

Two True Tales of Scientology!

Written by Conrad Romo



Former Scientologist Conrad Romo shares with us some additional secrets from inside the church.

Conrad also runs [TOUNGE AND GROOVE](#) here in LA.

How to speak to a Scientologist

Don't.

But if you do, say, if you find yourself doing one of those Stress Tests or Personality Tests, don't under any circumstances give them your correct address, phone number or email. You'll get mail for years. They'll never take you off the list. I'm telling you.

There is a policy about the gross income being in direct ratio to the output of promotional

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material and keeping their stats up is real important. Just lie about your personal contact info.

Trust me on this.

Another thing to do if you want to avoid a conversation when approached by a Scientologist is tell them that you're sorry that you can't talk right now, but that you are on lines at CC and working hard to pay for your next level. CC is Celebrity Center. If they ask what your last level is, say Grade 3 or say you are at the AO and your last action was OT4.

Just don't break your stride.

Remember you are working hard to earn some money to pay for your next level and can't dawdle.

If you need to tell them anything else tell them that you are in a hurry and this is DEV-T (developed unnecessary traffic). And for god's sake, keep your TR's in (training regimens) and give them a firm ACK.

Thank you.

Bo

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“There is nothing like a brush with death to snap you into the present time.” L. Ron Hubbard said something like that.

He said a lot of shit.

Hubbard’s word was gospel. Scientologists are fond of saying, “if it isn’t written, it isn’t true!” A policy or bulletin is regarded with suspicion unless LRH signs off at the bottom, and then that’s it.

It’s fact.

He said a lot of shit. And on occasion, a disciple such as Bo liked to test out some of the old man’s wisdom.

“There is nothing like a brush with death to snap you into the present time.”

Bo’s interpretation of this was to run into traffic and goose an adrenaline rush out of it. You could be having a conversation with Bo on a busy street when on a whim he’d dart into traffic, causing brakes to be slammed and tires to screech and “Son of a bitch!” to be yelled.

Bo was quick enough, he figured, to get to the other side of the road, unharmed and feeling more alive for the experience.

Bo took LRH to heart. And as crazy as it may have looked to see this guy bolt into the traffic like he did, his stunt of putting Scientology to practice was tame.

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