



I have 19 age, in a quandary, seeking masculine guidance. The good soldier kills but what about Old Jack Bar digging up tyres near a river then murdered his possessed son with a chainsaw and spat in a cop's mouth? I do not really want sex (evil) and neither do the "post-abortion women with haunted wombs". I need radio transmissions, wide odd mode, to light a golden candle. They used already in place subterranean granite as an antenna to contact submarines via extremely low frequency waves, that also killed whales and made humans hear voices in their heads, so it was developed into synthetic telepathy, that is as possible as the hook you are tying. I guess the ELF piggybacks on the magnetic field of the planet by satellite relays to resonate with the brain cortex, controlled by computer interfaces. The digital apes lap it up. All kinds of cogent Platonic Eugenics, styrofoam wrapped in plastic. I try and tune in, the DAB gone and FM statics, then somewhere around 11632 kHz USB an intermittent idle tone with a Stutter-D starter close to null, possibly cyclic. A feedbacking modem? No. Turns out to be a diplomatic phantom signal, Serdolik christmas tree emission, the hidden code of revelation. In this respect dark matter shows the way. Soon the unrosy no longer. Changed thresholds. Stopping the world, by whatever method. If you know then do.

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