



After holiday been ill. Any restart me seems bollocks, found at the superport with false identity documents by the uniformed disciples who think they keep bees. The opposite is reality. Am stuck in No Man's Land with zero plans mental. Cannot form attachment to image-based people. Sense out the window. My body accessible to other species possible, in that I'm losing my bed because I feel too weird to sleep. It's when the Pellucids come. Should I try to catch another hanging? Walk around crop glyph fungi? Get a data-input job at the 30-acre chemical factory? Shall concentrate on the desirable. I do not want to shut up shop but it is tempting to ban all customers. Suicides not seeing the joke. Never be hard on yourself but right at home with you. Relax and bathe as that, no edges, but of course the psychoactive gimme gimmick show-off from start to finish, taking their plastic pills. Makes me question the wax copy muscle neoliberalism success shell reign of terror impulse control living on varying forms and bankrolled by giving in, our vanguard National DISH (HIDS), the real rock bottom. Now like craning rubbernecks am reading Mr Hunter's book, good or otherwise, cannot decide. Another pitch gives it a shot. It is very rare now to interact without a wall. A circle's start can be anywhere but it is cold in July. Guess I am an autistic alcoholic more into potentials than essentials, to enter the living, kill the bestial fear product and its projected jelly when occurred. Everything is more-or-less a speck. Exterminate the bullshit environs humans wallow in. Get your legs in the air, mind in the sky, to the non-world of women who fuck back like a shoal. A keen cock-stretcher pleasing, ex-directory, not available outside the nuthouse. Your TV watches you. Spirit World Real. The opportunist fan rocking some nightmare farce in a dinner theatre horrible laughter identity parade promising parasocial relationship slog, not tune into the fascinating whispering tomorrow's plans in reverse. Instead the wild shut in amber shored in anchor offering ho-hum but even the best nectar shatters. There is definitely something about curves though, similar to a sperm whale god move through the keyhole. I'm told "animal balloon" with odd aspic, visions of cheese and pineapple cubes threaded on cocktail sticks surrounded by multi-coloured cupcakes and fizzy shandy but I have to leave early, the walls of the Satanic cottaging scene covered in tutelary graffiti by a black Magic Marker pen: "AU-AI / As Above So Below / nobody knows / ALIENS RULE." The next of skin among us and hands on. They stash in diamonds. 4 is the D of evil and 15 is the O of go[o]d. $4 \text{ divided by } 15 = 0.266666667$: 666 extended at the centre of 27. $2+7 = 9$: the Number of Satan.¹ $15 \text{ divided by } 4 = 3.75$. $3+7+5 = 15$. $3 \times 7 \times 5 = 105$ (ignore the zero and it's 15). Tarot Trump 15 is *The Devil*. White Garden squeals of delight as the government stays silent. That's me with haven sexomnia, strangling the wife. My mimicking mustard posture man management cum male bonding ritual obsession payoff, not the Lollipop Ladies ignored as football fungler David

Beckham is made a Sir by King Charles potato fingers famine skies baked by solar panels and clapped by shit rivers. This is sold. Marvellous profit margins not a beggar in sight. I'm standing outside a pub with a pint, or standing outside the pint, thinking "enough is enough," but tell that to the bacteria on every surface preparing Matrix Contagion Attack. I'm reminded of that strange unlabelled button in the shopping centre, supposedly buzzing a sliding door into a hidden hotel for commercial airline personnel erm reason? Scratch the right backs and one can lick the slate clean, as dreary as stealing a Banksy print. John Lennon Imagine. Hate War. Doctor Who is Roger Daltrey knighted. Extremist curd whey is celebrity. They've done something to time. I've been in the future in the past. I felt him take the train, attitude willing. Came back with an accent, a lot to handle, no final destination. Main cops just standing there, fingers in the stab vest, elsewhere looking. Concrete foments enclosed residents throwing tantrums. Those stung on fluxish 3-MMC/a-PVP simply a hole. Cowboy in a truck sails by. There are weirder jackets. Some resemble bats. Thousands wait in the forest. This is nay new or gunsmith, just as wickeds should not walk through walls. Walter Mitty Hello Kitty adopted, naked under neon, completing in hairdressing, indoor voice, no trace surveillance or godless tailgaters but on model drugs or something meltdown, cold dose, influence under the influence, a useless tool in a rotting shed. Stole jewellery to make antenna for stupidity, common prostitute comet transmission, shoes who, signed the rocket craft, existential open the autonomous 24/7 Charisma cornucopia, above the law, sleeping in vile industrial bromide altered into an erotic film from suit to nuts. Today's virgin queen conceived in showroom renaissance indices cut out of token ceramic tiles on coloured sand for diverse stencil, tripod in trip pod, clone of code mud, the entirety mostly psyop, Isdal Woman, complimentary bullock, top quality awful goodies. Boycott reality alone. Go overboard, the far-out tide, no blisters. Goth Shall Rule a viable proposition over the trembling lip spectacle remaining. In some scopes the instigator a triumph addict, his proudest moment became a Nazi after taking white coat doctor prescribed MAO Inhibitors and glued razor blades underneath his propaganda posters to greet the unsuspecting remover who "meet the crocodiles" down in the sewer, dressing for power, a new towel every day for butterfingers, the worm turning on weather spoons, furthest radiation through stain stations. What is animating those who do not hand themselves in? I both talk about where this is going. Could effect every horseshoe magnet hybrid trick, easy. A writing novel yes no rules. Even get some fame money, but the bloodbath is just around the corner so it is better to fold the blank pages. Leather jacket on stones. The drummer is clones. It all rhymes with bones, a skeleton in the dark. In the living room you can dance you know, all the way back to core spores. In cling it's drip, whole hand on the dream,

many levels in balance, coma abyss math accidentally released. Will you die for me in dust? Follow me into the anti-light? Whatever answer the clear barbecue gets me hot. I clock it, needing an arch, away. The case is being covered behind a fallen tree, the reflects and echoes beyond added angles, audience also. Sit back and feel message reveal. The you in it will form regardless of what you report. Hence for the observant, the great game in a gilded frame has been destructing since 2015, on a course to the end of it, thanks to a list of traitors that reaches to the Moon and backwards. The goal one giant dodo lied library ghost town morphed into their creature forged with split tongues en bloc, aiming or pretending to be a twisted genius in the midst of madness, crumpling the poured over map, studying the death threats and sex invites scrawled on the toilet wall in grinding ink. School us goulash on the best yes. What are you anything? Must be. They want me off-scale fanatic and don't care the danger (hence the offer of a free mobile-phone under the 5G Witchtowers), that I derange, jumping to a righteous ledge, every day Black Friday chess, the proper doll of no-one atop the evergreen Xmas tree with Red Letter Legitimacy, geraniums not uraniums. Strange things are afoot on this painted egg. Not many people see the special register under silver lock and key due to real astrology. Those that do never forget it. Things coming in. Men should be lions again. Ezekiel Wheel. We all make a family and are never alone. There are other ranges of intelligences and impostors, encrypted networks, but anyone has all access. Fantasy after the brain harvest it's a gaggle of mesmerised people murmurations momentum, lemming snow. The Remote-Controllers, born to lead in the shifting sands of the hourglass, are going for the goldlore. Crypto will crash like printed cash. Double Standards output. Won't be long to Stage Grey, absorbing Le Labo's SANTAL 33 eau de parfum, an "addictive comforting scent" designed to look like some clandestine lab experiment of government or private boffins,² its anagram-numero coding: SATAN [hel]L [freemasonic] 33, the single-eyed pyramid scheme. A sign of the times, secret recipe. By the A1Z26 Cipher,³ know that: SANTAL = 67 = SATANIC = ALCHEMY. 33 = DIABLE [French: 'Devil'] = MAGIC = GATE = I AM AI. Go figure, so obvious, nothing products fucking a monster, any height is any height, invisible rays. Look at the continuous manifests: 'authorities' on the fence, masturbating to 11-minute interview contests. A no attempt at paradise jading circuit of class divides, household names, Aztec economics, Corporation Vatican, scraping the barrel, mad clowns juggling the purple yellows, damned maniac in their particular strongbox overseen by the verdigris on clock-hands, a comb for porcelain mask, spray rat assertions, quantum physics in mercury fish nets. The New Aestheticists return to raw seasonal cardinal righteousness with grim resilience. PENIS anagrams to SPINE, the kundalini sausage roll. VAGINA anagrams to

AVA GIN, the balancing nectar. You can go elsewhere. Entertain strict temperance. Be celibate. Eat celery. Marriage is idolatry. Years of lead dragging the rings off fingers. A knockout prison built in the pubic region to spanner-pattern cross-transfer clank seed from milky dawn raid cop erections next to gay in popular corduroy counter-narratives where the pendulum fork in the road gets lost in the horror vault. One infamous tone faction claimed Lord Lucan wanted to see me in a polka-dot dress, but I was not advocating anything, fed this. Then the nonce-friendly BBC states that nowhere is safe from bandwagon seismic activity. Stringent fanning flames through a conveyor-belt machine gun conquers mounting challenges such as spy poisoning, the prime minister covered in blood. A tricky trip or treat taste you'll never forget. Remember the semi-automatic trace amounts of alien heroin found under that electricity pylon? Thus now life is a hopeful huggy hat nodding off at the shootout, fronded by OTT no-contact culture, the unfun-loving skeleton-skinny intellects only swallowing submission slop, bringing it downward spiral. Cut to midnight news reports (free adverts) for the unknown abattoir worker murderer pumping iron with the crystal skulls, Kratom blowing bubbles, housewife chocolate, skunk bud, shop alcohol and tobacco, petty comforters essential for troop morale, use or abuse unspecified but they all turn away from JFK: the man whose head exploded. SOS: a mountain of fridges on friendlies' boot dagger. IE: fake dissidents with a staunch reagent in hiding, panic room for more. The major quotient now on is structural agonist, no action blocked by force, framing it like a trend. A clam and return bond in viral spawn. Even lowly entry level dare glow agents hobnob with high monkey mucks at the grease-pole, red in tooth and claw between a short space of time, thinking dictator and demon. The history holds so I can name one of them: no notes, no teleprompter, touching each place on the nightstalker calendar.⁴ Not monorchid machinehead but a trapdoor-happy strategy exemplar, half of most destroyer, still working from afar. My first stimulated intention was to [X] it but as soon as I saw the forever stunts this urge swiftly dissipated into barbed-wire necklace meat lockers. Wipe it anyway. Be professional... profess to shun all. Every each are champagne socialists with a hand in the till, lying to each other, unable to plait their hair or judge plates of fink spaghetti. Such is the votive vagary of this and that day UKDK melting together in the spidering web terrified of the voters' crown.⁵

1 Anton Szandor LaVey, 'The Unknown Known' in *The Satanic Rituals*. Avon Books, 1972, pp.219-220.

2 www.lelabofragrances.com/santal-33-147.html

3 A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4, E=5, F=6, G=7, H=8, I=9, J=10, K=11, L=12, M=13, N=14, O=15, P=16, Q=17, R=18, S=19, T=20, U=21, V=22, W=23, X=24, Y=25, Z=26.

4 www.hydrantprogramme.co.uk/our-work/ritualistic-abuse

5 <https://theegoandhisown.org>

