



# TATTOOED APE: Point: A to B

Created & Written by:

**SILVERBACK**

Foreword Written by:

**Constonsa Alexander**

Title: TATTOOED APE: "Point A to B"  
Created and Written by: SILVERBACK  
Copyright © 2021 GLAISTER G. ORMSBY II /All Rights  
Reserved.  
[www.tattooedapepublishing.com](http://www.tattooedapepublishing.com)

This book is protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America. Any reproduction or other unauthorized use of the material or artwork contained herein is prohibited without the express written permission of the copyright holder.

All characters in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to any persons, living or dead is purely coincidental.

Published by: SILVERBACK-INC & TATTOOED APE  
Publishing

Printed in the United States of America  
1st Edition / Printed: November 19<sup>th</sup> 2021  
ISBN-13: 9798770268461

**Friday August 27th :** *"You sir are legally blind, if you drove here I would have to take your license from you."*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>CHAPTER</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
DEDICATION .....	i
FOREWORD .....	ii
PREFACE .....	iii
<b>CHAPTERS</b>	
CHAPTER 1 – Enter: Ms. Karma.....	1
CHAPTER 2 – A Look Back .....	6
CHAPTER 3 – Acceptance (Legally Blind).....	9
CHAPTER 4 – Mistakes in Life .....	13
CHAPTER 5 – Enter: DDP Yoga .....	15
CHAPTER 6 – Enter: Jake the Snake .....	18
CHAPTER 7 – Unhappiness .....	20
CHAPTER 8 – DDP Yoga .....	37
CHAPTER 9 – Finding Me .....	40
CHAPTER 10 – HER.....	52
CHAPTER 11 – Tattooing From Point A to Point B .....	54
CHAPTER 12 – Happiness Is: .....	59
CHAPTER 13 – Revelation .....	61
CHAPTER 14 – The Return of a Monster.....	63
EPILOGUE .....	66
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS .....	67
ABOUT THE AUTHOR .....	70
OTHER WORKS .....	72



**Dedicated to:**

*Everyone who is tempted to just give up.  
Don't quit, you're stronger than you realize  
and closer than you think to coming through  
the other side of your situation.*

# Foreword

When life throws you lemons, you make lemonade! This best describes the trials and tribulations of Glaister Ormsby. When it seemed like he was at his wits end, he somehow held on and with a little spark pushed through whatever obstacles were in his way. This book talks about his personal struggles and how he came to grips with them and his triumphs. “JR.” as I call him, had the courage to take a hard look at himself and make the necessary changes for his survival both mentally, physically and emotionally. His determination should be a model for anyone struggling to get to that next “point” in their life. I hope reading how his life has unfolded thus far, is an inspiration to all and know that you're worthy of happiness and living your best life.

Written by

Stonsa Alexander AKA “*Big Sis*”



# Preface

*I've come to a point in my life where I am forced to take a long, hard look at myself and the life I've lived thus far, and ask myself a few questions along the way:*

- 1. Are you proud of the man you've become?*
- 2. Have you lived your life to its fullest potential?*
- 3. Did you live that life on your terms or someone else's?*
- 4. Are there any regrets for the choices that you've made?*
- 5. What are you ultimately going to do about it?*

*Now you might be asking yourself where are all these questions coming from? and why? Well to answer that we must first start at the beginning. I promise that when this is all said and done everything will be made clear and I will address them all. Now cue the lights, music, narrator's soothing voice (oh that's me) and action!*

CHAPTER: I  
*-Enter: Ms. Karma-*

Anyone who knows me or has been close to me knows that I love to draw and I love to write and create, those are the three things that bring me the most joy outside of my kids Devante and Nashaly. For years my artwork was my primary source of peace. Art got me through the toughest times of my life both as a child and as an adult. The pencil has allowed me to further my journey than I ever could have imagined. It put me in a position to be a guest at "Comics Cons", spoke on panels, met A-list celebrities and even given inspiration to young boys and girls that stopped by my booth.

The pencil allowed me to shake the hands of my idols like Greg Capullo and Neal Adams. This simple stick of wood and lead placed a wonderful little man in my life who I considered not only a "Father Figure" but also my friend the late Allen Bellman. My life felt like a dream when I had a pencil in my hand. That simple tool led me down an unexpected road that stopped with me sitting in front of my desk not with a pad before me but a laptop with a keyboard waiting to be utilized.

Within the blink of an eye, I went from artist to author, sitting at my desk not creating character sketches but character profiles, scenarios, adventures, full length stories one after the other. My creative journey quickly took a completely different path. I wasn't just an artist now I was officially an author with a new dream and goal to reach for. The brass ring in front of me was a daunting one but one I was determined to snag! The ultimate achievement: to pen a title in every major literary genre.

*“Your work is going to fill a large part of your life, and the only way to be truly satisfied is to do what you believe is great work. And the only way to do great work is to love what you do. If you haven’t found it yet, keep looking. Don’t settle. As with all matters of the heart, you’ll know when you find it.” — Steve Jobs*

And I loved what I did! Key word is did. For at the apex of my burgeoning literary career everything came to a screeching halt. So let me paint the picture for you, I was hitting my creative stride and honestly the world couldn't tell me shit! In 3 years I had penned 8 count em 8 titles: ATLEA Book:1, ATLEA Book: 2, ATLEA Book: 2.5, D.E.C.K, Dirty Deeds: 1&2, "SILVERBACK" My Life & Journey and Hell & Holy Water. If You

want to purchase any of the aforementioned titles head over to my website:

[www.tattooedapepublishing.com](http://www.tattooedapepublishing.com) after you finish here. Now that we got that shameless plug out of the way, where were we? Ah yes, I was on top of the world when I decided to spit in the face of a global religion. So as I sat at my laptop with wine glass in hand I thought to myself in regards to my next title: *"I wonder what would happen if God had a brother? And what if that brother was Lucifer himself? Better yet what would happen if Jesus Christ was the 4th Horseman? You know, as in the 4 Horsemen of the Apocalypse "*And with that simple set of questions I penned probably my most unique title to date "IV", but that was just the beginning. Remember how before I said that the world couldn't tell me shit? Well I took that step of the proverbial cliff with the following thought: *"What if the book of Revelation that we know was actually incomplete, what if there was a hidden chapter?"* So you guessed it, I proceeded to rewrite the Book of Revelation's by creating that hidden chapter and I called it "The Cimmerian". That's right if I was gonna go down in history I was gonna go down infamously and in a blaze of **FUCKING GLORY!**

"Blaze" was a very ironic choice of words for you see, in my book "IV" the Cathedral

of Notre Dame catches fire. Now I was so excited to release my new book that I did an early pre-promotion to drum up interest. And wouldn't you know it on the exact day I released my book April 15th 2019 at precisely 12:20 pm (20 minutes after I announced my book) Notre Dame in Paris, France went up in a fiery inferno. So what do I do? I laugh and think to myself again SHIT, THIS IS GREAT! Automatic marketing at its finest laid right at my feet. Former WCW Executive Producer and later Senior Vice President Eric Bischoff once said that "Controversy Creates Cash" and I literally took that advice as gospel. I needed a marketing pitch and fate gave it to me wrapped up in charred angelic wrapping paper with a singed Red bow. I took the initial images of the inferno and photoshopped my book in front of it and pitched the hell out of it! I lost friends. family and colleagues over that stunt and I could have cared less. Was it insensitive? Yes! Could I have chosen a better way to promote my book? Most definitely! Did I care about how the burning of Notre Dame would affect a whole religion? Nah, not at all.

And how was I rewarded for my callousness and huberance? My eyesight slowly started to diminish. Karma was a bitch! Karma was a rosary carrying Hail

Mary praying, communion taking bitch and she had me in her crosshairs. I was about to pay the ultimate price for my disrespect. Now in reality some may say karma but the truth of the matter is **I CAUSED MY OWN GODDAMN DOWNFALL!** so this is the part of the show where there would be a fuzzy smoky cloud of mist leading up to that inevitable flashback to an earlier time and a younger, stupider me.

Cue the cloud.

...

## CHAPTER: II

*-A Look Back-*

So I was oblivious and ignorant to a plethora of things, my health being in the forefront. I've done everything from drugs to alcohol and everything else in between and trust me when I say there is quite a lot in between the two. I was going to school college as a matter of fact, leaving class and heading straight to happy hour. I'd get tore the fuck up, head back to class get an A on my exam, then head back to the bar after evening classes were done. When I couldn't get to the bar, guess what I kept in my bookbag? A bottle of Malibu Coconut Rum, Jack Daniel's, BeefEater take your pick! You wouldn't be wrong because on any given day one of those bottles was the answer.

I was an alcoholic and the worst kind. The kind that hid it so well you wouldn't know unless I chose to tell you. On top of being a drunk I was incredibly unhappy! I was in a relationship that can be classified as "*Toxic*" by today's definition and sad to say it wouldn't be my only one, what did I do? I dealt with the situation by throwing back shot after shot after shot after shot after shot you get the idea right? But you see here's the thing you can't just drink without eating, and that's what I did and at

one point when I couldn't get a stiff drink I substituted the bottle for a knife and fork or for a bag or a pouch or any quick food or unhealthy snack.

Before I knew it I was tipping the scale at a whopping 497 pounds. **THAT'S RIGHT FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN MUTHA F7CKIN POUNDS!** 3 pounds away from 500 [and there's the rub] I was my own worst enemy and never realized it or cared. And how did my body repay me then for my callousness and blind ignorance? HEART ATTACK #1! Yes, #1 as if to say that there would be more to follow..2 more to be precise. So if you're keeping count, that's 1...2...3, 3 heart attacks ha, ha, ha (in my Count von Count voice.) But that's not all, go big or go home right, that's what they say? Well I did, so here's the total rundown: 3 heart attacks, 2 strokes, diabetes, a Partridge in a Pear Tree and I didn't learn a mutha fuckin thing. For as long as I was standing I was invincible, bullet fuckin proof! That was my mentality. If the worst possible scenario couldn't place my Black ass in a shiny casket then nothing I was doing scared me. I had no fear whatsoever, no second guessing, no hesitation or remorse. I was going to continue my self-destructive ways and nothing was going to stop me. So make



way at the bar and pour me a fuckin double!

Now they say that hindsight is 20/20 and having a clearer understanding of everything I had done I now see how things could have been dealt with differently. Truth be told I could have done better, shit I could have and should have made better choices. If I had the sense that God gave me at the time, I would have put my energy into something productive something else besides the fuckin bottle. Now looking through a clearer set of eyes which is funny to say since I can barely see shit now I could have put all my frustration and angst in the gym. God, could you imagine how different I would have looked if I spent every stress-filled moment in the weightroom lifting a set of Cadillacs (45-pound plates) instead of a shot glass? I'd probably be as massive as Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson. Sadly, though we would never know if that would have been the end result because in this life of ours there's no rewind option, no instant replay moment followed by commentary from John Madden or Al Michaels. So the only other option is to put on my big boy pants, walk up to the table, grab a knife and fork and eat it! I would have to chew and digest the plate I made for myself, can't blame no one but myself for this painful meal called Life's Casserole

Tattooed Ape

A Look Back