



£50

I AM ONE of mind-control survivor. Seen walk through walls and Satanic behaviour. Hitler/Mao shown and Non-Disclosure Agreements signed at age 12 for the derelict doomsday, getting orders from TV newsreaders blinking Morse Code inc. lucid dreaming of 'helicopters' up, up and away. Aliens in the real, guiding parallel messages via domestic radio and satellite receivers. You reply by speaking into the set or dish. My controller chief of the London Frequency Desk, Mr Oberon Englebert, a cover-up illegal plant on deep state shadow show threatening riot tiers, stoking fears of brink militia, no-confidence vote, waving his hands about talking conspiracy theories coming true, cosmetic surgery and potholes. Most mainstream pillars are prison psyops, a skull on its head, black eye-patch (revealing single eye), framing me off on social media disconnection isolation to normalise my threatened suicidal empathy should I any disobey (now I am the opposite of shadowbanned, i.e. welcomed into the darknesses), painted in a tangled web of curated Midwich clipboard poets. In stranger letters UK is in MK-ULTRA, the remaining spelling TRALM, in twilight language 'technological calm', for some to warp, as in AI is hallucinations, the latest village witch. ESPION SABOT scorpion sabbat at the GCHQ magic circle involving Cold War Vogel bridge briefcase held to forehead exhibits. A preplanned hook bent under 21 barbarian behind the 2025 Gen-Z government overthrows: Nepal, Bulgaria, nearly Indonesia. Dog in God suppressed me until I was coming home from the old holiday airport sketch when I look a bizarre scene unfolding of stark chaos at each quarter. Cop rakes stealing employee over the coals, all on red mist, sold on meta-narratives, worshipping the hierarchogog gate agents. Complete shock unveils vastly more angles to watch with favourite doctor, a brutal legend first date deadly nightmare. 8 in front of 8. Mile High Club shitfinger gets suspicious of cinema Kia-Ora, the wavy swimming pool vending machine enticer, peer group flesh there, sweet sixteen toxic spice bear, tipping to high alert vigil, debt in-

sanity, sudden vote vice, no rights only calculated lies, perverse chic, forever off-topic, shanghaied or press-ganged the difference is the same. They employ behaviour altering spray, invisible odourless in spectrumity or lights trigger flashing assault. Mom has tattoos, fake plates, smiles but no emotions, duper's delight, evidence presumed innocent until proven guilty, drunk into next day, hair of the dog bestiality rampant to an unreported extent, blaming everyone not them, the perp portrayed as victim. Golf course cringe terror reflects Dissociative Identity Disorder. Over 200,000 citizens tendrilled by biased alters and amnesia, three-phase psychosis with constant visions. Derridean Deconstruction ups the dose, thumbing the green arsenic books, zoning out into voices outlaw, big beyond the pale, a fascination for horror a day before the murder, but any you can only lie for so long inside the interrogation room then turn to concrete as a loophole reversed stabs the thought grimcore. This hidden industry is planning an orchestrated act out with professional scopes, End Times of, lead balloon eschatology, stooped genetics, but why do bullets sometimes do "funny things"? What is the true purpose of the gutter press? Who ever makes the first move? On Mystery Sunday I'm told to meet a manman in a dress, not before I am off the wall but wired right (calloused finger guitar, etc.), operating in plain freedom, no pushers. Hence excape escapades in cape, the mask the supernatural back into gear animating borderline freak margins, occult optics, the luminous elite, contrary to most people who are impressions of Elvis Presley but do not teach and have nothing on their moon, kayfaybing in tardslop absurd theatre frozen shame. The rent boys have their own coroner. Connection screams to the blackmail party house on the River THAMES, anagram: THE SAM, pointing to original incarnation Pink Floyd's 'Lucifer Sam' (1967), a song that attempted to whistleblow but was lost in the soil and stones gameshow. Yet always the carved disagree glove exists...

