

'Spy' radio clamp by experts

Mercury Staff Reporter

HOME Office investigators last night refused to reveal what they have discovered about a "spy" radio found buried on a mountainside near Oswestry.

Villagers near the scene have talked of mysterious sightings of helicopters and light planes in the area.

The device, discovered a few days ago by a farmer ploughing virgin moorland, is believed to be a receiver-transmitter capable of sending coded messages.

It was in perfect condition and about two feet under the surface.

"They come in helicopters and even light planes which land on the cultivated areas near the mountain tops," said Mr. Morris. "We know that the SAS train here under guerrilla conditions, hiding away in the mountains for days on end, but I do not think they left this radio behind."

This real news report was 1980, and it follows on. Every radio and television broadcast UK has secret signals underneath, psychic piggybacking, directed influencing. Ask the engineers who hallucinate after a while in proximity to high-power transmitters. The digital switchover made it easier. Now there's always "something in the air", as they say, tuning you by day, making your dreams at night. We are so not alone. 67% are elsewhere experienter, two skeletons know DARPA, one a straight-shooter, the All-III Creator creepy in audience parrot ambiance. Bring on the clowns, crying footballers, grifting current affairs commentators, the young and old chosen ones schooled to walk the psychopath and become a sub-handler in the End Times street theatre, its rehearsal Truman Show of this Matrix. The empowering sex (including masturbation) is now narcissistic "wiggle room", a temperature electrical system with a monotone robotic voice. If you are a celibate, the next time you're at home put your ear to the wall at the far end and listen. If you hear them say "He/She has his/her ear to the wall" plus the sound of police radios it's obvious they are monitoring you 24/7 and have primary use of your mobile-phone and maybe your brain via covertly implanted microchips. It's all over Companies House. As the unsuspecting schmucks sleep 'pigeons' (night-drones) are dropping positioned poisoned shit on car door handles. If that doesn't get you the coming WWIII military draft will. And should you 'die' they rebuild and bring you back into the programs, a dopey cunt with a back-to-front baseball cap and spinner medallion, not rectangular sunglasses and pointy shoes. Thinks he's the bees knees but eats sliced bread. Sends off to magazine offer sales funnels for free items and then deliberately forgets to cancel the subscription. Longs for a cricket mesh and a stripy tie but ignores the enormous gap. Sets the alarm clock for mis-edits. Does not believe he is a floor anchor for the alien sex parties. His type are the fallens, blueprint philo-pacifist at a sea-side special, aiding and abetting social pollution not ever magical mysticism. They call for a national strike or an alternative big two fingers up but are still carving salmon, stuck in shock effects. Hard routine: misanthropic religIONS...predator priests meritocracy. Ripper Lovers reborn. Dissenters "self-exit". Yet so far the majority are OK with hoodwinks; walking over the counter drugs. In a different time, like when you sleep for ages but still wake up tired. In a different space, like when you need groceries so go to

the shop but when you return home you can't quite believe you have completed the task. In spychiatrist speak this is "feelings of unreality", but I am the Light. You are a silhouette without me. The whole wide world relies on me, galactic webs, everything in it is my concern. A red comet is coming, the seas of blood already here. Jaw Sun, day darks. The Nationwide Festival of Light and National Association for Freedom (later the Freedom Association) knew this in the 1970s, white colours, and sought to maintain moral certainties with a Christian Right sensibility, although the Godless Marxist Left militants had far more brain-washing power so marched through the institutions, even the police/army, whilst letting it all hang out to destroy tradition including basic decent civility. No more Vimto, sherbets or fizz bomb confectionery, just benzo amphetamines, pre-thunderstorm headache, barriers to madness dissolved, turning to the inside without, tapping into deeper controls. The girls get hula-hoops and the boys want hotkeys. A trans-cyborg aspect to it. We all know the last organic baby has gone; that things now structured happened before it's happened. Don't let the global go-go org work their way. Annihilate the attack before it is coming. Rise!