



I FEEL LOCKED OUT of the sweet shop but sucked into the lower grind, any form of the good life concealed behind a mirror, the central horror surrounding in too much detail, where the tin can is a cobbler and the umbrella darknesses, a standing pigeonhole, as when I watched *Night of the Lepus* (1972), *The Giant Spider Invasion* (1975) and *Zoltan... Hound of Dracula* (1977)¹ all at night inside an ununlockable caravan in the middle of a shudder field on my own, that took me even further over the line that is there, flying sideways, embracing the outskirts wilderness fringe, escaping marital rape and gloating goods.

Despite there is no safety in numbers mud, it's all very ho ho on a hee hee for the drossy detractors claiming that I look like "a cross between a perfect prefect and an unspecified psychopath," but that is most imprecise. The Parallel Postcard could be some AI Deepfake, a murky character arc, just as there are at least two physical body doubles or actual biological copies of me-myself-I in England (gardener: Blue Anchor, Somerset) and Europe (computer programmer: Stuttgart, Baden-Württemberg), seemingly not under my ultimate direction. Adjunct to this, it is tiresome for an advanced tendency person of 138 or 142 IQ to be called a "prat" by prats. Their template ignorance is off the charts; their jealousy plain-viewed in any clue house. Yet in dusted paradox sometimes the being behind this text don't know who this are by not following orthodox calendars, customs, and so. "I am not me" explains the situation weirdly, and in the correct frame goes more deeply, sort-of like what spiritual enlightenment is supposed to be, the crooked path traversed vehemently.

There's a camera in my eye, watch set 30 seconds ahead, all-round ear sound. Turned me into an egged-on monitor (or else).² Mission orders given through soft-focus adverts and washing machine surges. Thus sum comes the Amazing Maze: tattooed over neck, of spray-rose-tinted spectacles, infused with unholy goads, standing on gold-rimmed vintage shot glasses. Black fishnet stockings catch sick prey married cold in spa town. Often in the army on holiday, vicious circle, the 999 call feral. Clues snorting off windscreens, upstairs venting on the EncroChat, masturbating to hidden compartments and ramming me behind a spiky metal fence as bold as it's old. Her knees wobbling, cracks forming in face wrinkles, rhubarb and custard, pretty damsels caress zombies dusted, quivering jelly drives the tank via no-go areas NZhTI Monolith Messages,³ the face at the window Doomsday Clock dummies,⁴ so saving it up for cruellest month showers, serenaded by the man in a turncoat on a worn-out piano.

I have seen it all now, without customs...the open door stroll through brick walls feeding on insanity peppers for a choppy kiss.

“If I can’t have you, nobody can.”

8 hours sleep, 8 hours work, 8 hours rest, hours rancid. Board games. Bored games. No quirk in the slog or an idling patch, Princess Peach edition lined up in shakedown remainder shops and street kiosk knots, the swine with pearls in crackly magnet areas pissing on the pillars of the community errors, its official defence/promotional force in slug coma Gloam Socratique, “bedding 72”.⁵

It is a ping-pong of how far you escape. We are all moving targets. I played the game. Opium in Salem. Frozen mass to Ibis. My core initiation began with The Visitor, Jack King, in a Rolling Stones t-shirt, clutching a shard of glass, meetings in the purple garden. He wouldn’t look me in the face but let me hold his smartphone in 1984 when I was running in circles, then guided me into implants, although somehow the tracking microchips do not get wiped like my memory electrocuted. He also explained “the spirit in the sky,” i.e. how the low-frequency Ground Wave Emergency Network (GWEN) provided most of the thoughts to American peoples between 1992-2012. For the British peoples it was mostly ultra-high-frequency (UHF) television between 1964-2012. This “something in the air” and “strangers in the night” is concealed in words, i.e. COMMUNITY anacodes to: CON MUMITY. Nanny State. Mission Creep. Incestry. The de jure shamocracy. Hidden chapter cordial relations in its snares and nets, not a product of meta-awareness or a different delay.

I go for an innocent stroll and no-choice mingle with the nubile clientele, its latest flirts percentage frothing on NHS amphetamines, running in high heels, wearing a skimpy negligee, laggy and dropping frames, skimming an uneven chopping board and strobing fluorescent stickbulb, their nipples pierced horizontally and vertically like a cross, as selected FM radio was broadcast to get around the hills, not like when we slouched against the clocks, a rainbow in the back window, prole-art effect taboo, ghosts hanging, no reports of witch burnings, the cobwebs are aerals, off the menu come to me. I felt instant shiver spine because spooks are always creepy-crawly, a real EVIL LIVE in the contract informed by unstable crystal skulls. The tip of iceberg replicates. They synthetic telepathy in remote viewing/influencing,⁶ fuck you at a distance, nomad under the radar, interdimensional impregnation. You are no longer us either. Output different than before. You’d probably buy Jaguar Land Rover for the company.⁷

We beg to announce...mass media always stuns. Shock FX glued in outrage courtesy of the "Fruit and Veg Men." FRUIT AND VEG anacodes to: ADVERT FUNGI = FEATURING VD. The diseased (immoral) sexual imprinting in viral advertising that is leading the peoples awry, but some cover-ups you don't want uncovered. End of Time bringers. The silent unmarked black helicopters circling overhead "only symbolic." The still circus of a non-linear nation.

In the turning 2000s, I remember waking up or coming out of trance to be drawn to an anonymous so-called 'e-mail' presumably sent to me that seemed like optical illusion waves into trompe l'oeils. The amateur photos of it looked very odd. Voices for and against pushed into the tabloid limelight then discarded as shop-soiled damaged goods as the script morphs. A 'neighbour' jokes idea of mysterious bags owned by an unknown army as the town unhinges,⁸ yet the unexpected shed hero had *door slam* in his name (the urbanite puritans).

In this vein know that glowing sphere "Foo Fighters" were witnessed in the European and Pacific Theatres of Operations during WWII.⁹ Much larger Nazi UFO levitation apparatuses were observed in South Africa between 1956-1968, also over Mexico City way back, and during these times German Reich coins were found in Norwegian woods bearing the year 2036 AD. Such are the craft I saw in an underground bunker located by dream and one remains buried in a clearing in the woods (possibly the Black Forest, Baden-Württemberg).

This can get you strange, unreliable narrator living in a weird fantasy world, performing bizarre household rituals, where werewolves ride horses past a distorted freak then a skeleton in the dark, too many of something or other doing the one-handed shandy shuffle in full gaggle, horrible and without vim.

Erection > No: ERUPTION!

Perception > No: SUCTION!

A corrupt beach detective's retroactive jealousy vulgarizing the morally repugnant types of fornication predominant in the lower social classes and perfecting the "niche interests" of society's winners, a consummate connoisseur of the rubberworld, and their predilection for other hero-to-ogre partakers of puffy-eyed dollies known for her coastal pillbox hat, chandelier earrings and brash talk, darling of the gutter press with rumours of a rural dead man's switch. Off her head on edibles, tunnel tendrils, the horror beneath the earth.¹⁰ Its who/what are you fighting for has-been holds all keys to 304, 306, 308, 416, more when again famous, but one has to pay to arrange for unofficial outcomes.

Manchurian Candidate: who is in control?¹¹ On one path the layered Anti-christ, but his will is his own, on a spiritual warpath. Closer still the progressive ultra-liberal globalist ruling class autocracy that on the surface is a dangerous amalgamation of neo-Marxism, fascism and feudalism but its inner circle is transhumanist, ethnogenocidal and in pact with non-human entities inimical to humans. One big happy crime family. A whole conspiracy.¹² Each and every skew-whiff over a barrel under hypnosis as plot-twist, closest to useless idiots.

Can both sides be happy? I am not 100% sure, which rhymes with the last straw all hot air and inaction, no solution revolution against government high treason, *ergo* the Felt-Forced Programming across a limited map in itself, with no prize or dial guesses. Troubled teens on concrete stairs nitrate chroming like an unresponsive garage and fiends on the loose, the pavements steaming, but the bloated stink authorities' only response is a weather-moan, no transparency just xontrolling information to "prevent ghouls and loon spoons getting a foothold," as prisoners are released in error and true and false crime is erased.¹³

Whatever whatever, I am against the polar-balkanised or pendulum factions, Apex Union, fake storms and doomloop dumbos, messy divorce closely aligned. The human race now nine-tenths parasite, subject to clones, their pronouns *twat/dick*, arm-wrestling with blunted darts, being or subject to stuck system puppets, perp pigs, the critically missing, UFO disclosure joke.¹⁴ Never again an honest day's work, fair pay, soapbox probity, actual bees honey. Just hello...hello...hello hostile foreign actors invited in without your consent but with your tax money gifted by far more sinister people with diplomatic immunity/bags and extremist perversions, only some parts evidential, who piss and shit on it orbiting revolving doors, their top ideal a chimera predator, lucrative inappropriate behaviour, matched by a closed-door internal inquiry overseen by evil squidbitch scene harlots throwing ultimate shade at permanently online cult humiliation ritual slaves with a nose jewel and sea-horse wedding ring, BBC job, cling-film dislocation, lapping up postmodernity spirit, ignoring all Love Peace Hate War remedy, each whining that he/she is "A victim of who I am", having unclean thoughts about dogs. They start the great white throne sky vehicle that is not allowed to drive, place suspicious phone-calls about a vanity grime monster set-up, swear dangle reports rolled back, take depot injections on steam trains. No more true voting, bullrush, the great enthusiasms, demented derring-do, deep slot machine goo or different side of the road driving.

The new arc has fallen off the precipice, indeed all focus, automatic unlimited boosters, the right meds with organisation. Fuck it anyway, the big deal is nothing is real, manicured celebrity couple boss strangle deferential cultural traits and the emperor steals no clothes, yet still the Uncanny Silicon Valley seeking traction in the weeds,¹⁵ the referee not bored, murdered in a numbers game trampling over parallel planned obsolescence products in forgotten suburbs. Bring on the melting incels and females swiping left, clouds full of iron, demons under the counter milking, hands-on warp speed masturbate to arms race, loudspeakers out of phase, screaming octopodes stalking, 90% of beings to be replaced by robot-golems who can already dance, claws in a nuclear bomb.

What makes total sense to the in-clique and its satellite servants is money, appearances, connections, presidents surrounded by security guards assassinated and don't you dare go poking the tiger. Every gender resident expert autistic computer hacker approached and augmented by 'meth psychosis', opening out to other spacetime realms with thanksgiving euphoria, pulling blueprint tech and share-trade top tips through. Explains why exo-military contractors league with Zodiac Doctors in secret volcanos because sinking cities will poison the water supply. The counter peripherals a headline splash for the visionary genius in craters, conducting the underneath, realigning and reconstructing the zero-sum game. Rules laugh away no chain in the links, no walls on the bars.

Human trafficking boss sucks alternative cock in a stretch limo surveilled by radical wannabes tied to the MIHive. No-sex fuckface up in the floor. Plummeling organic teetotallers soaking up pet theories. Decadent hedonist run over wearing very dark clothes in winter. Triangular thrills and spills reassuring jizz incentivising the undergird baseline to get things rocking again in the deviant whore casino. All-colour men of the Upheaval Axis patrol Sin City battlelines thanks to tactical voters. Genesis weapons striking the scam factory on strike. Hats doffed to police with false names, an awful cream solidarity, monocle scar at the Klaus Barbie party, a happy booby-trap.¹⁶ Kinsmen investigation is dirt-squeak, cracked action slagmen at close range reach the ladder-snake, gang in a circle, ultraviolet fingerprints of network hands where plastic meets detonator, predator breeds predator, fighting to be sooner not later as the NATO-OTAN glowworm becomes New Führer, the origin of terror. Ducks in a row pay the chauffeur, disguised as the Three Wise Men on a clandestine rota, paid double time, who know which side their breadhead is buttered.

Violence is understood, the pragmatic prosaic going great guns in cloak and dagger hush-hush sketches behind the scotch mist scenes chasing a greased pig lead up the garden path into smoke and mirrors, engendering systemic effects like the no friends of not friends, staying aloof in the first water, finger on fast-forward clawless laughter at an undisclosed location.

The top priority for the creepy-crawly spookerati is the alchemical process of transforming uniform plasmas into quantum indeterminates, known in certain circles as “Wild Guidance”, communicating through indirect means. Thus an outside source dictates, hence the former high-level MI5¹⁷ officer and first-ever MI6 ‘C’ leader, Blaise Metreweli,¹⁸ distancing herself from her Nazi spy grandfather, Constantine “The Butcher” Dobrowolski,¹⁹ blanked and ghosted by the tabloid front pages in golden picture-frames, the limbo flagpole dancers hospitalised by funny handshakes, hidden hands playing invisible pieces running rings around the chessboard on police heads, an endless list of ‘incompetent’ slip-ups,²⁰ the red flag painted black, total war torrent, the partisan dead.

Considering the finer points of trauma-based supply chains, many longform deep-dives are protecting abuse...nothing unravels...disgusting nature buying new kidneys from the poor or murderers of the recently snuffed. It is no longer the preserve field of old money bossery, the Oxbridge Ruperts and fuck-you royalty, for they lie to recruit, kill by third party. Invisible drone scan and ray assault. Rogue element black swans plastic surgery and mental modifications, no birth certificate or conscience. The intuitive tripwire alert reveals expanding orders of magnitude, existential threat, electric vehicle timeslips. Silent Courier walk-ins²¹ parallel genetic secrets, the viable animal/alien morph.

At this point the chthonic night-managers are just chasing freebies and you find nothing. They blindfolded Lady Justice to fade her off. The European and UK outer power structure is now the United Nations, Bilderberg Group, World Economic Forum, European Union and Fabian Society, in that specific order (NATO-OTAN are camouflage for the circular argument bloc, awaiting orders in adherence to the international red herring).²² Dreams don’t prove but do reveal the duplicitous puzzle palace where multiple Alices in Wonderland knock on coffins as helter-skelter coming down fast paving the way for the fake/real alien invasion from outer-space that does not exist like the moon landings unlike elite religious branch-cults of the flagrum, scourge and cilice, the transformative Second Coming drifting, the fly on the wall royal craft, plus the moby

dicks swarming across the English Channel wedded to the latest social climbing scandal. The Britain Haters leaders no idea of celibacy or other restraint, just twisted and bizarre pollutions. Blood rituals obligatory. True decency torn asunder by progressive pseudery in the Years of Shadows.²³

In Dark Occult Nihilism nothing matters. No event is more important than any other. Witness the evidence of 764 UK,²⁴ the Glasgow Cut-Outs,²⁵ Operation STOCKBROKER BELT,²⁶ the black [magic] propaganda RAINS List.²⁷ It runs through the entire hierarchy; thinking monsters are fun; praying to the wrong god; obeying burnt treaties. Old John Borderline swarmed by deplorables as Platonic churn superpower status AI Empire cries wolf,²⁸ fear becomes loathing, a grim reality anarcho-tyranny damnedoxy, monitored and influenced by satellite megaconstellations in the ape-descent con.²⁹

SUMMARY: Your human race tended to be extreme problem-solvers but is now split according to cork orthodoxy, that has deceived the peoples from here to eternity, trying to fock their fox with an awful 1940s sound quality and to the authorities report s/he if they respond queerly. Even the faked to-do list a sign of perspicuous subversity, but one is not obliged to enmesh. Refuse the bait. Instead slip sideways, traverse untold stories. Cultivate become a superb gem of a wo/man, a gyroscope of a hand. Obviously us do differ. The victim can be the aggressor. Who exactly...is in there? Of ultra-processed people beware. Avoid the duff critics and chip-fat physics are an empty shout, along with every dictatorial debris-head gone machine, closing pubs, nightclubs and betting shops.

Know that one value of being 'alone' (no-one is ever alone or really here) is it enables the worthy being to make full use of special moments; to realise the Knowledge and Conversation of the Periphery Executive.³⁰ Being alive is the clearing ground, an experiments arena, where psychic pioneers be always aware for very strange memories nearly or wholly surfacing...walking tall...away or through...awaiting a definitive, relatable crossover moment.

On manoeuvrers I went too far but enough to defy the craven haven tape-measures by a sovereign decision, slipping the shackles and shipping the ports, beyond belief, fucking everything to fuck everything, fuck that, away from betrayal, no longer enough to go round, probing a maximum reset. Asleep on soft moss I smelt woodsmoke, heard bells and chanting, the guttural roar of a beast. I gazed up at the night sky then the stars came down, the start of the finish.

ENDNOTES

- 1 <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0069005/> & <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0073043/> & <https://www.imdb.com/title/tt0077470/>
- 2 <https://www.dni.gov/index.php/ncsc-how-we-work/217-about/organization/icig-pages/2660-icig-fiorc>
- 3 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/future/article/20170801-the-ghostly-radio-station-that-no-one-claims-to-run>
- 4 <https://thebulletin.org/doomsday-clock/>
- 5 7200 kHz (40-meter band) is the 4chan of ham radio. The preserve of ragetard clownbait hatefuckers.
- 6 <https://www.isdglobal.org/explainers/gangstalking-and-targeted-individuals/> & <https://targetedjustice.com>
- 7 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/articles/cd60v8zj678o>
- 8 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-10996838>
- 9 <https://www.warhistoryonline.com/instant-articles/foo-fighters-learn-to-fly-ufos.html> & [https://shura.shu.ac.uk/23868/9/Clarke_Churchill's_secret_war_sup1_\(AM\).pdf](https://shura.shu.ac.uk/23868/9/Clarke_Churchill's_secret_war_sup1_(AM).pdf)
- 10 <https://theeventchronicle.com/list-of-deep-underground-military-bases/>
- 11 <https://www.cia.gov/readingroom/docs/CIA-RDP88-01350R000200420016-1.pdf> & https://www.cia.gov/library/abbottabad-compound/12/129E144131F2E093FB1E441C737ACF92_SearchForTheManchurianCandidate.rtf.pdf
- 12 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/travel/article/20221117-xiaoxhai-tiankeng-the-worlds-biggest-sinkhole>
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- 23 <https://www.independent.co.uk/news/uk/politics/sexual-assault-mps-parliament-daniel-korski-b2365010.html> & <https://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-9390683/Sickening-images-reveal-disgusting-sex-acts-went-inside-Parliament-House.html> & <https://www.theguardian.com/us-news/2023/dec/16/senate-staffer-fired-video-sex-judiciary-room>
- 24 <https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/articles/c2dn91z3e2ko>
- 25 <https://www.independent.co.uk/news/uk/crime/child-abuse-rape-satanic-witchcraft-glasgow-b2404939.html>
- 26 <https://www.surrey.police.uk/advice/advice-and-information/caa/child-abuse/faith-based-abuse/>
- 27 <https://www.theforgottenboys.co.uk/dr-joan-coleman-and-the-r-a-i-n-s-list>
- 28 As do all great friends of the Randy Learner Phalanx of whatever degree.
- 29 https://www.icr.org/home/resources/resources_tracts_scientificcaseagainstevolution/ & <https://truthstory.org/blog/five-fatal-flaws-with-biological-evolution/>
- 30 <https://er.ceres.rub.de/index.php/ER/article/view/10265>

