll Knights. To win my bet with Elvis I gotta make and give away 124 billion dollars.

First goals then will be to make 24 to 28 billion dollars to end world hunger and to buy school supplies for all public-school teachers in the United States.

The guy at the UN told #TeslaFounderElonMusk that it would take 6 billion to end world hunger, and Elon spent 44 billion on twitter instead so he could tweet out fake stories about Nancy Pelosi's husband. I am going to make the money to end world hunger instead. #teslafounderelonmusk and I are just different that way.

It's going to realistically cost more than 6 billion.... which is why I'm shooting for 24 billion. To the President and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. I'm sure the 6 billion figure is low to get the system in place and set up to feed everyone on the planet. Once the Rock n Roll Knights do the initial work, adding 6-8 billion to the annual defense budget to ensure that everyone on Earth gets fed every year (after the first) would be one of the best moves for this country's security. The US Military DOES have the ability to go anywhere on the planet. 6-8 billion added to the budget to turn the United States into the country that literally feeds the whole world would do more to ensure the goodwill of people around the world towards our country than any other move you could make.

Let me and the Knights (or you know, let me help Taylor, Mr. Beast, Colbert and the rest of the commanders) make the initial money and take the initial risk to set it all up. IF WE SUCCEED, I'm asking you to PLEASE help keep it going forever once it starts.

6-8 billion dollars a year added to the defense budget to ensure no one ever starves to death in this world ever again. It's such a small amount compared to the outsized goodwill it will reap. When we succeed that first year, please keep it going indefinitely after that.

The other money is for whichever online retailer, Walmart, Target, Amazon, etc. sets up a system where public-school teachers can purchase their classroom supplies through

their website. If you make up to \$124 (because Elvis) per public school teacher available for their classrooms, then the teachers can order school supplies without having to pay for it themselves out of pocket. Instead let the Knights pay for it.

There are over 3 million public school teachers in this country. I used 4 million to work these numbers, so they aren't exact. 4 million classrooms at \$124 each is 496 million. I pegged 500 million for the Knights to raise to make this happen.

Set up this system for public school teachers. Not all teachers will need to use the entire \$124, so make it available thru the school itself, so that way the teachers that don't need the entire \$124 themselves can order supplies for Art class, or something else that might need more money to fully supply that classroom.

The Knights will have to set up monitoring systems, etc. to weed out the folks that will try to game this system and take advantage of our goodwill, but this WILL work.

Our teachers are the people who are entrusted with helping us raise our kids. We MUST start treating teachers with respect and stop expecting them to pay for class supplies themselves.

The Knights **can** sell enough shoes and other products to make 500 million each year, and that means NONE of our public-school teachers have to pay out of pocket to do their

jobs. If we lock it in that The Rock n Roll Knights are helping teachers buy supplies every year, then it motivates the “eff” out of us too.

We HAVE to keep working hard and doing amazing things to bring in the money because every teacher in America will be counting on us. It’s one of the best motivational reasons for working I’ve ever heard of: Help our teachers teach our kids.

Time is running out for me to do this the way I wanted. Sorry...the second edition of this book will be much better, I promise. Right now, I’m more concerned about getting the information out there in case I die during my heart operation. So, let's jump right into it

CHAPTER 1

An Open Letter to Priscilla Presley

Priscilla,

I met Joshua Lee, Elvis's son. I had been risking jail time by filling Elvis's prescriptions for over a year. When I began receiving mail at my po box (after setting up the website for Elvis' book) I also had guns shoved in my face, had my life threatened, and got shot at. Joshua Lee said that the risk I was taking for his dad warranted my knowing everything. So, Joshua Lee told me **EVERYTHING**.

I know every secret you have, from Sarah to Lisa Marie and everything in between. I have ALREADY sent a letter to Mr. Beast, telling him every single secret Joshua Lee told me that day. (*The Knights will do this. **Sadly**, Jimmys not one of us now.*)

2 years, 4 months, 8 days after you pass, whether I'm alive or not, Mr. Beast and the rest of the Rock n Roll Knights are free to tell the **WHOLE** story. All the rest of the secrets surrounding Elvis, such as they are. Nothing can stop this now. It **IS** going to happen. **Period**.

This book is the only compromise I am willing to make at this point. Tell the world this book is true, and we will team up to tell the real Elvis story. If you deny Elvis faked his death and he and I became friends, if you deny the things which I'm

revealing in this book are true, then I will prove it in court, and I will tell the story without you.

The **WHOLE** story. No waiting until after you pass, it ALL comes out right now if you deny I'm telling the truth. He faked his death and Elvis and I became friends. Tell the world its true Priscilla. **Please? Let's do this the right way.**

I don't **need** you to tell the story of what happened to me, and what I learned from Elvis's son Joshua Lee. (Josh had a twin brother. You and Elvis had two daughters, and Elvis had at least one other son when he was living with his half-brother David in Kalamazoo.) I can tell the story with Elvis' other kids, or I can tell the story all on my own with no one else involved.

Elvis wanted this done in a very specific way. One that included you being a part of telling the true story. I am asking you to please do the right thing and tell the world this book is true. Let's you and I PLEASE team up and tell the story together. Please help me do this. Please?

The big secret Priscilla doesn't want the world to know is this: Elvis and she DID become intimate before they were married. It's YOUR story to tell (if you want, otherwise **I will**) but you were 16 years and 8 or 9 months (?)old when Elvis had a birthday and you two were intimate for the first time, and Elvis got you pregnant. Right?

(It's out in the open now. No reason to hide it or deny it. **You and Elvis did have sex before marriage. You got pregnant,**

were secretly wed, and had a daughter named Sarah who you gave to your family in Germany to raise.)

That's one of the secrets you were afraid of coming out. It's out now, Priscilla. Everyone knows and it's okay. It WILL be OKAY when you tell your story to the world. YOUR story is better than his. You are one of the strongest women who has ever lived. Everything that happened and all the secrets you kept. You ARE amazing, and you SHOULD be a role model to women everywhere)

CHAPTER 2

A Secret Wedding

Joshua Lee wasn't sure about all the details, but you and Elvis were quietly wed at a ceremony at your parents' house. A few months after turning 17 you gave birth to your daughter, Sarah. The one the world thought was Lisa Marie. Another secret you feared coming out was that to be with Elvis you were giving up your daughter to be raised by your family in Germany.

You and Elvis were wed publicly wed later, and you had Lisa Marie. Elvis had gotten caught up with the mafia. A group called "The Fraternity" (I know I said Gambino's in the first letter I sent you, sorry for getting the names mixed up. Gotti was in the 90's. Elvis helped put "the Fraternity" in jail.)

Elvis helped the FBI in something called Operation Fountain Pen. He testified against The Fraternity in front of a closed grand jury and with the help of the Marshalls faked his death the next day.

Elvis did not go into witness protection. President Carter allowed him to set up a modified witness protection program, where the Marshalls that had been assigned to him basically gave up any personal life and followed Elvis around to keep him safe the rest of his life.

CHAPTER 3

Murder

The Mafia was suspicious about the death and didn't believe Elvis was really dead at first. So, they were pressuring everyone involved to find out if Elvis really was dead or if he rolled on them and went into witsec.

They came to Graceland, and they murdered Vernon. Shot him in the back of the head in front of the real Lisa Marie.

Priscilla, Vernon's death certificate says he died of a heart attack. That's a lie. It will be a super easy thing to prove he was murdered instead. The coroner wouldn't even have to take him back to a lab, examination right there at the gravesite will confirm the gunshot wound that killed him. **OR** you can just tell the world I'm telling the truth, and we don't have to do it that way...no point in digging his grave up, just admit I am telling the truth. Elvis faked his death and he and I became friends. **Admit it's true** Priscilla!

Vernon was murdered by the mob, shot in front of Lisa. After that happened Elvis took Lisa and took off with her. Took her to the Netherlands where he hid her away with his mother's family.

After a few weeks, people kept asking you where Lisa was. You went back to Germany, and brought back you and Elvis's first daughter Sarah, and began passing her off as Lisa.

Lisa's book, *I Lisa Marie* lays it out Priscilla, but look at photos from back then and look at the foreheads of Lisa.... Sarah had a smaller forehead than Lisa. The photos from back then, the size of her head, do prove it's true just like she says in her book. A little girl's forehead doesn't grow backwards, so it was **not possible** for the girl you were passing off as Lisa to be Lisa. Sarah's forehead in the pictures after he faked his death is **SMALLER** than the real Lisa's from a year earlier. Children's heads do not get smaller as they grow older Priscilla. Forensic analysis of pictures of Lisa on the day he died should prove her forehead is bigger than her sister's forehead months later when you bring her sister back from Germany.

You switching out Lisa for Sarah is another thing I worried about with you telling the truth. Sarah, not Lisa, is the one who claimed the inheritance. When Lisa sued the estate for \$130 million, you denied your daughter, and **THAT'S** when I decided to do this regardless of you (Literally, I did not know Lisa sued to make you acknowledge her until after writing to Mr. Beast. That is why I started this book instead of waiting) She **IS** your daughter and **SHAME ON YOU** for denying it.

All his other kids are to be taken care of with the monies we will earn through the Knights. IF you agree to tell the truth about the things I'm saying, then I can get everyone else to

give up any claims to existing monies and properties. The Rock n Roll Knights will make enough money from telling the truth that WE will take care of the rest of his family. The trust set up by Elvis won't be touched.

Priscilla, it's time. Time to tell the truth.

Let's Get It Done.

Hopefully Let's Get It Done Together

CHAPTER 4

Jeff's Story

Elvis went into hiding, and eventually a group of ordinary people ended up finding out he was still alive, and they began secretly helping take care of him. These people Elvis called his Circle of Friends. What follows is the story of how I was welcomed into Elvis Presley's Circle of Friends and how I began helping him, as crazy as it is, followed by the series of letters I wrote, to Priscilla, to Chris Columbus, and to Jimmy Donaldson.

The Mr. Beast letter will be an edited version. The ENTIRE letter cannot be released until after Priscilla passes. I will show scans of some pages of the letter in this book. That way Jimmy can eventually just release my entire letter and you guys can see the handwriting is mine. For future reference, any difference between this book and the letter Mr. Beast and the Knights (*Just the Knights now*) will eventually release is on purpose. I'm editing the version of my letter in this book to protect the last few secrets left about Elvis.

June 9th (my birthday) of 2023 I wrote a long letter to "Jessie Garron", care of Priscilla at Graceland. Jessie was the name of Elvis' twin brother who had died in childbirth, and Elvis was living his life as his dead twin brother. That letter to Jesse Garron would have gone straight to Priscilla.

A few weeks later she was interviewed about the new Coppola movie (hey! Check it out. I said a Coppola movie and I meant **you** instead of your dad.... **how cool is that?**) and that interview answered a few questions I had in my letter. It was almost like she was directly answering some of my questions in that interview.

So, I wrote a letter to Chris Columbus about the letter I wrote to Priscilla, asking for his help in bringing out the story to the world,

My health has been crazy for several years, and I will have spells where I don't feel well for days at a time. Before I had a chance to mail the Chris Columbus letter, my Uncle Dave Brixey died. (I ALSO had asked my niece, who started her own YouTube channel, to help me make a video and she wouldn't. She said it was a bad idea and wouldn't go anywhere. That is important in a minute, lol)

After Uncle Daves funeral, we ate in town with some family. As we were pulling out to go home after eating, I saw we were parked next to the "Circle of Friends" Nursery (or Daycare, sorry),

I had not seen the name Circle of Friends anywhere outside of Elvis until that day. That night Uncle Dave came to me in a dream.

He told me Elvis says it must happen in 2024, the numbers say it has too. Just then, my friend Chris Robinson

(who passed from cancer) came running up to me. He said Elvis, Jerry Lee, and Johnny were holding the barrier open to let him sneak out and he didn't have a lot of time.

Chris said "Jeff, you need a YouTube video, right? You don't need your niece. You need to go beast mode like when you're wrestling your son."

He looked behind him from the way he had come and said they were yelling for him to hurry. As he turned away, he looked back at me and said, "Remember! YouTube, Beastmode, oh and Elvis says you have to call him Jimmy Won Kenobi to get him to actually help." And he was just not there anymore, like he faded out.

I told Uncle Dave to tell God I knew. He assigned me to be Liam's Dad as my reward for helping Elvis back then. I don't think I did enough to earn him for a son (I didn't help Elvis THAT much but my Son is the most perfect child I could have asked for)so I WAS going to prove to God I deserve to be that kids Dad by changing the entire world. "We are gonna end world hunger Uncle Dave," I told him, "I AM going to prove to God I deserve to be his Dad. It IS happening" Uncle Dave was smiling and waved, and he too had simply faded away, and I woke up.

I woke up and immediately went and wrote a letter to Mr. Beast. I mailed it off, along with a copy of the book.

CHAPTER 5

Jeff's Backstory

This is the story of how I became friends with Elvis.

In high school, our school band was supposed to take a trip to Europe over the summer of 1986. Then President Reagan bombed Libya and 4/5 of the kids at school wet their big boy and big girl pants and were all “we are afraid to fly cuz we are a bunch of pussies” and the trip was almost canceled.

Luckily, there was about a fifth of us who weren't fucking stupid and understood the SAFEST time for an American to travel anywhere on Earth was right after Reagan bombed Libya because terrorist fucked around and found out, that's why. You fuck with America and Ronald Reagan WILL fucking kill you wherever you are on Earth! No one fucks with America! USA, USA, US...errr...you get the picture.

Right after Reagan bombed Libya was SUPER safe to travel, and if you couldn't see that (Steve S.) then it proves you are in fact fucking stupid. You scared little girl.... geez what a puss. (Lol, hey Steve. Tell your little brother I want that cigar now.)

-Anyway-

We (the non-stupid kids) went on the Europe trip with about a fifth of the kids from band, and with some of their families. My friend Chris and his family came.

While in Germany we went to Dachau concentration camp. While there Chris said something about the Nazi guards escaping after the war.

“Yea, to Argentina, right?” I asked.

“No man,” Chris replied, “supposedly the mob helped smuggle some Nazi’s into Kansas City.”

I said if any Nazi fucks were within a hundred miles of KC, then we would find them, and help bring them to justice. Me and Chris did this pinkie swear thing when we said bet to catching any Nazi guards.

The next year at school (it might have been two) Chris and I saw a tabloid that said, “Elvis found alive at burger king in Kalamazoo” He said it was Elvis. I said there was no way in hell Elvis would have worn that jumpsuit in the picture out in public like that, and it couldn’t really be him.

Chris held out his pinkie to say bet and we did. He asked how we proved it, and I said I would find Elvis and ask if it was really him, and Chris did the pinkie bet thing with me.

It was Elvis. (and as an aside, I asked Elvis why the hell he would wear that suit out in public. Elvis told me to shut up, lol. Getting told to shut up by The King is one of my favorite things that’s ever happened to me) Elvis is ASLO convinced that betting with my friend Chris is the reason we met.

SEE, if you google “Kansas City police shoot former Nazi guard on his porch” the video comes up, or you can watch it on the videos page at www.ElvisAndJeff.com/videos .

Roughly a month before that video, I had been in that Nazi’s basement. I was friends with a woman named Brenda Valdiviez. Brenda had tried to join the Kansas City Psychical Research Society’s haunted house investigation team but couldn’t.

Brenda formed her own ghost busting group instead. I had recently taken my Reiki attunements, and Brenda had been there the night after I was attuned. My attunements did not go the same as anyone else I have ever heard about. My eyes literally glowed yellow in the dark, and I could see without lighting for roughly two days (I literally could see in the dark). Because of how strange my attunement had been, she asked me to come to a haunted house investigation with her.

She had a video of this house that seemed to be haunted. Plates and cups in the kitchen would move around on their own, and it was on film. It REALLY was a haunted house.

So, I went (cuz what the hell? Why not). We met the people living there, the old man, his son and the son’s wife. We ended up going into the basement where the center of activity was supposed to be located.

This will all be laid out in the movie, but to make a long story short, the old man had been a Nazi Guard at a

concentration camp. There was one wall with 30 or so old fashioned, 1920's era small cloth/canvas suitcases stacked against it. The minute we hit the basement I could feel the "evil" coming from behind the suitcases.

While the rest of the team was doing whatever the hell, they were playing with their emf meters and all that other "ghost busting" crap they use, I moved the suitcases. There was a door. Opened the door and it was a small room that had jewelry cabinets everywhere. Opening the doors of the jewelry cabinets and there were hundreds of rings, necklaces, and other jewelry. One drawer had what looked like gold teeth and gold fillings.

There was also a lamp sitting in the middle of the room, as though in a place of honor. It was the source of evil. I walked to the lamp and could see that it was made from human skin. You could see the pores, and where the hairs grew out, and there was a mole. He had one of the human skin lamp shades made of the skin of the Jewish people they killed.

Opened all the drawers in the one dresser in the room and in the bottom drawer there was a picture of the old man in his Nazi uniform at one of the concentration camps. They all had this sign above the gates, which said some shit about Freedom through your hard work, or some crap like that. We had seen a sign like it at Dachau, had a picture taken of the Dachau gate sign that looked almost identical to the sign the Nazi was posing in front of in the picture.

Dudes Nazi uniform was under the picture along with all the medals that piece of crap had earned. Brenda had come into the room at that point and was freaked out by what I had found. I had to tell her not to touch the lamp shade.

I had brought holy water in a spray bottle (I also had soaked a pair of drumsticks overnight in holy water to make them "Holy Drumsticks". I figured I could use them to beat the ghost away or something. Thank you 80's movie and tv for the idea).

So, I sprayed the holy shit out of everything. Did my spin in a circle thing (in high school I was trying to figure out how to score beer. Chris said I didn't need beer, I just needed to spin in a circle until I fell, and somehow convinced me to do it. One of the best nights ever)

In that Nazi's basement in front of that lampshade, I couldn't figure out how to bless everything, lay the souls to rest, help them pass/move on. So, I did the only thing I could think of, said "You better be right about this Chris" and proceeded to spin in a circle while humming the Wonder Woman tv show theme song. Tried to fill the entire room with as much laughter and joy as Chris and I had the night he told me to spin circles. You could physically feel the energy in the room shift, and something happened. It will be in the movie.

We put the suitcases back and we left. The son was laughing too, because apparently everyone gets scared and

runs off after experiencing the basement. All the other teams that they brought in to investigate had left in fear.

On the way home, we called Brenda's boyfriend at the time, John something (sorry) who had contacts with a Jewish organization that hunts former Nazi's. I briefed him on everything in the room, and he said he was going to make some calls.

3 to 5 weeks after I was in that basement, Brenda called and said to turn on the news. It was the KC Police showing up to arrest that Nazi bitch and he got into a shootout with them on his front porch. Of course, when I went over to Brenda's to celebrate everyone was all "Did we make that guy die?" and were really upset.

I said I hope he dies, he was a Nazi guard at a concentration camp. He had a human skin lampshade. Do NOT ruin this for me by pretending that Nazi getting shot was a bad thing! **We Helped Catch a Nazi and You Will Not Fuck This Up And Take This Away From Me!**

They were all worried about the Karma (dumbasses). So, I said I was solely responsible for whatever Karma was incurred because that Nazi got shot. I accept it all.... It's all on me now. Which seemed to make them feel better. But for real guys? HE WAS A NAZI GUARD! I am happy to accept full responsibility for that Nazi bitch's death. IM PROUD WE HELPED GET HIM! I will stand at the gates of heaven and tell God that yes, that

Nazi got shot and died because of me. God is proud that I helped end evil.

The death of a former Nazi Concentration Camp guard who kept an entire hidden room filled with the trophies he took from the dead bodies he helped kill, is **NOT** something to be ashamed of, or afraid of consequences for. That Nazi fuck getting caught and brought to justice is a **GREAT THING!**

The day I die, it's going to be one of the things I am most proud of. Even Elvis agreed. YES, finding and helping Elvis very well could be the greatest thing ever, **except** Elvis himself said catching the Nazi was bigger and better than finding him. Elvis said the Nazi getting caught was bigger than **anything** else I did. Lol.

Elvis knew about the Nazi thing because I told my dear friend Linda Johnson. I had also told her Chris and I had made a bet about whether Mitzi would be my girlfriend by the end of Senior Year (she was) and about Elvis being at Burger King. Linda was taking care of Elvis, and only she and him knew that I **HAD** found him already just like the bet with Chris.

So, all three bets together, along with a LOT of other strange, unusual events in my life led Elvis and Linda both being sure it was Fate, Destiny or whatever that led to me and Chris making those bets, and those bets all coming true.

Me and Chris bet a dollar. Elvis says I owe Chris way more than a dollar because my life is a million times cooler thanks to our bet. He said I owe Chris a million.

I told him I would give Chris a million if I had it, heck I would give him a billion dollars if I had it because being friends with Elvis makes my life a billion times cooler. I am going to be hard pressed to come up with the dollar right now man, is what I told him. Elvis would laugh and tell me the money would be there when it's time.

Chris passed recently from cancer. He had twin boys and one of the reasons I'm doing this is to pay his twins what I owed their Dad.

The day Priscilla tells the world I'm telling the truth about Elvis faking his death and I sign a deal with Adidas, each of the twins make 2.4 million. Mostly because I know your dad, boys. If I ONLY gave you each one million, then after taxes it wouldn't have been a million dollars and Chris and Elvis would NEVER let me live it down. "Technically you still owe the twins money Jeff.... after taxes they didn't each get a million".

It would last for **eternity**. They would never let it go. SO, 2.4 million in honor of Elvis guarantees I don't have to put up with those two flipping me crap for eternity about not actually paying that debt. Lol

It will ALSO be impossible to give the twins the money and talk about Chris in relation to Elvis without ALSO talking about Chris' dad, John Robinson.

Serial killer John Robinson. Fairly close to the time we were trying to bring out the book about Elvis, John Robinson was arrested. Turned out he had killed several women and hidden the bodies.

I'm **NOT** talking in detail about this part of my life. The Robinson family agreed not to talk about it or to make money off of it. I feel like even talking this much is a betrayal. 20/20 did an episode on John a year or two ago. If you want details about it, you can go watch that episode.

It was simply a fact that happened. That's pretty much as much as I am ever going to talk about this part of things. I love you guys' C.A.S.

I AM SO sorry for talking about it even this much. There just isn't a way to tell the whole Elvis story without talking about it a little bit. No one in your family is going to have to worry about money once this is done and the world knows it is true. All of you are going to be receiving endowments from the Knights. **No one** Chris loved is going to have to stress over money **ever again**.

I am sorry I had to talk about your Dad, even a little bit. I hope you forgive me and understand why.

CHAPTER 6

Prometheus Studio's

I had started a recording studio in Independence, Mo with Dan Robinson (Dr. Dan on the radio down in Arkansas. Little Rock maybe?) and a couple named Jean and Bill.

Lol, this part of the story will need to be fleshed out a lot for the movie and second book, but I graduated from Blue Valley High School in 1988 and attended the University of Kansas. Took me 3 semesters to get kicked out.

I ended up doing various jobs for a couple years, then going back to college by enrolling in Johnson County Community College.

I was close to graduating and needed to decide what to do with my life. So, I decided to leave my future up to fate. I went to the counseling office to peruse the Career Sheets they had there. I flipped a coin, if it came up heads I would reach into the box and draw one career sheet. If tails I moved on to the next box without drawing a sheet.

I had 3 heads come up that day, so I pulled out 3 career sheets. The 3 career sheets I pulled were Author, Lyricist, and Publisher. It seemed like they all were related, and just reinforced the idea in my head that this really is what I was supposed to do.

So, I drove over to my friend Jacks to tell him that I was going to be a songwriter. That's what Fate had decided for me.

Jack had an old friend over. That was the day I met "K". As cliché as it sounds, she walked out from the back hallway, and I fell in love with her the minute I saw her.

So, we talked, and I found out she wanted to be a country singer. I asked her to sing a little and she did. I told her I could make her the most famous singer in the world, and she laughed. (For the record "K" when Joshua Lee sings his debut album it could have been with you. We would have released your debut album around the same time we released Joshua Lee Presley's first album as himself. First album he puts out as Elvis' son. You would have been singing on that album with him, and for a brief time you **WOULD** have been the most famous singer in the world, just like I said)

I started working with K to try to help her get signed as a country artist. She said she wanted me to find her a band. I said no problem, and K got mad at me yelling "Oh, what? It's as easy as saying you're going to do it huh? That's not how life works" Just then I get tapped on the shoulder by the guy sitting in the booth behind us (we were at Perkins in Olathe this time)

I turned around as he said "Excuse me? But did you guys say you were looking for a band?"

I spun back to K and gave her the biggest grin ever, spun around and said, “Why yes we are” and got up to move back to his booth.

It was a country band, he told us, Perfect. It was a group called The Sage Brush Band. They were really good. K went over and auditioned, and they wanted her to be in the band. She said no, she told me that even though they were an amazing band they were all old and she wanted a band that had young members about her age.

For the record K, the Sage Brush Band is still performing, from what I understand, You COULD have spent the last 20 to 30 years playing and touring with your band, The Sage Brush Band. Sigh

I said fine, and K got super mad at me and started yelling about how I’m nuts, and it doesn’t work like that.... Life isn’t like something you see in movies. I told her it was like in the movies sometimes, for some people. (people like Me and Elvis as it turns out) She said find me a better band with young people then.

I got a call from my friend Chuck (used to be a friend. Chuck had to let me go as a friend a year or two ago, lol. His words “I gotta let ya go”). Back then we were still friends and he needed help with a song, so I went over to his house.

Guy named Dustin was there and they were working on his song *Poor Little Rich Girl*. I helped with that a little and was

talking to Chuck about how frustrated I was with K not joining the Sage Brush Band.

Dustin asked how good she was. He had some friends that were roughly our age and had a country band. They were looking to add a female singer. So, we arranged an audition. The guys loved her and wanted her in the band (and guys, I am SO sorry not using your groups name but I cannot remember what you ended up with as your name. I WILL get all the names right for the second version, both your band and the contest name.)

These guys were entered in some Country Music competition. It was something like the Marlboro Man Country something (I WILL get the right name for the contest and the band going forward) Winner of the competition gets a recording contract.

They invited K to sing with them at a show a week before the competition, and she got horrible stage fright and refused to go up on stage. So, she ended up NOT joining the band. Which sucked because those guys WON and got a recording contract.

K, I don't know what the eff else you wanted me to do back then. You wanted a band; God **LITERALLY** sent us the Sage Brush Band. They weren't good enough for you. You said find a **BETTER** band, and God sent one the **NEXT DAY**. IF you had joined them, your **second show** would have been that

contest, and you would have been offered a record contract with your new band I found for you. You **WOULD** have been with that band for roughly a month before you got your first record deal. What I did for you back then was **freaking miraculous** and you just...sigh. -Anyway-

One of K's friends, Amy James, stopped by and said she knew I had been working with K. She had heard the songs, thought they were really good, and asked if I would write songs for her. Her Aunt in Nashville was dating the guy who wrote the first newspaper article about Reba McIntyre when she was first starting out and was still good friends with her. Reba was starting her own record label and was looking for new acts, and Amy wanted help getting signed by Reba.

Amy told me a lot of stuff that I hadn't known about. Amy and K had been doing Meth, and a lot of other crap. Turns out all the times K had run off with Amy instead of coming to practice, or to writing sessions was because the two of them were getting high and hooking up with the dudes giving them drugs. Just partying their asses off.

K stopped by a couple days after I talked to Amy, and she wanted to talk. I told her Amy had told me everything, and K admitted to it all. They were getting high and partying and that's why I got blown off all those times. I basically told K I was going to be working with Amy, because she had multiple chances and blew them all. Amy seemed more committed, and I was working with her. I told her this as I walked her to the

door and escorted her out. Closed the door in her face, and I didn't see K again for years.

We moved Amy to Nashville. Supposedly her aunt's boyfriend had played some of our songs to Reba, and she loved them. She was interested in signing Amy to her new label. I was pumped.

Then Amy called. The weekend before she was (supposedly) auditioning for Reba, she and some friends made a trip to New Jersey. She met a guy, fell in love, and was going to move to Jersey and get married instead of being a country singer.

It almost broke me. To be THAT close, AGAIN, and to have it fall apart like that just killed me. (as an aside, I don't actually know how much of what Amy was telling me about Reba was true. Hopefully, I can talk to Reba and find out)

I hung up with Amy and strode outside on my deck. There was a thunderstorm raging, and I looked up at the sky and I yelled 'I will NOT quit! I am a songwriter, and the GREATEST SINGER ON EARTH IS GOING TO SAY ***That Jeff Brixey is one hell of a songwriter***' It was like Lt Dan screaming at the storm in Forrest Gump. Except it was a sacred oath to me, and dammit, it WAS going to happen. (and years later when Linda called to tell me Elvis had called her singing the two songs I wrote and sent to him and Elvis said to Linda "That Jeff Brixey is one hell of a songwriter", I realized that I had done it to

myself. Was it the Chris bet, or was it screaming at the storm on my deck that night? This is what made me realize it HAD to be God. Nothing like what my life has been happens unless it was Preordained to happen. From the day I was born I was Destined, Fated, to become The Commander of The Rock N Roll Knights. **This Was Always Mine**).

That night I swore that oath to the heavens standing out in that storm. I didn't see exactly HOW at that time anything would happen, but I was sure it was going to happen. I **DECIDED** it would happen, so it was going to. So, I moved on to other things, briefly.

Chapter 7

Mary Garrison and Mega Deaths Drummer

Some friends of mine had been extras in the movie Truman when it was shot in town. They fell in love with movies.

One of the friends, Josef, was a psychic (I met Leonard Nimoy when he was in town getting a reading from Joe. I got excited and said, "Oh my gosh, You're Marco Polo." So, Adam, if your dad ever told you about the fan who remembered him for the Marco Polo miniseries instead of Spock, that was me)

My friend was friends with a woman who had lost a custody case with her husband because she was wiccan.

We decided to start a company to make documentaries, and her case would be the first show. Because if you're going to use religion as a reason to remove someone's kids from them, then be fair. We made an announcement at the Kansas City Psychical Research Societies Annual Fall Psychic Fair, and Joe gave out my phone number.... a- hole. Lol.

I spent the next two years traveling and meeting with various occult groups, covens, lodges, vampires, Asatru moots, etc. My life was f-ing nuts and I would love to have a TV series about those two years. Netflix?

So, we formed Tektite Productions, and began making a movie. At one point I had over a hundred people working on the movie. All of whom I convinced to work for free with the understanding that everyone got paid when we sold the movie.

The psychic partner had already set up offshore accounts and was starting to funnel money through those accounts. We got into an argument about the fact that if we kept 90% of the money, then we would still share the remaining 10% equally with all the workers. I told him he was crazy, and I left. I resigned and took the people I had brought into the project with me, and we opened Promeus Studios.

We went to a bank to get a loan, but we were denied. The second bank we went to was also an SBA lender so when our loan was turned down, I asked for an SBA loan. The loan officer was super happy, and we got an SBA loan.

Went to Big Dudes Music City and bought an all-digital recording studio. \$25k. We built a recording studio in the basement of Jean and Bill's house. My friend Dan Shanks came onboard as one of the sound engineers. We were the first all-digital studio in the greater KC area. I think the cheapest rates were \$100 an hour at other studios. Ours were \$25. We paid the first loan off in about three and a half months.

By the point we were working with Dan Shanks, Dan Robinson was no longer a partner. He had been pulling some hinky stuff and we kicked him out of the company for it.

You know what? I'll just tell you now. We had moved our recording studio into the Barry Music Group in Olathe. They got an all-digital suite, and we got access to the big room with the badass expensive stuff after hours. The deal was that we could pull whatever tapes we needed and pay for them all at the end of the month.

Dan came over and gave us an invoice for \$960ish dollars for the tapes we used and turned in 0 dollars revenue. He claimed he made no money but somehow, we owed almost a grand from tapes we used. The other partners and I started calling the bands listed on the invoice to do a "satisfaction survey".

Turns out the deal everyone loved was our "book ten hours for \$200 if you pay cash" Yep Dan was flat out stealing. (Dan, lol, you were such a douchie little asshole man. YOU came up with the name Promeus. A combination of Probity and Meas in Latin, Promeus Studios meant "I am honorable" studios. It was right up until the guy who coined the name stopped being honorable and started stealing from us. I GOT YOU YOUR OWN FUCKING RECORDING STUDIO YOU DICK! Fuck you for betraying me Dan. I forgive you, dick. Now help me tell the world about Elvis. Please?

If had been successful with Prometheus I wouldn't have found Elvis....so I yep! I forgive you, but you fucking owe me some apologies dude.

Bear Family Music (of Records?) in Germany was the first place we mailed *The Chicken Plucking Song*. Thru one of his shell companies, Elvis owned them, he heard our song, he sang it to me when I was talking about parody songs with him. So please pop that song up on all the streaming services and Music sites and I am going to ask Joshua Lee to record it on his debut album as himself, Elvis' son. We can talk about whether I will Knight you or not, but they better be some **GOOD** fucking apologies.

We had recorded the album for Mary Garrison. My other partner's nephew showed up with a couple of hitch hikers. One of the guys he picked up was Lee Rauch, original drummer for Mega Death.

So, we had Mega Death's first drummer as our studio drummer. We talked about Mary and Lee in Pitch Weekly (an entertainment newspaper) and overnight we were booked solid for months.

Ended up going to Barry Music Group in Olathe and setting up our all-digital suite in one of the rooms they weren't using. Of course, Dan being over there is when the hinkey shit started and we ended up pulling our studio out and moving it back to Independence.

Dan and some fucking loser he was hanging out with in Olathe convinced Mary to work with them, or something, I'm not really sure everything that happened there, but Mary all of a sudden didn't want to work with us anymore and wanted to work with them instead.

By that time, I had taken a job at ValueMark Behavioral Healthcare in North Kansas City. Lee and his buddy he showed up with wouldn't stop doing drugs, it was insane. They introduced me to Annie, and through Annie I met the group I called "Junkies for Jesus". We will cover them more in the movies, but it was a trip hanging with those weirdos.

These guys were cooking and doing meth, reading books on and practicing Enochian Magick, and every few days they would get high, take meth and bibles out and preach to homeless camps. "If you can't meet them at their level, you can't save them" was the reason they claimed they would make and do drugs with the homeless. Again, Netflix?

Everything at the studio was pretty much falling apart, and we decided to close things down. I went to the bank to find out how much we owed on the second loan (we paid the initial loan back in full and had taken a second one out to expand) The loans were paid off. When we sold the recording equipment, we got more than what Jean had told me. I was paying her half my paycheck at that time to pay down the loan.

What happened was Jean was paying her sister's rent using my money. Her husband refused to let her help her sister with his money, and she had figured out how to do it anyway using me. So, for a few months while I was trying to pay off the loan, it was already paid off. Jean was using my money to pay her sister's rent.

The whole thing had fallen down around my ears, I was just going to concentrate on the hospital where I was working. (I **LOVED** that job and was really good at it).

I ended up moving out of Jean and Bills house back to Overland Park. Threw myself into work at the hospital and was going to forget about my whole "I'm going to be a Lyricist, Author, Publisher "thing at that point.

It was shortly after I moved out of Jean and Bill's that Linda asked me to start doing Reiki healing for her friend "Jesse Garron", and my journey with Elvis officially started.

CHAPTER 8

I find out about Elvis.

From the first time I did Reiki healing on him, I kept picking up all these flashes of who he really was. Linda said he was a collector and I asked him if he collected Elvis's stuff. Kinda freaked him out until I told him all the things I saw doing the healings.

He told me he DID collect Elvis's stuff and had several things from the movie sets, and maybe that was what I was picking up on. He began calling into the hospital a few times a month, and he and I would end up talking.

Elvis ALSO learned my secret. I became a drummer because of Ito Eats. He said, "no!" So, I began drumming and Elvis and I sang that song in the lobby of ValueMark Hospital (I was in the lobby, he was on speaker phone) He goes, "Ah lord...you drum! I'll sing" about 15 seconds in, lol. I had NO IDEA he was Elvis at that point.

He told me (after I knew who he was) that the movie Finding Graceland was basically a true story. I said, "If you ever want to go back on stage, but you get stage fright like in the movie I can fix the stage fright". He asked how and I told him I would go out onstage and sing AT his fans until he came out and made me stop. He couldn't stop laughing and said that

would do it. He said it would take 2 seconds to get him out there and make me stop. (Whatever, lol, I **ADORE** my voice!)

Eventually I transferred back to the Children's Residential Unit at the Hospital (we **WILL** make a movie about that crazy ass place). It killed me to leave Linda alone at reception, but it killed me on a daily basis to watch staff and residents get hurt. Kids were getting hurt daily, staff were getting hurt daily, and I HAD to try to do something. I **KNEW** I could make a difference.

Linda understood and said she was proud of me for transferring back to help. By the time I left, I was head tech in charge of the Boys and Girls units. I was number 3 in the hospital. It went, Julie the director of nursing, then whoever the Charge Nurse on duty was, and then Jeff.

That way all Julie and the charge nurse had to worry about was telling me what needed to happen and then it was up to me to get shit done. It worked **AMAZINGLY WELL** too.

Jesse kept calling in to talk with Linda and she told him everything about what was going in with me back on the Unit. Every promotion, everything. Twice he was on the phone as I was going to get stitches. One when a kid bit me, and one from one of a half dozen times I got shanked. I talked to him, and he asked me about getting stabbed. I told him it was a victory.... kid stabbed my arm instead of the kid he was trying to stab, lol. So, I won that encounter.

I would love to find out what he **really** thought, but there was definitely an “oversized view” of Jeff he was seeing. Not sure of the correct term but Elvis really thought a lot of me. I know those times he told Linda “Thank God for Jeff Brixey” he meant it. It's what kept me on course, because if Elvis is thanking God for you, you must be doing things right.

Julie scheduled me to be the last employee to leave. The day the hospital shut down, I was the last one out. I turned off the lights and locked the door. Julie told me she had been brought in to close the hospital. Too many kids had gotten hurt, and it was too expensive.

Julie said when I transferred to the units, she was pissed at me. Because we almost turned things around and saved the hospital, twice. Her job was to wind things down to slowly close the place, and I almost turned it around. I was offered a job wherever she ended up working. She wanted me to come with her because she was impressed with me. I'm actually really proud of that too.

In honor of how close I came to turning it around, Julie had decided to let me be the last employee out. I will always be proud of what I was able to do at that place.

As the hospital was closing, Linda was finally able to tell me the truth about Jesse. I already basically knew at that point. I had seen and heard too many things. It was funny because she said, “Oh honey, I can finally tell you, Jesse ...” and

I cut her off and said, “is Elvis.” She looked shocked and said yes. That afternoon at Linda’s place I heard the whole story and began helping directly.

I began going over to Linda’s every day to help. That way she would be free to talk to Elvis when he called and didn’t have to worry about her granddaughter (who she watched sometimes) or about going inside and missing his call. Linda could run to the bathroom, or anything else she needed to do if I was there because I was fine to answer the phone.

“Linda Johnson's phone, Jeff Brixey speaking”. That was it. As long as I answered like that Jesse would know it was me and wouldn’t hang up or freak out. We would talk for a few minutes then Linda would come out, or I would open the door to let her know he was on the phone.

For several weeks we were going along like this. The problem was that I thought Elvis was planning on coming back out to the world. He NEVER was.

Elvis wanted the book to come out so the fans would know he was still alive, and why he had to fake his death. He was not coming back out to the world as Elvis. He wanted the money from the book to take care of his Circle of Friends and their families.

Lamar Fike was supposed to hold a press conference and tell the world the book is true. The book was supposed to be copyrighted in the name of the Circle of Friends so all of them

would share in the money. It was only copyrighted in Don's name. Don was trying to force him out to the world. He tried to sneak some camera's in and other shit and ended up getting booted as Elvis' doctor. (And when Lamar was given the book contract later it was either payout from EPE to not talk, or Elvis arranged something. I never knew which)

Since he wasn't getting any of the book money, Lamar asked for one million dollars upfront to hold the press conference and tell the world the book was true. No one paid him, so he wouldn't help. If the book had just been copyrighted and the profits shared equally amongst the Circle of Friends, then the whole world would have found out 20 years ago.

CHAPTER 9

Elvis has a son.

One day, out of the blue, a gentleman showed up at Don's office. That man was named Joshua Lee Presley, and he IS Elvis Presley's first-born child, older than his twin by two minutes.

As I've said throughout this book, I was illegally filling prescriptions for Elvis. Whatever he needed meds for, I would get diagnosed and fill the meds and make sure Elvis got them. For roughly a year I was risking jail time to keep Elvis alive. By that time, I was also receiving mail for Elvis at my PO Box in Stilwell. I had already been shot at a couple of times and had a lot of guns flashed at me as people would make threats.

Joshua Lee told me EVERYTHING because of what I was doing for his dad. (Elvis DIDN'T tell me everything, his son did. That is why I know more than some other members of The Circle of Friends. It is why I know who the masked singer Orion is, and other Circle members don't). Joshua Lee thought what I was doing for his Dad warranted the whole truth.

Josh said he had told his Dad they could fill most of his meds easily by going to Mexico, or other places. That he didn't need to put me at risk. Joshua Lee said Elvis knew but wanted to do it this way, so he knew who his REAL friends are, and Josh thought it was some kind of loyalty test.

My friend Steve Novich drove me and Josh around one day. Joshua also got to meet my friend Pete Gilliford. It was really important to Steve for some reason that he “buy Elvis Presley’s son a steak”. So, we went to a steakhouse and Steve bought Joshua Lee Presley a steak. Josh also said crap about my “fruity little drink”. (It was a 7 and 7 Josh! Whatever. SEVEN and SEVEN! NOT a fruity little drink, lol. Can't wait to finally see you again and get to tell the world your life story man. Hang in there Josh, it is going to happen this time around!)

Pete and Steve meeting Joshua Lee is the reason Elvis named them Rock N Roll Knights later. These two met Joshua Lee and heard the WHOLE story from him as well. They are the only two besides me that heard everything from Joshua Lee.

Chapter 10

It All Falls Apart

After Josh had shown up, Jerry Presley also showed up. He is an Elvis impersonator, who was Elvis' cousin. Once Elvis told me Jerry really was his cousin, really was family, I was able to back off the day-to-day stuff (I still ran the website, filled meds, and got his fan mail.) and let him and Josh take over more. Jerry was invaluable in helping Linda make the trips she had to, and tons of other things. When he first showed up though, I didn't know who the hell he was, and it was a bit of a rough start. Lol

By that time, I had taken a job at T-Mobile so I would have...well, for reasons. To help Jesse, Lol.

So, I did what I do at every job I ever had and excelled. Soon I was ranked the 6th best employee in the call center. Top ten, and I was fine with just staying at 6th.

We will talk a lot about the bullshit T-Mobile pulled in the movie.... don't worry. Well, T-Mobile might want to worry cuz you guys are going to look like a bunch of shitty assholes when I get done telling my true story of working for you.

We were choosing new managers. As one of the top ten employees I was guaranteed to get the manager I wanted. So, I filled out my form in the opposite order. I put down the one manager that I would never ever work with or for because she

was a completely incompetent bitch. Then my second to last choice, etc. all the way up to putting Deshawn as my number 1 pick. I was **guaranteed** my choice of manager, so it was funny doing it in reverse.

We were called into HR about a week later. Something like 5 out of the top ten employees were in that meeting. They had given Deshawn a job as an instructor, and he wasn't going to be managing anyone anymore. So, half of the top employees at the call center were told that for our hard work, we were going to be assigned a manager instead of having Deshawn as our manager.

We were assigned to the one manager who didn't have **ANYONE** on her team. Literally not a single employee wanted to have that worthless sack of shit as a manager. She had ZERO employees pick her, so her team was wide open to take all the people who picked DeShawn. My **LAST** choice became my new manager.

Even arguing with HR about it pisses me off to this day. Well, she is one of our best managers. Really? IF she is so good why did no one choose her? Why don't you have her be the new instructor and let us have Deshawn manage us. We are literally the **BEST EMPLOYEEES** you have, and our reward for being the best is to get the shittiest manager you have working here.

It was brutal, you dicks in HR are goddamned liars, and I still hate all of you for that bullshit you did.

You **WERE** fucking wrong the way you handled things back then! Period. You owe me and the other members in that meeting that day apologies.

And NO, I'm NOT letting it go until T-Mobile publicly apologizes to me, **and** Jamie Lee Curtis. (by the power vested in me by Elvis as Commander of his Rock N Roll Knights, I name you **Lady Jamie Lee, Rock N Roll Knight**)

They fired Jamie as their spokesperson back then. She found out when she saw the new commercials with the woman who replaced her.

So, after all your bullshit with dumping on me, 6th best employee you had, I decided I was just not going to come into work anymore. I went to the mall and had one of those airbrush artists make a Denim Jacket and a shirt that said, "I stand with Jamie Lee". Wore it every day.

Then I just stopped showing up. It was pretty funny....it took them 3 months to actually fire me. We will go over it in the movies, AND I'm making "I stand with Jamie Lee" shirts and jackets and selling them through the Knights. (With Lady Jamie Lee's permission of course)

Eventually I had a chance to move to Illinois. By that time Elvis and the book launch weren't going to happen.

Everything fell apart. So, I moved to Illinois, enrolled in NEIU and decided to get my college degree in Computer Science.

Enrolled at NEIU and began college again. Two years after enrolling there I went to visit Linda in KC, and she told me what had been going on. Jerry and Joshua Lee had made a plan where they were going in guns blazing to break Elvis free. Except Elvis wasn't being held anywhere.

Don had tried smuggling cameras in to get current pics of Jesse to force him out to the public.(Elvis had three plastic surgeries over the years to help hide his identity.)

ELVIS WAS NOT COMING BACK AS ELVIS. He was truly living as his twin Jesse. Don got booted, then he did horrible things to Linda. Linda AND Elvis made me promise not to beat his ass. Don really was a good friend to Jesse and kept him alive for years, he just got greedy, and Elvis forgave him.

They never said I couldn't tell the truth though and let the Elvis fans deal with Don. Up to you really Don, but if I **DON'T** hear from Linda you made amends and made things right with her, **I AM** going to be telling a lot of shit about you. **Fuck You Don!** You **BETRAYED** Elvis. You're a **DICK!**

Linda told me Jesse said to hang low and wait for him to reach out. I went back to college. Third year I enrolled in this class taught by a woman who is friends with Tim Berners Lee. She had one of the first ten websites in existence which she ran to that day. I was in awe of her.

One day, with ten minutes until class was over, as we were working at our desk, she said to the class “I think Jeff is an ugly man” and everything froze, lol.

I looked up at the clock and it was ten minutes until class was over. Everyone in class had turned to look at me, and as I looked around, I confirmed that I was the only Jeff. She was talking about me.

I gave a chuckle, raised my arm and asked, “What?”

She replied that she did not think IT guys like Jeff were attractive. Said to look at Jeff, he’s so big, husky...well fat. Jeff is fat. His hair is falling out, he wears glasses. I mean he’s bald and fat with glasses.

“A soccer player, “she *purred*, “Mmmm, Renaldo, now there’s a man.”

TEN MINUTES OF THIS SHIT.

I finally raised my hand and asked “Is this gonna be on the final? I mean should we be taking notes?” Everyone laughed, and she sputtered something as if she realized what she had been saying. Class was over.

Out in the hall I was surrounded by students. Asking if I was okay and if I wanted them to come to the Dean with me to verify what happened. I didn't.

Within an hour EVERYWHERE I went people were pointing and whispering. One kid came up to me in the cafeteria and asked if I was the guy whose prof called him ugly in front of the class. It was like living every nightmare ever. I was friends with Elvis, he Knighted me, and my life was somehow shitty enough despite the Elvis stuff that THAT just happened. WTF?

I gained over a hundred pounds. I didn't step on a scale again once I hit 320 pounds, but I probably topped out around 350. I developed depression which I still take medication for to this day... I struggled along until graduating in 2006. Plugged along at work after and was just basically the most broken that a man could be.

My son asked me if I wanted to kill myself because of that teacher, and I told him honestly no, because from the day Emily (my oldest niece) was born suicide was no longer an option, but I **DID** actually wish to die, **prayed that God just let me die**, on an almost daily basis.

He also pointed out I had known Elvis, had been Knighted by him (this was the night I told him about Elvis). He was really upset with me. "Dad," he growls at me, "you had ELVIS. What about the next kid she does that too?" He shook his head at me while explaining EXACTLY why I should have reported it.

He was right NEIU. I am going to be getting local law enforcement involved to find out if anyone in any of that bitches' classes committed suicide. IF they did I will pay to interview every other classmate to find out if she did the shit she did to me to someone who did kill themselves.

You better pray that your psychotic prof hasn't been getting guys to kill themselves by humiliating them in class. I had ELVIS KNIGHTING me, and if it wasn't for my niece, I **WOULD** have killed myself anyway. That's how fucked up what happened to me was. Because of **YOUR** Professor!

CHAPTER 11

Starting to rebuild my life.

By this time, I was living with my parents in Illinois. My sister was having marital problems so my nieces, Ashley and Emily, came to live with us. We enrolled them in school and THANK GOD we were lucky enough to get Mr. Fowzer to be Emily's teacher. (I don't even know how to spell your name correctly. Everyone in Antioch knows who I mean.)

Mr. Fowzer, I made you a Knight. My niece was failing math when she moved in with us. You are such an amazing teacher, such an amazing man that by the time she went home she was doing math at the grade level ahead of her. She went from failing to being ahead a year in math.

The Knights are going to need someone to oversee the Classroom Supply Project. I would love for that to be you...you know once everyone knows this book is true.

My sister would sometimes meet us halfway, in St Louis, to visit with the girls. One day just before a trip to meet my sister I checked Facebook and saw that Jack had a new Facebook friend, "K". She was back.

I sent her a message, she wrote back, and we agreed to meet at her place in Chesterfield that weekend to catch up, it

had been 20+ years. So, I drove my fat ass over and talked to K again.

She told me way too much stuff about her last couple decades. She had been diagnosed with bi-polar 2 disorder almost 20 years ago but refused to take meds that made her feel like a zombie, and was an alcoholic, had gotten hooked on crack for a couple years, and lots and **lots** of other things.

Then Brian Sxxxxxxx (don't worry, in the next version of this book his last name **is spelled out** too) called K. He had seen K on Jack's feed a few days earlier, messaged her, called her, and convinced her to quit her job and meet him halfway between KC and St Louis to bang all weekend. (she was in a manic stage) She put him on the phone with me and he told me "get some, I did."

Look, this is going to have to be its own book, and movie. I will try to keep focused on Elvis, but this part does deserve a little bit of attention. K and I moved on and there's no point embarrassing her over any of this long-ago crap.

Brian Sxxxxxxx on the other hand deserves everything coming to him. BS as I will call him from now on, and I met when he and his brother SS would be babysat by the lady next door to my parents' house. In high school BS joined track his freshman year, my Senior, and just before Majors hung him from his underwear on the fence (they had already hung up several freshmen who were just kinda hanging there) I told

him BS was with me and took him under my wing. Made him my sidekick.

We can skip through the decades of friendship right up until he slept with K, and then drunk called me one night trying to assuage his guilt. Elvis was still monitoring all of us. Your phone was still tapped, which is how **HE** heard our call.

Dumbass.

BS called and admitted he told her he was planning to move to St Louis to get to fuck her. Just lied his ass off to her. BS said he **KNEW** it would kill me if he banged her, but, “You are **NEVER** on Facebook. I was going to get in, get some, get out before you ever knew K was back.”

Went on a rant about how back in high school stuck up bitches like her wouldn’t even talk to him, but now he could fuck any of them he wanted. Told me I have no right to be mad because pussy is pussy.

I told him she was bipolar but didn’t take meds, was an alcoholic who he took out drinking with the express purpose of getting her drunk enough to fuck her. She needed **help** because she was a **friend**. You used her instead.

He asked where the Jeff he knew and loved was. I told him I’m not the one that changed. He went from hating those rapey douchebags to being a rapey douchebag.

Like the douchebag named D.J. we went to school with. Asshole, you raped M at that party in front of half the school then bragged about it until the day we graduated. I don't care what she slurred at you; she was so drunk you had to help her stand. **She WAS NOT LEGALLY ABLE TO GIVE CONSENT.**

You had your buds pull their cars around in a half circle so everyone could watch you do her in the headlights. Right? It was rape, asshole. You are a pathetic, nothing rapist. I know you have a daughter. My most sincere wish is that your little girl NEVER meets a guy like her daddy in high school. If she IS unfortunate enough to meet her "D.J" in high school, it means she is going to get raped. Just like you and your friends would rape all the girls we went to school with. "Get em too fucked up to say no", right?

You **fucking loser**. I'm coming for **every** single douchebag rapey asshole like you I had to put up with in school. Everyone of your asshole friends needs to be very, very scared.

If you were raped by any of the worthless pieces of shit we went to school with, reach out to me and I **WILL** help you get **justice** and **closure**.

Elvis heard the call. He called me over the winter of 2008-2009 to make sure I was okay. "This was BS? The one you were going to bring into the circle of friends?" He asked me. "The guy who sang the songs you sent me?"

I confirmed that's who it was, and **YES**, the song *Lost In Your Eyes* he sang was about K's eyes.

Elvis was just amazed at how f-ed up it was. He **FUCKING DESPISED** you dude. Compared you with Esposito (Joe Esposito was a bad man who kept Jesse drugged up in a wheelchair while he and the boys were out in Vegas, laughing about it. He abused Elvis for years. Basically, Joe was there when Elvis and Priscilla had Sarah and used that knowledge to blackmail his way into being a part of the entourage. Elvis Presley's best friend? Bullshit, it was blackmail. Joe slept with Priscilla and that's the direct cause of the divorce. I was a better friend to Elvis than you ever were you fucking douchebag. I hope it's hot in hell Joe!)

“If you ever see that worthless son of a bitch again”, Elvis told me, “you tell him Elvis Presley said that **Brian Sxxxxxxx is the biggest little bitch on earth.**”

Chapter 12

This is the part that makes me laugh.

That's right bitch:

Brian Sxxxxxxx is The Biggest Little Bitch on Earth -Elvis-

I'm putting it on **FUCKING EVERYTHING!** Shirts, jackets, shoes, mugs, posters, every god-damn product I can pay Gene Simmons and Paul Stanley to think of. We are going to **"Kiss The Shit"** out of marketing this. BS is a bitch pinball machines and coffins...**IT WILL BE FUCKING EVERYWHERE!**

I'm putting it on everything humanly possible and then asking the fans to buy tens of millions of them to help raise money for the Knights charitable giving. Oh yeah, I'm also offering your brother the chance to make \$248,000 a year overseeing this division of the Knights. Hit me up SS and let me know.

Harold? You and Linda need to be fucking ashamed of yourselves. The two of you failed **completely** as parents. Shame on you to raise such a **complete failure** of a man.
SHAME ON YOU BOTH!

BS, I don't **HAVE** to get even with you, you worthless fuck. All I have to do is tell the truth and let the facts and the fans handle the rest.

You could have been helping me lead the Knights, instead of being an object of derision for the world. You were going to get to meet Elvis because of **ME!** You deserve every ounce of pain, aggravation, and hurt coming your way. I sincerely hope you are constantly fucking miserable.

***You Deserve to Suffer and
I Hope it Fucking Hurts!***

-Jeff to Brian-

I'm putting this on stuff too asshole!

Chapter 13

Elvis makes me Commander

Elvis and I talked for hours that night. He had a gift and told me I had to promise not to talk until he told me it was over.

Elvis proceeded to play me an album worth of songs he had recorded. The 2 Jade Raven Songs, the 8 Mary Garrison songs, and my songs *I Write These Songs For You*, which I had written with singer Curtis Crawford, *Lost in Your Eyes*, and *Dreaming of You*, which I wrote with Chuck back before he had to let me go as a friend.

It was the single most amazing thing I have ever experienced.

I told Elvis about my teacher going into her ten minute “Jeff is ugly” spiel which blew his mind, and he also couldn't stop laughing over it. Lol, which helped a lot actually. He kept reassuring me I wasn't ugly and that was just messed up. Laughing the whole time.

Elvis told me I was the greatest man alive, tied with him, Dave Grohl, and a handful of others for first place. I asked how, so he broke it down.

Since the dawn of life on this planet there have been roughly a hundred billion humans. Out of ALL of them, only HE became King of Rock N Roll...so he was literally one in a hundred billion. Absolutely unique...greatest of all time.

Out of all the hundred billion people only one man, ME, managed to find Elvis, save his life with the Reiki, keep him safe from the mob, and got myself Knighted for it.

I **ALSO** helped catch that Nazi, all the amazing things I did at the hospital, and the flat-out fact that I **CAN** cause things to happen that would otherwise seem miraculous or magickal, just like Elvis could.

There have been lots of Kings and Queens, Presidents and Prime Ministers, but there will only ever be **ONE** Commander of Elvis Presley's Rock N Roll Knights. Everyone else was named co-commander. I am the **ONLY** Commander. I am absolutely unique, in all of history.

I **AM** the greatest man alive. My friend Elvis Presley made me understand that, tied with a few dozen other people for the greatest person alive. (like the other co-commanders) There is no one else that will ever be better than me, and I **need my son to know who his Dad REALLY IS** in case I die tomorrow.

Liam, you can **LITERALLY** accomplish anything that you decide too, just like your Dad, and just like Elvis. You **ARE** the

greatest honor I was ever given. The greatest treasure I was ever entrusted with. **I love you forever bud, no matter what.**

I have run out of time to finish this book. I left instruction on how to finish it, and launch the book and www.ElvisAndJeff.com in an envelope on my desk addressed to my oldest niece Emily.

I love you Mimi. I love you Ashley.

If I survive, I will write again in a few days. This plan will still work with the other commanders without me, so no matter what, **make this book go viral!**

CHAPTER 14

I did not die in surgery.

I WILL need weeks to recover from the surgery. What was supposed to be a bypass turned into a double bypass. So, I've pushed the launch date back to 04/28/2024. My son's birthday. This is the hard launch date.

I am going to be soft launching the website and book by sending copies out to places that can help, etc. I want it all in place with the voice analysis proving what I've said is finished and ready to be shown. The Orion concerts, all analyzed to prove Elvis really did change places with his son Joshua Lee for one song. Josh walks off...Elvis walks on and sings one song, walks off, and Josh walks back on. Once you see it and know what's going on it is the most obvious thing in the world.

I want to have Letterman and Nic Cage ready to publicly admit they met Elvis and were friends with him.

SO, by the power vested in me by our mutual friend Elvis, I name you Sir Dave, Rock N Roll Knight, and Co-Commander of Elvis Presley's Rock N Roll Knights **ON THE CONDITION** you tell the world about Elvis faking his death and becoming your friend.

By the power vested in me by Elvis as the Commander of his Rock N Roll Knights, I name you Sir Nic, Rock N Roll Knight,

and Co-Commander of Elvis Presley's Rock N Roll Knights **ON THE CONDITION** you tell the world what you learned about Elvis when you married into the family.

We can do it as David and Nicholas when we have the public ceremony if you want, but you are Dave and you are Nic. It's why I did it that way right now.

I no longer think there should be an auxiliary Knights. I mean to name 24 people as co-commanders of the Knights who I feel could best pull this off. If Dave Grohl and Taylor accept it's basically going to be their show from the get-go anyway, lol.

Elvis named Me Commander and Dave Grohl Co-Commander (and Dave, you are the only person ever directly named Co- Commander. The only member who wasn't made a Knight first. He Knighted me first too. You are absolutely unique. Nirvana, The Foo Fighters and now this, you are 1 in 100 billion, 3 times over. Literally Greatest man alive.)

Elvis named: **Jeff Brixey**

Dave Grohl

I appointed: **Pete Gilliford**

Steve Novich

Mark Majors

Phyllis Kolbinger

Lisa Marie Johanson (the real Lisa Marie)

Taylor Swift

Patrick Mahomes

Travis Kelce

Jason Kelce (and if you two don't say yes, I'm appointing your mom commander, and I will ask her to make you guys help anyway)

Jon Stewart

Stephen Colbert

John Oliver (who doesn't have a choice. He's British, he is the only one who I know for sure is already a Co-Commander. It's in his blood. Lol)

Jimmy Kimmel

Conan O'Brian

Ice Cube (As an aside Cube, Elvis and I both agreed that Fuck the Police will go down in history as one of the most important songs ever written. PLEASE HELP)

Chance the Rapper

Chris Columbus

Nic Cage

David Letterman

Mark Hamill

Jordan Kleper

Steph Curry

I know for a fact we can pull this off if these people accept the co-commanders' positions. PLEASE SAY YES.

With Jon Stewart for instance, we have 8 x 10's of Tucker Carlson wearing a bowtie. And on our product the bow tie spins. It says, **"No matter how big his viewership gets, Tucker will always be Jon's little bitch"** That was just off the top of my head.

Jon Stewart SHOULD NEVER have had to be the person that fought to make sure the 9/11 first responders got the medical help they needed.

With him helping lead the Knights (or even if you say no because it still pisses me off, they made you go to Congress how many times Jon?) The Rock n Roll Knights help the first responders.

Then WE the Rock N Roll Knights can go after Congress or whoever we need to put a pressure campaign on to do the right thing. When Jon Stewart was having to spend MONTHS campaigning to get Congress to help the First Responders....

THEY DIDN'T HAVE HELP. Wouldn't get the help they needed **until and unless** Jon and his campaign succeeded. **It was fucking stupid.**

With the Knights Mr. Stewart, that bullshit is done. WE help the responders from day one (medical bills, all of it) while the campaign to get politicians to do the right thing is ongoing.

Never again will any cause you decide to take up ever be such a huge clusterfuck as the 9/11 First Responders thing. The Knights will have the money, and we WILL start helping from day one, WHILE we fight Congress.

Any and all of the commanders' personal charities, fights, causes will become the Knights' causes. Your fight becomes OUR fight.

The other commanders can all basically just continue living your normal everyday lives. Every so often we might ask you to sign your name to a pair of limited-edition shoes, or jackets, which we will make a limited number of in order to sell.

We can have "The Talk Show Host" version with all the late-night hosts signing their names. The Strike Force Five Shoe.

We can have the Parent and Child edition where Dave Grohl puts his name, and his kids name on a shoe. I put my name and Liams's name on a shoe, and have Elvis, Lisa and

Joshua Lee on a shoe. Along with any of the other commanders who want to participate.

Jason Kelce for instance, because I'm almost positive if Jason put his name, and Wyatt, Elliotte and their sisters (lol, sorry, I cant remember the youngest ones name) name on a pair of shoes no orders would make it out of Philadelphia, lol. **It would sell out almost immediately.** We can do an Aunts and Uncles edition where Uncle Travi signs his name to a pair with his nieces...see which version sells better.

My plan with these shoes at first is to have each shoe minted as an NFT as well. Each comes with a card having the NFT info, serial numbers, and the owner's membership number for VIP access to all the Knights apps and web services. Owning the shoe gives ownership of the VIP benefits and enters you into the prize drawing.

Some editions, like the one that has Mahomes & Travis Kelce's name on it. it would cost \$1587. We make 1,248,421 in honor of Elvis and we would make over \$1,900,000,000.

Travis and Patrick commit to 12 charity golf events per year. Members who own the Mahomes, Kelce shoes have their names drawn. Two shoe owners per game, get to join you two on your charity golf round as a caddie. Or you know assistant to the caddie. Or have Patrick and one VIP versus Travis and one VIP. There are endless possibilities.

YES GUYS, you two are popular enough that selling limited edition shoes like this will work. It is the chance for the drawings to get to spend time with Kelce and Mahomes. The two of you go on a trip to the Kansas City Zoo and draw names from this edition of shoes to go with you. There are billions of prizes like this (spend time with a star) we can set up to make this work.

Get a Kelce only edition that has Jason. Momma Kelce, Travis and Ed. The next time Jason and Travis decide they need to go help build a new deck for their Mom (or spend a weekend cleaning up her yard, repaint the house, etc.) you draw a couple names from the Kelce edition shoe owners and Jason and Trav get a couple helpers to do work around Mom's place.

Do you guys have any idea how many fans would freaking LOVE to help you paint your Mom's house, or Dad's house, etc? Literally millions of people would buy this shoe for a chance to spend a weekend on the lake with the Kelce family, or spend a few days helping the Kelce brothers fix up their houses, etc. *(OKA, for safety reasons how about the Kelce brothers commit to spending a weekend building houses with Habitat for Humanity and shoe owners get the chance to help you build houses for an amazing charity organization?)*

The biggest thing I need right now from potential co-commanders is for you guys to think of cool prizes the Knights VIP (meaning Shoe Owners) people could get in the drawings.

What would YOU personally be willing to add into your schedule (maybe once a month) that will make your fans go crazy for a chance to buy these shoes and get a chance to win your drawing.

Taylor Swift for instance. Taylor, you put your name and Let's Get It Done (Elvis told me to Get It Done. The night we were talking about me forming the Knights we came up with" Elvis Presley's Rock N Roll Knights, Let's Get It Done" as the Knights slogan for jackets, shirts, etc) put Taylors name and Let's Get It Done on a limited-edition shoe.

2,480,842 of them and price them at \$1989. The Taylor shoe alone makes \$ 4,900,000,000. 4 billion, 900 million dollars.

Taylor, if you come onboard then YOU ALONE can raise enough to fund the Helping Teachers Buy Supplies Project for three or four years at least. I pegged 500 million as the number to shoot for which was HIGH, but gives room for all the extra's

The people who own your shoes get the chance to have their names drawn for Taylor specific prizes. Taylor? How would you feel about letting a fan who bought one of the shoes get to go out onstage and introduce you before each concert? Different fan every night. They WILL buy the shoes if owning them gives them a chance to be onstage at a Taylor Swift concert and get to say "Ladies and Gentlemen, TAYLOR SWIFT" to introduce you to a packed arena.

The Knights would have our own people with you to handle the VIP things for you. Our people work directly for your people to make this happen. The Knight team handles the fan who wins the drawing, and your team just has to do what it always does.

OR...you let the fans before each new tour vote on which live song they want to see streamed via the Knight App, Draw one fan name for each show on the tour, and then that fan gets to be on the side of the stage being the one who streams that one Taylor song. They say into the camera who they are, and where they are, and that they get to stream tonight's performance of "whichever song won the vote".

ALL the Swifties get to see the person who got lucky enough to win the draw (which makes them famous amongst the other Swifties) and get to stream one song each night.

There are millions of ways we could give the Knights VIP fans a once in a lifetime experience for them. Things that would be minimally invasive to what you already have going. To the fans though? That experience would be a dream come true.

Adidas? Elvis told me to go to you because I told him that my friend Kurt Harrison and I would take the laces out of our Adidas back in high school because of Run DMC.

I hope that we can partner to make this a reality. We have ALL kinds of other products I would like to partner with

you in making. Jackets, shirts, backpacks, etc. It wouldn't just be for the shoes. It WILL, however, allow me to show the entire world that there is a better way to do things. That it's better to be a company that wants to make as much money as possible to help other people than to be only concerned with profit ,profit, profit.

There is a better way. Help me prove it.

As the news starts to break about this book and the proof Elvis faked his death starts coming out, I'm afraid Priscilla is still going to be too scared to admit this is all true and jump on board.

The day this book gets national attention Adidas. Put up a pre-order reservation page to order the first signature edition shoe. "Get It Done, Elvis to Jeff," the shoe Elvis said would make all the money in the world if everyone knows I'm telling the truth.

Price it at \$888.88 in honor of Elvis. (we will have normal Knights sneakers and shoes priced at \$124 and \$248...just the signature series starts costing more) Start letting people sign up and receive a number for when they can pre-order the shoe...lol...I guess a pre-order pre-order in a way.

Let's find out how many of the Elvis To Jeff shoes we can sell if this is all true. Then when Priscilla sees how much we will really make from the truth she won't be scared anymore.

Priscilla? We **CAN** change the entire world. Elvis said he had achieved every dream he ever had, He said he wished he had dreamed bigger.

He told me **when the time came to dream as big as possible**. The dream I'm laying out right here is a **pretty big dream**. I know this book's going to make me look crazy. I don't care. I know I'm telling the truth and that's all that matters.

I'm going to type out the letters next. I think the book is pretty much done. All the proof, and all the plans are basically all here. The only thing left is to finish it and start getting the world to listen.

My name is Jeff Brixey, and I am the Commander of Elvis Presley's Rock N Roll Knights.

I AM going to change the entire world.

Together with the other Knights, We **ARE** going to End World Hunger within a decade.

We **ARE** going to show the world there is a better way to run a company. Prove it's better to put the wellbeing and health of the customer above profits at all cost.

We **ARE** going to help as many millions of people as possible.

God gives every man, woman,
and child exactly 24 hours each
day to spend however you want.

TIME, not money, is God's Currency.

I am going to try to spend every single second I have left
on this Earth trying to make it better for everyone that lives
here.

Join me, please? Help me, please? It's time.

Let's Get It Done

Chapter 15

I finally reveal the letters.

That is pretty much it. All the proof, and the majority of Elvis Presley's real-life story, is inside this book.

To Priscilla and whoever else is worried about losing control of the Elvis story, and thus the ability to keep earning money from his story let me point this out: This is his story up to the point he faked his death, and a few years after I found him.

There are DECADES of Elvis wandering around the world as Jesse Garron. Movies, books and tv shows to be made, DOZENS of books, movies, and shows.

He took his DEA badge Nixon gave him and ran DEA operations. We could have a show that runs for years just off of that fact that Elvis used his Nixon DEA Badge after he faked his death and spent a couple years fighting the cocaine smugglers in Florida.

His real story is the BIGGEST story in history.

Mr. Beast

Hello. This letter will be one of the most unusual letters you will ever read. Please read the whole thing. (its worth it)

20 ish years ago I was working at a hospital in North Kansas City, Missouri. Value Mark Behavioral Healthcare.

I became friends with Linda Johnson and Dr. Donald Hinton,

Long story short, Linda and Don had been helping take care of Elvis after he faked his death.

Elvis testified before a closed grand-jury against members of organized crime (a group called "The Fraternity"). It was part of an FBI operation called Operation Fountain Pen. With the help of the Federal Marshalls he faked his death the next day.

He did not go into witness protection. President Carter allowed him to set up what was basically a modified witsec program. A trust fund was set up to fund it and the Marshalls assigned to protect Elvis basically gave up their lives to follow Elvis around to keep him safe the rest of his

President Carter being in hospice care is one of the reasons I'm reaching out to you. Before anyone else who can confirm all this gets to sick to help.

Elvis was supposed to stay dead for 5 years. The Colonel had a heart attack and died before he could hold the press conference to bring him back out to the world.

1.

{On this page you will see the first manual edit in the letter Jimmy releases. THIS is what I had originally written, and I had the time frame wrong.

Elvis or the Colonel had some medical something happen back when he was first supposed to come out to the world, which delayed it.

The Colonel died from the heart attack just before he started on the book, I helped with back in 1997, or 1998? The book project had to start in 1998 because that was 42 years after Joshua Lee, his first child, was born. I believe that the Colonel dying and the stress it caused Elvis led to needing me to begin Reiki healings for him. 1998 is the year I began doing Reiki for Jesse.

What DID happen in the 80's is that the Elvis estate ended up suing the Colonel for 5 billion dollars.

After he "died" a guardian ad litem was appointed to look after the interest of Sarah, the one the rest of you thought was Lisa Marie.

He wanted to understand why the Colonel got 50% and went back over the books to day one. The Colonel at most should have made 20% as his manager, and the guardian ad litem told the judge what he found, and the judge ordered the estate to sue. They settled years later for just 5 million.}

-Back to the letter-

EPE and Graceland at that point were weary of him “coming back from the dead” and making all the fans get angry.

Graceland was making a profit from the tours, and they were terrified of what would happen if fans found out he wasn't really dead.

(So instead he went to Florida for a while. The badge Nixon gave him was real. A DEA badge which Elvis took to Florida and ran DEA Operations for a few years fighting the cocaine smugglers)

I was hesitant to talk about that part because it sounds so unreal- but it happened.

I got to know him as Jesse Garron, an “old friend” of Linda Johnsons who would call into the hospital where we both worked a few times a month. If Linda wasn't there then “Jessie” and I would talk instead. For roughly 2 years I talked to him on and off like that.

Finally, not long after 2000 they were free to tell me who Jessie really was because they were bringing out the book. At that time, they also asked for my help.

Elvis couldn't be prescribed medicine since he was dead, So whatever he needed meds for I would be “diagnosed and prescribed” the same thing and I would fill his prescriptions

that way. That's a secret by the way, but the fact I was risking jail time for Elvis is the reason I learned everything I did later.

So, we try to launch the book and EPE is coming out hard trying to shut it down.

I set up the website for the book. Elvis began receiving mail through my PO Box. I would hand it to an attorney- the lawyers made sure it went to him.

That was when people began flashing guns at me, shot at me a couple times, and got I don't know how many threats to kill me, beat my ass, etc.

(A bunch of this I can tell you in person when we meet- it's a LONG story)

One day Joshua Lee Presley shows up at Dr Hinton's office - Elvis's son, his first-born child.

Just like in the Elvis movie w Austin Butler, during the Louisiana Hayride Days Elvis and the Colonel realized if he was single and available, they could make him the biggest star on Earth.

Elvis was dating Miss Texas, a Miss America contestant. He got her pregnant. The Colonel arranged to have another man to marry her. A trust was set up to take care of the kids. Josh and his twin brother were born - and THAT is the real reason for the 50/50 split with the Colonel - kind of like the movie.

When Heartbreak Hotel was recorded, Elvis told Josh he was singing that song for his mom. Josh was born not long after its release.

Back then the real Lisa Marie put out a book called "*Lisa Marie*". She didn't know Elvis was working with us so in her book she sticks with him being dead, but otherwise it's all true.

Priscilla and Joe Esposito had an affair and that's the real reason Elvis divorced her. Vernon was murdered by the mob after Elvis faked his death. Elvis took Lisa overseas and hid her away with his mom's family in the Netherlands.

If you can get a copy of the book online it ALSO has proof in it that SHE is the real Lisa.

After the divorce Priscilla went to Germany and brought their first-born daughter Sarah back and began passing her off as Lisa Marie. WHICH was also something I was worried about because Sarah was the one who claimed the inheritance as Lisa -the only child. If you watch the movie 3,000 miles to Graceland it talks about the fact that something like 7 (or 9) people submitted DNA - Costner's character is based off Joshua Lee's twin brother by the way.

But getting Priscilla to tell the truth involves making her understand how much more money there is to be made telling the truth.

(I didn't know Lisa had sued EPE and Priscilla denied her when I wrote this part)

One plan I have to force her - Priscilla- to help if it comes to that is to tell her "Lisa Marie Johanson sent me a signed copy of her book back then. It has a locket of her hair taped to the inside cover. Inscription says "Dad said to send this hair to you in case you have to prove I am anyone's Aunt. Thank you for all your help. "

Look- I have to stop soon or I will never mail this.

Back then Elvis asked what I wanted for helping - the story is in the Priscilla letter- but basically, I asked the King of Rock 'n Roll to make me a Knight. He did!

When we were getting ready to put up the website Elvis said it was time to "take care of business" and I said "Nope. No can do" Ron Tutt and those guys from the TCB band were still alive. We can't steal that from them.

Around here we "Get It Done."

Elvis laughed and said I was something else. the day he told me to put up the website he specifically called Linda and said it was Elvis (read the book I enclosed - he was living as his twin brother Jesse and ALWAYS used Jesse when calling us)

He said "Call Jeff. Tell him I called, and said the website needs to go live immediately. Tell Jeff I said Get It Done.

I still get goosebumps all these years later -he used my
“catch phrase” - lol. I'm geeking out about it writing this.

He did it on purpose, as it turns out.

When you read the Priscilla letter you will see he called me and told me that one day the time would come to tell the world what happened and when it did he wanted me to set up Elvis Presley's Rock and Roll Knights as a real organization - a charitable group like the Jaycee's

During that talk I asked how the hell I was going to be able to do any of it with no money.

He said "Get It Done - you have Get It Done. Once Priscilla tells everyone your telling the truth take Get It Done to - what company was it? You and your friend in school took your faces out because of Run DMC? Addidas - take Get It Done to Addidas and partner with them. Put "Get It Done" and my name on a pair of shoes or put "Get It Done - Elvis to Jeff" and sell those. The fans WILL buy the shoes once they know your telling the truth.

Make a great quality shoe - put Get It Done on them and you can sell millions of them. The money will be there when its time.

Elvis said to find Dave Grohl when it was time and tell him Elvis named him co-commander of the Rock n Roll Knights. That Dave and I could figure the rest of it out.

I'm writing to you Jimmy because you ARE one of the most amazing men around. Your charitable work blows me away. You do so much GOOD in the world.

So - I would like you to be co-commander of Elvis Presley's Rock n Roll Knights with me and Dave Grohl. I want at least 3 people so the two of you can over rule me, and I'm asking you instead of Chris Columbus.

I don't want money or anything like that - I want your help proving this is true so I can start helping you making the world a better place.

Next time instead of 1,000 people getting their eyesight back its 10,000+ because the Rock n Roll Knights make a limited edition shoe that's ALSO minted as an NFT and make so much money we help ~~up~~ up all your charity work x100

Okay so - how to prove all this. First for background - Shuma from the book is named Linda Sigmund Hood and she does have a site LindaSigmundHoodTruth or something like that. She was friends with Elvis and if you look at her site it gives a ton of info. Linda does not know about his other kids.

That's why on her site she mentions the masked singer Orion but she doesn't know who he is. My risking jail for the meds and then my life becoming the public contact is the only reason I know.

Google "Orion who was that masked man" and it comes up Orion IS Joshua Lee Fressley - Elvis' first born child. Gail Georgia Brewer had written a book called Orion - sigh - its a long story but she also put out a tape that was supposed to be Elvis.

It WAS Elvis and her secretly recording him really hurt him and he started using an electric voice box type thing to disguise his voice ever since.

Voice analysis will easily prove that's him on the tape if we can find a copy.

(This part of the letter was most of the ways to prove he faked his death I put in the front of the book. I am going to wrap things up by showing you how I ended the Jimmy letter and then quote some highlights from the Priscilla letter)

-Back to the letter-

I just want you to realize that you can ramp up the money you give away and all the charitable giving if you help me prove I'm telling the truth. Lol- Not sure how to tempt you. Help me help you do more good?

The knights would be doing our charity – you keep doing yours and we help you raise even more money to do even more good. Mr. Beast channels mention the Knights, we do the same.

I DO NOT WANT YOUR MONEY. I desperately need help to do what Elvis told me to do. **Please help me Jimmy Won Kenobi – you're my only hope!** (*ALWAYS do what ghost Elvis says to do, lol*)

(You made Ghost Elvis sad in Heaven. Shame!)

What I really want to do is set up endowments of either \$24,000 a year or \$48,000 a year in honor of Elvis -either \$2,000 or \$4,000 on the first of every month. Then start giving them away to all these kids you read about online. Young man mows all the elderly people's yards in his neighborhood and

makes an internet news story- BOOM – that young man gets \$48,000 a year for the rest of his life.

Some cop gets sent out to some house and ends up buying the people groceries – BOOM – that cop and everyone at the house get endowment from the Knights.

There is SO much good we, that I, can do if the world knows I'm telling the truth. Please help me, Jimmy!

Please take care of the book. I enclosed a self-addressed. Stamped envelope for you to send it back if you don't believe me or want to help. (Take care of that book, He signed it)

If you can't help, I'm taking my story to the Chicago Tribune and will try to get it proved that way. If I do that then the whole story would have to come out. Even the stuff Priscilla won't want known.

The only way to do it without hurting her is with someone like you helping.

Please? *(then I give my contact info)*

If you help me or not, the world IS going to learn the truth about what I did for Elvis before next summer.

I PROMISED my son – so it IS happening!

So, by the power vested in me by Elvis as the commander of his Rock N Roll Knights, I name you Sir Jimmy.

Rock N Roll Knight and co-commander of Elvis Presley's Rock N Roll Knights. Thank you for your help, -Jeff Brixey

(After returning home from the hospital I got dizzy and fell and had to return for a couple days. Got 4 staples in my head. I am pushing too fast on this book, so I am going to go over a couple of highlights from the Priscilla letter and then I'm "calling this a book". Story will be proved true and will stand on its own with all the information I have here already)

Excerpts from the Priscilla letter

He said he wanted me to eventually tell the real story – and take care of Joshua Lee and the rest of his family and Circle of Friends.

I understand concerns over Graceland and the Estate if you acknowledge the other kids. I can convince everyone to sign off on control of all that so it's exactly the same as it is.

If you let me tell the world about Joshua Lee, I know he will give up any rights to existing trust/monies because finally telling his real story is more important. So even if it's only him the world learns about- it's still the biggest story EVER.

(Priscilla -I sent this to you last June. You SHOULD have reached out to work with me. You ignored me instead, so now the world IS going to learn EVERYTHING. Next time, work with me instead of fucking around playing stupid games)

More Excerpts From the Priscilla Letter

You and I can do SO MUCH GOOD together!

Start Elvis Presley's Junior Knights for school kids to join – AND one of the yearly fund raisers we do is to help schoolteachers buy classroom supplies every year, first in Memphis, then across the country.

I have a million ideas for the two of us marketing the Knights of Rock N Roll. I am a Realtor for instance. We could start "Rock N Roll Realty with ReMax."

Any agent that wants to be one of our Realtors gives 24% (we are going to lean into the numerology HARD marketing this) of their commission to the RnRKnights.

We can advertise that buying or selling a home with Rock N Roll Realty at ReMax you are helping fund the Knights. I know I can convince ReMax to work with us AND it could be nationwide immediately. The number of homes each of our agents sells should ALSO go up so every agent will make more money even with less commission.

[\(Rock N Roll Realty at ReMax is an amazing idea and we could make a fortune. No one would want to work with any other](#)

[realtors because with us, you buying or selling a home is helping end world hunger\)](#)

That's pretty much it. I explain to Priscilla who I am and my friendship with Elvis. In the Chris Columbus letter, it's mostly saying all of this slightly different. I also ask Chris for help in marketing my story so I don't have to ask for help and do fundraising crap, (you know, like I ended up putting on the website and, in this book, anyway) ...I HATE that, My real life story might be one of the best ever told. I shouldn't have to ask the fans for help raising money.

Elvis Presley, A Nazi, and Mega Deaths original drummer. Anyone who wants to make an offer to option my story from the get-go contact me through the information in this book.

Lee Rauch. I know you cleaned up and are now the Music Director for your church in Michigan? Or Minnesota?

By the power vested in me as commander of Elvis Presley's Rock N Roll Knights I name you Sir Lee, Rock N Roll Knight.

I would LOVE to have the Knights make a movie about your life Lee. It would tell an amazing story and help raise funds for our charitable giving.

Wyzard, If you have stayed clean and sober after you got out of jail, I will Knight you too.

I guess this is the end of my book. 2nd edition will be a billion times better than my solo attempt here. Thank you for reading my story.

If you can help prove this is all true, please do.

My name is Jeff Brixey, and **I AM** the commander of my friend Elvis Presley's Rock N Roll Knights.

Together we **CAN** end world hunger within a decade. With the help of the fans, **WE WILL** pull this off.

***For my Son, I AM going to
change the world.***

Let's Get It Done