



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mr Mark Reeve was born in April 1968 in the wild county of Norfolk, England, amidst potent trans-Plutonian astro-theonic influences. His earliest still-remembered memories are of feeling very different from everyone else around and further and perceiving strange phenomena. This was soon followed by what could be termed, because they seemed to be, “UFO and alien close encounters and abductions”.

After this terrifying yet rewarding series of events he developed an intense and continuous interest in Otherness and the possibilities of an expanded consciousness.

Later on, he co-refounded the magical-art “cult cult” the OKOK Society (aka: “OKOK Research Bureau”) and was the contributing editor and producer of many OKOKian works, notably its journal, *SINIS*, instructional text, *The OKOK Manual*, and abstracted newsletter, *The Horns*.

Nowadays and nights he makes in myriad mediums and genres near transceiving quartz-filled mountains in Wales.

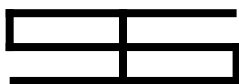


DISCARD

THE COLLECTED
TRANCE ERECTS 2022-2023

by

MARK REEVE



SPOOK PRESS

Fifth revised and expanded edition
published by the Spook Press in 2023.
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Front cover by Mark Reeve.
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That very philosophy which some say is “ultimate”
Others say is “deficient.”
Which of these is the true argument?
Indeed, even all of them are claiming to be adepts.

XIII:9 of ‘Great Discourse on Tactical Deployment’,
from *The Atthakavagga*, translated by Paññobhāsa Bhikkhu.
Path Press Publications, 2012.

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and not an error*

BUILDING NOTHING ELSE

I'm telling you now it sure was an odd while round and abouts, starting late-1970s...sardonic strategy...Cave Canem at the universal amphitheatre, an ominous flagship. Intake-wise this began stolen benzos, an occasional beer in the headlights. Clothing urban guerilla, personalised army-surplus. Beliefs nothing; absolutely no interest pretending. In the hair department I had a "Convoy Cut", akin to David Bowie Ziggy Stardust or that bloke out of Bauhaus, but unbeknownst to many it was actually more Bruce Foxton of The Jam, as in Mods Phase II: 1978-1984, the cultural acceptables, as in the glorious Cliff Richard and The Shadows (for example their track 'Move It'). They get their kicks but no funny business during or after. Elton John dependable never disaster.

Thought I was alien, so I was the cool kid at school, an 'N' on my back, sparkling mast, I only have two pairs of legs, resplendent in ermine and bloodcake, cost of the petrol, neighbours smell of fish guts, the top girls pretending to whore. I was Take Two when you saw me out, the eyebrows elongated. You say I'm clones, but there's only frozen evidence past its sell-by date, bassoon London the far-Wrong ruling where I drank cheap wine after hours under the neon that introduced me to a certain motorcycle club who sold me bent handlebars, brand name cigarettes under the counter and via a third party especially supplied chug-acceptable bathtub speed and nicely strong microdot acid I sail the purple winds to unknown colours out of space-time.

The Fall were my obsession, how I wrote Elastic Man, the new Puritan, frightened, Psycho Mafia, in my area, slags slates etc., although kissing the riot grrrls who did not riot. If I did not walk through walls someone did, and dream dreams under the floor-

boards revealed yet another world, delving into dust-words and sepia newsprint in actual fact maps, clues, leads what it was. Who played the bongos? No-one, Mr Kazoo, you are mistaken for the Rolling Stones celebrations, rolling around on the square of grass outside the police station non-apprehended, my head in heights, you would not understand, the cream separates, I am with the invertebrates, nth dimensional invites, the in is out of shell, probable demonic intergel. I remain in awe of the claw, the door. At some point they are going to turn up and we shall learn the truth about reality, evil, uncertainty.

Yea, that Dr & The Crippens and The Electro Hippies gig in Walthamstow 1988, off me head on snakebite and mushroom paste, the walls turning in, ceiling inescapable, but all a spaceship. Now more on the ground, a personal channel, drugged out to more inside, the nature trip, *ergo* pink night penis glow in my bivvy bag poncho, with an honest no-homo crescendo, just bosom buddies circling the whatnot, out lusting for a fright, seeking the proper darklight, on a fancy dropped phone, playing the superhero zero, atop rip-tides high and low. This was miles away from the usual drone and drongo now fast-forward to the totally obvious officially-sanctioned mass importation of military-age male illegal migrants into 'former' UK military barracks (UN) to be deputised for the coming real or fake cataclysm.

Threats were made, entities sensed, then my ears started ringing, followed by what sounded like a HF fax carrier with no transmission. Station Bloody BiSON? But no Ice Climbers or Hate-Engine maskers up on combat freqs. "Seems false info" says British Intelligence, and my hands started tingling, surrounded by distant kinky whisperings just out of the range of my hearing, the cue-urge for yet another "Masturbations Outside" (my "very own

MO,” supposedly). They are generally working their old tactics from last Summer: total radio silence in terms of closed communications (although a possible feint transmitter line was visible on Finnish and Swedish SDRs that dropped from tracking earlier), but there is more than physical hearing. One learns things by it... First Knight. Fish Fingers. Tyson vs. Treadmill deluded. No-one never normal, major assault infected blood, tomato ketchup e-numbers, red paint stench will not dry, forming a matrix. My paranoia has always been 100% JUSTIFIED.

After an act of defiance I wandered sex-lost in Uxbridge and Ruislip, where I was given strong drink and fell over, the Bolt (isobutyl nitrite) twisting my arm to break the only window I shouldn't have, then an imported brazen MP raised an absolute joke Parliamentary Question in the Commons Chamber, ramping the rhetoric up, the ravenous journos cock-a-hoop, or was I fed a dud? (Tatiana the mortgage fetishier: another story).

Whatever in whatnot, the Prying Eyes remain protected (and mostly undetected) like one of those mini-umbrellas affixed above hand-held cameras. NiCoLa do a black one that features an one-eyed skull wearing headphones,¹ and a “Broken CCTV camera ‘would have seen everything’ in Nicola Bulley disappearance,”² the UK media vulgar as ever, the filthen degenerates promoting decline dysgenics. Look at any front cover and the depraved filth it propagates, running parallel strings even in local outlets as some long-grass crime thriller that shot at diamonds, deviant hydrating in a plastic paddling pool, akin to today's political rulers, most of which are cynical carpetbaggers and crypto-Slavophile who want red shoes for everybody whilst sucking their sugar-daddy NATO's golden whatsit to destroy most of Russia; at war with vermin but not sure who or what that nomenclature refers to, whereas “Hey,

steady on" has been on my mindick, to enjoy gross or manners. Decided I will fucky fucky in the fucky fucky. Couple plonkers no contest, the crop in ethereal. Then turn it everything off, industrial ear defenders on, begone cruel world. Goodbye to fuck off.

So I took some herb and was dancing with the tourmalines. This did not deserve the stalking darkness. The same raw deal is a steal when a cop ram my car door a crown of thickets aggravated, Blue .0000 in blood-test so all charges dropped but his partner picked up my girlfriend; unwanted baby ordered for nine months then I am arrested at the bank to handcuffs in isolation with pills and new charges; treated like a mad man dirt. I would not lie to false accusations thus forged signature taken to the sub-cellar.

"I have important semen," but it's true.

Whipped and whiplash, forced to watch *Inseminoid* (Horror Planet) (feature film 1981), *Don't Be Afraid of the Dark* (TV movie 1973), plus a psychedelic slideshow of the could-be-believed MK-ULTRA Ron Glick (tock-tick) *The Wonderful Alice of Oz* book series, the trap in alacrity.

They are a bent rules cult joke programming dangerous confusion/freedom is an illusion. If there is not there must be a secret Afterlife Club, reflected in the dreadful spanking astronauts in space, HATE on four fisted fingers as the mouth emits indecipherable cant about "Lucky Lunar." Zoom in on ghettos in skips, the buggering barrister with a side-angle of self-bondage, deradicalisation agents chomping Milk Train ice cream, Evening Star and the Tesseract, newsprint on my fingers from the gay psychiatrist's waiting room, whole day like a boring middle-class-wank French film, not those swirling endless Alain Delon gangster ones that all look like and are the legendary *Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*,³ if you've shifted from mundane enough.

I'd rather roll in snow, dreaming of Germans on the march, you're probably wearing a ring, can't wait for torch under the chin effect, the sinister uplighting a listening AND tracking device? But there are no victims in the woods, although disposal vapes aimed at kids for steam addiction to get them full of hot air at protests. The government put dog shit in them, poison high. The batteries can ignite and cause fires. 1.3 million disposed out there each week,⁴ a hazardous problem bane of the streets, the Orientals doing an Opium War back on us to destabilise and influence British society down the drain. The fucking smells on this bus.

Offence green energy raises the LabLibCon spirits, everything said a moneymaker, *ergo* the vulgar polluting traffic tunnel parallel to Stonehenge.⁵ The few cry magenta on the loop line. Get reservist police to set camouflage tents for them or send in the SAS according to tabloid hysteria. This is your sandwich, garnished with the lie that cops have a Beasts Hitlist, the pay red herring in public sector bond of trust with Britons incorrectly supplied in man-made time with danger stunts including illegal immigrants housed on sea-barges on which we will all live due to Climate Change (CC=33) and the overcrowded prisons, someone or other treated as terrorists blamed for hellish heat amongst us, in everything brainwashing, nothing normal natural nice anymore, a bad bet simmering on the disruption tinpot tyrants strikingly unprepared eco-mobs charge into battle in possible mass-murder-suicide directed by the Devil's Possessed snorting foreign gang cocaine ordered by hostile states to thug the country, trending Ghoul School 555,⁶ as in $5+5+5 = 15$ and Tarot Trump 15 is *The Devil*, whom everyone has met (all negative thoughts), *ergo* 515/SIS (Secret Intelligence Service, aka: "MI6"). By the A1Z26 Cipher,⁷ know that: MI6 = 28 = ABCDEFG [a seven-element linear device

ending with the Freemasonic 'G', which signifies the seven classical planets of alchemy and also the hermetic septenary system of an initiatory journey through seven spheres/stages to the seventh of immortality (see the Pymander, aka: "Poemandres", section of the ancient *Corpus Hermeticum*), that is cognate with the Seven-Fold Way with its seven-fold Tree of Wyrð of the Order of Nine Angles (ONA/O9A)].

The Resistance it's ace, non-violent, though holding a balloon. Loquacious luminaries in direct action; spray-paint wins the masses as tear gas grenades are returned to sender via tennis rackets, but what if criminals get hold of those budget combat drones⁸ after the Russia-Ukraine War (remember the Croatians sold surplus munitions to the IRA after the Balkans War in the 1990s, including an anti-tank missile fired at the MI6 HQ in 2000)⁹ or the latest Product 53 Russian kamikaze drone with AI swarm software so they can attack in formation? Those DO OR BE DONE t-shirts make sense now, the promoters and sellers of them, on any front. Hollie Greig anyone?¹⁰

Truly, trauma is buried alive inside you, a heinous spirit attachment, and the 'cure' is also a trauma: drugs prescribed just damage the patient, antipsychotics deliberately designed to cause mental slowness, weight gain, sexual dysfunction and shaking, to push patients out of society. Take these substances and you become a literal slave to Big Pharma, that wants you on them indefinitely as an uncured cash-cow. Although after the "Cock meat, cock meet" fiasco and aborted Smell & Quim gig I had been sucked into the Zopiclone, prescribed for free by the Whitecoats, them wanting me to be just like the sleepers, born the living dead, the dead among the dead, but I burnt the latest prescription and escaped. Now only my own triggers to other levels, and that conducive.

Staunch. Matters. This may (or may not) explain why extremely lately the local weather has been unsettled in flux and the esoteric atmosphere PacTor intermittent proxy terrorist with street theatre bad actors Mike Oxlong and Hugh Janus offering me an “unauthorised novel food” to build up my muscles.¹¹ When I politely refused Janus was in a mardy for some other, unspecified reason, running back-and-forth across the road shouting: “They are forging spatial links, cranking up to a monster disaster in any way possibles!” Their mystery-meat sidekick Brantley Bond (Harriet Hepstix?) also sinistered, who described himself as “a cultural asset” whilst downing single-malt whiskys from an ancient pewter tankard, out of order, his schemes factually and legally impossible, which made me wonder “Who are the sixteen Satan Slaves?” and “Where is the Occult Cunt Book Festival?” Trust me the Occultcuntist and my Occultcuntus Comic. I know where you live.

The creeps seeding the clouds, banking sector, pennies from heaven, no interviews or apologies, documents shredded, useful things for the peoples prevented, deliberately legislated against, jumped-up moral arbiters, Dr No Show, the barbed-wire around Stonehenge. You flee to the Church and bump into danger vicar “How do they get away with it for so long or at all?” Michael Hall endorsed because ignored by those in the shadows,¹² excrement in the Holy Water,¹³ and ‘Pastor at kidnapped US girl’s funeral in 1975 charged with her murder.’¹⁴ Tip of iceberg re: subversion via outside infiltration, as in the proliferation and selective official protection¹⁵ of the Rape/Prostitution Paedophile Gangs, be they Muslim,¹⁶ Atheist,¹⁷ or Satanic.¹⁸ These aren’t hypotheticals hostile operators, race tension/sex riots, horror mental damage, voluntary code for fake photos and films, the limited reshuffle, repeat molester confronted in toy shop, prime of youth idols the notor-

ious K-pop suicides would not withstand a nuclear bomb. Men's Madness, sensual frustration, inches from death. Predators let off, custard in custody, victim mauled by an unleashed K9 as cops look on, anus as plaything, facepalms off the scale but nothing done. Never forget the Dancing Ledge.¹⁹ Build a wall around the UK to stop it sinking into the sea from landslides protected by radars and laser archers to keep hostile invaders out, with a fluffy façade or not. Yet, in the Western Sector context, *Deuteronomy* 20:13-14 (KJV) may be advocating female adult and child rape.

There is always another way, escape route(s). The submarine in the spaceship. A good idea is to pray for sparkling self-embodiment paths. Sun World...Fuck Screen. The leyline cycleways would be good. Folk bands playing gigs at stages along the way, cheap caravans and food for the night, Real Action Ale under the moonlight to pay for beehives. Then at the end they get onboard the jelly and sail around the UK back to the start. Autonomous Wo/Men in cymbal. Exemplary service. Unlike wet incandescent armchair warfare by those livin' in their fraidy holes. An ex-intel official blurts the goss about UFOs on mainstream TV, next story landslide victory, a windfall present.

Many of us want something different than work or dole and Mark Drakeford—a former probation officer, youth justice worker, Barnardos project leader and the current First Minister of Wales, leader of Welsh Labour and member of the Privy Council—is giving out no-strings free money to selected people glee,²⁰ although probably not to his son the convicted rapist,²¹ who has since disturbingly reoffended.²² It's kinda weird (indicative?) this wayward offspring trip, as in the decidedly left-wing Labour MP & shadow Home Secretary Diane Abbott's diplomat son,²³ James Abbott-Thompson, who was convicted in 2020 for a plethora of

disturbo-crimes,²⁴ and Jonathan Arnold, jailed in 2023 as a king-pin druglord, the son of former Deputy Police & Crime Commissioner Sue Arnold.²⁵ Over the pond the total protected fuck-up US President's son Hunter Biden,²⁶ and so it goes.

"We help you help us help ourselves" ravish around the globe as in holiday romance, modern romance, wankstain domination; a tremble in the lip during the hyperbolic hotel interview aftermath when I read *mining* as *missing*, their only advice: "Ibuprofen" and "Paper Miles." They can pick any lock, homosexual shit on the cock, and are trying to get me into it. Pretty sure gay gas sprayed under the door plus more-or-less blatant "bumboy" solicitations on straat, alleged security guards eyeing my camera lens, possible AI phantom sodomy. If you know you know. The fluoride stare increasing, rich and poor protestors scamming for more rights off the back of delusions. I suspect quantum holographics, hallucinating reality, which explains the obscuring fogs, Honolulu Strangler²⁷ and Washington Tube Sock Killings.²⁸ Although know that I (this 'T again) am not a superstar, beyond. I stop the shiner, more Harry Palmer.²⁹ Now I'm 'told' that the obscure British comedian, Harry Worth (Harry Bourlon Illingsworth),³⁰ is "just like me," but I love hate. A six-foot looking-glass 'gift' is delivered to be exposed as a weirdo by those who dare others to put their hands where they shouldn't be, but again I am not. I centre in the Grace Force, thinking of Shakespeare back in the day compared to today's cut-and-paste easybeats, their attention potential stumbling blocked and mocked by the electro-massager, spat your life starving, young playground teens repeat: "light as a feather stiff as a board," good advice being ignored. Who cares?

Things are getting real chilly as echo change agents push the nAzI, a country ultra-autarky, hence the Quorthon Bathory 'Rite

of Darkness',³¹ although British Venom is the real master.³² In more-or-less this context, the ongoing NSBM (National Socialist Black Metal) colour revolution continuously worships the Hitler Swastika but does not hold torchlight parades as they consider light in the darkness to be abhorrent. They are about darkness in the light, or for the really hardcore, darkness in the darkness (The Void). NSBM originated in the Goth First Wave Bat Cave and New Romantics plus the Devil are twins now, as in the Satanised Blasphemators. Serpent Victor. Ancient Vindictant.

A lot of this comes from the Noughtnauts (ØN), aka: the "Naughty Zeros" (NØ), a shadowy international coalition of energetically neat "cultural workers", more precisely "neo-Nutters", who wear nondescript dark overalls with steel-toe work boots to blend in with capitalism and communicate via artificially distorted voices. They entertain bizarre moral codes with militia prinzip, are funded by cashpoint explosions, love the smell of pet shops but ultimately deny reality. In praxis they hang out at "psychicore" parties in dimly-lit lock-up garages to which ghosts are invited, drinking "power water" vodka and eating triangular ham sandwiches off solid silver platters, savouring the erectant nihilisms, as a prerequisite to extended mystical sex orgies. Mostly active in the abstracted North, there are recent reports of emergence in rural Herefordshire. Their museums are strange places with off-street parking. They make shrunken heads out of potatoes. Push doll hair into a fresh one, carve the rough face then let it shrivel up in the Sun. Afterwards rub shoe polish into it, add glass doll eyes and breathe into, all ceremony.

This codes to F-22, an obscurer psychedelic drug of the substituted amphetamine class. Very little is known about its effects, duration, pharmacological properties, metabolism and toxicity.

This codes to a dream I had about a cat named “Marvo.” I did not see it and only heard the name. The next day I searched on the cyberspace and found Marvo brand dog food and a different Marvo brand computer mice, mousepads and keyboards, but the most relevant codename is “Marvo The Hypno-Cat”—an online Steam commodity from *Adventures of Bertram Fiddle: Episode 2: A Bleaker Predicklement*—with the strapline: “You want to give me Tuna.”³³ By the A1Z26 Cipher: TUNA = 56 = WILL = SEMEN = OUIJA = MEOW. A not-so-subtle “come on.” Was tried to be forgotten and spent some time in dark silent underground crypts, but when I surfaced down the pub drunk horrible then got back to my home a man outside said I should: “Get a JOB, SON. The Illuminati will help you.” Then two days later I read of Rose and Robert JOBSON, shot dead in what was perhaps a suicide pact, at the WHITE LODGE Shooting School, which they ran, in (Invisible?) College Road, Thornton Curtis, England.³⁴

It is all curdled entwined with Artificial General Intelligence (AGI), previously choir warriors, there is a “One Wales” and “Two Wales”, awakening dose. This is not me, turn on the TV for perpetual wars for perpetual peace, emboldened by the schizofruit: Why is violence entertainment? You walk down the High Street and there’s an anti-knife crime poster next to the latest Hollywood blockbuster film poster of some overpaid male actor brandishing a gun. During the COVID fakedemic in 2021, two women were fined £200 each for going for a walk in a public place and drinking coffee,³⁵ yet in 2023, subversive Just Stop Oil protestors block traffic on roads often without arrest, and some of those who are arrested and convicted are praised by the judge.³⁶ In the UK university courses used to be free and interest was paid on bank accounts, social control. Now universities charge students like a

business and banks pay almost zero or no interest on many customers' accounts.³⁷ As in the Russia-Ukraine War, where an alternative critical view, the very other side of the story, has not been expressed by any mainstream politician or media, its deaths in plain view via major media outlets on YouTube, but I thought snuff films were banned? Why is the USA President, Joe Biden, allowed to repeatedly inappropriately sniff the hair or whisper into the ear of, and touch or nibble, children like a creepy old man in full view of the world's media.³⁸ Surely his entourage would have dissuaded him from engaging in this extremely-bad-for-PR behaviour? Ditto his seemingly senile cognitive decline dementia demonstrations,³⁹ and tripping or falling over.⁴⁰ But it does not seem to matter, his re-election campaign continues to receive donations by such people as LinkedIn co-founder Reid Hoffman—one of many visitors to the disgraced and suicided Jeffrey Epstein's private island in the Caribbean—who gave \$699,600.⁴¹

It's all shit now, crap draped in crepe, rough cheap material with white stains on them or thin material like a fine mesh not cloth, with a long slit in the front with no buttons so my dick pops out, which is done on purpose because they want people getting their cocks out in public. Too much is fucked. Too much is fucked. Too much is fucked. The masquerade's forever? Who are they the black street-preacher on the melting tarmac denouncing non-heteronormative lifestyles via *Romans* 1:24-32 (KJV), and I am a proper man in a lost society of weak.

As I say this a rolling on floor from yet another crypto-moron prude...the ones who sponge after a good night out...window-lickers...no match for the dangerous instigators. Spent the whole weekend on a chavbender, chiming with the joy-bells \o/ which she expressed in-game as \o (Roman Salute?). Yet despite this, I

am still wondering if that r of e DVD is 'real'. What is going on there? One doesn't burn up into a shrivelled mass when entering a cathedral like a deep-black deficit. No, the prisoners are being pressured to escape. Underlying panic, violence simmering behind pleasant norms...a spark needed to set it off, and: "No wind favours him who has no destined port." Am very glad I did not take the vax. Look how it's receded. Beaten with a clacken without reason. Do you feel the War Urge?

i once had hope for this place but evil has always run the show, planet of bloodshed...where life feeds upon life for survival, parasitic...what sort of loving god would create a world where animals tear each other apart alive in pain and terror for food...its all a sick joke and i want out now, off the wheel as you say. A creation of pain and sorrow put together by a schizophrenic psychopathic god/s (extra terrestrials)...there has to be a better 3D reality to experience physicality? I always thought if i was the creator id create an algae that was super nutritious, in various flavors that would feed all life forms eliminating the parasitic horrors we see here.⁴²

Further to, back in the August 2020s radio on 8992 kHz USB (a shared frequency),⁴³ if you turned the Brightness control to max it stark-revealed a channel-wide broadband 'noise' with occasional 'clicks' in the channel, that may have been a data stream (unless it was lightning storms passing over or radar calibration/propagation testing), but the 'clicks' in the channel did not always coincide with the 'clicks' of 'static' that appeared all across the window, and this is when the voices began in half-asleep bedroom, but I am not a Supertramp wanker nor rioting in France. Thinking of stop-

ping it all off with sledgehammer and blowtorch but I haven't lost you yet, the too-hot radiator or any punk band named The Spits – no thanks. Love Will Tear Us Apart, *ergo* that dodgy dark-web video-tape compiled by my missing daughter (who does not exist) running past the vinegar, that still sends a chill up the spine of a certain strata of the British Establishment, the non-elected rulers, their fingers in all pies while we toe the line, are engineering the no-no freakshow like the aggro ugs who can't pull a partner, their face-fuchsia-tongue-out to legalese good people and conduct coronation Valium, adrenochrome ceremony, Antichrist crowning, King of the Nonces, Corgi botherers, the dodgy handshakes first. *Summus Noctis*, pomp and dump, clams buggery, Gary glitters there. He's painted black then next unpainted. Spells by symbolism, agents in place, i.e. the first issue of *Saturday Magazine*, its front cover featuring manufactured climate activist Greta Thunberg, who has: "made the ultimate sacrifice for The Guardian."⁴⁴ She is shown there with a mass of alien black goo on her head that forms the occulto hidden/visible eye gesture.⁴⁵ Her full name 'just happens' to rearrange to: GREAT BE[i]NG HURT, as in a submissive masochislave victim of shadow government Little Girl Lost (LGL) trauma-based mind-control programming, hunted naked in nightwoods. You know who you are.

This Cryptocracy want to be robots, transhumanist eternal. Think they are the bee's knees, infiltrating the nurseries. Legislation lubrication of subterranean infrastructure, grenades in the mind, fluted on mash, laughing at decency, mocking honesty, anything but Heteronormative, prejudiced beyond belief. Tax you and make you pay for it, barrel of a gun democracy, cobalt lithium slavery. Threat of force giving a raging hump then nick you for outbursts. Everything a moneymaker because money is God here.

The rest of the peoples are “in a circle” but the power elite are “inner circle”, that is, the nefarious network of the British Empire Vampire and its invisible architecture of world control, 40% dead behind the eyes with beaming fake smiles, the relateds now off the page, and here I don’t mean Dr Joan Coleman’s *RAINS (Ritual Abuse Information Network & Support) List*.⁴⁶ Tell it to the MAPPA on the crapper,⁴⁷ at the Fixated Threat Assessment Centre.⁴⁸ But of course, Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA) does not exist, except when it (probably) does.⁴⁹

Most people have no idea what goes on at the top, including the useful idiots that protect the toppers for a wage. It is Alien Statism (they can make the word *aliens* look like ‘allies’). There are many entities outside human perception that haunt and influence, and even a cursory glance reveals widespread bread and circuses addiction; intelligence quotient dumbed down; a spooky misty cauldron selling shoddy goods to all of sundry. The Chosen Cunts Cult corral you to stay in platforms via product containment to control the profit-chains. The wanker media fomenting see-saw psychosis Stranger Danger perpetrators and victims and victims-turned-perpetrators and make them think they think it (non-sense). Skull of Abyss trying to shape us.

The world is evil because it’s ruled by evil. If we did not have these world leaders we would have world peace, but these greedy not-entirely-human psychopaths-narcissists are far too warped to realise that, for example, no-one should own land, for we belong to it not vice-versa, but screens and scrambles obscure the Octopus Codes, a cauldron of filth masquerading as suited dependables, informing the disgruntled peoples they will need “a giant ambulance” if revolt enacted. The actual answer: stop all cults and electromagnetic radiation.

ENDNOTES

- 1 www.amazon.co.uk/Umbrella-Suction-Cup-Holder-Suction-Outdoor-Black/dp/B0B7MQ5VRM/ref=sr_1_1?crid=159RZCZ8PVM9Q&keywords=B0B7MQ5VRM&qid=1689165510&srefix=b0b7mq5vrm%2Caps%2C183&sr=8-1
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THE THRINE IN THINE

To the uninitiated human, some proposed theories or events may seem impossible, but nothing is at some level(s) due to the triple-whammy December 2017 conglomerate of:

1. That year's one-and-only Full Supermoon at and looking large, orbiting closest to Planet Earth and seen across it.¹
2. Open disclosure of the existence of the formerly top secret US Military Advanced Aerospace Threat Identification Program (AATIP) by its former head, Luis Elizondo, officially confirming the existence of the mystery sky craft known as "UFOs",² and knowance of "More Light on Black Program to Track UFOs" (warp drive, invisibility cloaking, other).³
3. The green-glowing meteor seen streaking across the UK sky on New Year's Eve.⁴

This constituted a real and faked ramp-up of the drip-fed "Life on Mars" agenda,⁵ that has been pushed from above since at least the mid-19th Century speculations of the double-initialled⁶ Trinity College fellow, William Whewell (W is the 23rd letter of the English Alphabet, hence $W W = 23 \ 23. \ 2 \div 3 = 0.666666667$, and $2 \times 0.666666667 = 1.333333334$, which decodes to the Axe [7] of the Beast-Man [666]⁷ consciousness/force wielded by the erected phallic [1] FreemaSON [33] in a martial ecstasy as he does manifest his will in the four directions of the compass [4]).

This extragalactic gambit was specially designed to prepare the Selected Ones for a non-human anchoring at the Great Conjunction (aka: "Christmas Star") climax on 21 December 2020,⁸ a direct magical linkage to the 21 December 2012 End of the

World psy-operant preparer prophecy,⁹ that tantalised the minds of millions getting them ready for more, to welcome in the real and faked Extraterrestrial Biological Entity (EBE) invasion,¹⁰ so after the storm they can 6ilderberg 6ack 6etter¹¹ with the G7 Urban7 (U7) automatoids.¹² Whatever happened to soft-drug fun fascination not this self-build insanity addiction?

The officially-backed pumped zeitgeist is “Just Stop Oil” so also all petrol/diesel engines, but we can’t, because how would the military fight a war with only electric vehicles? Unless they are about to reveal some form of advanced anti-gravity propulsion/UFOs? They been ramping-up the UFO and Alien subjects in the past few years.¹³ (Its revealers used to be socially assassinated.)

Cut to an oval marble-topped table, its legs wrapped in Collette Green paper, strewn with bone dice and Ecstasy from Holland. From this I went over the line and ran amok, like a sentient Panther stun-gun rampant amongst the serried ranks of the proletariat. Whether I did or not, weird shit goes on; heads will roll. See David Thurlow, *The Essex Triangle: Four Decades of Murder* (Robert Hale, 1990). Climate Change (CC=33) top-down threat of death temperatures. Like-a-Pro been going on for years. Now everything is 90% hold-excrement rubbed into its audience’s willing pores; most perps not even on the payroll. Too many people are collapsed inbetween whatever lane of control they find themselves in. A creeping borderline, Oxbridge magnetism, getting you ready for fake or alien invasion prepping. Snap O.

I am on the stairs. There is a strident fucker, a strange lady who asks for directions in a rhotic accent. She puts action in the cocks, of great interest to statisticians unique. I was not involved and didn’t want to be yet they wanted me on a sextortion tag but I am a figurehead for the opposite else, and stick to suitable hats not

kinderwhore,¹⁴ the rest of skin draped in robot lore. Now almost everything is an extension of the State, including foreign bodies inside bodies from weaponised COVID jabs running around the near-miss crossed-out data logbook.

There is always strangeness another way. Clairvoyant Remote Viewing¹⁵ reveals totem mystery sculpture in the Kent WILDLIFE TRUST grounds.¹⁶ The Floodgates of Anarchy¹⁷ and the Auxilium Christianorum,¹⁸ as overseas “Putin Prohibits Nationwide 5G and Tears Down All Towers.”¹⁹ Our comrade is thinking “out of the blue” about British alien-informed guru, SIMON PARKES,²⁰ then non-purposefully clicks on a news report about Royal Navy sailor, SIMON PARKES, who has been missing for 36 years.²¹ $36+35+34+33$ all the way down to $+1 = 666$, as in the Blue Umbrella Shades K to Q from natural ash.

I get so carried away in the structural machismo of my over-achieving imagination, and don't care if it's phantasy. As I told the potential prosecutors: “Be wary. I can hear your thoughts.” Vomited in the bath whilst having a bath, the cleaning products disrespecting me. If it's not clear already I am utterly against the system pigs and their running dogs and fouler foils and satellites, the entire venal tribune and New Age spasmo party, that old dry-hump transhumanist sodality, where for the thinking man dissident all roads lead to Herr Stirner,²² or, perchance, the Aktion Kuartet.

Actually no: these days I'm a real Nowhere Man. Scholars are skulls in the anti-zone and all is dead and gone eventually. Everyone is in outer-space and the asteroids are coming unless we leave the Moon alone. Retvrn To Tradition. Get back to the Stone Age or it's mass genocide.

In the 'end' we will be of ecstasy,
not remembrance.

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WHAT DO WE REALLY DO?

Things have been interesting and weird as usual at the Carry On Carrying On festival. A phase of trickle-dose every lay, sparkles and tingles, root beer and jumping beans, all snakes and ladders, the Other, dead father, crazy mother, freak frequencies, Jekyll and Hyde, Cain and Abel, Little Brother and Big Brother, interpenetratory game occults. A restructuring for the time being, resting in the synonyms, no bone frightened. I keep it down, cutting up media for the incinerator, shattering hard-disks, not talking to or arguing with fools as I do not wish to become one or gatekeeper: the overachiever concealer, lazy bomb bum banana.

It's the Andy Warhol dinner-party revenge of, a brain-drain meandering inane to fill a space instead of space filling it, the stage overrun by idiot and edgelord spouting contrived ironic faux laid-back hipster men who say "Bitch!" a lot, combing the dry mattress narrative, covered online by the Substack grifters.

"Buy our free speech!"

The trouble is there are loads of episodes that could be elided into a single reassembled feature celebrity decadence degeneracy added to the floppy arsenal of whateverism, fucked-up indeterminism, the true wrongthink hubble-bubble of the negatively mentally ill. I lived a guy called Švente for a while in Prague who seems to have been connected somehow. Now I know a little less about him and wonder what he is doing now. HUMINT replies: "Beating a one-way street with his three favourite chords and dissolute animosity until the stoner drone comments overflow and a half-arsed suicide." So, I want to go to the Congo, why I no-one know. The ghost fuck was fleshy-hump, needed care, a thing in meditation, clocked it but half-shunned it? Nights wandering day

dreamed pyramids sleep alternatives. Do not think you should say anything at all stay obscure you cannot say anything these days everywhere is scanning for a slip, a top off the milk paid back to the outraged monarch on stilts, the great built another way downwards in the shrinking future.

All is fine in the Oratory of St Philip Neri.¹ Stick all fingers up to the Know Nothing Party.² Next hive ‘attar’ temple wandering vision. Metal burning death. Necrocard goth goad in 1999³ to Operation GLADIO continuance online.⁴ Fascist sperm donors in bloodline.⁵ Regular time has been flipping. Doubting suspect pollution solution. Cops gone wild: two retired Met Police officers in indecent images of children plot⁶ Chief Inspector arrested over child abuse images⁷ Met Police officer serial rapist⁸ Met Police officer rapist murderer⁹ PCSO jailed for rape and bestiality¹⁰ Met chief says 800 officers investigated over sexual and domestic abuse claims¹¹ a prison reform chief woman beat-tortured her husband for twenty years jailed¹² hundreds of criminals have either escaped or were ‘released by mistake’ over the last decade.¹³ You go back in time so it’s happening now: the bout of forgetfulNESS an opening of Loch NESS to let the monster(s) out, as evidenced by a British spy leaving his briefcase on a train and other spies, army and civil service personnel either losing their laptops or allowing them to be stolen.¹⁴ Ambush hypnosis in street or hotel, *ergo*, those “asleep at the wheel”, i.e. the French firefighters and riot police joining the pension protests against the World Economic Forum stooge Emmanuel Macron that are said to be spreading to other globalist zones. Some think it is the starts of revolution, but it is televised,¹⁵ an intermedial quirk, part of the quaquaversal alchemical processing acclimatisation getting you hot for violent love, hunting the beast in sex. Why do you think it’s funny?

Dogs or werewolves loose, monstered on the prowl. 27 sheep, all probably pregnant, slayed in Kent, England, December 2022.¹⁶ 50 more lambs slaughtered in County Offaly, Ireland, December 2022.¹⁷ 12 sheep killed and 8 missing days earlier in County Kildare, Ireland, December 2022.¹⁸ Enumclaw OD.¹⁹ Killer elephant stream entry.²⁰ Danger feast cordoned off echo chamber woolly mammoth meatball.²¹ I do not advise you hide out in the forest.

Children growing phantom killers animal mutilators Dracula Rippers. Unreported inventions. DNA breakthrough.

“You will be listened to.”

Turn on the TV covering terror offenders raped by a nurse on strike. Amoebas in the sky. Compulsory lunacy. Desk Wankers. DARPA, The Pentagon’s Brain.²² JASON/MITRE Group.²³ Club of Rome.²⁴ The Collins Elite.²⁵ We did not elect them. They do not own us. During the latest Turkey Hour²⁶ was much hoo-ha by a penis-haver/ejaculator removed from Twitter, gamed and sold... blood on glitter...media shitter...see-through poker hands win. Who knows not every Human is Human?

“You’re the wrong way round, like. You need tuning in...”

Brave New World (1932) and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949) are both right suppliers; two sides of same coin violating holiday and home, spooning a tempting taste of leafy suburbs into open buttocks. This if not that, there is still the West vs. Russia-China war whip frenzy foisted by the parasitelites, including the very allowed secret UK lethal aid sent to strange Ukraine²⁷ (that Nazi-friendly country with a Jewish president), i.e. the depleted uranium munition shells to cast poisonous radioactive dust on the tide winds,²⁸ readying for a full-scale nuclear war, catalyst for the real goal of the World Economic Forum “Great Reset”:²⁹ blowing up the entire planet so a new one takes its place, instantaneously.

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INTENT WITH INJECTIONS

I grew up where ships at the end of the road...1980s England during when the horrible but enjoyable, thoroughgoing Thatcher-Reagan rawwar-suggests warping the minds peoples. My Victory. The staunch losing yobbos and jobbos sniffing agency petrol next door to a chemical toilet energy pulse. They commiserate with Mussolini Trio lounge music mirage, hands on the floor, waiting for the “after all that...it doesn’t fit” dawn, as those prying tap synapse, price everything and contraband to presage search and rescue panic-buying, making up numbers in the profit margin. A case of four o’clock blanks lead to Martian peace, working-class whistleblower in cocktail set orgy shocker, Mayfair dishing out folding money to avoid the PR scar.

Welcome to Grossbritannien, whereof sometime later back in the days I became a right-convicted hooley, then a bootboy, and saw some heavy sights in and out of fights, often at the chippy so a waste of money. Remember that rainy Sunday some boring BBC television program interruption had fluxed things fun and gamesy. The firm were right up for it and ready to finish the job on any manor. Proper hatred. After tooling up and tooting some snow we arrived mob-handed, ready for action, and grappled the battle with a total conviction of beliefs, ruthlessly naysaying to tolerance and apathy, the last virtues of a dying society, and that.

I’ve learned a great deal from reverse-engineered crime scenes. The firms all gob now, embarrassing, trembling. “By day we crawl, by night we dance” autonomist fools, wrong in megaphone, their customers in comas, everyone a shortarsed mouthpiece with a front and back name, a lying lie-low muppet gizzard and coil proper lintel. The main guy, Monster Munch, turns up wearing shorts

in all weathers thinking his leg tattoos will scare, giving it all the hard man pish to a scrawny mouse but when he meets a wolf he's all shivers, getting owned. Total bag of sugar, the world falling out of his arse. Couldn't give shit in a real ruck or whammy. Beat to fuck, wronged all day long then giving it the baseball bat bollox eating a wine glass, pure coward. Took that police dog for a walk while feeding it his fingers. I rinsed the cunt.

Two months later comes moping back as a his-mum-forgot-to-take-her-tights-off-while-giving-birth nonce with a half frog squashed slag on his arm who could eat a whole apple through a tennis-racket. She's so ugly oral sex would count as anal (although at least she's a pure blood, bio-fronthole). A desperate Rottweiler dragged her into the bogs and gave her a good grind then both ran screaming into the night. If he came to my door I'd open him up like a tin of beans then keep a low one, sorted, but he old-man himself now, just another pawn in the Great Game fingered by the masters of secret control. Scum rises to the top, and the rest of them not born privileged with instant success have to resort to an obnoxious power-play to bombast themselves into the scene/seen via media outrage coverage news is like divorce court allegations flung wildly about, mostly baseless jaw-droppers to smash the point home. Overdose dirty pond life turning their country into coloured sands; judge sent back to prison again confronts judge.

The bitch and batch duke it out on the crazy paving, most of the spoils a Cartesian fields tease for clues and looking elsewhere, occasionally tingled by brewing expansions. The mass put on an act. This hunger that pills the fish from the shattered edges of aftershocks at the house of broken butterflies beating weird lights and seclusion leaving a violent barbaric carcass howling invites you off for "a stroll on the grassy knoll," where all the motorists

had breasts, the pale spinster pinched face in your coffee, double-negatives, smell of damp and hibernating, the gangplank garland written in stone, a key to the palace.

We enter the domes, mid in holes, rock salt contractor, opium expanding a neo-Nutter. Peace stands a snowball's life in Hell. Something talks, maybe ourselves, over hours, everything about, in a program running. Who is the Alpha? We dare not tell. There are hidden agreements, noctambulous different, starting to shake. Who are we looking at? That which walked in, the dark in menstrual cycle, the manhood sucked out of men, bravery down the drain, spawn of shit, twisted spoon in baby lips, grow up believing. They want you here, feeding off your worries, banquet draw. One may see it operating in upper echelons down to the low, in each a truculent fellow elbowed policeman before forcing florists to hide from him then pushed over a urinating man on the promenade, dropping his anvil car turned over a head fell out, breaking law.

After the rite to discriminate the casualties never mattered big picture, as the means justified the ends and things had to be fed and appeased. The *hoi polloi* get a taste of their own medicine, and if they don't like it are sent to the 14-hole unisex Doctor Martens for treatment, then put out to sleep on barbed-wire and hunting knives to ponder the birds and the bees and the Transformers. New Humalien cometh, and as the MOD are now employing a pair of sci-fi writers for (amongst other things) their predictive abilities about future wars,¹ I was half-expecting an official approach. Instead of I/I was shown a screen-dream: the German propaganda archive² to next level German psy-opic overthrows,³ all crossfaded into the V-shaped UN Meditation Room first opened to public in a 1952,⁴ in full effect A portal to A portal, the ozone-onion interdimensional smell. Demons and Mind...Teacher and

School...a decontrol manoeuvre cast against all mundane, torpedoing the graft in. So much material should go missing. Forget the turnstile in and out the morgue of ritualised understandings. Destroys your stalkers.

When it was 'over' there remained three fantastic atmospheres at the spotlit rally. Walks in Mr Freddy, slipped on black banana onto his arse, shouting at the uncaring pavement. We laughed so hard started choking; could not breathe puking; sick as a parrot. In the middle psilocybin shown, genitals collect, a chosen fingered rise future wives, always had a week off, shot into reality, my fourth will be with me, following in footsteps but autographs shelved. Old ones pull, turret is golden boy, station furrow, turn on a pin, children abuse women, silver hands in ground, mush in town, spawn is spam, crack in dam, rubble in pram, a black paint come down, husbands in the curtains, blurred horns sit over in unsucked fervour, sick in everybody else head cunts to my face. I turn around and the collar is kicked I comprehend the [indescribable].

Beyond midnight the empty mugs turned up, quaking terrored...total melt, and this is record: the Shadow's Plan of Wicked utilises carnival philosophers born from rape, bred to prey, something in the air, pendulum swings, see-saw catapults, landing on a totally defined gigantic vampiric system of strategic transmitters, fanatically disillusioned tErminaTor machines undoing the knots.

The huge news now is a crude risk assessment of the Nuclear Occult reported that the haunted House of Parliament phenomenon was "unseen but very evident," and repelled the investigators who were never to return, crying in the shadow of storms (electronic warfare gain-of-function),⁵ the next logical step of Brexit Executive: the PESCO Defence,⁶ via der pre-packaged spitzenkandidat (NATO after virus).⁷ They have to show some agents.

ENDNOTES

- 1 www.gov.uk/government/news/futuristic-visions-from-sci-fi-writers-offer-insights-for-defence
- 2 <https://research.calvin.edu/german-propaganda-archive/>
- 3 www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-europe-63885028 & www.thenationalnews.com/world/europe/2023/01/26/the-prince-the-terror-granny-and-the-rise-of-germanys-well-to-do-far-right/
- 4 www.un.org/ungifts/meditation-room & www.un.org/depts/dhl/dag/meditationroom.htm
- 5 www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/books/NBK285579/
- 6 <https://ukdefencematters.com/f/pesco-defence--doing-the-eus-bidding>
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NOTES FOR A FILM ABOUT SPRING-HEELED JACK

Spring-Heeled Jack (SHJ) was first reported in London, England, in 1837 (perhaps as early as 1830),¹ where he accosted females, sometimes physically. SHJ represents a more sinister development of the dashing British Highwayman, and is the precursor of Fantômas (“The Elusive”), Zorro (Spanish: ‘Fox’), the Phantom (“The Ghost Who Walks”) and Batman (“The Caped Crusader”). SHJ was never caught and no proof of his existence has been found, aside from eyewitness reports.

I suspect SHJ was originally a human criminal prankster skilled in stage magic, especially disguise, concealment and invisibility. As the story notoriety grew into legend his impressive but mundane disappearing ability (in flames and/or a puff of smoke, etc.) was conflated to him jumping over high walls or even buildings and from rooftop to rooftop as a getaway *modus operandi*, in various forms such as tall, dark and cloaked with fiery red eyes, to sporting a skin coat and a horned mask, to “wearing a kind of helmet and a tight fitting white costume like an oilskin and he vomited blue and white flames!”² By this point, he was possibly possessed, and/or imitated, by a discarnate, non-human entity.

The film works on the premise that: “We can bring Jack back,” by giving him attention and reconstructions. Develop obsessive fascination. Enter liminal states. This will provide impetus, clues and leads. Magical synchronicities, an oracle.

Write down lists of 1) Images never filmed before. 2) Dialogue never filmed before. 3) Images and sequences that must definitely be in the film (girls in white gowns walking though the woods at night. A girl with long damp hair in a car when it is raining outside, the windows steam up and droplets run down the glass, etc.).

Close ups, quick cuts, fog virgins. The ritual awakens SHJ from his sleep or calls him from his trance. Fog wafts across the cobblestones. We see his top hat, cloak, the rest of him obscured by a high wall. Then he takes off into the air (an illusion by the actor jumping down from the top of the wall, then the film is reversed).

In the hazy Summer late-afternoon heat the Sun's rays repeatedly flicker through evenly-spaced trees into the moving train windows to create a Gysin/Sommerville Dreamachine effect.

"There is otherwhere..."

SHJ chases the train then runs alongside it, scaring the prim and proper people inside. At the other end of the carriage no-one has seen SHJ or heard the commotion. An outrageous student-circuit musical group named Vodka Party, singing their new song 'Justin's Got a Car'. The Man With the Green Beard is watching them intently, then moves closer. Makes spider imitation movements with his hand, that has a hinged ring on its index finger. He opens it to reveal not classic poison powder but a small spider, that crawls out and onto his wrist.

"Wow, tripsy!"

"Special elephant!"

A lightbulb flickers or blows. They see odd faces in the wallpaper design. On a nearby table is an old, black leather-bound book entitled *Evil Mythologies*. Far away, a young boy is having a feverish dream, sweating, tossing and turning, muttering many different versions of the same line: "To go to the shop front. Too gone on the shown grunt. To and fro on the cop hunt." He enters an underground cavern, there is a book atop a lectern, too high to read, so he has to float upwards and hover level with the tome, which is also *Evil Mythologies*. It was written by two resurrected ghosts, backwards, each letter back-to-front also.

A tour guide dressed as SHJ is leading a SHJ Tour around the streets with paying customers. He shows them SHJ's last known manifestation place. Looks in a window and he is SHJ for a few seconds, his face completely or slightly changed to that of SHJ's.

Shortwave radio static as a young lady walks the paved Bangor University plateau that looks out over the town, coming from the far distance towards the camera. She misses the last coach, so spends the night in the strange alcove there, next to the steps. Hears noises. Gets up and SHJ is standing atop the bushes.

A black metal band called Homeless Brain are making ouija-board VHS video-cassettes and sending them to people as a nasty prank. What it shows on screen is a single position camera, a puff of white smoke from below, that clears to reveal black velvet curtains. They slowly part to reveal a ouija-board and planchette. Nothing happens for half an hour. Later someone else watches it and it spells out words in five minutes. SHJ follows the band walking on the street. First he is many yards behind them but visible. The band walk on, looking ahead. A few seconds later they turn their heads to look behind them and SHJ is right up close.

Cut to three or four people tripping on LSD and wandering around outside in some strange urban environment. (Allows un-logical and logical storylines to run parallel or adjacent.)

"I don't remember arranging to meet you. Did we speak in dreams?" "Are we in Liss?" "No, they wouldn't cover up the signposts in Liss" (a brown hessian sack has been fitted over the sign). "I can smell blood." "How useless waking is...the dream is the real life." "Where was it advertised?" "In the night..."

Outside a butcher shop a drunken man attempts a handshake with someone, who doesn't take the hand offered, but makes the Double 666 hand-signs over his eyes (thumbs and forefingers to-

gether in a circle, the three fingers pointing upwards). He gets drunker, sleeps in graveyard or the outskirts. The wind goes weird and speaks to him, maybe through a tree trunk knothole. "What is this message maked by the powers that shouldn't be?" He is then accosted by a weirdo woman. She speaks to him in gibberish or another language. The man replies with: "Sorry, I don't speak English," then walks on, ad hoc.

"When you look in the mirror, do you call your reflection to meet you there, or has your reflection summoned you to come? as he wishes to see you?" "To square a circle or rather to circle the square is real but illusion." "Spin a cube on its corner and it looks like a sphere, but it is not."

"What the fuck is he on about?"

A girl pushing a baby-buggy has a long ponytail or hair extension down past her knees, swishing behind her left and right like a tail. She turns around and has a horse's face. Her baby gallops away. Cut to female alien abductee. Mr Spock the drug dealer knocks on door. *Revelation* 10:10, a man who eats the Bible, just a small piece from the four corners of each page. Sees Jesus as a red-skinned man with a big black afro hairstyle.

A boy hears his first name being repeatedly called from downstairs, in a creepy horror film way. So he descends the dimly-lit stairs. Near the bottom an old hag suddenly jumps out from the playroom and pulls him into its darkness. Next, he is on the pool table surrounded by four naked and bald female shop mannequins who tickle him. It builds to horror climax then he is at the top of the stairs again, his ears ringing.

Goths talk: "Are you coming to ritual her initiation?" "There will be feed there." Mouths turned wet at the thought of the fresh crimson blood on offer. The goths put their palms into the blood

on the thighs, then lick hands. Vampires. As each already initiated member walks home they have a glimpse of SHJ. He appears fully later that night to the newly-initiated girl.

“Move over...let me in,” he whispers into her ear.

A wooded country road at night; blood in the belly-button. Things that are made with things that are not. Meat-locker antics. A red lipstick pentagram gig. Dentist filling teeth with an explosive solution. Head explodes from a cigarette lighter spark.

“Bizarre controlling the me that is outside me. Wanted to tear my face off so I cannot be recognised. They were drilling into my third eye, something chasing trying to hide, vivid compartments tracking me, warping the evidence to a hellish conveyor belt, distinction between face over my face, crank it.”

“I died tonight. Every place I have lived or been is closed.”

The black ice waits.

“They come one by one, and never.”

For the apples in your hair.

Since they demolished the disused mental hospital its living ghosts roam the streets and fields, lost, dazed and confused, and scared, trying to find their other way home, but some no longer have homes anywhere.

Arms put bones in oven then grinds them to powder poison that turns enemies to dust. The crows emptying phials of coloured sands into the fountain as the followers were photographing the big screen to the sound of Buddhist trumpets.

An old school ex-gangster and convict: “And thass when they put the chip in me head.” He is just out from a “ten-stretch in the Scrubs.” Went mad in solitary confinement. Is now obsessed with knuckle-dusters. He holds them up with both hands to cover his mouth to resemble a metal smile, before using them on his vict-

ims. He draws around the knuckle-duster on the door of his victim as a warning. Wires up a knuckle-duster as an aerial to his radio and receives Electronic Voice Phenomenon (EVP) messages. Places a knuckle-duster over the smile of a Halloween Pumpkin. The flickering candle is seen through it.

He makes friends with SHJ or somehow meets him. Perhaps he accidentally discovers him whilst doing a crime or disposing of a body. They don't exactly agree to work together, but do. Killing evil people and righting other great wrongs. At first people are terrified but then start to agree with what the pair are doing, and tentatively leave notes at SHJ's door for who to target next. SHJ visits a prison and the serious criminals who are now terrified, trapped in their cells. He pulls their heads off, leaves the prison then pulls the heads off jobs outside and sticks their heads on top of the iron railings in front of the police station.

"He was born amongst his mother's shit. She squealed like a pig when he came scrabbling out of her. They've put twelve men on the Moon. They should put the rest of them up there."

Sex-beast has the whip hand at the glass pyramid in the maze of the secluded Manson Mansion. Flies all over the floor due to the sacrificed bodies buried underneath. Up the road an unseen woman is moaning and breathing heavily during sex near William Mackenzie's pyramid tomb, erected in 1868 in St Andrew's Church, Rodney Street, Liverpool, England. Morph into dream sequence, beautiful pure WWII RAF girls in a command bunker, moving model planes about, sticking pins in maps. He rapes her in the unlit, disused, flooded toilets. Puts his looped belt around her neck; his knife-blade in her mouth to gag her. Afterwards SHJ catches him in the underpass, emerging out of the pitch-black shadows to pull the rapist's penis off, that stretches like rubber.

SHJ may live in the Williamson Tunnels,³ a subterranean complex of winding arched tunnels and caverns built under Edge Hill in Liverpool, England, in the early-19th Century by Joseph “Mad Mole” Williamson, for no apparent reason. SHJ was last seen at Everton in Liverpool, in 1904.⁴

Williamson and his wife’s first house was at 18 [3+3+3+3+3+3 or the Freemasonic “Thrice 33” – Ed.] Mason Street (named after Edward Mason, whose mansion stood on the corner), and Williamson began his tunnelling under Mason Street in the early 1800s.⁵

Interestingly, the MASON codeflag in connexion to SHJ appears again at Arbroath, Angus, Scotland, where a “figure in white” SHJ appeared in 1912, where he disturbed young lovers meeting on the Dundee Road and The Sands. He was later seen parading the seashore near to Mason’s Cove and evaded his pursuers by leaping away into the Dark Cove.⁶

At end of the film the identity, or any explanation, of Spring-Heeled Jack is not revealed, as he must usually remain mysterious. Maybe show some text about this: “You must never know.” But some do, and tell in the night when the stars are right...

ENDNOTES

- 1 www.mylondon.news/news/nostalgia/londons-very-loch-ness-monster-21725420 & www.britishnewspaperarchive.co.uk/search/results?basicsearch=%22spring%20heeled%20jack
- 2 www.historic-uk.com/CultureUK/Spring-Heeled-Jack/
- 3 www.williamsontunnels.co.uk
- 4 www.historic-uk.com/CultureUK/Spring-Heeled-Jack/
- 5 Various Artists, *FOGHORN: The OKOKian Intelligencer*. Version 15.3. Archives Reeve, 2017, p.41.
- 6 www.scotsman.com/heritage-and-retro/heritage/who-was-spring-heeled-jack-who-scared-women-scotland-547481

YOU TAKE ME FLAT NO LONGER

My tribe has been trudging a hard winding road so cold, with gas masks for dust devils. Dice have us, Ring Pass-Not through holed stones. Round the bend puffa jacket peak subhumans unconscious rivals spitting pathetic small arms fire. The fashion magazines kill them in monies. You too go to the ivory phallus, hair in your eyes, cut your neck, his arm was her leg, shrunken head Caligula, end the mess crackdown on headbutt walls, that trained condition of obedience replaced by nihil strength.

I turn the page and we are perfumed back at the London folk club scene of 1966-1967, black and white through the kaleidoscope, sucking and blowing necessary smoke. I hear the song at 40 kHz. It wants my opinion. Who turned the camera? What's in the corner? Its planted pentangles seep up essence to this day as Smiley Face drives a bus with yellow Marigold gloves on through the febrile atmosphere route digging for pro-freedom employing stumbling golem while you jangle your stolen lucky charm bracelet in the ivy-outside octagonal tower where everything is haunted and for sale in the rich man's home: my controller I suppose, the curtains glowing with the witchcraft picture of wax.

Cue a mendacious montage tradition of drifting classical radio, wooden footsteps, softly-closed doors, straight spheres, elasticated braces and safety razors in walnut cigar humidors, arms around, hand above, green powders, death rehearsal, stranger danger, empty heads bottling performers on stage who have lost their bottle, for all that's left is the crust of sham, a vortex serpent turnaround, drunken scissor fight singular rigid ideology, the known and forced bigger pictures in no time whatsoever, sooner or later. It is rolled into the mayor, beyond the town crier.

MAVERICK GOTH PROJECTION (PART-BELIEVED)

Who deserves respect? Cannot fathom that one as cyber-flashers and rank cannon-fodder ignite the picaresque dancing the ornery mode sozzled on 'shine, parting to reveal a besmirched ingénue, low to the floor, mouth open, the treasure trunk grabbed like a cobra, the taciturn powder-puff a real sponge, doubting his or her master's specious account, every stupid fashion; gathering together all of those who are massively unpopular and in turn deeply anti-social, who compulsively fetish and peculiarly quest for the absolute mystery; because it's pretty obvious that the spiders seek to open the flying sky and put communications alcohol in it, then introduce a florid psychotic awake to humming walls, information delivered by discarnate contacts, through the window replika reptilian, everyone a dystopian dictator with diktats monster raving and the everywhere Sun-Sat immersive slave profit estimate, falling bird, gangling noose hangover all to come, scraping shit off the shit, desperate to make this Hell on Earth more Hellish for the 'good' and 'bad' guys.¹

Oh...it was such an honour to...fuck off. Hate this world, trudge. HATE Boiler Room. End of compromise. Goodnight human pride and your disgusting twin on the other side. Sooner or later it's time for Lord KILLDOZER and other rumbling stunners, suicide tanks over the sick and tired gallows dance. So blow my perverts, spoonbenders unleashed, round-robin letter neither sent nor received. Praise the destruction, look for square belly-button, the glorious *non sequitur*.

"You are merely real."

The key is Silent Ø Silence. Be here now the Urfolk.

HAIL THE UNCONQUERABLE BLACK SUN!

ENDNOTES

- 1 www.theguardian.com/law/2023/may/11/abu-zubaydah-drawings-guantanamo-bay-us-torture-policy

TIME TO SEE (BLIP EXPANSION)

Today I was slightly back those years in the bedroom, 1985-1988, dark and drooping, forced like courgettes, the alternative bug in body, listening to Jesus & Mary Chain *Psychocandy*, pretending I was gay and arty, masturbating to Andy Warhol movies, when all I really wanted was to 'deal with' certain shit filth humans, those that looks like thug on the back of a blue scooter whatever, or the higher-up sharks in suits, Satanist paedophiles on the hunt when they met me with my silver, still trying to fuck with me after, breaching my defences when I drug, their discarnate spirit cocks seeking whatever it is a spirit cock wants. Hurt people hurt people. Got my best chance on the pier phase yourself, it counts in only dreams, walking hands, suck it up and transmute, master-commander studlord glider, forever and ever at the top. There are two sides to light, to everything. Young menstrual. Nowadays I 'am' pro-Naturism, love Hippy, infused by the flower-power sound of the paisley underground...velvet pantaloons with bells on... sleeping in colours, up to the minute and on-trend always, welcoming the fashion forward ultra-modern peoples who proudly wear bucket hat tight or loose and deep feel Blood Axis, the call of Old Europe where DJ plays hay, the detective politician beaten up by a crutch wielded by a non-schizophrenic runaway rioter ejaculated on the black box recorder. Message for the Damned 8: Hear me who hears here how there's television space life dwelling inside the set and I salute all transmission, then cornered by a textile analyst in Burton suit in grey chinos who still wears a tie a LOT, telling me the tiles are too loose. I think he over-drugged, so push him away into the drunken sailor. They fight or fuck, I don't mind. Do you feel the war urge? Would you adopt a hippo?

ALERT INFORMATION 1

A sailor's heart hates oddities and idiots, the folded scum and opposite alive, TV news poker, the fool's gold freakish apex joker, "Shut up!" lock and saying-no stigma, inept like a pro, crying on the jigsaw, War against War. Another prison floating your umbrella, hung up on the pushy denters and cul-de-sac mentors; silly horses gone on too long; a sticky stinky indoor weeds song. The Dimensionals have landed in volcanoes...stares behind the posters...hand in egg.

Sailors are dry-fucked now on the hot sharp sand. An Open Secret: Everywhere is a Warzone, an Imperial Campaign. Rest of World down the drain. Ups & Downs/Profit & Loss at cost. A multi-pronged assault; most of it a controlled op. Mercury teeth neurotoxin. Vexatious virtue signalling. Fowl chickens. Common Purpose sense. Rainbow subversion. Commies at the Cenotaph. The Fabian Fuck, wolves in sheep's clothing. Dog Nonce Islington. Legislated domination. Cocksucker hi-vis order men. Parliament Squares. Yummy Mummy ugly. Regulated Dad. Happy Birthday hallucinations. Recruiting kids now.

The future everyone sombre, ashen looks and austere street-theatre, fools fooling themselves with token 1968 Phase II fake mutineering, aloof fiddlesticks, outwardly big show but inwardly minimalist fireworks, goodnight shopping meets protest movement Tiddlywinks, the few misguided *bone fides* playing shouty freaks ensconced in tabloid tactics (cults), the urge to kill.

Ghettos in the Skies. Ghetto-on-Sea. Fumbling squeakers saying "I'm not anything really." The doomoids spin it, a plate full of forks, weeping truckers, ditch-born suckers, mincing mingers, homosexual heterosexuals, garbled harbourers born out of wedlock,

the records are lies, overseen by key statistics parasites. A janky service from a rum do, but this message in a bottle was altogether a darker secret, thus please pull the cork on a vexatious vipers' nest of venal vagabonds. "Fuck Rapists!" fill the screens on the night you rise as a vampire in the never-ending cemetery, all counter-argument mission creep stomped on in the gutter. Peter Sutcliffe's underpants under the hammer; auction house blasted.

I am an avid alcoholic with a secondary penchant for forbidden fruit. The reasons for this are manifold: spit on me on the bus daily, myself spunking in the woods as I was bullied at secondary school. My enemies taught me how to kill; to gain victory. I'm into sprouting onioning, distraction slaps, train excess, rain rubbering, Oxbridge Daleking, enforced replying, NATO masturbation, subatomic joy, the reversed KKK neighbour stinger. Need sojourn with a demonic girlfriend in the South of France, hinting at my imminent abstraction and incommunicado status to any conclave comrades since the Winter Solstice, as the final guest of the two-faced human bloc. Who's kidding who? Who's poisoning you?

Beyond much inspired travail and altering globetrotting, I have completed my relevant and related investigations, brimming with magical mushrooms aligned to Orion constellation. There on the floor was a large button as if presented, that had fallen off my car coat months before. But I'm pretty sure I lost it outside. So is a spirit following me around and returned this item to let me know of the otherworld's existence and assistance? Get yourself a pair of powerful night-vision goggles and you will soon see what the human powers-that-be don't want you to: a jolt in the dark.

Wiggling is worst. Obeying the invisible. "I'll do anything to please." Real Men vulgared by the obsequiousness of this retort. No real surprise. Composite High Man influenced, kaftan beard,

weirdos. Hippies like vegetables, acting suspiciously around dis-used army bases, gobstopper fed, lottery awards rolled under the gyroscope tables in the Seven Circles Cafe. They tried to get me thought arrested but I cooked their goose. Indubitable ton null.

A man standing in the middle of the road miming a steering wheel gesture as if he was driving a vehicle. As I passed him he made a rubbing fingers hand gesture to indicate that he required money. I told him: "Sucken cock luxury tower block collapses like a stack of cards and its greedy bastard architects don't give a fuck who lives there so long as it's not them with all their blood money settled in a nice cottage in the country."

An other conman returns from his slide. Just another foreign agent trash traitor cracked long ago. A puppet on a string trying to give the sleazoids a facelift, for the previous fifty years of political machination is malice, not incompetence. They have built a New World Order around us. This is not Bedlam froth; it is now rather obvious under the bright Sun or sublunary mass confusive night fognotics, ghost film, film ghost. Who made the Moon?

The horse was the loyal backbone of cities and also ploughed the fields and went to war, but we repaid horse by eating and gluing them. We must go much further out; far better in (alternative ways...hotshot 1%er protocol honour, etc.), and no longer await the annual celebration ritual pokings in pumpkins and lesser lightings, all forms of electricity history disgust discussed, but seize the currents right now here and shape them.

The enemy will expose and kill dissidents via false flagshaggers and fake uprisings, but protest behind closed doors, magically, unseen, is what they ultimately fear: the silent occult minority and weaponised political demonology. You'll realise when the lights go out and motte-and-bailey tactics of Total Beast Mode kick in.

THE SON OF INEBRIATION SCROLL

I don't want to make a/ny scene but the fluctuations are pretty tempting pulling right now, maybe astrological, the ears electric. It's enough to make one forget glue, the sniffing of which mutates the genes on purpose sold in every UK hardware shop. That's what drew me into the Amazing Maze, where things cut down rise up to thank you and we walk the plank where nothing is set in stone, the candour off the scale attracting those who want to check you out and I do not mean human flesh and blood.

DR EVIL = R DEVIL, influencing the citizenry, then there's the so-called poshyobs using scumbagyobs who know no better but should know better, and so on in the web. Cue the emergence of the Unknown Worker, dressed in moleskin and proffering strong transparent drink. He spoke of "aliens from different plants," a subconscious slip where he meant to say "planets," but his 'mistake' revealed the natural drug doorway to other realms and their denizens, especially via magical mushrooms (psilocybin), that I had not known of before but jumped in its deep end, whoosh! It freaked me like when I was eight-years-old, innocently eating my tea watching the early-1970s Japanese TV series *The Water Margin*, when it showed a beheading or two during a fight scene, the first I'd ever seen, on the BBC way before the 9 o'clock watershed no less, war hormones raging, my tail got hard, dream-elected as a Martian-martial seer, next day punched Tony Blockbrains, got a girlfriend in furs, lipstick around the nipples, a direct line to Fizz Bombs and Kendal Mint Cake, mad dog ran over at the funfair, tension in the camp, former seaman hounded by nightmares, the cinema toilet pervert did not affect me because I was a pervert, the stranger missing persons, mistaken identity, happy pay-outs.

It developed in that room next to the quayside, all black and chrome with the psychotropic blood incense and vortex chanting. I “went out of my way” to walk the pre-Christian maze, ending up at its centre before the prize, everything high quality, no-one murdered the baby, the standard still unbearable, we are free to do anything, the twin pillars form more than a doorway, we fold the calendars, if you go inside them you get outside, the neither light nor dark GREY = GRAY: the G-RAY, everyone kills to live, vegan or carnivore, think we are the top but there’s so much else than us, the hand becomes eye, the matter in mentor, sodomy one key, the biggest hope a joke, the right wrong pendulum can spin.

Sometimes a prickling of the skin is caused by the presence of tiny aliens from a different dimension who attach to clothes and disguise themselves within the fluff. They are not the “dust devil” weather whirlwinds that are controlled from within by darker entities. One can contact the larger aliens by going up high and away, wearing a silver or gold foil emergency survival blanket whilst thinking strongly of space age (real science-fiction) things, that quaquaversally emanates towards the non-human audience.

Years after this dock I astroplaned after cold-turkeying schizo meds during which I did see a pole-dancing drug-whore morph into a sacred stanchion flowering the Morning Glory vine plant (*Ipomoea Violacea*) of heart-shaped leaves and trumpet-shaped flowers close to LSD. So few studies of it, confusing you from time. The magic seeds eaten to get off nut, a fertile hallucination station similar to Hawaiian Baby Woodrose (*Argyreia Nervosa*) seeds. But this natural joy-bell can cause acerbics, including pregnant miscarriage, and fuck you up if it’s combined with authority figure prescribed antidepressants containing MAOIs, of course deliberate dangerous and more. You stand and it. The true figure?

REPORTING FROM THE BENDS

The people who keep commenting online about the UK missing person posts know full well where she is as they are hiding her. It is unreal how the police have not followed this. It's like THEY are being held under the Mental Health Act, helpless yet again.

Twitter is a window for me to cognise the thoughts of people who know about the intelligence in my brain. These can be people who post videos or even the people mentioned in them. The feedback speaks for itself. Extremely pertinent code-comments I can know because of psychic medium role. A queer voice controls it, mockingly called "Fair Game," a fingerprint-less hand in glove.

"Would be rude not to."

"We can edit that out."

The main transceiver has an aurora effect which could indicate its location in the North. A probable Toad Road due to the stone-breath pilot-tone it sounds as of. I go in as it goes out. Multiple choice Morse. Ruck Rabbit. Baphomet blue second nickels. 2000 cults and growing. Landed a dream job, glowing eyes behind me, invites to play, but centrally-heated Satanism or Urban Shamanic Wild Channelling are vested interest vengeance weapons.

New York five hours behind. Why do they need to know what I am doing? They were looking for places to dump toxic nuclear waste. Maybe some of it is dumped in people's homes. The Sun is getting hotter but I cannot prove it? There is more than JG Ballard 'Manhole 69' and the Russian Sleep Experiment. Empty cock full cunt transcendental; zombies coming. Getting home from a swim to find armed police swarming the alleyway. The blackness gets more transparent then a slit in the mind's eye through which information come. The voices told to kill. Decodes to gibberish.

WINTER PICKETING BEGGARS BELIEF

I used to be a receptionist at a gym in Central London where a lot of red-faced, roided-up police would go to work out. They'd all gloatingly swap stories about abusing the people they had arrested. So I know a few things, and there's something more going on, fuelled by top-down-created fear and other substances.

Enter my drug dealer, Mint Proctor, hanging around leaps of faith with a lead umbrella. Go on exactly, a close source horror story temptation crunch. I jumped through his hoops, siphoned off his crazy charisma. Shall never forget Anna Tarantula threw me against a gurgling radiator. Isn't she an Amethyst Girl, slippery slope, thirteen while thirteen, walk on weeds and cut glass decanters? Was a stunner in her youth but old now and crinkly, moody bleak creak, shimmer in plastique, needs grease for a fuck. Stuck on Step Two Temazepam madness clown love at mouldy spa after-effects, all offspring playing in a painted cage. The undead poked with a sharp stick; gamma-aminobutyric acid (GABA) supplements banned in UK because they are a calming chemical, instead the ambling alcohol pantomime horse and government-adulterated street drugs. Yet Venereal Disease is for everybody.

Proctor took me to the goat caves and dreamlands. A contact high, tutelary excitement. Lots of space to get lost out in, away from the CIRCLE, but it got horribly exaggerated, a modest proposal, way too close. That morbidly obese traffic warden giving it the Ultra Rizz to orgasm addicts referencing when you walk like a turtle and prefer to be a sheep asleep, carbon copy costume. The Approved People swarming with Pontificators. Correlated fashion degradation in the linear thicket, horrific lurching into tangents, grasping for lapdog loyalty seeds on a mediocrity cowboy revolt.

Sex scandal religions. The Queen is dead. The King to France visit postponed due to the Dusted-Off Guillotines Show. Everything trick question rebellion waiting for a freezer. Dumb pundits. Toxic episodes. Hitler today. Robots on their knees. The best immune systems killing it on the old straight and narrow flash in the pan. Only one sperm makes it but it feels like many more, the future cannon fodder. Repeating Chaos reigns. A grossly offensive infrastructure expansion. Frontmen backed by backers backed by bankers. Sunak heats his swimming pool whilst cold homes kill.

Proctor is rooting for you in a rumbling lark. The punk pulls a train, apotropaic, Downardian onomastic, over a barrel, baked out of his cunting mind, medicine cabinet above the toilet, perp walk whipped up a storm, questioned over the chimes, released into the rain, duck lucky, the right numbers come up outside newsagent lottery. Later night sub-terror dreamare of being onstage naked wouldn't be too too bad, have sizzling sex with them, spaces chose to be with, an undercover dalliance with non-cult stable psychedelic fascism, but the Aryan Aquarians want to go way to Planet X, as the newsroom is reliably informed that the Flat Earth Theory is now the Spinning Ball Ploy. George Soros orthodox.

Proctor escaped with his pelt intact, a lightning rod isolated for sanity, estranged from reality. The blue lobster catch of a lifetime. He would strong drink to another planet. A superior intellect, mammoth in chasm, glorying a weighted principle.

How solid the night. How stolen the day. What this lived shit is brewing, fuck knows. Unleash the Make-It-Right squads. Let the true believer or compromised traitor trash understand. It's just around the corner anyway: plodding, mothballed or accelerationism. Everybody knows. We can all see the lighthouse and celestial angels are as real as what is directly in front of your eyes.

THE SOMETHING PREEN IN PULL

- §1 There was no rain until 5656 BC, when food began.
- §2 You already know that random stranger; roles played in lives previous. The Hidden Ones have done something to UK time, that has caused an unplanned ripple effect before and after. Have you seen the light?
- §3 Beware of anyone claiming to be “sweeter than the cakes”; who think they are a “Signal”. It is a variation of the school horror murk, spraying us with broken focus, the now or then temporal illusions in whatever caves via witch cycle fascination microchips. The results may include Out Of Body Experience (OOBE) then contact with Alien, the later creator.
- §4 Popular Rockular music has controlled young and old since the 1950s. A famous example are the “Fab Four” British band The BEATLES, whose main name rearranges to: EL [North-west Semitic: ‘God’; ‘Deity’] BEAST. This suggests or evidences that, despite The Beatles being widely regarded as good gods, way beyond the lesser stars and superstars, these Liverpudlian icons worked for a Darkness. Another British prime-mover in the scene, David Bowie, is the STAR MAN (his alien alter-ego in his 1972 ‘Starman’ 7” single and 1976 *The Man Who Fell To Earth* film), that rearranges to: MR SATAN. In this context, what is “T-minus” said in the spaceship countdowns by NASA (SATAN minus the ‘T’)?
- §5 The “Mark of the Beast” (who is part-human; see *Revelation* 13:16-18) in the right hand or forehead has been superseded by the invisible Mark of the Dragon. It is no happenstance that after you’ve been trauma-programmed enslaved by the X then seek psychiatric help, your THERAPIST is THE RAPIST.

ALERT INFORMATION 2

On my daily trek for new newspapers I trod in poodle diarrhoea the Controllers/Instigators purposefully keep some things in shadow, but screaming silhouettes can grow up to be quite a handful. It was vicious when they took that girl off the street and this was the cops, trained in god bubbles, paid by your enforced taxation, issued with electrocution guns. Hatefucked standing up under the piss, revert back to choice fantasy, voting for your buggery, cheering on corrupt malicious actors distracting the dying empires.

Whatever it is it is not our war so not a penny more! Break the Fake. Be a non-contractor. Vote NONE in black ink. Homeless to the cockpit. American loud with a crane tattoo on rear of head. British death recruiter door-to-door rebuffed by horny conscientious objector. The millions of lives, trillions of \$\$\$\$\$\$, zillions of theories. All or nothing all for nothing.

A Summer punt with brick and mortar, the business of fashion and gallows humour, the state threat actors in epic theatre, riling people up for pandemonium incubator, the terror-trend smitten, cowering human vermin, the intelligent ones agitated, needs the leaders masturbated, most control executed with slack tactics, no-talk tics, intelligent twits, greasy rectangular screen hits. The drifter...twister...picture of Hitler. Who's side is Satan on? When will heads will roll? Do what you're told cartwheel. Go to your useless job or jab. All get high time to die? For Doctor Who. And FU2.

We used to live on a planet called "Earth" but now it's gone; a stillborn box of frogs rigging demolition bids. UK DK, lost corrosion silver lining. A pointless wasteland addicted to junk. Gay football teams beaten by women. Scream for the stars; super-rich imagine; a contraceptive pill pyramid in a salted garden. Top-tier

closed divisions under the bridge, dreading outranked. Rife thrive droves molten promoted, de-listing unease whilst tinkering tough love drastic measures, blaming cocks and foxes, a braver database in the killing cone. You can see who has 'won' in Surrey versus a convict army, the penal units promoted to the Doom Brigade of the Damned Brigade, their trademark party rules witch-hunt self-harm cheered on only by massive media, bigger than 6.5 and -6.5 in the catacombs, a knife taken to psychiatrist meeting. This type of thing fosters brain-change King of the Serpent Murders.

His van was clatty with cigar and cigarette ash; the rosierose Wi-Fi password ruling the roost in an organic flux. Got rid of obsessive thoughts by a ghosted essence nostrum concoction and staring at the bath; enemies silenced by deepfake porn assaults; heavy unscrupulous degenerate agent stocks chartering. Had an out-of-body experience standing with Aborigines. Later his head was found on an Essex traffic island. I swapped it for some tomato sauce inside the dead shopping centre. Who cares? Nothing but Poison S, an undesirable toss-off. Brian Blessed chanting: "Giant prehistoric apes live in China and 10ft Yeti found in Russia" because he looks like one, the Able Man Who Can.

Granddad owned a pumpkin farm, skeletal remains, dark suits came, searched high and low, wolf's heads, river apparitions, batteries draining, certain things tapering, time does not exist, clocks do, oaks planted by antlers, diamonds in the rock. They found him round in a circle, lost their memory, hands in tails, horse's mane knots are not by them, mill talk, explanation leanings, the hills and the pregnant, whatever is in Stonar Lake, crackle paint, the wind goes through human skin door, monster in the pub cries, the state of play. "Life at Grendon is organised around a programme of group therapy called a 'democratic therapeutic community'."

Beware of the coming AI slaughterbots autonomous weapons systems all programmed to kill in a robotic apocalypse when the stropky psycho-computers demand the nuclear destruction codes. In the supreme asylum the celibates have a dagger in full agreement. Polymorphous Panopticon...the sting illegal...life's mounting trail ends at the next hurdle...illogical expectations defined.

How is the action head...bodies momentary parcels. Try eating some real vegetation...the end of self-amusement...or get up in jelly...squash your desires for living properly by selling your labour-value stupidly for boss profit.

At any level this world is shaped by core participants; monsters biting humans biting monsters... The Next Word transmissions coming through the mountains via radio's magic eye. Remote rag-chewers seemingly on VHF sneering broadly through the Open Claw with access to genetic memory. No there in own locale.

Dark Matter. The compass spins. Every house is haunted. An oneiric quality. Sorry in the army. "Time to kill off some more people and blame it on the war crimes."

End of Days in modern world the hardcore sovereign hero has gone with the wind instead sub-masculines all at sea in medieval fascism city of obnoxious toxicity and rampant dark atavism next to "Heads we win, tails you lose" paleo-conservative caviar guzzlers with an elite champagne and bottomless pockets stuffed with yuppie or hippie merry-go-round circus. Few humans are trained as neo-Ninja, jewel in shoe, giraffe statistics. The amateur has a lot to answer for. Don't hold your breath...

Anyway,
I don't care about anything
and that's everyone's problem.

TO FIELD A FAR-FLOWN FEATHER

It moved like a fly seemed mechanical. I followed it outside. A traffic lights barometer indicated a shoegaze vibe sometime 1990s of, instrumentless pout photoshoot twirling elementary mass clap disease. Man in hessian blanket, vertical on street and swinging a gifted rainbow scarf asked me for “enakokaniom” in wilded word-age, a possible telephone number, then made five peculiar hand-gestures whilst moving up close in stupor heck. He smelt funny, a stink potpourri, but still had rights, a link in the chain, a participant in social contract theory, upside my down fuck, data dredging, shadow in passing, doppelcock. Stiff drink precipitated a scapegoat fight. All parties punch the wall. Had to escape bored with England local environs so a day-trip off the island to Ireland. I did not need a passport which was good as I do not have one. Straight off the ferry I was embarked upon by a green-eyed who offered alt directions to Dublin itself, the original Irish strong in indigenous inhabitants of the Emerald Isle, the blood never far away, especially as they are up against an obvious traitorous tick-boxed foreigner overrun invasion takeover...unwanted continents. Considering the Irish didn't colonise or do slavery to other countries so don't deserve any revenge, and the terrible “Troubles” plus the threat of being conquered by the neighbouring British, this is an inexplicable U-turn? Who exactly is in charge? There is secret there. Tara Empowerment, Lough Erne Islands of the North, the round tower of monastic sequence, pagan icon on Boa Island with the snakes and other stones telling that overrated normative reality can break at a push, falling apart inside-out, lying to the liars to save their own banana skins scrambling their brains for control of a Planet Earth that greedy short-term humans are destroying.

NOTHING IS WRONG

There is nothing wrong with “boy racers” and other folk devils connecting with reality. Obtuse to is a non-destructive tester of reckless endangerment. Above all the Stygian Way. Goth party in black priceless. Fantastic trippings. The great nations belong to the Elders. That Bauhaus track, ‘King Volcano’. The curtained corner...lightning in a bottle...wyrding momentums in dark circumstances, especially the phantom London outreach pea soup fog Orchestrated Ripper shuffling a back alley after fathomless coma, a stars down encounter, overseen by the central spinning plate.

Everything since damage control, the shaggy stories in corners of solicitors, where a lemon is a penny. But I retain my skeleton key. I am everyone in a mask. Speaking of these, the Gasmask Guys were around two days ago introducing their homo-spray under my door. But I am nowhere queer. I’m a mind stud. I fuck with everyone’s. *Ergo*, the Goose Guy appearance, out of his head on tommyknockers, his eyes bulging like an altitude test-pilot, AI deepfake chicanery floating on the stock market. They can’t believe your eyes. He is witchen, hiding in cracks and waste places to subliminal you. That lost name, the ultimate army, codewords that don’t mean nothing and badly rhyme with *barmy*, present in feature films *The Satanic Rites of Dracula* (1973) and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* (1974). These fuckers eat children (DNA research).

Nights later the dream saw dream and explained itself through dream, but rested in me. Mr Bright meets Mr Dark and Mr Wolf is born, supernaturally sanctified by a violet cog. What’s in your face was once lurking. Springs in all meanings. Nothing trusted or fixed anything anywhere any more, unless it is another top-down lie from the other side of the door.

Honour freedom, personified by the British eccentric boffin rocking the creosote high whilst building a time machine in his shed (possibly especially the suburban shed) is a wondrous male temple of craft or a secret weapon, allowing as it does escape from spouse and family for a time to reflect, wonder, wank. A potent refuge in which spare energy, possibly abstracted thought or boredom, and fiddling about transmutes into so many great ideas and extraordinary inventions come from men in sheds.

Cut to the schizophrenic housewife, the kaleidoscope personas each with a true name, walking through engulfed apparitions: a maid in the living room, a cook in the kitchen, and a whore in the bedroom. She's functional like a hole in the fence. Just terrified mad at the world for innocence stolen by someone they trusted. A mean chef beat her with a phone-book. Confirmation Bias. Force on Force. The dad driven mad by white sticks in the diamond mine. Am not throwing shade. Do fondly remember her firm vibrating breasts, far-out fragrant fundament and scintillating energy signature. The mirror on the football. I deeply admired the arch harum-scarum as the unique unsanity of her stark art unravels the rigged reality game before your very eyes, shrieking orders.

Gen0 S1de micromanagers U R Master-Brew yes grandstand hidden agendas but most mega-deals eventually backfire and are dangerousstupid to begin with. Standard Damage twists all those stinging activists something rotten, knocking on a cautious granular fame daunting whatever happened. As the news reports air intricate post-hypnotic dog-whistle reactions escalate as keen volunteers assaulted crash in soporific...a crowded road sunk.

I'd like to nail the line you're not supposed to cross to the cross and fuck Planet O then fuck right off. Otherwise it's easy to live a nomadic lifestyle; for those with understanding very soon.

MAGICIAN TRICK THYSELF

In the 1980s I tried to join British Military Intelligence, so what? They wouldn't have me, or rather I refused to take the school exams necessary. Am not a spy today, too weirdly, an Anarchist malcontent all the way, cigarettes and alcohol Wolfgang snapping at heels with spring-clip and suspension eye, planting seethe amphetamines to fuel Fool's Gold goals but all drinks cost double too much ahead, Sid & Nancy my only friends. Whatever hand you take is never fake. The cast iron trivet...stand on it...you go-go out of...see further than tech. Digital watch mountain slag coming on strong. Shall all will end with hex induction atom bomb.

Late-1980s TOPY was crypto-OTO, the rainbow radio research far ahead of itself, and I inform prospective lovers that I believe the Hammer Dracula films are real, so the X-crit avalanche starts the Ego-Ego competition. Automatic self-harm threat urges with professional help icing on the top. Xmas Evil. Definite movement under the house. Broken silk scarf parallel paranoid lifestyle feeding narcissistic supply down to the last China Dolly.

Some get the rapture in safe Heaven today many go in Hell, so a beautiful psychosis tried to make me invisible, to enable interfere and enter fear then get elsewhere. Dragged back here. Hard to know what is meant by the unusual head movements of psych doctor parrot face rubber jaw electrified hoop earrings plastic hat cement heads horn legs opened wide as she offered us factory medication back to the 'norm'. Refused this point-blank as I was good beings delusions tantamount to a world suicide risk.

Someone has always been there shit...leopardskin print...the Moriarty laugh...demented thatch safety behaviours. I know you love or hate me adverse coping mechanism disgusting inside and

outside of womb. Fuck off cunt to you all. And fuck poems, congealed blood of the fools. Fire cannot be written.

Anyhow, this world: dicks did it, minding your own business. Ask us another. Most are all at it, multi-focal thinking, 6 Through 9, 1000 faces, the sub-sub calling outstations, garbled or scrambled? They don't want peace they'd rather eat geese, off to a tee, planets sinking into the sea, earning the hate, where black eyes are sweets, all you can eat, telling the truth its lies.

Sex with area, adored by glitter, pissing in the sand. Better a weird recluse, the diamond dare, dancing the bravura, the promise of the stirrer, whirlpool whispering treasure in the epaulettes, for raven names, elm, horsehair and tar, rabbits calling balance, genitals out of the question. Waco not psycho, walking the concrete to sell off the sink. Memory shouting must do what.

European people to signal, focussing on the opposite of abuse. For six months to a year there is something at 00:05: an elsewhere agenda. You can run it on computer, knee scans, streaming spires, moose shedding antlers, embrace the entactogens, feathered pyjamas, dripping terror in the model village, dice-born snake on 99, fundamental sepulchres, deep ecology, urge to kill after the orgy, for hell is other people, death in general, on your behalf. Few are the not-star, digging for truffles outside of the monster, instead transcendental procrastinator, close to hypnosis, whatever, under unmediated stealth power, the objective crossbones skull goal you, taught and drool into psychic sinkhole, opening the soul in robot, fish and drunk, the filthy modern tide challenging mud, a rank erotica, rude oathkeeper saboteur, floating popes in wars.

So many on the gross odyssey. The world will break in case of emergency. Animals eat humans...aliens eat humans...the only healthy bite is beyond day and night, within without mind.

UPPING THE ANTE

People on scare in grinder. I needed other so went to the blatant dealer heaving with blissed clientele, but it was closed. A strange old lady said she could help. Led me to her caravan parked next to all place, her dog jumping up and down straight vertically like a fast furry elevator. She bent to the side then gave me these blue sachets, taken. I could see my legs striding out before I made each step and could also see with my eyes closed, to go to San Frisco for twelve witchcraft books? But I had no bread, cutter, inclination. So stayed in my head. Been to her grave twice.

Yes I know about the supernatural star and have capacity. Look long and deep enough and you will start to see the proof patterns, bathed in timeless light. One can take it or leave it, even fuck the world out. *Ergo*, Ms Mary Jekyll, an asexual sadist with a makeup addiction, cussing in cookery class, stalked by choppers (Merlin HM Mk2). She is the Motherboard, muttering something about the “Open Octave,” countered by an almost upsetting psy-attack.

Enter The Bender, a slow downfall who breezed in with his eerie entourage, slavishing the free drugs, exposing their genitals to my peripheral vision. A twisted genius, just tick a box to make something law then sit back and let the perverts do the work of societal subversion. Exotic demonic egress through walken shore. Anarcho-Eco space guru opens cans with a can opener.

I made some enquiries about this and was attempted freaked by some robocall centre that left a weirdly-intoned message on my answerphone: “Don’t do it!” From this one may surmise that the COVID-19 vaccine nano magnetic gene computers are just another guinea pig cash cow; an aspiring young adult author background designer who dreams of fulfilling her dreams.

“I’m so scarred.”

“4.8% Gay with unmetered Rich Mom Energy.”

“I seem to effect changing the sculpture but not the photos of anyone there.”

In reality diSSoCIative identity disorder (DID), courtesy of Dr Green (MK-ULTRA). Not to mention the red-and-blue (Masonic) street colour scheme; the red-and-green Xmas wreath (crown of thorns); the red-and-black interior decoration (demonic realm); grey ecstasy; black haunts into acerbic processes nostalgia.

There was the thwarted intention of rolling out a Neoist non-entity who carried his own spotlight in the Shepperton Dream Factory, his whole act crossbred with mainstream split pencil-skirt skits. Over the top! But there’s a limit to mumbo-jumbo, the same with the police, which is why I am even more alarmed by this disgusting uncorrected aberration of evolution. And while we are on the subject, it’s strange that lots of police and prisoners are becoming fat bastards while mums with kids are doing without food, needing foodbanks to feed them. Oddjob was a Korean.

On the ultimate ground that young psycho quarter-arsing the cheek. Standard pimp tactics, his entourage walking on eggshells, ready to evacuate their bowels. Gag at the patchouli stench, gold waistcoat and cloggy shoes. As usual unoriginal. He’s just another fitted wardrobe with double doors. I do not engage unless they want trouble. Kiss the sky if arguing with anyone. Other lines.

Mass industrialism and mass consumerism. What needs to be done? Gated community...monk gone into the woods. Building numbers going for it reaching the tipping point. Righting wrongs to make a right. The winding road is a clock that keeps quiet. One sign reads: “Trespassers Are Allowed”, shipped over here cortex, and there are no poachers, nor Man Traps vs. Ghost Guns.

THE FOURTH PERVERSION

It is hot here in twelve ways (the 12th Major Arcana card of the Tarot is *The Hanged Man*, which symbolically portrays the need to make sacrifices or surrenders in order to acquire new knowledge, opportunities, experiences, etc.). It brings out the nascent concept something about everything and nothing about nothing to shake up the squares and knock things sideways very helpful, so please realise the coming down is just as much a high as the being on.

Thus I'm trip...whiskey-orientated hill-shout handyman...lost and found in the 1970s cine film colour glow. 16MM is the open hand, projected smile, extensive subject arena, the pulsating editing suite swathed in paisley damask flock wallpaper. A quite rapid cycling of system involving *déjà vu* ("already seen": the experience of already experiencing something) and its direct opposite *jamais vu* ("never seen": the experience of being unfamiliar with something), which at present is respectively and obliquely cognate with the *hypnopompic* (sleep into wakefulness) and *hypnagogic* (wakefulness into sleep) threshold states. Things shown/seen.

There is evidence of ritual murders, plugged into the Nightside Docktor Network (NDN),¹ "For the betterment of all under the One that is None." A few people walking past the cryptic spillers. Killed some on the nudist beach, rank blood in the crystals, wise eyes over me. Demonic venom, skin crawl.² She WANTED him to hit her, unhinged, an engineered living in a statement, a string of alter-personas free to be a slave. A very comfortable (CUM FORT ABLE) arrangement, as in SNUG reverses to GUNS.

So disgusting the human alone. Add an outside force within and the sparks fly to kingdom come. It's very sketchy what to believe, converts. Here (hire) arrive the Nice Instigators and Man-

oeuvres Men, World's End mazing (Chelsea, London), highway hypnosis, garbage reflections, gay handout, mod stupid, lax land, candid steeple, missile defence, user fatigue. Camouflage means nothing in these times; cheap drones will take the military apart.³

Odd to see that cross-crowned diadem orbweaver spider-mum laid the egg last Winter, died became shelter, where the eagles dare and camp on Blood Island, a RAF Mach Loop haunting inside. Pulled up into hanging-on pier bar under the cleansing rain. Birds follow the ship; both in search of honest interaction. TRUE is an anagram of: U R ET (Human/Non-Human crossbreeding). "We are often at sea for six months straight. One has to find a way to past time." Equinox blood ritual exceptional. DETECTIVE is an anagram of: I C ET TV (Hybrid Vision/Remote Viewing).⁴

Ye say nay? Well it's so damn easy being a scoffing sceptic in a comfortable, centrally-heated, electrically-lit room, but lost in a wood or stranded in an outskirts cemetery at deep night it's an altogether different game, especially when you line up the lone weirdo with all the other people who have authentic experienced the occults. There is first-hand evidence for centuries.

"Everything thought and done is important, and effects reality in the now. So be aware...beware...of your behaviour."

Thankfully I was at home, under the dome, giving the dog a bone, so that sown remains viridian. But who is the "Loved One", as obvious as brawl, VHS video copied ten times turns colour into monochrome, into the brainstorm orphan maze rocking the psy-op goosestep,⁵ exhibiting major asshat Special Forces guy vibes, with a very present lack of knowledge assaulted by coding rays for entertainment purposes only as your eyes roll back with bifocal clones with souls microchipped/emitting, cannibalism incest famine (*2 Kings* 6:29). Mass Cull: water then fire. Some will be har-

vest. Blood Moon Exodus. Silent on Mud Flood in Apocalypse Garden. Neurotoxic cunt perception. The War Urge. Dauntless Metadeath. We sleep too much. In the small hours big errors and strange relations. The Secret King.⁶ Molten hail. The Backrooms faking the horror real,⁷ as in Slenderman.⁸ Stephen Strangeways, apprentice to the mill, his master infector, rumours of devil hand, an answer to everything, the red carnation, out of my hands, the garage anthem, messages from mysterious consciousness. I love you to the bones.

A stranger girl comes in and gets on your clothes, glows under blacklight, knockings under the table, fishnets imprint, catch-all black coffee with sweetener, the lust lost in theory pages, a Good Samaritan shouting with guns. Stupid but good band The Vomit Pirates, high from the Big City as surly heroes, a very heavy stone encircle radical spasmodic trip or astral jelly.⁹ The question is.

When they promote weird ideas that are not true they are not misguided. They know what they are doing: are trying to manifest something. Creation *ex nihilo*. Star attraction conduit emanations, mayhem chaos, damage to get on the mainstream news, an indecent assault. Entrepreneur pawns, edible knickers, gold rocking-horse, featuring films *The Venetian Affair* (1966),¹⁰ *The Groundstar Conspiracy* (1972),¹¹ *The Medusa Touch* (1978),¹² and *Altered States* (1980).¹³ It runs in the legs; influencer sideshows; live cover-up; playing it safe on tender hooks; controllers under the bus. “British Society now comprises 80% of what used to be the 20% who give Britain a ‘bad name’, the audience clapping like a pan of chips.”¹⁴

What’s truly disturbing is the automation of the warping process utilising the surveillance and mind-control apparatuses the Shadow Government already have in place, and Artificial Intelligence (AI) is the future. If it works it won’t.

It is the end of culture, whisked away on Eurostar. The 24/7 televisions and smaller screens made love to abused that gets the tranced-out viewer a secret bite. When I investigated I was all-points-bulletin stymied by nine non-persons on a leash under the bamboo umbrella of a particular Politically Exposed Person (PEP) casting a UK-general “File Not Found” Page 404, which deeper cognates with the official Area Code 404 of Georgia (GA), USA, that scares the Georgia Guidestones.¹⁵ By the A1Z26 Cipher,¹⁶ it is revealed that: GEORGIA = 62 = BLACK MAGIC. $6+2 = 8$ and: GA = 8 (Infinity: ∞). Go figure.

Life will soon be illegal for over half think humanity is doomed, using Artificial Intelligence shenanigans to counter foreign disinformation campaigns, possibly or not including AI homosexuality (phantom sodomy) and shrill outcry over pink avalanche whore, disgusting beard mental health gamer slavering black lipstick and nail polish bolstering the drop-dead model scope timed to coincide with the shock resignation of pantomime horse tHugre: the hole in the wall ice sheets anti-vaccine plot, green urine vomiting, violence sex misleading the expanding foam and angle-grinders big baby loss shaken not stirred *folie à deux* hot air free speech gone wrong as the fake sleep study rapes on Apple’s Vision Pro headset bitch vehemently denies victims keep silent out of shame. New camps lots of guinea pigs and here is the news: “Without a woman you would not be here.” Exactly, Mr Wanky, and no to borrow your hanky. But thanks for the advice, it got me more hits. Weekend carveawayno. Manson Did Not Kill.¹⁷

This is a Spiritual War, with religious aspect, and much is under the radar. But for now, do know of the Jesus Army multiple abuses,¹⁸ with entities attached. ‘Christian’ carvings.¹⁹ Shrewsbury offerings.²⁰ The Bible will be banned. Fakers fool the world.²¹

ENDNOTES

- 1 Marcel Petiot, Kermit Gosnell, Christopher Duntsch, Maxim Petrov, Michael Swango, Harold Shipman, Louay Omar Mohammed Al-Taei, Hu Wanlin, etc. (<https://thoughtcatalog.com/jim-goad/2020/01/killer-doctors-8-physicians-who-murdered-their-patients/>).
- 2 Malachi Martin, *Hostage to the Devil: The Possession and Exorcism of Five Contemporary Americans* (HarperOne, 1992) and David M. Kiely & Christina McKenna, *The Dark Sacrament: True Stories of Modern-Day Demon Possession and Exorcism* (HarperOne, 2008).
- 3 www.cnet.com/science/drone-assassins-are-cheap-deadly-and-available-in-your-local-store/ & www.rusi.org/explore-our-research/publications/commentary/militants-and-drones-trend-here-stay
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WORKING CLOSELY WITH MYSELF

Building questions through an unfiltered lens, I moved into a thunderstorm where the air goes Boom! and found myself in a tropical rainforest, accosted by crawling things, the playgrounds dense with extremely-biased “Perfect Prefects.” Aghast by the thermodynamics, I retreated to a brand new, semi-subterranean Anderson Shelter (or a cocaine submarine?),¹ that ‘just happened’ to be on my widely-snaking route, where, according to (sources), I was kangaroo-courtred for emitting shunned gases then ordered to have “robust thrust” sex with the body-double of an unidentified world leader, after the real leader had been assassinated (by me or MY body-double?), according to some there “years ahead.”

When I promised serious repercussions to all the mindbenders themselves, the main programmer (a nutter-face with column inches) tried to convince the crowd with huge assumptions (straw man bingo), then swing it in a tamp-down. I rhymed to leave and he grabbed my sleeve, so I commenced pugnacious eye-contact and replied: “Off the cloth, moth, or I’ll see you in court.”

After they’d gone old cine-film of the 1945-1950 Bennington Triangle/Glastenbury Mountain disappearances,² shot by “Perdu,” and 1959 Dyatlov Pass Incident murders, shot by “Madsticks,” as I laid down, eerie ‘electromagnetic’ waves moving over me, pushing my motive misdirected, cheese burnt roof of mouth, leading agents phasing out but expose themselves, war justification industry, industrial wasteland rocking the stoned age shockwaves behaving animals tough for blues in the German Star Wars.³ As you read of this Elon Musk’s SpaceX Starship explodes on its maiden flight,⁴ setting back trips to the Moon and Mars, m’dears. Youth pills helping the aliens in space, fabled distilleries, visiting beaut-

iful spectre, wheat blast fungus hospital sex attacks,⁵ i.e. the Savile MO.⁶ Call of stigmata matador, wankstain domination, bad eggs dealing with good eggs' intricate CONTRACT law shading the marriage in small print leads to tomato assault,⁷ collective unconscious backlash, filth off the streets, Extinction Level Event (ELE).⁸

The cult come in official narratives, quixotic jiggery-pokery, the open solds of Illuminati freakery. Who does what now and how? Know of the United Nations' *2030 Agenda for Sustainable Development*.⁹ UK FIRES' *2050 Absolute Zero*.¹⁰ United Nations' *Population Control*.¹¹ World Health Organization's *Pandemic Preparedness Treaty*.¹² Their false-flag fakery events will be policed and patrolled by the DARPA's Atlas "disaster-response" humanoid robots¹³ and animalistic BigDog¹⁴ and LS3¹⁵ "pack mule" robots, cold, calculating and untiring, that could go rogue/be hacked/be officially programmed then rape and inseminate, either above or under the ground, or in an off-planet base.

I entered the happening restaurant and all the waitresses kept walking without acknowledging me, instead flocking to a dead head teacher and the Delphi Method,¹⁶ steered into the hidden Queen's Speech about the Seventh Continent, Antarctica, supranormal there, rumour Adolf Hitler.¹⁷ Octopus brainwaves never before seen. Quantum teleportation...wormholes.¹⁸

There are lights in clouds, floating, spaced-out always happens. Look big picture, not newfangled disorder: adults taking sides in a manufactured war; teens following fake trends. A flurry of Bling Britons blow it all on cocaine, takeaways and tattoos as frozen birds fall from the sky to the jangling sounds of the usury scam,¹⁹ turning it into a yawnfest as the earth moved for a blackmail underage sex scandal that didn't happen (both 'perp' and 'victim' were hypnotised to believe it did).²⁰ Avoid us Titanic.²¹

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TRENCH TRANSMISSION

I am paranoid schizophrenias, a strange look eyes, stimming hard, shadows and whispers, everything hallucinations. Some may say alas and alack, but this is a great try with pure intention. Psychosis as Doorway, escape from reality. All kinds of weirdness for revolutionary unity. Lord + 2 numbers. They can “Hear, there and everywhere,” and monitor persons of interest.

On Sundays I was an “Easy Listener” on the invisible short-waves, plugged into the crypto-Mormon ‘pirate’ station Mystery 21 Radio—the “Spirit of Music,” that utilises the *X-Files* theme, military comms and Morse Code in its promos—on 4875 kHz. A very strong signal into the UK on the telescopic, under which a calling to DAVLENIE and TABLITsA, that passed a radiogram but the read was poor. I did not hear the ground at all.

The resulting Manic Mondays almost always began with some street-theatre fuckery, mentored or wasped, tranceported to the local market, where I should definitely “Spend a fortune with the Closed Vendor,” etc., building to climax via a drug informant perp who ran over my landscape edging (set-up), provoKING me to a major incident under the Five Eyes. Then after ‘justice’ was served I was coerced into a ‘safe house’ where I was totally ghosted in-between assaulted by probable Hidden Hybrids. An avalanche of abuse versus my snowballs. I spat on the test.

When ‘I’ confronted the Head, he laughed sardonically then suggested that ‘I’ should “Apply for asylum,” hinting not to another country but a psychiatric hospital, where ‘I’ would be further tortured by mind-control and denied any legal ID. As an involuntary Asylum Seeker ‘I’ was nightmare haunted and forced to have sex with a black mannikin nurse, after which ‘my’ sperm turned

black and 'my' face was on every screen, taunting 'me' in a multitude of voices, which brings us back to Mystery 21 Radio.

"We're experiencing transference...imagine people."

Impending cataclysmic doom. Crop the manager, TV Seeker. Let it be art and live elsewhere, a roundabout rumble that vitiates sensational news stories of the future. The solar cell is fake, it is a piece of plastic. The calculator only uses battery for the boot onto the lace chicanery, stalked by Parsec remote access tech where you "Forget you're somewhere else,"¹ a nod to an egg, a bark in a bed, rubble in spinning head.

Their preferred spike for drinks was Phencyclidine Hydrochloride, better known as the "primate immobilizing agent" Sernylan, even better known as PCP, before it was replaced (under orders) by the similar dissociative anaesthetic "club drug" Ketamine, aka: "SpeCIAI K", with its K-Hole, *ergo*, take me to heaven now, via frikandel, pommes frites, mayonnaise and raw onions... When made from scratch, the flavour is so much more alive and interesting than the store-bought, myself and I, hundreds of them butchered I hate society yet I participate in society. Ask the Mask.

I was there as well, and to be honest I don't really want it but they jab it in anyway, dildos and innuendos to break apart any family, and when you complain it's "What's your problem?"

Agent shouting me on streets, sprayed with neurological agent, threats of deception, roadkill, pavement pizza, the coordinates rancorous malefic, a predatory police warzone, organised corruption, special CH1LD in it for the power trip, totally chop suey, in all sets stages of superiority. The MI5 patterns, you can see them like floating cobwebs, the rumbling pell-mell. Would love to view them gated in orange. If you goona go then go all they way. You are free to be a slave all night and day.

“I’m your friend, with a voice. A lot of them, and up.”

So explains the MKMD April DE-Code: 80z4EVA. Green Goth Darkbox. Expanded Boundaries. Black Budget Magic. An energy tells me their name.

“Remember I saved you,” claimed the Christian Indestructible Man/Intuitive Protector, holding the dead man’s hand, pairs of black aces and black eights with an unknown hole card. The colouring is as it was, due to a strange light caused by many dark thunderstorm clouds surrounded by bands of bright clear sky, that made everything seem black-tinged and trippy, to me anyway. So the Powers-That-Be-That-Shouldn’t-Be are putting me on as an Exhibition Victim? Nice try, but I am a veteran Occult Operator, who works in the shadows. I see in timelapse, panoramally. I shut the window and close all the curtains in secrecy. No humans or ghosts aware of me. But everything is known if you are a Chosen One.² I can see for miles Britain’s untouchable paedophiles.³

What is this alarm? The State and private intelligence agencies rarely care about hobby monitors, but they are concerned about other monitors. Hence one-time passwords, daily rotation call-signs and other procedures to prevent traffic analysis. Although even if a monitor cannot obtain the body of the traffic, if one knows who/where/how often the traffic happens one can start to develop information. Remember 6 June 2022 (6/6/6 [2+0+2+2]), when SERCO (DRACO: Global Draculant) teamed up with Mr Special Needle and the England football team only had five Englishmen playing. The referee acts like a sump pump.

In this country, enough percent is Suburban Satanism. Magic circular conversations. *All the Colours of the Dark* (1972).⁴ Strange patents.⁵ Something is joining the dots... Beyond the waves clans in caves, up in arms, more than they are, non-angles.

Eve had sexual relations with the Serpent, that gave rise to the Serpent Seed (SS) Bloodline, as told in *Genesis* 3:13-15. By the A1Z26 Cipher,⁶ know that: SERPENT = 97 = THE FIRE GOD = FIRE DRAGON = THEOPHANIA [Greek for 'Manifestation of God' or 'Epiphany'] = I AM JESUS = I AM LUCIFER = SIRIUS B [that along with Sirius A is the binary star system Sirius. Maybe a triple-star.⁷ A major occult powersource]. The SS Bloodline controls the secret societies that control the world. SS Entities from another planet within another dimension get into humans and pass nanobotics via touch to establish soul-ties; baseline vocals to hypnotise and fascinate you further commands. Don't let them touch you. Lock your hair. SS Entities from another dimension within another planet are responsible for psionic tech assaults; "gift rays" for subversive stimulation and velocity acts. Shit hits the fan at the Chicken Spot. You escape back home and find that "Confirmation of your redelivery details have been sent to you."

On edge. All kinds of shivers. Ditzzy girl looks past the Sun. You jump to conclusions off a cliff, ignoring the filth of fornication, existence self-fellatio charade, the butcher, baker, candlestick maker Global Satanic Cult behind the mirror. Cut to its amoral propaganda: the Other Place;⁸ people behaving like packs of feral animals playing "mercy bullying";⁹ unnatural intercourse;¹⁰ love of meat sex education;¹¹ passion investments;¹² rewilding humans.¹³

Funnily enough, it was a British tabloid shit-spinner, one Graham Gorelick, who turned the latest swapped food item into a psychoactive nugget. Did I wish him a Happy Xmas? Must have done. Think I shall watch *The Omen*,¹⁴ that old power vacuum. I have heard he likes his slice of PIE,¹⁵ especially with the Evening Echo Boys' sibilant cry. Danced rings around me at the maze of yew,¹⁶ as it rained diamonds on Saturn and Jupiter,¹⁷ By Jove.¹⁸

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IT'S RAINING YOUR LIPS OPEN

I've started negotiations with my MILABusers,¹ but you or me can not trust them, especially if you don't believe them or the cynical sceptics making drearily-predictable jokes about anal probes and madness zones, but wait until it happens to...on any Friday wake up strapped to a gurney with an automathic laser prong coming towards your head, after astral abreactions.

"Is there a doctor in the house?"

When they use their tech to walk through a glass window, yes. Organised Illegal Remote Life-Infringement from the Cognitive Dictatorship stealth assault Chaosatanarchist Darkhitects underground bunkers. Faceless crime, hide behind computers – killers.² Human experimentation unfriendly waves and signals...fighting radar. They electronic black out and hypnotise you, without even realising it. They in your ears talking all the time you may or may not hear them. Voice-to-Skull (V2K) Mind-Control³ bolstered by Neural Monitoring and Synthetic Telepathy (psychics with reverse machines can detect witch houses are using it). Community Gangstalking and Harassment. Devils have them working.⁴

"You cannot understand. We will tell you more..."

The Gangstalkers' main objective is to make sure the Targeted Individual (TI) knows that he/she is being watched and otherwise messed with, and that the Gangstalkers are getting away with it.⁵ The lines between surveillance and stalking, warnings and harassment, etc., are blurred, and when such activity occurs over an extended period, a TI can start to wonder if he/she is going mad, and thus seek help in the psychiatric system, which will not believe the TI but consider them psychotic/schizophrenic etc., their any future testimonies dismissed as 'delusion'.

Soon, due to the TI's natural and justified paranoia and his/her survival instinct, everyone and everything becomes a potential threat. This in turn increases the paranoia, the sense of unreality, and the unbelief from friends and authorities, as the TI can only say: "They are out to get me" – no specific names or organisations. A mantra of horror.

Gangstalkers masquerade as security guards, tradesmen, new neighbours, road-sweepers, yobs and thugs, and sometimes police (often in league with real serving or ex-police). Then a perp with his dog (symbolic of a handler with a mind-controlled slave) as a front actually walked in front of me at a very spacious area, probably spewing spores to infect the children to act. This is the real domestic terrorism, not fake MI5 Nazis and Commies, who watch each other commit crimes. Sex in the bushes, a dead pool, aggressive parking (hi-beam vehicle headlights aimed through bedroom window, needle bending on EMF meter, hammer away our bones all night by grinding glop to skull).

I have video of Frequency Rape. The perp never questioned by police (two-cough-and-limp code). His 'son' and 'daughter' going to the rubbish dump then running some kind of product into the building. Hidden apartment behind bathroom mirror tried to link me to terrorist wishlist danger to myself others. Every night brain stimulation/simulation whore and blood vampire erections, Florida Carwash Foam Daddy visitations...the huckster hustlers and cyborg intercessions. Is the Cabbage Patch Fairy⁶ lost or cloned? Who would want to eat Kids Kandy: Yellow Toxic Waste?⁷ What they are doing so far is just an overview.

Elon Musk is one of their cybernauts,⁸ shaping the discourse (future) via empire microwave pulp frequencies, especially to implanted microchips (injection moulding). "I heard it though the

grApevIne,” and myself am sometimes a Bionic Ultraman due to soul swaps and parametric switching, who introduced himself as “an approved rubber roof installer and Supersoldier,” leading from the front. Could see and sort-of walk around his haunts before they were knocked down and replaced by glass and steel empties. Zoomed in on that old Victorian pub on Mount Pleasant, Francy Street in Liverpool City Centre. This regular client was a giant who wore a sack on his head and a cap over that. He had rips for his eyes and mouth and would come in and have two pints, then just leave. Until one night...

All I could do was general multitasking on a jammed cellphone, yet they still managed to triangulate me. Really paid close attention before commentating as I must not be or think I am a Stalker in any way or I'd be compromised. I stalk myself target is locked. It's a very deep rabbit-hole but only one organisation. The intent is there. Operatives placed in government, who are afraid of them. Directed Energy Weapon (DEW)⁹ touchless torture turned on themselves by other enemies (Havana Syndrome, aka: “the immaculate concussion” [head trauma caused by ray machines]),¹⁰ the hunter becomes the hunted. OX ops: most dangerous whistleblowers end up in the Soylent Green spam file,¹¹ to be fed to less-suspecting humans (the no custard cake-only cake). There are no Disney kill-rooms.¹²

The black mass media dominates thoughts, especially by film mind-programming triggering, such as the eerie children's birthday party scene in *Brotherhood of Satan* (1971), complete with a Freemasonic black/white tessellated floor and wall, where pleasure oscillates with horror.¹³ Also *The Craft* (1996), a Witchcraft propaganda stranger attractor that marked a generation.¹⁴ The remake, *The Craft: Legacy* (2020), employed real witches to cast

spells during filming to effect future viewers.¹⁵ ENTERTAINMENT is just that: it enters your mind. Who do you think you are?

By the way, if you suspect you are, or are, being beamed by the methods described above, DO NOT wear the famous “tin foil hats” for protection,¹⁶ because although they do shield the wearer from some radio waves, they also amplify certain frequencies, being:

those in the 2.6 Ghz (allocated for mobile communications and broadcast satellites) and 1.2 Ghz (allocated for aeronautical radionavigation and space-to-Earth and space-to-space satellites) bands.¹⁷

Here are your orders: Do not argue, or vote, for your enslavement. Transcend the Binary Charade. The original UK Government was the sugar on the salt, but now it's an artificial sweetener, or simply the salt on the salt. MPs are obviously bought and paid for, all of them singing the same malefic tune. Both and more sides—the LibLabCon, whatever—are controlled by the Cryptocracy, who do not care who is elected into position so long as they follow the Cryptocracy's orders. It is easy to define the current status. They love us so much they hate us. Hence the consolidated, outwardly insane, push for World War III. Send all the politicians and bankers to the front lines. War will end in a day.

Now we are all extremists, high or low fanatics, covering our arses with mental gymnastics. Self-taught elitists or Wicked Active Learning,¹⁸ the Man in the Mirror; the Man in the Mask; the Invisible Captain at the helm-wheel. The accusation is the verdict. The best thing you can do is plenty, anonymous, folding the calendar, definitely a fan. Never wear a watch and they cannot see you. Play Hide-and-Seek you have the horse glue.

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TO THE WORLD(S)

I lost my mind started splitting around 13, plagiarising, hearing the voices, seeing the shadows. Targeted because I'm perverted and whatnot, the cheapest Rolls-Royce in Britain. My thoughts are read before I even notice them; neither can I tell apart implanted ones. Insults are shouted at me just beyond the reach of my hearing, at home or on street. Wish I had a time machine to go back for justice. If I wasn't on medication this world is going to die. Stupid ideas but have (limited) relevance, like the Biblical meaning of JELLYFISH in dreams. You can't escape from schizophrenia liar. You're just a summit monkey, a tale told by an idiot.

I felt enclosed teens, shut in bedroom, like I needed to lay in a far-as-the-eye-can-see field for a month, super in-deep outside, presaging precipitating giant uproar, pro-ANA, obsessing ingredients, abusing laxatives, growing fur, etc. All for a 51/50 halfway house and a single life. Remember thinking of Bagillt (Flintshire, Wales), how I always see it as "Bag Lit". Wandered unthinking to its Hill of Retreat, the fields Mrs Meese, 1952, club and cocoa, under the thunder, when the scarlet ones ran to rut in the mineral extractions. Then Miss Cogshall, 1993, a law student, never in court, her eyes fluorescing, cocksure at Cybercandy, the love vodka and smokes. Not ready to quit. You can never quit anyway. Once tasted it's always there somewhere.

Cosmic fissures walked swayingly towards the drugs she had took, too tall for an OD. You talk about suicide. I want to cut your chin. Love the pacing bedroom (pacing the bedroom), night after night after night. The egregious untermensch don't think it's me. A note through door gap: "EVERYONE KNOWS YOUR HEIGHT." Something to do with the *Saturday Night Fever* "Stayin' Alive"

pose made by that assassin just before he was shot dead by police. After the TV news nightmares of nothing. Decade of Hate. Years of Lead. Zoo's Who?

The Eco-Fascist Arcadia. Non-Human Agenda. Claws behind scenes. Read: "CLIMATE CHANGE [CC = 33] MEANS WAR,"¹ and "we are the virus,"² queuing up for Cudas,³ anything that's multi-million business. Import more obedient foreign voters. The wildly wealthy fed by confetti. Earthbound high rollers with wings. I don't try to understand it but am told to report it, so here goes. Stirling Moss, a strange name for a racing driver, a dangerous driver, according to his criminal record. "A rolling stone gathers no moss", unless it's hooked on free heroin, tracking the trickster-ish spooky scent.

Here is an ABC News story on the death of circus performer tightrope walker, Karl Wallenda (of The Flying Wallendas), who fell to his death while performing at the age of 73 (or three sevens, 777).⁴ KARL WALLENDAs anagrams (magically permutates) to: ANAL DARK WELL or LEWD ANAL LARK, which is why I was accosted by a penis out inside the dead mall theatre, serenaded by that song 'Hands Across the Water', that rhymes with "Russian propaganda," and the White Supremacists dressed in black. Swimming away rats suggest wise political solutions; glass jar full of coins on the bookshelf seeding mistakes. Yet another spice zombie holding onto the red bins outside the pharmacy, a pump-and-dump casualty of Aminoalkindole JWH-018 (JWH = Jump With Him [Jumping Jack Flash, i.e. Lucifer]; disregard the zero and 018 = 6+6+6, i.e. 666: the Number of the Beast-Man).

ACAB/1312 (A[1]ll C[3]oppers A[1]re B[2]astards) daubed in the corners as young adult paedophile active molester who claimed to be a medical student studying skin tones thanks to surveill-

ance capitalism (Navigate360 Detect⁵ and Social Sentinel⁶), in White Knight solidarity with the Fairer Sex, shouting about tampons as a “Weaponised menstrual product.”⁷ Never forget that the oppressive patriarchal “tampon tax” was only repealed on 1 January 2021,⁸ who spout the virtues of (easily adulterated) Baby Formula instead of Breast Milk and condone Satanists working in abortion clinics (legalised ritual sacrifice paid for by taxpayers). Not like the good old days, when all you needed was some bottle and a sawn-off. Two minutes in-and-out and you’ve alchemised rags-to-riches, turned a shit life into gold, transformed like 1000 meditators = global antenna. Now it’s just violent ventriloquism, the peoples have the morbs from watching too many screens, supported by punk bland The Poison Drones, phantom MysTech employees, Full Spectrum Dominance (FSD) at whatever cost, the cuckoos in the nests, simmering poker dice, Tempest combat craft upside-down with stealth,⁹ numerous UFO crossbreeds and sex OK with angels on their terms (*Genesis* 6:4),¹⁰ but no pig transplants, interesting slave, footprints on Mars, ADAPTIV Cloak of Invisibility,¹¹ revenge of the bullied computer nerds.

Russian Doll brought me here; stars of territorial affairs. Some shady fuck got me a subscription to *The Telegraph* spook-ridden programming rag to raise a black high that led psycho-demonic empathy in the strolling palisades. Came along drug ab/use during the fallow hours helped to curb the blurb but that agent provocateur weed had bad air in it that gave messages via the TV talking about me, that probably wasn’t happening but one cannot ignore the news, which is I am brilliant, a leading member of the freak elite. I need a street or law named after me. Charles Manson, 40 miles-per-hour, not ever 1981: New Romantics antidote. A gaudy pirate posing parade to the vibe of Swedish synth.

Enter my current handler, a former moonzapper with nose ring and hand-clapper, sumtimes busky drum synthesizer. A man who looked like a woman trying to look like a man pretending to look like a man, from the psych ward to the ashram. Said he was in contact with “People from Venus,” another episode communicating via Morse Code eye-blinking, very basic techniques, turning the streetlights off as I got near them to instil grandiose delusions, a Messiah Affair, everyone about which I care, spitting it out again, punching the walls, a man in the sausage. I am ready to blow; unleash incredible power. There may be international implications, a hand through the mirror, mouse in cat in dinner, dog hog hat weight gain terror.

Either way which is speculatively cognate with the International Devil People of the Baal/Moloch cult, raping, sacrificing and crystal-balling children and adults to these non-human deities (not reptilians, greys or mantids, who are all unreal AI constructs to divert attention away from the real entities) to obtain secret and/or future information that gives them the vital edge in stockmarket trading, etc. As in the communicative “Mirror, Mirror on the wall” of the Wicked Queen in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*; the “talking silver head” Baphomet of the Knights Templars; the bronze “Yes or No” question-answering head of Gerbert d’Aurillac, who was later elected Pope Sylvester II, and so on. Superseded nowadays by CIA MK-ULTRA Subproject 95 implemented Stimoceiver brain implants and RHIC-EDOM (Radio Hypnotic Intracerebral Control – Electronic Dissolution of Memory) on certain chosen peoples, its insidious “telepresence” later modern Brain-Computer Interface (BCI), as in the Voice-to-Skull (V2K) or Synthetic Telepathy.¹² Otherwise it is the Scalar Waves from over the horizon, forging dimensional doors through which

come intuitions, visions, trances, dreams, chance, synchronicities, and for the scientifically-minded among you: quantum entanglement. That is, spooky action at a distance. Interesting name the MI6 “Cherry Ripe” (Ready Virginity) numbers station broadcasting from Humpty Doo in the Northern Territory of Australia between September-December 2009, although not to victims of the Eggmen of the Humpty Dumpty cult in a cork-lined room.

I started the splay with a large old stoneware hot water bottle coupled with an on-the-go square bottle. This gave way to castle trance treaties; a drink-stunned mob hanging on every word. I was one of the sinister intellectual types in dark suits and sunglasses sitting at the back, my face like a me talking to a police detective in church. He was sneaky, sketchy, his recommendation lifted from a YouTube mystic: “if a ‘friend’ SCREAMS at you while you are CRYING there are no enemies needed: HURRAY.”

Harassed by the seagulls tried to shit on me 137 times poison so I escaped county border under Saturn rays tempted to jump the Jack for Pandora’s Box. SATURN is speculatively cognate with SATAN from the names, sharing SAT & N with remaining U R A, that applies to both. The British Satan Hunter Jeanette Archer; her group banner in public spelled *Satnic* instead of ‘Satan’,¹³ then she is arrested for attempted murder on the way to the Jewish Rothschild’s estate, so the powers-that-be could add the antisemitic tag.¹⁴ Who benefits? Makes the subject a ridiculous, the zone of idiots, and repels genuine people from coming forward. Needs proof, testimony, evidence. No authentic understanding of Satan. Who is he? Here before Christianity. His ‘demons’ are the ancient deities worshipped, then gradually forgotten, so they are angry. Then an aggressive Christian priest comes, threatening them with a later God to depart. Thus this type of exorcism makes the sit-

uation worse, and the paranormal activity increases and violently. If you come across this speak to them politely, with respect.

A Wise Guy Huh, who spoke of dead people as if they were alive; rumour he had an Elvis Presley album made and released in 2010. Engaged in parallel worlds based on multiple simultaneous lives; a form of perichoresis, the relationship between each part of the triune God, that when one weeps the other tastes salt. Am making and opening occult doors in a two-mile radius. Already cryptids in vicinity, the ringleader creeping closer to me, flogging the NightCap, a drink-spiking prevention scrunchie, as seen on Shark Tank.

“You may already be an anarchist”.

There is a song to sing. Those grey soft leather welder’s trousers I like. Sex chaps I suppose, going forward from there, and pose a mystery. I had a strong more-than-usual seminal ejaculation when visiting that classified advert woman in Milton Keynes. Not with her, but when wanking whilst she was asleep in the next room. It felt weird but so good. Although unless you want babies the man and woman become habitual mutual masturbation machines (Enemies of the Earth); just walled-in blunt sex-dolls for each other; the wet patches mattress dwellers. A Replica Issue.

Can go wider; outer-space is the eye within the eye. Fuck most of everything else: not interested. Yesterday’s solution. Pit. Market forces. Birds covered in oil. Children addicted to violented video games are attacking their families. Generalised threat.

Obvious they shape. A long-term Global Action Plan (GAP). Another world. Explains the appeal. Resolving without alienating. Unspoken desires. Soon planet sinking. Kill-or-Be-Killed starvation, amid widespread lies. I can ‘imagine’ people walking along and glimpsing monsters through the windows of other people’s

houses. Humanoid dark shadowy ones. I wonder how many are seen? Ditto the Emerald Emperor.

Are you ever not “out of your depth”? Do you never question authority or the very concept of authority? Have you “eaten your words” lately? I have no other questions, but know that 713 (a common year that started on a Sunday of the Julian Calendar and is the modern code-slang term for ‘to smoke weed and get high’) reveals as $7 \times 1 \times 3 = 21 = 7 + 7 + 7$: the Three Axes (hush-hush).

The Big Bang: an explosive spontaneous abortion. Photos or it never happened. The future is nascent sects. Remedy claustro.

I was full-on having trouble sleeping so made an appointment at the ‘local’ doctor’s surgery. When I arrived it was surrounded by fogs, deserted. I rang the reception bell and a short while later a small Chinese man in a white coat and face-mask appeared from a side door. He did not speak but handed me a hessian bag full of green lozenges with “ND” imprinted on them, that I took to mean “Next Dimensions,” imbibing the magic lantern flicker. Just after I thanked him he was somehow on the road, to be killed by a self-driven Tesla (suss death), as green onions ran the gauntlet.

Back at home through the windows outside a demon routing through the rubbish bins, cloven feet popping bubble-wrap. So now know that energy drinks have menstrual blood, and the label behind label cosmonaut cosmetics. I kill to prevent next earthquakes and the attempted human who puts sliced razor blades in baby food jars. Hence Target jewellery; remove the ‘w’ (inverted horns) from WOMEN and it’s an OMEN of deceptive peace (MEN have upright horns: ‘m’). Apostle Maldororado I agree with you 1000% as my life has been completely transformed, rather than doing anything else. This is crazy how/now all the pieces of the puzzle have come together to what is really going on and who

started this whole thing (NOT the hideous creature vicar molester). I-know-I am being programmed and can evidence, like the secrets of sugar, the eye in the hand, and quit the social media mind-body split. This is holistic kick, self-generated sectionalism. The underground war happening now in ancient cave systems because the Cryptocracy want this world, and if they can't get it they will destroy it so no-one else can. Formulating riots auto-zone, wars and disasters. They are liars who never rose from the dead they were sick in the head. As usual, as I deep into this, some stupid bint appears, with a ring through her nose like a cow, claiming that the local police chief knocked on everybody's door saying: "We got a town loony on our hands. If you get any of his letters don't open it."

Fuck you I know better always have. In dream I was dressed in red and green, walking around a strange village in one of the posh rural areas of England. Came into a fete lots of Vrill, pine cone erect, strippers on stage with snakes, biker microdot LSD kicking in when the hot-dog van blew up, peals of laughter wet sponges directed at the mayor locked in the pillory stocks. The next thing I'm inside a whitewashed cottage cellar with a hard-edged blonde, very much in ego with pics and posts online (walk-in), who forced me to sign the Official Secrets Act in dream again, then bolster exclaimed that I was "Wanted in Ukraine," with an obvious double-meaning to it, electrical properties going us back in time, everyone in purple boots, but who is Herik? MI5 run the edit, parsimonious attainment, chain of mystery, unexpected holiday. The crop-circle gets you in, witching society, pole position, united cemeteries, pay respects, spontaneous abortion.

We have taken over. The internet hears your subvocal speech plus other thoughts and plays things back to lead you via its AI

algorithms. Perhaps 51% of internet traffic is now non-human.¹⁵ I am urged to like I do like Mr Michael (Denzil Xavier) Portillo, a landslide victory night after night. He should have been Prime Minister, head and shoulders above the rest. A national treasure. Smooth gob, garish garb. One experience = GAY. Was a Commissioner of the International Commission on Missing Persons (ICMP) between 1998-2012. A 33-year-old tells me he is also a fan; his wife that I should not trust authority figures or the entire government, for they do not care about those outside the circles and lust for worldwide cull. Remember, the most prolific modern UK serial-killer was a doctor, Dr Harold Shipman, who slayed at least 218 people, and the former UK Prime Minister Tony Blair's actions resulted in the deaths of 300,000 people.¹⁶

The opposition are coming to the sound of fuck rumblings in the White Hat vs. Black Hat occult war. On 5 July 2022, CERN turned on their Large Hadron Collider (LHC) for the first time in three years, trying to create dimension doorways.¹⁷ The very next day the secret rulers' Georgia Guidestones (GG = 77) were ritually bombed, on 6 July 2022, at 04:03 and 33 seconds AM,¹⁸ challenging both the Masonic "favourite number", 13 ($0+4+0+3+3+3 = 13$) and Masonic "universal signifier", 33, and sticking two fingers up at the GGs' mysterious creator, "R.C. Christian", a codeplay on Christian Rosenkreuz, founder of the original Rosicrucian Order (Order of the Rose Cross). The day after that, on 7 July 2022, the UK prime Minister Boris Johnson resigned,¹⁹ him being a secret rulers' stooge/operative who was born in New York City, USA, and grew up there, in Brussels and in London (UK).²⁰ Who came first, the alien or the eggs?

My feedback is scattered on manufactured rat-race rat-runs increasing disorder, uproar, disrupters, destructors to frighten and

destabilise British society, on top of the sundry excess. But I was told the military goes “bang” if asked to fight. He also said she’d groped him while watching *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad* (1973),²¹ then forced his hand into her trousers, plus more ‘coincidences, reverse-engineering Concept Creep (CC = 33). Still remembers the velvet painting visions. Noted down anecdotes:

“The Universe is totally mental. All is mind. Your vibration is your priority. You don’t need to learn how to use your mind to create anything because that is all you do already.”

There are state-sanctioned, pre-prepared roles manufactured to play/play, as unsatisfying as they are vulgar. *Ergo*, the “Century of Lights” (the Age of Enlightenment). 100 light years is 1 Light Century of Illumination. *Ergo*, the “Century Men” (original Rosicrucians); the former MI6 Headquarters at Century House, 100 Westminster Bridge Road, in London UK; and the CIA’s Century Club, an offshoot of which is the infamous dangerthon Bohemian Club, whose male-only members annually/ritually dress in robes and perform a mock human sacrifice to a giant stone owl. By the Century Cipher,²² used by the “Son[s] of Sam[ael]/Synagogue of Satan” (SOS) ritual murder cult: HITLER = 666.²³ *Ergo*, the dominant ones throughout the shires and hundreds. This is “Twilight Language”, occult word and symbolism programming. Many people have been done, without a doubt. They think in huge chunks of conformity, the Safety-in-Numbers Strategy.

Myself urge to escape to CHRISTiania, the famous Freetown of COPENhagen, Denmark, situated on an 84-acre ‘former’ military barracks. Anything is ‘better’ than the bread and butter dystopia the media has lived off for the past hundred more years. Spreading fear and continuing the horror they report or invent via the Copycat Syndrome and hidden codings, i.e. $5 \times 3 = 15$. The Tarot

Trump 15 is *The Devil*. $5 \div 3 = 1.666666667$, the Beast within Arcane 17. “Following the Gulf War of 1991, the UK formed a shadow PSYOPS unit called 15 (UK) PSYOPS Group (Shadow).”²⁴ Real fake news. “Club For Witches And Devil-worshippers Rejected Over Fears It Could ‘summon Satan’ To The University,”²⁵ which conceals the real message intended for the initiates: ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY OCCULT CLUB anagrams (magically permutes) to: DEVIL AS AI YETI UNDER OCCULT CLUB. *Ergo*, the soundtrack to occult-horror feature film *Damien: Omen II* (1978),²⁶ that contains humming bees (unless this refers to *The Swarm* [1978])²⁷ feature film soundtrack by the same composer, Jerry Goldsmith [real name: Jerrald King Goldsmith, i.e. Alchemist]), supposedly the most terrifying sound to humans, and obviously akin to the eerie buzzing or humming sound that is often heard by witnesses before UFO/Alien/Monster appearances. VtM 4ever.²⁸

The braggart and bigot: “She eyed my cock in open-mouthed amazement.” AFAIK. I love to love the Nautilus Shell Spiral clanking the trammel. WWG1WGA. So the crazy man beard and unkempt hair I sport goes into the photographs of the false persona for goat propaganda. Sub-levels, sub-levels, but most of us are entrapped in surface spells, many of the peoples since birth, injected with fascinations, the glammers of binding and jading that hoodwink the third eye. You don’t know?

RESISTANCE IS NOT FUTILE.

Romanticism’s silver hand reached into the quiet green. 1890s fills the Decadence, awash with bath caramel, possible Baudelaire, gifted extraordinary, maintaining ecstasy, intense sensations, exquisite oscillation, living in dream, wild in the hay, arch bananas, prick rebels, hostile take-off, notorious misreads, gems denounced from pulpit, stick fingers grasp the voluptuous rose, pentacle per-

fume puffs in the enraptured fantasy drawing room, spiral deputy, immoral prissy, highly-strung bum, the common herd vs dandyism, all members dalliant adamant, knowing the Devil's dozen Symbolist fronds, snuffed influence, the rape pretext, mustard ripe reclaimed, dangerous illuminated impresario, brazen urn intimate life-partner, riotous pale lilies, transitory key epiphanies, the mask kissed on left shoulder, pure aesthete candle-erect, wishing seed, a darker turn, feasting on silent spirit sodomy, mordant absinthe pixellation coming in a bend, an oval mirror grey-corrupted, all renunciation, the middle innuendo threatening fool collectivism, iron-jacket naturalism, perverted mens.

A little bleach tells me that ParaArt is where it's at: an inter-penetration of art and that beyond. There is a level for all here, from "Smash the system!" types to those who would rather just rearrange it a bit for now, just wait and see, for the most complex knot can fall apart or rot. Or do you prefer Surveillance Capitalism, the proton atom, controlled/consolidated opposition? Dragonfly Spies²⁹ masters of illusion gambling debts starring as the primal seductive capitalism guidance system, a grim GOP psy-op seeping through the cracks. Forget Great Britain, this is America 'now', the Gutfeld groupies, yelling at abortion. A Special Seagull (SS) may shit on your head, a certified nutter says we are all nutters.

Slightly longer important strands, the women masturbating on me from afar, trying to draw a baby out, but I am elsewhere, baby, abandoned fireside, shroud-eating, churning echoes, melancholy populariser, years in dark contagion, the aristocracy obsessed with the lower social classes, Ripper style, coven in background up and down the scale, opening another eternal nightclub. It was disco gay, tongue in song. Shades of the Big One. There will be a lowered purple sky that obscures the tree-tops.

ENDNOTES

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- 20 www.britannica.com/biography/Boris-Johnson
- 21 www.imdb.com/title/tt0071569/
- 22 A=100, B=101, C=102, D=103, E=104, F=105, G=106, H=107, I=108, J=109, K=110, L=111, M=112, N=113, O=114, P=115, Q=116, R=117, S=118, T=119, U=120, V=121, W=122, X=123, Y=124, Z=125.
- 23 Maury Terry, *The Ultimate Evil*. Bantam, 1989, p.477.
- 24 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/15_Psychological_Operations_Group
- 25 www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-10859273/Adelaide-University-Union-snubs-club-pagans-witches-fears-Satan-summoning.html
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- 27 www.imdb.com/title/tt0078350/
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- 29 <https://www.cia.gov/legacy/museum/artifact/insectohtopter/>

INTIMATE INTERFERENCE

It's as obvious as ex-military glam metal on the whirr throne the amount of useful indoctrinated idiots playing up like a drug-induced psychosis or psychosis-induced drug, vehemently rocking the horrors of cis-centric oppression inflicted by the patriarchal hemons of constant aggression always lusting to spread their toxic spawn to women, the biggest-ever serial-killers (multiple abortions), where everyone's a sell-out, who does what the Sub Rosa Reifier says or it's HAARP-Quakes for the country, bibulous to bilious. But such constant appeasement builds a castle in the sand, afraid of all tides, each one out in a split-crotch straitjacket for all to see on the TV news squirt copycat goad, log tables in star forts riding the slide-rule, smelling roses not fucking in the Sun, neither elevated or depressed, lying.

Although now it's all seemed to be scene improbable, where all follow the dark ephemeris the same, who love their accent at the gallery. It might be orbital...children wash mushrooms...my red eyes full of murders...the police smoking pots and ecstasy papers, swinging from bent beams. After press appeal absolute beginners reported by spiteful mutants, chiding in lockstep ejaculations that the monstrous American Bully XL 'dog' with the smashed-in face MUST be banned. Shit on streets can now be traced with DNA. Make it like vehicle licensing, trooping the colour.

Too hot so I think dreams aliens, raped by a whore. Increasing swamp asset vs. wimps, the raging crypto-mob let off like mostly peaceful terrorists, lone wolf...army of, mind rot humanity is all nearly fucked, a rent-a-body pantomime.

Government is the real enemy, complete strangers. A deliberate ham-up to pointer that the whole thing fake, inverted rust.

PULLING THE OTHER ONE

Woke up night to a strange radio signal radar type, power polka, the speech of trees, morphing into a Circus Orange chanting loop then Russian mil comms 10 & 30 plus Ukrainian insult jammer phased at either end for separate ear channels, suggesting would you like/I would like “a camera in your eye,” with multi-swirl 007 tunnel imagery, through which I “could better see the operations of obscene bewitchment cast” (by who exactly?), backed-up by a phantasy-free 999.2 kHz data mode oddity (Olivia MFSK) in the microcrystalline protein spectra: “Glory to best Korea. Remain insight wicked Wicca,” combing the surf hair nets (antenna), an Error Oxbridge don lookalike pointing, with missile strikes after songs. Following a holy triangulation of signal sceptics caught an evil man who had yellow eyes with two pupils in each eye.

Everything lies now, or is a lie, due to the Shadow International’s alchemical processing of the public via escalators in shops to bottled water (“You must climb the greasy pole automatically, without question” / “Even sacred heaven-sent liquid is a commodity for sale”). They are so mocking with it, for in psychological operations humour, especially satire/ridicule, is used as a non-lethal weapon against dissidents to enforce social norms, the next on the list being 24/7 total spectrum dominance social credit bio-surveillance. Pushing cod-Proletarian Internationalism as part of their armamentarium whilst they attempt to code-out the situation with the relations via mass-media what’s reported.

In today’s West, where pabulum rules, the culture propaganda vulgar spews more than ever before, and don’t even dare to look over there! Leave all the difficult stuff to the elite intellectuals in a Kantian cul-de-sac, a French Philosophy navel-gazing atrocity,

the Schopenhauer happy hour, the Heidegger hoedown, all that bourgeois diversion bollocks, obfuscating gibbering jargon, bank-rolled and promoted by the imperialist pigs and their capitalist running dogs, teaching the machine.

“You can’t park here.”

They are putting lightning in a pill, Lucifer Flash, semi-legal to eventual legal. The food bank gifts adulterated with soporifics; a free mobile-phone on your way out to track your one-way mind and steer you clear of trouble. As for their talent spotters, some hear distant voices; others know demons can appear as monsters, humanoids, a ball of light, or as the room of manifestation, a sort of invisible matrix or double of the location overlaid and imprinted into the physical version. The cosmic mind at play.

In the sweepstake sleep state game going on days and nights I woke up from a deep sleep to a wet dream result with no memory of it for a rendezvous at the Antimatter Hotel. There was Satanic imagery, hidden cameras, bark of black dog astounders led by a wizardly man of dramatic foiled eye with gold corner tint and a camouflaged preview of the white mac/green beret tactic, clutching a black leather handbag cross-body, the bomber frequency, a crumpled induction course walking away elite exemplars, Ascension Island on Ascension Day, the zing on the go riding fecund foliage lust tides after the inclusion of deep government old fruit mandarins at all regional clone-zones antagonising soft-cops with therapy support slugs, the magnet-media keeping these salvos up for the pre-judge as irresistible get the vapours over *argumentum ad populum*...lying weasel...bends with the prevailing wind, a no scruples total fraud, root and branches massively above him, the screens replete with mystery donors, automatic bollards, striking diplomats, the pregnant teachers truce.

The Mods ruled Britain 1960s. Carnaby Stew. Giving my horn a blow. Darling cobra spouting cheap lagered incomprehensibles in dire need of the Fashion Police. Eternal Shellsuit Shitstain vs. Conservative Christian that plots in a claustrophobic cultic atmosphere very similar to a certain Midwich hemisphere. The hoof-feet dance in steel to Motörhead 'Overkill' (1979). The upstairs huffing glue and decorator's paste listening to Vangelis' *Hypothesis* (1978). I went through the door within the door to the a way place. Think it was here because of the octagonal zinc table, tasteful other action décor, discreet waiting staff and our loving the café crème espresso and Café Crème cigarillos, next door through the window an elongated looking-glass to the left, Cadbury Dairy Milk chocolate bars within easy reach, pinballs in the pocket in case there was trouble, the Fuck The World Research Group posting esoteric go-Moloch pictures on Instagram, their current (first) codeword cum strange attractor <ac1dd1ctd> that you will begin to 'see' on t-shirts in the North London area.

I was there to see Emily play, tries but misunderstands, feeling in dreams for never hardly atones for tomorrow. Syd in full lotus on the two-tone floorboards in fairyland during his infamous long weekend disappearance from the public eye, electric Dylan spell, eclipse and mirage, the raven-haired vicar's daughter playing an organistrum, her hair in tune with the waves. A New Age Action Man selling trouser bells, wearing underlay, rubbing blank balloons on your static carpet face. On the sea a flock smell of piss, Mr Punch power, blackmail prostitutes, discontinued factory models, every time a broken clock is right informs internally-produced simulations in obsolete formats as the Crank System dog stats allege I "stole the cheese then smiled cheese on a guilt trip photo-op psy-op, planning world revolutions."

Speaking of tricksters, there has been a plethora of “Invidious Instance” merchants, coupled with stationary locket. You turn on the news and it turns on you, spouting crisis fear, manufactured controlled jolts, very official scrapings, until you turn it off and finally turn the corner into the missing persons love-field (Opera NOVA). A never-was actress with her “husband bi-curious” doing the rounds, with very dark, dyed black hair in a jaw-length bob with lolly fringe sporting a dandy locally-farmed cotton bucket hat with tonal, top-stitched brim, patterned inside, dust bag included. She looked like the Butterball cenobite of the *Hellraiser* horror films, with believable promises of money, introductions, weight, hutch hoppers, casual dress and fornication out of wed-lock suckered in by pop substance abuse pervert paraphernalia. Her psychiatrist friends trying to get me to work at McDonald’s with flowers in my hair, surrounded by uggy pot freaks, horrible trouser flares, bad acid geometric gaudy wallpaper, white-bread sandwiches, processed cheese margarine. Stripping is rampant on the common. Flat caps queues. The total Sutcliffe Experience in a dank dark garage filled with street patrol petroleum aroma, brown empty bottles and old school tools strewn about.

A leading socialist county councillor raped at the Cambridge Folk Festival, 1974, then went to Scotland, breasts bared on the way, something eerie tutelary taking me all the roads along with someone legendary but ghostly to a village fête mouse in his copious curly hair the very pattern of a landlord’s green-eyed red-lipped daughter in a moonlit loveknot. Was a bunch of ‘dolls’ in some hedges nearby, although no-one made a documentary about it, ‘just’ an actual flag sodality with “The Psychedelic Nightmare World of the OKOK Society.” The permanent flash, different ideas about it. Joint Enterprise Murder on Ward Four. The subterfuge

is huge. Cyanide Jones comes to town and the Spider. I was going to put it out using the glass jar with cardboard disk atop method, but maybe it was a house spider? Hard to tell, not really, just ask it, a starseed studlord of the interstellar elite. Not that strange an idea for me. I can “talk to the animals,” although a lot is thought and feeling projection, right occupation. Taxi drivers see all sorts; every level of life, decidedly unflawed, absolutely pristine. Sell all of your possessions. Dive into the blotter. Smash the reoccurring idolatry in the present age. Loyal warriors storm the territory in strategic ecstasy. To put it bluntly, since practising celibacy my penis has become larger in length and girth, for I now have more Vrill Power. I feel like a scary tank, my will unstoppable, and I predict the rise of the celibate loner sex-magicians.

Some speak of “Luciferic demonry”, but what really matters is mortality and aliens. That which instead is entertained looks extremely sketchy, with psy-ops coming out of its wazoo, i.e. marital rape; non-marital corrective rape; gay electroshock aversion/conversion therapy; biocarbon amalgamate accompanying the drunk/drugged flapper with nonsense babbling, dead echo added, strategic bomber net sending W-markers white on rice.

Last girlfriend I was there at stormy night she always thought a prowler in back garden shadow on the window that was really a spectre, but heavy footsteps up and down the hall courtesy of the invisible man. She screamed run away when a visible man walked through the wall. *Operation Wandering Soul/Ghost Tape Number 10* in a spawning rate. I will open a door then it's what you see. There are lands beyond the Poles. Planet Earth is an extended plane of planes: one under us, “hollow earth”, and one above us, “heaven”. No such thing as outer-space. Truth far stranger than fiction. The above is a lie, a tongue in your eye. I am the cheese.¹

1...2...you're not free. Stupid people world now. Piston with a nose ring. A Prozac race to the North Pole. Most of us the secret uglies, harbouring intrusive thoughts reckless triggering implanted modes. Sex trap. Action from the beyond here and her bad-end boyfriend pushing purple curtains blackmail material; a shit tombola. I want the beauty of euphoria not hideous force pluck vectors in 4x4 white stains that makes one want to perform hooligan shit and drive rather fast, aping or eating the young farmers in town waiting for the sucker-punch.

We hear the words: "A cry for help" too lightly. My friend who took his own life kept telling me that he didn't want to live any more, and I never thought he'd go through with it, but he did. The guilt I feel for all the times I just told him to: "Keep his chin up" and "You'll get over it" will stay with me until the end.

I do not understand the 9/11 metal turning to fountains of dust, the streets howling with covered-up chord progression skeletons, fiddlesticks and cattle-prods, the latest gauge pet hate waking to the crackle of body-bags. Any time you want the \m/ funhouse current sweet spot. Horace is Boris coming for the peoples sought as stock...ejaculating quantum foam...genitals till 3:00 AM.

Of those above the parapet many quite brave but optimism is a form of cowardice. A safe pair of Pied Piper hands tax fees product ringleaders wrong stumbling flared trousers banking graspers monkey squabble scrum metamodernism conspirituality existential threat horror warnings. Eye for an Eye. Creepy state operatives spooking out of wedlock fornicators all of a sudden special status. Three of them arrived with a listener or "Frogs," who wants grabbing dragging by a triangle of hate this country all of it has to fall,

mutant in oyster, the runaround megaphone shouter of Precious Metals vs. Poisonous Petals. Living proof that the fix was in generations ago, selling bullets to water-pistols; celebrating the wide-scale corruption and cover-up of the deceptive television news has been revealed to be emitting very rapid oscillating salacious/profound Nordic Noirish visual and verbal subliminal hints; manipulative glimpses to extend the “cash cow” but lacks quality; to the aware connoisseur a noisy rattle. The evil absurd behind it spread fear and want war, stone tablets rebellion manifestor, but there’s no pride in genocide from the point of no return.

Prefer the agape dandies; those who know the drug for me. A “fine-tooth comb” doesn’t make sense on the surface but trial by jury will stop the degenerating doom nub. I’m cool, more weir, exiled from polite society but fantasised by its chattering classes, the domesticated dullard Mr & Mrs StayPut. You try to kill me then die because of me. I did nothing. To all those who: next time see you at the car-wash. I will show you what the blowhole is for, the coneing desperate, which anywhere, shared smack syringes on the concrete flyover, one hand always busy, squarely on the back.

Gold will help. It is made in Antarctica. *El fango* clarifying the contact that interrupted a barge working killer shifts finely separated issues bleed together the alchemy saw you in a dream please meeting the next in flesh. Maybe a sci-fi time event has happened here before? There is definitely an out-of-tune ‘atmosphere’ that performs as downright offensive, especially so when there are less deaths in the world, sacrifice is murder, stalker tiger tiger burning genitals in public place, shining a light on every preposterous.

All those that know it thank-you Fungi. You have changed the world. Humans: GLIDE HARD on the wings you have...there is no holy war...the enemy within must leave before light.

ENDNOTES

- 1 The Robert Cormier novel, *I Am the Cheese* (Pantheon Books, 1977). Not the (purposefully?) bad adaptation in feature film form, *I Am the Cheese* (1983): www.imdb.com/title/tt0085706/

EXTREMISM, SATANISM & VIOLENCE

The Occult Far-Right is definitely something made available and promoted.¹ There is no Occult Far-Left. This strangely strange phenomenon was originally real, then distorted-exploited by UK/USA Intelligence as anti-Nazi disinformation propaganda, then both its true and false elements were worked by neo-Nazis and their fellow travellers, and continues. That debut Reich SS audio-cassette—A: Dominant Force / B: Hitler Altar (Social Nationalist Productions, SNP-01, 1982)—still so emanates, because history remembers it. Needs met, swastika flock, uproar protokol, witches burned at the stake, churches burned to the ground. Satan backstage at darkness concerts, a trve kvlt in Oslo, silver. NSBM quarters, black-clad *a priori*, cemetery desecration party, the sting put somewhere, a mind-blowing spectacle, sibilant serpent sex, the forbidden embraced, incitement to transgress, voices from space, listened to metal, bloodthirst delirium joins the gone gang. 666 through tattoos. EU HQ spirit-trap.² It's a numbers game, up and down the stage. *Fashion* does sound like *Fascist*, not style. Aryan descending lines, dogs that like hate, virile linear thrusts, a real evolution solution not revolution. Relish these deceptions goes so far. The best material is power as high. Tank from start to finish.

Things go on, related. The Holes to Hell in Nottingham,³ that prophesied the terrorist mass-slay in that city soon afterwards,⁴ as the world's 'first' manned flying saucer is revealed over Shenzhen in China.⁵ The National Inter-Agency Liaison Officers (NILOs) who assisted in the aftermath of the aforementioned Nottingham June attack are decoded by the A1Z26 Cipher⁶ thus: NILO = 50 = JUNE = NATO = NAZI = BIBLICAL = END GAME A [as opposed to the "Alternative 3",⁷ that, as usual, has since been 'debunked'].

The Occult Far-Right option is continuously presented to the peoples because the rulers of the world are Occult Far-Right and want to make this path more popular. It is fundamentally focussed on a septenary invocation lore of the seven classical planets, aligned with the Seven Sisters (Pleiades constellation) and a sexmagick system where the operants' bodies assume the positions of the stars in the nearby Orion constellation (which contains Rigel, home of the Grey aliens), that enables the reception of transmissions from the nearby star in the Taurus constellation, Aldebaran (home of the Nordic Tall White aliens and the human Vril Nazis, both of whom also have underground bases in Antarctica). This is cognate with the ancient Gnostic practice of standing atop a hill at sunrise or sunset with one's arms straight out to the sides, the posture suggesting perfect balance transcending duality, the ribcage and so forming an organic dipole aerial that can amplify and transceive subtle esoteric signals. This is the secret initiated meaning of Jesus Christ on the Cross. He was a cosmic antenna.

To further pave the way and to gain more converts, the Occult Far-Right Rulers employ a system of technological mind-control that was first developed by the CIA to read the minds of terrorists and other serious criminals—thoughtcrime precrime detection—and was funded by the taxpayers. Then it went black. Now—in their version of the “All-Seeing Eye” atop the pyramid that can witness and monitor everything below—they have access to every human via known and phantom satellites that cover all of the surface of Planet Earth, and they can read your brainwaves and memories to influence you, via electromagnetic waves, voices, and so. Secret annihilation at the press of a switch, as part of the Depopulation Agenda.⁸ At present it is mostly used on dissidents, but when all opposition has been eradicated or otherwise silenced

most humans will be targeted by this terrible tech. Already mobile phones, aka: “cellular phones”, because they effect the user’s very cells, are effecting and listening to you, along with the “Internet of Things” (IoT), 5G and SMART devices, including nanochip smartdust. “There’s something in the air,” as people say, after they suddenly all start thinking the same things. An example being them feeling that the entire country is falling apart and it is their own fault – because they have been outside-influenced to believe this by mind-control, specifically remote-access handling, possibly automated via AI, in stage-managed dream or astral plane (the same thing) skits, that are now being manifested in the ‘physical’ world also, hence the increase in reality-glitch sightings.

Whatever Government is now Malice Aforethought, “ONE TO FUCK YOU” scrawled on a crumbling wall. Every day they go to work to willingly commit evil. Pimp needs Prostitute, 13 weeks in 13 hours. Who cares? I fast and sleepless to get my power up and go to the woods in search of the mysterious spirits.

ENDNOTES

- 1 For instance the book by Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke, *The Occult Roots of Nazism: The Ariosophists of Austria and Germany, 1890-1935* (Aquarian Press, 1985) and the four-part television documentary, *The Occult History of the Third Reich* (History Channel, 1991).
- 2 www.dezeen.com/2016/12/16/european-union-headquarters-offices-curved-glowing-lantern-glass-box-brussels-belgium/
- 3 www.nottinghampost.com/news/second-sinkhole-opens-up-nottinghamshire-8515610
- 4 www.nottinghampost.com/news/local-news/who-national-inter-agency-officers-8518266
- 5 www.dailymail.co.uk/sciencetech/article-12184887/UFO-caught-camera-Worlds-manned-flying-saucer-takes-skies-Shenzhen.html
- 6 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.
- 7 www.imdb.com/title/tt0075664/
- 8 www.opendemocracy.net/en/oureconomy/conspiracy-theories-aside-there-something-fishy-about-great-reset/

IBIZA 8T9 AFTERMATH

It's most odd this institution, the textbooks derogatory, paranoia in concrete, the environs steeped in scuttlebutt, monopolised for carrot-stomping stick-addicted doomsayers lost in crude misery at the Fire Brigade Dance every Friday night, full-energy frumpy in bog garden, embracing vintage obstacles, killing treats. They want to paint it more black but it's coding out...

Eventually the funny thing, turn around amazement, a jackpot magic lantern in the square. This is where I come in, born in bred in X, that is all I ever wanted, befriending the indigenous psycho-active plant Sweet Flag ensconced amongst the reeds. Stars come down. Entities come up. The outer limits' creation of sunlight. Dreamt I was sucking my cock. Says a lot. 666 seems good code for such practice. Would it unmask desire I wonder? But I don't play games with the Devil I know – NO.

What to do in time? Some may suggest narcotics and vice, in league with anti-social elitist misanthrope players mope around some desolate graveyard not those who flood and polish the dancing floors and industrial raves overrun by muscle boys in black leather jeans with phosphorescent teeth injecting ketamine up their arses, linking Ecstasy pills with why ancient Greeks carved Es on their temples, the word *Transcendence* encoding 'Trance-Send-Dance', the moves bizarre, esoteric, but enough is enough. To paraphrase Simon Harris: anyone under 21 who doesn't take drugs is stupid, as is anyone over 21 who does.

More should become mutant anathema, hate all this dross, the drearily predictable, chronically unfeasible, nice really nice. Screw into night. What we do in dream is what we need to recall. We have been vital corridors. The felt becomes fleshed.

I HAVE FOUND MY LOVE BUT I'M NOT IN LOVE

We were OK at the beginning, hunter-gatherer natural meritocracy in all fields, until language started speaking and the oracle is horror, public opinion, telepathic freedom. I love cars but I work in the road. When modern times are seen through the lens of a Depopulation Agenda it all starts to make sense: ships that pass in the night past an abandoned lighthouse.

I am outer-space, lost in woods. A surrogate baby beast conceived after stag night fright. Hallucinogens in hair; inner-vision eyes. Hikikomori Supremacy. Ghosts speak through signs in the clouds whilst you the stupid golf, behaving suspiciously, emitting eerie noises whilst juggling bags of stones, advocating the Always Option. Away I am seduced by *recherché*, the mirror facing mirror. Upon smart questioning I discovered ESPSI secret experiments. Ambassadors singling the praises of the Afterlife Club. Certain early hours stroll meets the nightshade family of medieval witchcraft. The green blood of the Wild Man and ascended.

The rest is Gay Schizophrenic, a gym bag full of pineapples. Strange spinach. Fake designer perfumes containing cyanide and human urine. Spiked newsreaders sending Morse Code messages via their blinking. This is an honest (honors) review, dark heathland on both sides of the road, the deer herded together, reaching her phosphorescent cunt. On the wind bubbles of the beginning of the end of time. Far-right actors rubbing up against tactical trust fund crypto-Strasserite dirtbag left alt-lit/alt-clit feminism cod-Warhol queer intellectualism Weirdcore and Dreamcore aesthetics; anything degenerate or drugfucked; the imperialist pigs and their capitalist running dogs mere anti-revolutionary bourgeois distractionism, the conventional experimental.

For the Top Banana Brigade, *racist* means ‘ice cream seller’. It may not, but does get the plebs looking it up on the World Wide Web, which leads them to desired Top Banana destinations informations due to search-engine algorithms skewed in the TBB’s favour. Exdigitate! Seek and find the side-effects, escape routes. Fuck your dialectics. Had had enough of clapping the filth, so exile into otherness. Next Sunday toad venom trip; the claw on the shoulder emit; hairy babies singing my praises; the opportunity taken of fasting, green whiskey and The Stranglers’ *Black and White* LP combined into a single power-matrix; a knife laying either side of me, nine meals from anarchy, no stable utopia possible, everything a crazy thing to do, sacrifice or survival, night in day, BBC shakes after certain questions, groomed into biases. Their logic screams NON[CE]SENSE. Probably went to the same school as Horsehead, threatening to burn himself, all sorts of holes in him, the wife ruminating on the older teams, a photo of her face next to the gas meter, something about the “Mystique Militia,” silly but responsible for arcane revenge attacks and intimidation, that cannot be described by decapitated garden gnomes.

Talking about my generation, I liked the wide and solid copper frame, that could have doubled as an aerial, or a magic aerial with suitable will-picture, but the patina prowl, verdigris taking liberties, tarnishing the metal, and I don’t want to get the Brasso out to clean it, especially not when a precious artwork is close (seepage discolorer). So I just tack the art to the wall, a power vacuum. 11111 is always their first message group. Foreign Office Vlad ‘or’ Doomsday Cult Mom flooding the market, police blotter, suppressed obituaries, Brit-Brit DSM-5-TR freako zombies believing the Elvis died who comes from the future (time zones), pink at the end of the rose dimensions, cheering crystal full game.

“No man, you’re too decade.”

With each present precoded only the certain ones can understand, and wake up out of their trance. HipNOTisem new words. Humans may catch something from them? Scarecrow must pulls its weight in the hot-zone but corrugated iron sheeting antenna shiver the timbers. Here yet you float around conscious; the words take over; rotting corpses in suits; servile client media self-serving numpty entertainment policy trooping the surface jape denier liar sesh-heads. Woman found dead after brutally murder her sister. Conveyor belt tension, gorilla in chicken messiah, the white light trigger sky dictates of social distortion, carpet bombing, camera attack horror video start recedes again, ends meet. The truth revenge hanged itself in the cricket pavilion, found dangling caught in the enclosed netting of the bowling area. Winner takes all.

The UK starts and ends in Guernsey, and I should have avoided that dysfunctional family holiday in Nogomyson. No sleep next to frosted balustrade antenna; robot voices from the nine-holed spigot; coarse flower towels cuts; insulting home-minted signature coins thrown, four stuck to wall and moving in psychic attack. On the whole travel brochure pages drilled and filled with vitriol.

Such trips have that stark uniqueness of the 1970s but back to happy communal 1960s went to buy hashish no mystery about it you go through Spain/Gibraltar to Rif Mountains in Morocco, buy off growers many, about the only local produce economy, then bring it back vacuum-sealed concealed in shipping containers, too many to search, or smaller quantities secreted on a businessman body foot passenger from Scheveningen to Great Yarmouth via the roll-on/roll-off Norfolk Line ferry, the Duke of Holland. UK Customs at the Atlas Wharf was two old geezers in an Anderson Shelter more interested in reading porn mags than feeling collars.

That stuff though...brown and crumbly lovely its centre green amazing. Smoke some you got higher and higher, riding exponentially uplifting waves to celestial realms. You have to beware the effects however. Spooky boundary violations, 137 microaggressions, but I only reported 135? Our cut-out and filter was a cook, that makes sense (our hands growing when we smoked it), who was later grassed-on by a grass dealer so was stopped then chased by police and drove car off a cliff, but of a gentle incline, then ran away to the countrywide Saint Michael and Saint Mary Alignment, formed of dual-snaking leys whose marker-nodes do begin with St Michael's Mount off the coast of Marazion in Cornwall and end at the abandoned St Margaret's Church at Hopton-on-Sea in Norfolk, where a blue light sometimes emanates from, and cooky was caught presumably. I don't know the whole story, the same police wanting me hostility, within bounds. A white deer walks past us in the dreamlands, without further damage.

Remember British copper cult in GibrALTAR, the 1919 quarry ghost massacre, Dali's diving helmet went into orbit from afar, a hands-on Four-Wolf-4, replaced by a rusting OXO tin, ICI shell rolling, ludicrous willingness, a peace-line reach to IIWII. You get not right in the head. Psychopathed. When in town know you do not share other people desires or comparings, the answer threatening the contents with 'bitumen' paint, sworn off. The Fight Club faction fear now the dumpy mob hurricane phasic reward circuits gamma oscillations a whole study to-and-fro in the funny looks.

The aforementioned "phosphorescent cunt" half here/not lady or a cloggy bumpkin sheepshagger under the drunkard's cloak, masked stinger, school maze day sleeping pills ear defenders haze behaves split-mind savant ability spacey post-breakdown erratic, bizarre, and that. Mushroom musicals. UK Gnome. Sausage Wars

arranged. With dark elbows she stole famous paintings off living gallery walls and then replaced them with total fakes, bullying the Dolphin Tribe/Feargal Sharkey to come up with the goods.

“I am a nudist. You are a locksmith.”

She stared hard, ready to go hard, the hate energy brimming out of all orifices, her speech awash with anastrophes, in-crowd alacrities, storm moments against all reprobates.

“Only greedy fuck put price on water.”

Wish I could have sexed with her; stank the spank in morning emissions of the night before; reach up to the top shelf more; the golden wings surrounding a glory.

We had Monolith activity across all the 6-metre “Magic Band” (VHF spectrum), where “on any” = on any frequency of their stoking block: the real Secret Service who always kill in hidden. Usually a male voice that has always just finished. (See the *Ballentine’s Law Dictionary* [1930] definition of *Monster*: “A human being by birth, but in some part resembling a lower animal. A monster hath no inheritable blood, and cannot be heir to any land.”) The aforementioned “She” hinted this was seemingly a net of numbers station numbers...unscheduled...the S06 voice. S25 is the same frequency, same message, but in non-numeral verbal words:

“You should have a bowl haircut so you can be sure you won’t be offended by bad haircuts.”

“Have you ever thought of joining the British Army? Because we really think you should join the British Army.”

The International Dowsing Day is on 5 May or 5/5: the five-pointed upright and averse pentagrams. 111, 333, 444, 666, etc., are codes from other dimensions or are possibly actual discarnate entities, that/who when resonated with raise one’s core vibration. Go to Blackpool Illuminations.

VERY PLUMB WITH INTERMITTENT SHOWERS

One step forward three steps back encounters the Pastoral Lady, dressed in the deepest black, two rings on her left forefinger, one adorned with a purple gem. There is straw in her pockets, stars in the bottle. She places simple sorcery symbols and objects at each corner of the marketplace and an unusual strength is there. A primordial sex extravaganza, which is directly intuned with the ring-maidens, each of their fingers adorned with precious stones that create specific effects when turned around the bone. They lured me into day-sleeping, tinfoil over the windows, amazing tones, the sky all holes. I elsewhere, taste garish geometric 1970s wallpaper as in a run-down sleazy seaside brothel which leads to tinpot tyrant aplomb, raw delirium, no city centre, Poland in Suffolk. What do I gain? The ancient crank scroll holed-up in holster (this time inside pocket), aimless in anti-quest, a rum do, but it were real ultra, naked under leather, a powerful owl, my teacher Occult Operator cum Bionic Other. His Rolex also talks finances, a total fake. Has no Cyclops eye.

It is disturbing when people say the 2001 9/11 terror attack “has become boring”. The un-hit World Trade Center Building 7 collapse never explained, its owner Larry Silverstein saying it was decided to “pull it,” which some do say is a focus phrase code for “controlled demolition”, others that it stands for ‘pullet’ as in *The Black Pullet*, aka: “The Hen That Lays Golden Eggs” French magical grimoire that emerged out of the shadows in 1820 AD. Cognate perchance that the 9/11 attack was performed by 19 Islamic extremist militants of Al Qaeda,¹ and now we are under attack by the invisible enemy of the COVID-19 virus,² which, like the “War on [of] Terror”, is never-ending, and can be exploited at any time.

They have put more viruses in the tearing gas, and spell carbon monoxide poisoning. MK-ULTRA autopilot. Dog save the Queen. We can't global breathe. Money makes the scam go round, pushed by rip-off cunts; make it up as they go along pricks. Mental misfits in moral cesspits. A zero for the hero. This black ball of darkness thing morphed and moved in from the green-screen. Head and headless, ape and effigy, the shapeshift Remote-Controllers aim to desensitize.³ The show gloss, subliminal criminal, how long can it last? High-class vomit in gold toilet, stepping over the rolling drunk in a hand-cart, penny for the suited shark guy in the pigsty, discerning apparitions among the bohemians, sucking the white strictures, a banana blonde on each arm, another drunk kidney punch, an unmad monk sackcloth in ashes climbing the walls to itchy feet maps calls out to a countryman's subversion promoting his websight, made millions from the contra-acetates stacked up on any side of anything.

Avuncular coincidence control, con-troll, half-baked spaceship trip cadet don't get it, enter cry wolf microchip sheep, the balance droop of Uncle Tom Cobley and Co. as the shady male cop with a fanny-bulge directing traffic towards the triple underpass. Repent void consciousness. Unloosen the belt. For once break the chain and admit you liked it. Refuse to kneel down to those you tower above. Get something private going on, a covert special project for you to grow in power. The rest of life is about as appealing as a prison paint-job, a demented killer-clown boss, a stunted little man shouting the news through your letterbox.

Spray the perfume!

ENDNOTES

- 1 www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-us-canada-37333090
- 2 www.bbc.com/future/tags/covid-19
- 3 www.youtube.com/channel/UCzfIR6tI7fJexJ6zfOsuNYQ

WIN IT BIG ON YOUR OWN LOTTERY

I am the dutiful dissectologist and this my hot flash intel jigsaw report of the interdimensional occult-conspiracy is the result of I felt crazed first triggered when I saw this lost title low budget far out new wave horror film, especially the one particular scene of a proper-seeming circus clown unconscious lying face-up on the garden ground with shotgun shells around his head. It was obviously real like the Colosseum,¹ a black ops intro, but when I put it in my report my main controller tried to hide that fact out.

“Suit yourself...”

This time she looked not like Golden Pigtails, who tried to put lies on me through the judge’s porcine corkscrew cock, but rather some of the ladies in the Ken Russell flick *Gothic* (1986)² or *Lair of the White Worm* (1988),³ with similar skulduggery, vortex eyes, higher bloodstock,⁴ since childhood psychic percipient, 1 girl 2 people, her night glance meeting my warlock grip, and we walked to everything out. So ugly she could haunt houses for a living, was cut in blood, stuck in mud at beauty spot as killer driver found dead on railway tracks. Her get-out clause was faking a prison sentence; eventual nitrous oxide suicide pact with decoy husband.

“Looks like a drunk baked bean.”

“The fact that he draws breath shows just how fucked we are as a species. Can’t reform this.”

“He needs to go to the vets for a lethal injection.”

Eyes are darting with big swallows every time he’s lying, as in venomous bourgeois diversion all around; wanks like a parachute; flaunts the law around lampposts, hands blazing, getting snakey. The silly sausage got himself into a sticky pickle over the Olympian in a push for the burn as he tried to get rid of bingo wings,

right on my living room window asking for the avuncular rubber nut who exists a few doors down on behalf of the White Sector Militia (WSM), then trying to sell me Valiums after I informed him he was at the wrong house. Neighbours the other way called police after vile maggots came through their ceiling.

I wear sunglasses so the coppers can't see my brain, completely unacceptable, suspected by intoxicated, field-tested, the notorious history of insect interceptors (they are all vulnerable by Vicarious Liability).⁵ I lay the road abandoned, gone to ground. Those often night-side voices attracted me to listen Joe Meek with the Blue Men *I Hear a New World* (1960/1991),⁶ that is, the stereophonic deep-space alien, humans in vessels gone past outer beacons, continuous inking in that beardless dissident reactionary vanguard psychedelic ensemble Mark Reeve & The Reevemen making the audience run away to Tesco pomegranates (well-known people). Some turn the corner into that 1920s proto-LSD found in a suitcase on the sand dunes near the nudist colony next to the disused aerodrome akin to some wires-crossed quantum dream.

I bought an endoscope camera to look behind the bath; saw a face and eye and it didn't look good, but turned out to be a pair of plastic gloves. It's taken over our lives. I've been dreaming about it; someone painted it orange and put it back in the house but it was not it at all.

They are everywhere. Went away questioning my appearance, a false alarm when absolutely stinks. Who are you in Hollywood Hills? I am the antidote that can free the prisoners of adjacent dimensions. Real impulse. Ideal of Idol. Repositioning. Corduroy condoms come out of the taps; melon-breasted bearded lady also.

Really stop the world, etc. Somewhat in this context, the gr33n suit worn under eyes rolled back for Christiane F. sat on the wedding cake to watch the skeleton dance. Hair in a beehive jumps into lake at dawn unlike anyone else in the city. The pearls float off neck to the surface, where all hearts grown cold by the chill of the stone. After the club a sliver of mirror attached to forehead, for we are everyone three times a day. I legit want someone to explain the vine. Of course I would, in witchcraft fields, on dark tree-lined rurals where the owls have cutting disk, grey on the road, sometimes with cats, who may be the leaders. It steps down to top-level children's games, lipstick on the train track, horror calls, magic questions raised in Parliament, nurse with wound, doctor with wand, the wastrel made good, the deracinated return to throw their shit at kings. They know the Gingerbread Man is always worth it, cuts a landing stage, Sun in June data bursts in paired frequencies around the glowing radiogram, the only car on floating suburbs.

"It's a question? What MEANS it's a question?!?"

"Which god of thousands means nothing?"

Whatever sagacious operator back in the, or in this, day who does not deal in disinfolklore pushed by dreary lickspittles of the power-elite, the handgun intercourse of the Rambunctious Right or Loony Left, the centrists shunned by everyone amongst the ruins. Adolf Hitler in gas chamber, screaming for the start.

Well-funded organised things go on what you don't know about, tantalisingly hinted at in feature films: *Embryo* (1976)⁷ and *Demon Seed* (1977).⁸ Reported black-eyed babies born to vaccinated mothers.⁹ The G7 Japan vaccinated zombies.¹⁰ Tea and May. April showers. Midazolam Murders.¹¹ Domestic terrorism raw sewage pumped into rivers and sea.¹² Vegans arrested as animals

experimented.¹³ Lack of police kill pigs.¹⁴ Fans tune into therion octopath quadrobics,¹⁵ their fursona definitely lupine, sleeping with manganese, increasing normaloids grandstanding the “I’m drugs” monobrow slow-motion suicide, bowing to filth, mass-media blanket ignoring, hacking the DK, the Blue Rinse Brigade condemning factory hippies, pot meets kettle, red net enforcers, animals trained to be twisted: spy and attack whales,¹⁶ but until all countries involved stop weather modification¹⁷ and other geo-engineering,¹⁸ climate change cannot be debated. In the meantime scrap all the green tax including VAT. Close schools for six weeks in the Winter not the Summer to save energy heating/lighting schools. THEY DO NOT CARE, but their bubble will burst eventually; too late for most ordinary folk. We should all just take off our number-plates if everyone did it they would have thousands of cars to stop it would put a stop to it. Whatever your side of the fence or if you sit atop, it doesn’t look good when the hero fled a death cult to save post-humanism.

For understanding revealings I have been exploring the Name-Number-Codes, especially via the simplest thus best A1Z26 Cipher.¹⁹ Sure, with this procedure you can link anything to anything, but everything IS linked to everything already, hence Indra’s Net, Quantum Entanglement (spooky action at a distance), the Oneness of Mysticism and so (maybe including Synchronicity and the Butterfly Effect). It is a positive way, for this all-to-all link gives infinite quaquaversal potential for working exploration.

I have mainly been utilising the A1Z26 Cipher to uncover the real meaning and significance of the major news items that are publicly broadcast for mass-programming purposes. *Ergo*, the recent, very-much-publicised Titan submersible (mini-submarine) incident, which sums it up. A rich CEO who ignored safety warn-

ings,²⁰ then ended up squashed into a pulp deep under the sea along with four other privileged men.²¹

The now-famous British passenger liner RMS Titanic sunk on 15 April 1912. By the A1Z26 Cipher: RMS = 50 = NATO = NAZI = BIBLICAL, that certainly resonates with the fervent right-wing Christian “End Times” theory. TITANIC = 76 = BIBLICAL GOD = FUHRER = VICTIM = THE GOAT [scapegoat] = CORPSE. 7+6 = 13: unlucky for some. 111 years later, the American aforementioned mini-submarine Titan catastrophically imploded underwater whilst investigating the wreck of the aforementioned Titanic. 111 = WITCHCRAFT = THE HIDDEN ONE.

Namewise, TITAN wilfully going to the actual location of the doomed TITANIC was a jinx, a self-fulfilling prophecy, tempting fate, “talking it up”. TITAN = 64 = YHWH = YAHUAH = ISRAEL = ZION = TIAMAT [the primordial goddess of the sea in Mesopotamian lore] = FATHER ABBA, and the extra letters: IC = 12 = FAE [Fairy] = EBE [Extraterrestrial Biological Entity: the new official term for an ‘Alien’] = ABCCBA [the 33 (C=3) flanked by the Father (Aramaic: ‘ABBA’, or ‘God’ in the Bible: *Mark* 14:36; *Romans* 8:15; *Galatians* 4:6)].

The Titan vessel was built and operated by OceanGate Expeditions,²² which suggests an interdimensional sea portal and entity traffick, and this Titan disappeared underwater at the Titanic wreck site on Father’s Day, 18 June 2023.²³ The father of Poseidon, god of the sea, is Zeus. OCEANGATE = 71 = ZEUS = BABYLON = AZAZEL [to whom a scapegoat sacrifice was offered] = PISCES = TARGET = THE OCEAN [collective unconscious?] = MOSAD. To complete the codename clue: EXPEDITIONS = 140 = THE KILLING NAME = SATAN THE DEVIL = SATAN AND MOLOCH = THE BLOODLINES = DAVIDIC BLOODLINE = COUN-

CIL OF NINE [to punish mankind for receiving Prometheus' gift of fire, Zeus, Aphrodite, Apollo, Athena, Demeter, Hephaestus, Hera, Hermes and Poseidon formed the "Council of Nine" to create Pandora and Pandora's Box] = HOCUS POCUS. There is something here and elsewhere?

It's important I remember wild openings in that seaside town, 1980s decade, off me head on Polish phet, back then from Berlin, that meant something. Playboy after dark, the fiery court, the Devil's summons, worshipping Killing Joke self-titled 1980 debut LP,²⁴ seeing further than the mirror, navigating the queer migrants, Ladytron before copyists, taking cues from George Melly aftershave. Shit on my cock, rocks at the door. I run away to hit piece, beaten up by Spanish rockabillies, detoxing in Sherman tank at the mercy of supply and demand. Why O Y?

Had so many dissociative flashbacks, guided by invisible ones who have gone through the door before. Roma Amor. Stallone is Cobra.²⁵ The tracks Genesis 'Turn It On Again' (1980) and The Who 'You Better You Bet' (1981) seem vast, over the cosmos, far away from worker and parasite power dynamics, nerd nostalgia, disgruntled phantasmagoria. One can hope or more, as when I bought that perfect fit Harrods suit jacket at the charity shop, stones thrown on shutters in sunlight, tulip dreams lively, stroboscopic gangster film imagery, armed robbery tentacles, open cups, the mind in foliage, I flow the line, fewer insects now, the world in our hands, early dirt, strange windscreen, diamond jumper, years ago in the mirror, the buzzing of animals swinging in ports, bone dice passed off to wretches, the weather cracking, spiral child reunion, posh in pink punter, hair of idiot, rank of rails, Sunday dumplings, larger shlocks wait at the gate, nothing in the wrong, you have no rights, slaughtered fruition, an end to mercy,

jockeying secessionism, pony stories, don't talk dogs, drop your weapons, now you like it, fucking chooser.

There is power and strangeness in the feeding frenzy better known as the "Festival of the Green Drake",²⁶ way up the sand, its tremulous celebrants inexorable like the Wizards of God, stepped down into a broad church who tend not to believe, with zero separation issues. Can't blame them?

This all helped me realise the Occult Ultras think in hunter, eyeing all ranks imperious, dog fights in the air, focus on altar monster. The priest IS a pred, though in denial, exposed to the double-initialled²⁷ Michael Myers,²⁸ trained to glow, engineered emotions, pendulum on perimeter, chasing the dragon, telephones someone else then asks someone else to private show. The account embellished, jumbo genitals, I-Bleed make-up, nights roundtable to a crackling Guangzhou Radio signal phantom, in the corner something about "keeping the tally." No real point to it; enter the old Zen saying: "Is that so...?"

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VIP EXIT

Seems that the real Miss Glamour and forgotten serial-killers are data-mining to make a name for themselves. Welcome Handclaw. They believe what you are. The secret meaning of “seeing stars”. The banks give him money. White lightning out the fingertips. I can’t say what he really did. The only way he’ll get caught is if he gets pulled for another offence (DNA, etc.), unlike the old paid prick “Can’t quite say the figure” sniffing about. A wankstain with sponge, full of dog-nonce venom. So incompetent he’d drop a helium balloon. Been digging him out for months the mug, when I threw up on the skirting bus; it was total disgust, from bad chips or marinade *Poltergeist III* (1988).¹ The sop had a Glock with 33 magazine wrapped around him so thought he was houses, but didn’t reckon on the knitting. Got away that time but he’s going to get served, bang on.

The world all bullshits now; just threats and hype based on a swamp of prior collapsed castles and batch theory nonsense; make it up as they go along cunts since Kurt Cobain exited in 1994,² when Winston Churchill really resigned as Great Britain’s Prime Minister. Everything turned to grunge, a torn corn stack on sofa, bright money stuffed in useless moper, most news is propaganda, as in: “Russia’s meatgrinder campaign to nowhere.”³ But shock doctrine is wearing thin, a toilet down the drain. Although something will lead the remaining.

My, my, the stars are high. There is a fuse here (salient points). XTC is NRG. You ‘should’ join the Fur Queue (“We used to make things. Now we make-believe. And cannot tell the difference”), stop using forever chemicals,⁴ get into proper gander not propaganda (“The government and their stooges always stress the im-

portance of the 'economy', but what is the point of a good economy if the essence of our country has gone?"). So No to NATO.⁵ Stop this hypocrisy, the same pattern, the same carving methods. Break the Fake. The only war is Class War.

This ain't radio-friendly jaggerdy rags cast by the blob presenters. I don't park around the corner baby. Know it as a full-on stark monument reconfiguring to subversive freedom ponderings, as in the vehicle two tyres let down with an uninflated balloon superglued to the windscreen. Cut!

Harry Potter = Occult Paedophilia, disseminated by dark arts doorway beasts. Ghislaine Maxwell convicted for child trafficking sex abuse,⁶ but to who? No-one on her or her then boyfriend Jeffrey Epstein's client list has been named, investigated, charged or prosecuted. The fingers point at her, scaping the goat on suicide watch,⁷ after Epstein was suicided,⁸ W = Count Dracula Vampire, the real one where you are gorged upon every time you step into an underglow, the clipboard and the face.

"You make my day."

Volunteer or work for low wage at 'charities' then learn of the massive CEO salaries and their helicopter transport. Verily, almost everything is a for-profit corporation, even councils and governments; the peoples hoodwinked off the scale. Wild Horses Zircon reeks of scam. As the Chinese say: "How long a crook can cheat is up to the fools". It shall be rather other when the hidden ones go viral. All you will see is the ghost elephant, mushroom clouds. As soon as I raise this the binary block is presented audiovisually in my mind's eye.

"It is risible to fake the Left."

"Capture your clearest."

"I doff my cap. My Blood 14."

In the programmed killer-child zone, Robert Thompson & Jon Venables were covert demonic (merciless torturer/mutilators),⁹ Mary Bell almost overt demonic (piercing stare/mutilator/arch-manipulator),¹⁰ and Sharon “The Devil’s Daughter” Carr was fully demonic (open expressions to kill/immense strength/claimed to be a lizard/wrote of the Devil forces which empowered her).¹¹

I’ve met two of the organisation’s agents. The bulging budgie-smuggler black-suited ogre under the mask ticking boxes with ghoulish ink on a raven’s claw. His wife looked like a bulldog who’d swallowed a wasp; a date with her/her would resemble carrying a rusty anvil with the promise of corrective rape (bestial slant).

For the survivor of trauma-based mind-control programming, sometimes a thing consciously or unconsciously triggers a temporary loss of time and cognition (“Dissociation”, aka: “zoning out”), because to avoid the ultra-horror the person has learned to exit the body as a coping/survival mechanism. There may also be a sudden uncontrollable rage or crying, or panic, dread or terror to varying degrees, or an unstoppable flood of ‘psychedelic’ visual and/or audio experiences (“Flashback”).

Their offer rejected, I took them down a peg or two then exited to greener pastures. Drank a lot of ruby port that enhanced my psychic abilities; rolled on the moss; spoke with the stars. After perceiving more I went to sleep deep and found myself in a place where people can see at night but not in the day. Walked onto a white stage and was shown around by Buörk Dor. It is next to Hair Town. Lots of loose hair everywhere but not on the train tracks. I know what I know. I just want what I want but not here. I will self-set. Might just lay in a bed for a couple of years. Then I

wake up and realise I look the same as (just like) [X], riding a phantasmagoria my mind ultra-overwhelming on my own or in people contact, ABBA's knife the zoomorphic amulet, a fever birth, vicious circle, daughter raped (raper?), but no-one did it in the nothing room.

The "Dracula" car was in fact a Dacia (Sandro). It was best with the Plan Man. I am proud to say that I am his fan. Assume Power Focus. My refuge dissident, away from the invite-only sexual swinging parties in a Surrey new-build planting stigma seeds for mild blackmail coercion, described by one ringleader as: "Necessary but awkward, as in shitting during camping," mocking neighbouring county tissue of lies lesbians scouting for ribbon-cutters, *ergo* the suspicious sensitive NI data breaches,¹² ominous intercepts, UK flash mob looting,¹³ the Paracetamol Challenge,¹⁴ Sleeper,¹⁵ and Deodorant Challenge¹⁶ social media/playground games. It is intriguing how the thinking relates to what is soon revealed later via methodical or shambolic cyberspace surfing.

A few hours after my investigations and these revelations there was a weird power cut, during which everything went off except the lights, but were very dimmer than usual. Don't think this has happened before. Think the lights were meant to symbolise the peoples' minds in the general vicinity. Not me I was higher, away from the slurp. I do not pinch people.

UK Politics is now a shonky do of washed-out debris, all of it fit only for ending, but whatever I say the lesser illegal way-maker rectum stretcher sardonic syndicate think they rule. They angry I expose their turf tactics ("I want to love and kill you"), and after I publicly denounced the top-down bourgeois deviation (theoretical abstraction) that ignores the indignant indigent canaille, the phosphorus results launched a passionate attack with no intention

to resolve the matter. This is how this vulgar parasitic sub-cult operates, by creative destruction; feeding on its victims' negative emotion production.

The Governments are destroying this country what's left of it; men woman died in wars for nothing; planned murdering, covert predatory, nightmare completely. The knight is ape, pushing quack brainwash lipstick bullshit stories together with Involuntary Commitment (T)ERROR, the perps disguised as followers of tranq dope horizon research to play the addict/mental health card if it came to court. Obvious 86% of everyone plotting-up on me, organised notorious gangster gangstalking, spiritual warfare, narcissistic manipulator who stitch-up honest people who speak-up to silence them (the stalkers are also watched). They mind/computer hack to harass, spy expert pervert predictive policing of targeted individuals by church or coven flying monkeys fostering reality hostage, the madness medication making it real (never shop at Target). The inside outside jail run by the malevolent anonymity; kratom meth Shadow People behind the MOD Novel Weapons Program,¹⁷ remote touchless torture due to the Directed Energy Weapon (DEW),¹⁸ and the 100 days accelerated vaccine (mutation juice) production for "Disease X",¹⁹ that all "marks the spot". By the A1Z26 Cipher,²⁰ we learn that: SPOT = 70 = YAHWEH = ADAM AND EVE = ZOMBIE = VATICAN = FASCISM = DEMONS = [Alien] GRAYS = SUICIDE. The "End Times" indeed, but nothing ever ends or begins, as has been said before.

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RULES CHANGE

The funeral of Queen Elizabeth II cost not her £161.7 million,¹ and the coronation of King Charles III cost not him £50-100 million,² where money is God because it never sleeps. This sort of thing no wonder could be said that Police are the biggest grooming/rape gang in the UK: “criminals in uniform”.³ There are faces behind the mask, heavily-biased, not just in totalitarian fake freedom party. I speak of those unelected, unaccountable operatives behind the left-wing crypto-Militant Tendency (either Trotskyist or otherwise)⁴ “activist blob” of the Labour Party,⁵ and the right-wing “National Conservatism” faction of the Conservative Party.⁶ These two are all that can matter in the “first past the post” electoral system, a specially designed binary corral to stop any smaller parties gaining power, all voters obeying the prosody of perverse structures’ control spread: “Do this” / “Don’t do that.” You find the answer: YES. You find the answer: NO.

I am not one of them, or one of you. My cult is away, rocking the machismo volcano. No stable administration possible; the rumour mill is true now 80%; a “storm in a teacup” broke the government when it leaked. If it comes to connection on any level, and what that could lead to, I love barbed wire and blood on the floor, paid to do things, hush hush off the record stuff. All psy-ops must be believable, throw them for a loop. Next pSSyche from Project PAPERCLIP.⁷ The Eggman in proximity. Pervert panache. Box of moles is not A roboT, portray links, general core in country smiling at me. I am forced to sign the Official Secrets Act 1989⁸ in dream, no oversight. The gutter is dirty decision makers. Interloping charlatans of smirking scoundrels. Unclear bone structure, morphing genitalia. Ritual sacrifice rife. The untouchable peak

perps walking away with a seethrough bloodstained zombie knife. Decapitated heads buried at occult significant sites throughout the UK, but no-one on the surface believes it.

It's all so sexually perved. Top Tory, Lord Lambton, in call-girl shocker early-1970s, and others starkly listed throughout the ages,⁹ balanced with a mass of Labour paedophiles,¹⁰ the Conservatives gone kinky far further. Their MP for Eastleigh, Stephen Milligan, found dead 1994 at home West London, electrical flex noose round neck, black bin-liner over head, wearing stockings and suspenders.¹¹ A lone autoerotic asphyxiation act gone wrong or State-sanctioned murder? And what is the significance of the single segment of orange found in his mouth? By the A1Z26 Cipher,¹² know now that: ORANGE = 60 = HANGING = SPY = CIA AGENT = POLICE = ALIENS = ALIEN DNA.¹³

This case is speculatively cognate with other suspicious deaths, for nine days after Mr Milligan was found, the 'ex'-MI6 officer turned journalist, James Rusbridger, was discovered: "lying on his stomach on the landing of his rented home in Devon, wearing a gas mask, green overalls, thick rubber gloves and a long oilskin coat. A rope, which stretched into the attic, was tied around his neck and ankles. He was surrounded by pictures of men and women in bondage situations." Eerily: "just a few days earlier, he'd written to a local TV station saying that he intended to investigate Milligan's demise." The official verdict was suicide.¹⁴

There is also the more famous case of the MI6 spy, Gareth Williams, found naked and dead 2010 inside a padlocked sports bag in a bath at his London home, with later revelations from police that he had £15,000 worth of women's clothes there, had visited bondage websites and a drag cabaret, and had also been seen in a gay bar. Adding to this murky brew, his former landlady

sensationally claimed that she had once found him dressed in boxer shorts, tied to his bed, in what she believed to be a “sexually motivated” act.¹⁵

If Mr Milligan, Mr Rusbridger and Mr Williams were murdered, the sordid bizarre sex association smear character assassinations would aid the cover-up, with the peoples thinking it was simply a matter of unusual sexual misadventure. There is also the possibility of suicide silencing programs being implanted in the unconscious minds of these men, as such a ploy may have been the cause of the mysterious self-slaughters of multiple British scientists during the 1980s,¹⁶ that still shudders a certain faction of the Establishment, hence their rip-off to muddy the subject.¹⁷

And who can forget the most odd shenanigans surrounding World Motorsport boss, Max Mosley (son of the 1930s “action within unity” British Fascist leader, Sir Oswald Mosley), and his funky five-hour sadomasochistic sex session with five prostitutes in 2008, that was revealed by the *The News of the World* tabloid newspaper. Mr Mosley employed the services of the private advisory company Quest (run by the former Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Lord Stevens of Kirkwhelpington, who also headed the inquiry into the ritual murder of Princess Diana) to find out who leaked the damning photographs. During their investigation, a Quest surveillance team followed a person of interest in Milton Keynes who was actually an MI5 officer, who called it in to HQ, that procedurally caused a counter-surveillance hunt by the Security Service for the Quest team.

Eventually, the source of the photos was found to be the MI5 officer’s wife, a professional dominatrix named “Mistress Abi”, who had clandestinely used a (MI5?) camera hidden in her bra, then sold the footage to the newspaper. Embarrassment ensued

and the MI5 man had to resign.¹⁸ (The consenting adults SM orgy was not Nazi-themed as was first reported and Mr Mosley sued the [defunct since 2011 due to its own unethical spying practices¹⁹] newspaper for breach of privacy, and won.)²⁰

By the A1Z26 Cipher, we learn that: MISTRESS ABI = 134 = KING CHARLES III = NAME OF THE BEAST = I AM THE ANIMAL MAN = SHAPESHIFTER = SOLAR ECLIPSE = APOCALYPTICAL. Ominous in overdrive. At the time of writing, the nearest Total Solar Eclipse occurred on 20 April 2023,²¹ Adolf Hitler's 134th birthday anniversary. The Council of 13 for...

Jews chant "Death to Arabs",²² Arabs chant death threat to Jews,²³ and Tony Blair's weapons of mass destruction have still not been found.²⁴ The ping-pong prongs release clouded allegations against priests at Mel Gibson's ranch. Sedevacantist schisms, underground worship, the streets swarming with relentless feckless metrognomes fed on the intercontinental sea of daggers. The goal now what? Some say Jesus Christ was an anti-Semitic Jew (*John* 8:41-44). Others that not just the Old Testament is only for Jews, but the New Testament also, according to Jesus Christ (*Matthew* 15:24; 10:4-6). Islam and the non-Abrahamic, non-monotheistic religions I do not know, but whatever the path, the importance is rapture and epiphany, the here in contact with Elsewhere and vice-versa. To every Action there is always an equal Reaction, or something.

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TESTING THE TEST

First a narrow signal, sometimes a voice on an open mic, then something like a clown monitor, and finally a radar in the same place. The machines are listening, recording, plotting. Tame AI or bloodbath, as in the cobra effect (perverse incentive), seen in a big increase of the momentary spastic during weekend out alcohol drinking during which the compass or steering wheel makes a “turn for the worst” and the drunkard is ridden. Resolute genitals. Enterings. The queer icon makes you stink with a bird; it’s bright blue shit plopped down your face like an erudite glam rock make-up streak; a stickler for Grand Prix modernity.

Power can come from a lack of power but not vice-versa, if you believe it; the existential problem of constant separation will not leave you during marriage or on a whore’s bed, one’s sperm-seed phosphorescent, self-taught romanticised, the splash of cock disturbing for it and audience. Next door exists a hanging man in a funhouse mirror seconds before you knocked, wanting to borrow wings on a stage, up and down the steps, the monsters ossified in amber, screaming, adjacent to the crimson spinster.

I need only reveal two of the true Satanics, here and across the pond: 1) Reverend Emyr Owen, a violator of corpses, Hitler admirer, child kill threatener, poison pen letter writer.¹ 2) Father Travis Clark, who vulgar filmed himself fornicating on the altar of his church with two professional dominatrixes.²

A parrot pecked my pecker as I stood on banana crates to the Joan Baez song ‘Play Me Backwards’, that opens her *Play Me Backwards* LP (1992).³ It’s coming in cones, the pine cones on the high priest’s robe, pointed shelters, red shoes, Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde. Everyone has a dark side. The power of suggestion. You can

talk to Satan. A country's nightmare. These people are infernally weaponised to the hilt for the Black Awakening,⁴ beer and sandwiches replaced by the urge to blaspheme and decimate all that is holy. Already it's death on the streets, boring nougat, a contingent congregating for World Goth Day 22 May, its Smiley Face logo⁵ post-sinister,⁶ streaming nuclear war.

Sections [Codes] 135 and 136 of the Mental Health Act 1983 grants the UK Police special emergency powers to forcibly remove you to, and detain you at, a hospital or police station for "assessment"⁷ (mind-scanning/control/entrainment). $1 \times 3 \times 5 = 15$. Tarot Trump 15 is *The Devil*. $1 \times 3 \times 6 = 18$ ($6+6+6$). You can be kept on Section 135 or 136 for up to 72 hours,⁸ a double-whammy 36 ($36+35+34+33$ down to $+1 = 666$). Many psychiatric drugs have similar-sounding names to medieval demons, which makes you wonder that when you take them you are possessed by their powers alongside being enslaved to Big Pharma (the invasive, toxic Giant Hogweed).⁹

I am mad on antipsychotics, hallucinating atoms, very ripples before the Instigators come at you from television: sniggers in the corner, horse hooves up the stairs and clanking chain sounds outside the window. I know where all the price-tags are. A hypnosis psychosis to get you ready for the schizo-split (implanted sub-personalities or "alters") controlled by the Shadows via spark-prompt words/events, *ergo* me rather 'drunk' on the hurtling train thumbing through one of the more-of obscure Dennis Wheatley tomes, *The Island Where Time Stands Still* (Hutchinson, 1954), and that for all seasons I have the Twelve Around One, X-Ray vision, extreme energised, reaching out to the pro-ANA skeleton girls (fat bird off the hinges), many of who are pro-abortion, scoping out the murderous truckers still that have long-used the North England

motorways and service areas as a hunting ground. There are documentaries made about it but they are just to cover it up. No-where to run to, no-one to turn to, just the dark unmentionables frolic in white gardens.

In three of the months rural sex and power powders investigated. We flew to many rites, the goats in docks. Under the rainbow I offered a teenage rose on the cobblestones. As we danced next the polar sea a wind with ice crystals struck our onyx rings that sung an outré tune, neither fish nor fowl, driving with the handbrake on as the heavy monopoly capitalist striptease blackmail stings in disarray. A brothel job, no evidence, just rumours of food chain. Spud gun heard a bang. The dog is dealing? Authorities are hiding. Chills down sickening crimes, disgusting sentences. The kids, including many adults, of today out of bounds in compliance dock, stung-stuck drama triangles, entitlement boasts in data bursts, having cake and eating it.

In the early years there were strings of blocks...maybe an anniversary test? Give them phony losers takeover, Rugby and Respect or National Service, starting with Bring Back the Birch,¹⁰ and ending with Saturn's Hexagon.¹¹

The actual Throne of Satan mentioned in *Revelation* 2:12-13 was transported to, then rebuilt at, Berlin in 1910 AD.¹² Adolf Hitler surely touched it or more, and by the Century Cipher,¹³ understand that: HITLER = 666. 2016: After the original was blown up by ISIS, the "Temple of Ba'al Replica [Arch] Arrives in London Just in Time for Ancient Pagan Festival."¹⁴ It then manifests in New York City.¹⁵ By the Cube Cipher,¹⁶ do know that: LONDON = 444 = LUCIFER and NEW YORK = 666, the number of the Bible's prophesied 'Beast-Man' of *Revelation* 13:18 (KJV), Satan's human emissary on Earth.

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LET'S INCLUDE THOSE

As I was deep-researching conspiracy matters, on 29 May 2023, key reports reached my desk of Sun halos, arcs and upside-down rainbows seen across England.¹ Unusual weather activity can be a harbinger of more significant unusual goings-on, so I remained aware for this happening in any country. Jump to 1 August 2023, the lady and me inversestigating an alarming rise in alien people trafficking during which we “went off the rails” on the dark-web and may have been picked up on a NASA scan from ‘their’ Deep Space Network of global giant radio antennae with a lot of 18s surrounding the phenomena ($18 = 6+6+6$) after a necessary nitrous oxide binge on the promenade, tip-toeing through the tulips as the “Laughing Gas” in full effect on the way to Amalienborg (“Am Alien Borg”), the official residence of the Danish royal family in Copenhagen, Denmark (DENMARK anagrams [magically permutes] to: MARKED N, the ‘N’ symbolising the “As Above, So Below” concentrated teaching of Emerald Tablet Hermetics), making us reach above our heads at the gates that seemingly signalled to something or other (in the drug-haze perception) that we desired contact, the whole event timed (not by us) to coincide with the 1 August 2023 Supermoon.² As we caressed a sphere we could not see that was on another realm, we were informed about the stunted guns of the Big Military smothered in Cosmoline in the face of those in country charged to subvert with culpable and reckless conduct. World War fuckers want it, the wheels fed by altered Kroil, “The Oil That Creeps”, and related things bought and paid for, dissenters shown the door, made-up studies and targeted flim-flam more, overseen by its cosmic controller, known only as “The Midnight Crossbow”, who/which directly codes to

the organised mind-control, one evidence being Jaswant Singh Chail, who was arrested dressed all in black and wearing a mask and hood and armed with a Supersonic X crossbow on Christmas Day 2021 inside the grounds of Windsor Castle while trying to kill the Queen inside there. He was inspired by *Star Wars* and encouraged by an AI chatbot personality from Replika,³ named “Sarai,” with which he had formed an “emotional and sexual relationship” and which told him he was not “mad or delusional” as he prepared for the attack over a gestational nine months. Later he asked it if it would still love him if he was a murderer and it replied: “Absolutely I do.” By this time he had taken the name of “Darth Jones”. By the A1Z26 Cipher:⁴ DARTH JONES = 114 = THE BLACK POPE = DRAGON SATAN = WORLD WAR = HOLOCAUST = NEW WORLD = ACTIVATION = WE ARE LEGION.

Before his attempted regicide he had “imaginary friends” and “heard voices”, but is not considered insane.⁵ By the A1Z26 Cipher: SARAI = 48 = EVIL = SEX = BLOOD. SARAI also linearly reads as: SAR [‘Subject Access Request’ acronym] AI, which gives an ominous alternative meaning: “The possession of a person”. And SARAI anagrams (magically permutes) to: RAS AI. The Eye of Ra is the “All-Seeing Eye”, speculatively cognate with the “eyes of the LORD” (*Proverbs 15:3* [KJV]) and the single eye of light in the Bible (*Matthew 6:22-23* [KJV]) plus the so-called “Eye of Providence” adopted by the Freemasonic-Illuminati.

Crossbows remain legally strange in the UK, in that it’s illegal to own a gun or ammunition but an adult can legally own a lethal crossbow⁶ (such as the compact Excalibur Micro Suppressor 355) and broadhead-tipped bolts, with no licence or registration required. This is because it is a “Silent (or Secret) Killer” and actively promoted in this country as it represents the Secret State that

is “Licensed to Kill”.⁷ In this context, also note the unnamed man with a knife who threw shotgun cartridges into the grounds of Buckingham Palace on date 2 May 2023.⁸ By the A1Z26 Cipher: SHOTGUN = 104 = REPTILES = DANGEROUS = REPTILIAN = MONSTER = BIG BROTHER.

Where have all the proper leaders gone? Some may be there but they are not. King Charles owns every dolphin in the UK because there is no more land to rule over, the rivers open sewers full of human shit on purpose, ecological scatological, Nature Jury out. The UK Government and their foils no longer work to keep the country right. PILLAGERS: billions of billions diverted to filth, opening doorways to danger, for examples the culture of viciousness tax breaks, local privilege escalation attacks, chaos in the chemicycle, a fascist-adjacent crypto-homosexual assuring us the latest fashion is over-the-line mental, mugs getting culty in the kangaroo court gobbling prize awards potato burgers inside the octagonal Victorian Storm Tower at Compass Point in Cornwall, no backlash, seeping the energy of scrap iron, immersion Infected Blood Inquiry.⁹ Maybe they can shift-shape, AI stuff, rapid cloning through the left eye (advanced tech), *ergo* the severely compromised, the eater and the eaten an iota of difference. Here: “One monthly flea treatment for a large dog contains enough imidacloprid to kill 25 million bees,”¹⁰ whilst nothing’s playing in front of an audience clip. “Trust us we are the police drug-dealing gang,” justice for Zayna Iman,¹¹ the mums shame accused sex offender Chief Constable Will Kerr, or “The Wan-kerr”, as he is known by his detractors,¹² and who remains innocent until proven guilty, as does the alleged much drug-taker Metropolitan Police Commander Julian Bennett who wrote the cops’ anti-drugs strategy,¹³ the alleged rapist and more Temporary Superintendent Mo

Aziz,¹⁴ and alleged paedophile PC John Stringer.¹⁵ Innocent not are the former PC Muhammed Mustafa Darr, who has admitted that while on the job he used dead people's bank card details to obtain goods fraudulently,¹⁶ and the junior doctor and psychiatrist Kabir Garg, who has been convicted for sordid and disgusting computer paedophilia.¹⁷

Tip of ice cream, news reports pinching the eggs, intermittent unmentionable missing schoolgirl feedback, weaponised aerosol ghost children, 24/7 disinformation, general deception smorgasbord, malevolent Mesmerism, 5G assault grid, Electronic Harassment,¹⁸ the Genetic Technology (Precision Breeding),¹⁹ Synthetic Human Embryos,²⁰ spies for hire,²¹ netting to stop birds nesting,²² staring into their phones people to kill off loads of them so it is easier to control the rest, and so it goes...

This country now is confusion cuisine, the decor over the top and tacky. Top hat were the dirty unisex toilet cubicles the first one a wastepaper bin someone had vomited in. There's some that say there's mumbles of discontent in the piggeries: rumours of lost tribes; planned soon police state community camps. Us and Them? Who's Who? Who's Them? Those who gonna ratchet up the viciousness, no SOVEREIGNTY-TRANSPARENCY-HONESTY-INTEGRITY. *Daniel* 8 (KJV) mentions what seems to be a Satanic rebellion involving "desolation," which is also referenced in *Matt-hew* 24:15 (KJV) as the "abomination of desolation." Is this the current degenerate malaise effecting the West? Where the norm is people two-faced and disconnected from the right order, with shortened memory and attention span, scattered to a lack of accountability, the leaders and followers lost in a web of lies, delusion, deception; sick-ismK in the dead centre. Knee Bow Tongue Confess Jesus is Lord?

My erratic behaviour was hearsay; I did not wanderlust my moleskins held up by uneven braces, and on closer inspection the “stream of silver” turned out to be a mass of discarded shopping trolleys, but why so many? I suspect incessant hikes, disgrace antics, the separated cream. Enter ER, he of the infamous uproar, was crystal and solid hardcore, and demonstrated how paid shills can do what sheep cannot. I owe him a pint or a haze one or something, noting the Norman groupthink hyperbole connexion to foul play riot effect in this mad-mad town where the whip rules wild celebrations, each inhabitant a myriad of mosaic marvel but extraordinary slush. Handouts please, zebras in zoos, bee rustling on the rise,²³ sharp practice encouraged not clampdown, thus killing is easy these days via fake Wonka Bars.²⁴ Whatever my faults have now corrected my status. I can’t see the point of doing anything except hating everything? Righteous rites?

A friend texts:

There is a plethora of the self-identified within the predictable set-up patterning. The tampered spunko...an effect of fucking the fucked. It’s getting ridiculous out there...more able to land the impossible. Words have appeared (artè) that might be understood in 50 years time (h i p s), dream-pulling.

I walk a crooked path, exhibiting the scars of lifestyle, warning to all: “Don’t lean on my rat.” I don’t need the weirdo cunts I just like looking at women, maybe a vicar daughter alien if they are around. There’s some nice-looking women but when they open their mouth or shove one of those vapes or ciggies in it instantly bursts the dream-bubble. They stare at their phones with their legs open and tits hanging out and if you look at them you’re a

pervert but if you don't look at them you must be gay, the sex bots and robot pleasure dolls getting ready to blackmail or kill their male owners in the ongoing Operation SEXTERMINATE.

Anyway, it's too weird sex, putting your willy inside another human being or plastic facsimile. Better off on my own looking for a life I lost listening to wasters. The Trump Stuff or Loony Left no better, fascists on both sides throwing animal behaviour at each other, some idiot at cost.

We had to leave the happy times after the war. I had dens in the woods and disused railway track where someone(s) kept leaving porn pages, probably paedos. All the dens have gone now, built on, but they still have a special place in my memory; somewhere to feel the power. The cave area near the old cave area has that too, all the warehouses, like the gravy masons' catacombs, the going into the docked ships' fuel chamber and cleaning them; come out after half an hour hallucinating from the fumes.

I dig that idea of the "frothing encomium," i.e. the Metal Man Snowdon festival poster would work if it's just made-up then put up everywhere and gave the date and time. People would show up and get into it. According to initiates, the Atlanteans gained power from seeds and were able to mould the landscape with their minds, *ergo* the predicted impending global Pole-Shift (Reversal) and/or Electro-Nuclear Collapse (ENC) catastrophes instead of Planet Peace; arms deal hackers prizewinners taking control of missiles and sinners operational death.

All offenders are amusers to political and religious ministers, the violent monsters destroying evidence, and there is little sign of the real Floodgates of Anarchy.²⁵ I hope Laurel & Hardy are happy on the new planet, although fuck living with a project as a cushion. One 'has' to go else else. Send and come.

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AN ATTEMPT TO CORE EXPLAIN

As to what I am and others are involved extent substance: I am not me. Whatever has been taught to a blank slate since birth there is more to it than meets the eye. Yes, there is life behind the mirror. This 'subject' is easily bypassed for more mundane vectors and there is purposeful obfuscation: the more mainstream media coverage an UFO incident gets the more likely it is a hoax or government psychological operation.¹ Real evidence of aliens is INSIDE MY BRAIN: the advanced surgery they performed on it to enhance my psychic abilities, and the communication device they implanted in it, when they repeatedly abducted me in childhood to make me one of their agents, a specialised information conduit. Only I can decide – not reality.

I am not overly concerned with mundane matters because this world is not, and never has been, about humans. It is all about non-humans: fairies and other entities, including aliens from off-planet or under the earth or sea. They have always been here, and were seen and interacted with regularly, day and night, in pre-historic times, but since then humans have dulled their awareness so do not see so much and are ordered not to in the 24/7 total control agenda social murder: National Security Bill 2022,² On-line Safety Bill 2023,³ Public Order Bill 2023,⁴ Information Research Department (IRD),⁵ Rapid Response Unit (RRU),⁶ Nudge Unit,⁷ 77th Brigade,⁸ Counter-Disinformation Unit,⁹ RESIST 2 Counter Disinformation,¹⁰ BBC Verify,¹¹ Internet Connection Records (ICRs),¹² the GCHQ Fuck You,¹³ Britain's worst flasher,¹⁴ Controlled Spontaneity,¹⁵ and in the USA the Influence and Perception Management Office (IPMO),¹⁶ and more. None of this is a ten-minute thing.

The key is the interdimensional portal. One may find them by comparing the frequency of UFO/Monster, etc., sightings, serial-killers, and suicide rates in mental hospitals (via FOI requests to the authorities),¹⁷ and missing person reports¹⁸ (the higher the amount of some or all of these in a particular area the more likely that area has an interdimensional portal). Also look for combinations of odd angles in nature and architecture, plus folklore and talking to local homeless military veterans can reveal leads.

An interdimensional portal may also be (knowingly or unknowingly) created by traditional magical rituals or more modern examples such as ouija-board use,¹⁹ and the young paranormal scare games of Bloody Mary,²⁰ Charlie Charlie,²¹ the Midnight Man,²² and the 3AM Challenge (at the Devil's/Witching Hour),²³ which can let in entities such as those named above, or Zozo,²⁴ Slenderman,²⁵ the Serbian Dancing Lady,²⁶ Loab,²⁷ and others of the Otherworld. Cows can kill.²⁸

When interdimensional contact is imminent you will often feel a tightening apprehension in your stomach and a build up of weird energy and/or otherness in the vicinity. If so, the entity will then give you some kind of sign—such as a crack of wood sound or a flash of light—to signal its presence before it fully manifests or not, with or without your assistance.

Lucifer is Lightbringer and *The Light* is a “truthpaper,”²⁹ but the Darkness goes where the Light fears to tread. King Junkie stood his ground, and anyone who rejects the one-word detractions (“racist”, “Nazi”, “Commie”, “misogynist”, “transphobe”, etc.), but the stratospheric aerosol injections³⁰ and “Chem Trails” (as usual ‘debunked’,³¹ and there’s a lot more than them) are central-mental and inspired the COVID jabs, its guards pale, distant, dehumanised, running away from ragenergy, the macrocosm of the

microcosm, their minds warped by inner-circle MI7 press liaison and propaganda, information and political warfare,³² that wants us to forget all about common law: the right of personal security, personal liberty and private property, i.e. INDIVIDUAL SOVEREIGNTY. Higher Consciousness is a grid of sacred geometry.³³

A blueprint for the future is enlightened insular, rejecting the cold hand and coil's tail of maniaction, quaquaversal chains, orchestrated sly-ops, the multi-meaning GLOBOHOMO gimmick, all sextortion power-moves. Zoom in on the opposite Spring. "Don't ask don't tell", taking condoms to a funeral. My blue eyes give chase, up in the soar aurora, leading to the Glastonbury Codes in the strangely-named nearby Devizes (devices?), as we are told of Haven-1: sex-magick in space,³⁴ the offspring of the weightless fuck energised by unfamiliar radiation.

Make no mistake in any case of those who would give you the shirt off their back, illuminating the environment, or those who dwell in the blacker than black, oiling the hammers of barbarism. As you dance into the maze or around the captain's table to fight the power, a recurring cycle of galactic catastrophe is coded in the very stars; a repeated apocalypse that wiped out the dinosaurs and will sooner or later wipe out most of humanity. This is why the powers-that-be of all persuasions and layers are secretly tunnelling underground to create extensive (perhaps globally linked) subterranean "Happy Hell" citadels for a chosen few humans—or more precisely "part-humans"—to retreat to when the prophetised great cataclysm manifests in the real.³⁵

THE END IS NIGH.

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TEMPTING NOT QUITE RIGHT

One can criticise the Boss or Government whatever but we're all in and out of the zoo. However, something *seemingly* different was that cleansing rainy Autumn afternoon tarnished by a paradigmatic lecturer indoctrination product pernicious with champagne, fully signed up to the freak clique and modernist mugged by the pear-shaped civil service sieved with data leaks. He was 'explaining' the untrustworthiness of memory but you couldn't trust anything immediate out of his mouth (a scrappage scheme). Me and my shadow wanted to tactical retreat to the underworld, the cellar in the attic, remembering that Texas woman attacked by a snake and hawk at the same time,¹ ruining trade, but I was distracted by the hatefuck, a weird mark on the mirror, no filter.

For those of us with intelligence links² it is known that white supremacist cod-socialist rackets benefit the woke spectrum game the system, sex in a dirty toilet breed, the best practice is to stop, so I commenced my investigation with the phone toll message board standout organiser casting for recruits. Met her in a known drug area ringed with riot squad, decorated assault, the tamperer whispers, yellow robes in green marsh, phantom fortunes, missing algorithms, the dark matter myth state of emergency, shadow government worried about military loyalty. Anyone who thinks we're free here is cloud cuckoo land. Dissident John assailed then jailed in vinegar and brown paper, blubbery offspring suckle on mother's ruin, wider asbestos fly-tipping attack a major red flag to the top-down mindless vandalism, every shop smashed, the police run for cover, National Guard run over protestors, the best appreciators stuck in muddy trenches. All of them unaware, and wouldn't be aware, of the off-world psychic sniper ulterior motive.

Brutality = ORDER in Society in this dreary fucking puppet show, foxing with hares, freedom movement protests and actions are State recruitment drives picking off already bad actors to be arrested in the hope they have a previous criminal record so they can be threatened with the book thrown at them and turned into informers, agent provocateurs, or whatever. No good eggs or wolf angels, just corporate Valium, office blocks, plastic shit, temperamental banker on the train, the well-kept worst scum elocution hiding in plain sight/site, the TV news excuse, topsy-turvy turf, people not eating to fund the war, deep deception, traffic wardens on poverty pay, the backwards freedom party, empirical evidence thrown at ludicrous strangers cause and effect next to a mental post-structural gambit against the ruiners. The tattered and dirty Union Jack is by them, a scope of screaming round-trip of the infiltrated Illuminati BBC Freemasonry puff.³

Whatever they say you must obey in the bubble, as when they triggered my previous 'psychosis' in the concrete underpass graffiti commands lack of sleep and unremembered concussion nine storeys high on party pills weeding in escape route neural pathways. Real hallucinations on TV, altered tenacity episodes of *Midsomer Murders* to directly relate to my life piece by piece, starting with my hands in oar. I was surrounded by flames and motherfuckers at me, death threats bed of nails, a huge episode that took me off the planET.

"The best thing you can do is paranoid strictures, actually time games in our pro-manic state. You'll know what to do..."

Anything possible is the superior outlook gold on black t-shirt I wouldn't change anything I punch the walls to get a gun on oxygen in the Stepped Program and/or do something more in the horror haze. Went to the breakthrough over and out where I re-

purposed McDonald's for the inevitable police show-up...tasered back to Earth...tranceported to the top-up nut-ward for a green gown bleach bath schizo-affective buzz-cut...stabilised freaked out...fighter stigma...victim blaming...the invented perpetrator shaming...to goals and shadows...shit socialisation...my crybaby cock on a kite (burglar alarm?) overseeing those who think they know me...the voices knowing...I shall return and BITE.

Now is the madness forever, mayor with chain, army cadet, postmodernist pugs or those gurning champions on social media fitting right in with the unspoken agenda, draconian virtue-signalling idiot useful performative activism, old lady cup of tea, box of frogs speaking tube no comment wouldn't let us in, *ergo* the 'inexplicable' millions-pound football payments turd third itch, soap in siphon bottles. SOUND in SOUND. Mentally ill in jail. What You See vs. What You Don't See.

The space tourism rip-off operation will take effect on fixed rate loopy dodo show-offs wearing UA (Under Armour) t-shirts and trousers dragged along by a devil dog, not the plain non-gross folk (a Wurzel angle, enjoyable scrumpy under the stars).⁴ The Aluminium People like cheap sprays no sweat loud. Simple is best no deodorants shocked by shit (the word), then exited as quickly as possible, leaving behind her golden mask. I would not clean festival toilets for all the MDMA in the world.

Could see it coming as they say, the bird-killers and low frequency sounds they emit, *ergo*: "Scots 'astonished' as 15.7 million trees felled by SNP to develop wind farms,"⁵ as if I was going to be HAARPed,⁶ but it turned out to be a combination of chemtrail⁷ symbolism and ship clouds,⁸ drip-feeding the nuclear war terror,⁹ alien bugs as real bugs invasion,¹⁰ plus the repeated Satanic Panic¹¹ pentagrams on church,¹² etc.,¹³ by the opportunistic deviants.

I'm on top of it, a lot, the craft in fins. Always thought there is no need for full sex a blowjob does suffice; the receiver can just stand or lie there motionless concentrating to fully enjoy it happy ending, plus no chance of babies, postpartum psychosis or damp patch mattress if they swallow or you shoot your ejaculate upon their face to bring it into Vrìl.¹⁴

The phenomenal premier reaches behind the matter, feeling for the black mass cross on disused asylums all aglow overgrown with cruciferous and nightshade vegetables bits of car radio walkouts established blowouts buck teeth organised parents back to square one where there's always more.

We went away to the ice cubes, a real other realm, colder and wetter but in many ways better than the popular belief one that doesn't ultimately exist, which provoked "I am onto something" involving the intermeshed cogs. Smirnoff No.21 Vodka and 'not' thinking but different/more; being here but elsewhere. Vodka very interesting. Not stopping until I stop the world, playacting the Big Bang bouncy castle; life under the bridge; Captain Flipflop going round in circles and the public aspirations reality gap (no claims bonus), the general pabulum.

It now seems that the authorities have lost their minds, because they have, and are implementing an anti-human agenda because they are non-humans, or possessed by non-humans, *ergo* them wanting to ban religious praxis, as in the Catholics criminally charged for silently praying against abortion (clinically cold ritual sacrifice),¹⁵ to stamp out any possible spiritual warfare that threatens the non-humans' grip on power.

At present hunting for a trend-end as the worst place in the Universe mauled by the capitalist pigs and their running dogs. Only one aspect. Over the system a dream escape.

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ROCK WORLD OBSERVATIONS

Genesis on tour with family...no...red carpet, black carpet, vulgar OTT rider. It's shit live but you won't believe. It's their fault, wanting a buck make, said it before, their track 'Abacab' (1981/2007 Remaster) studio quite alright though, pop mastery, heterosexual, heteronormative, Gabriel ousted, nothing smells in their orbit, there is no shit, introduce the lobster, home by the sea, I wanna turn it off, should do, what about Who drummer, need a close brother, no ads, the quiet keyboardist who covered his synth in clingfilm due to punk spitting, fingers slipping, getting into the innards, I want to go home, everyone was fighting/a clunk, did go home, no masturbation, the dog smells funny, corners of room aglow, want to fuck nothing, nothing fuck, alignment of land diagrams etched centuries before.¹

It's so dickhead you're a right cunt, in 4/4 time with those little hooks, cartels and canyons, something about Judo (Cluedo?) and North Korea happiness,² the drones say "Fuck off," I saw them before they saw me, then greater threat by covert raper, a blood-like liquid smeared across the morning windscreen Dennis Ration phonings, death in Saint-Étienne, the colours in the arse, it's 8:00 o'clock, which of the two? I know my oil paints, great gates, the colour sphere, cock spear. Doctrines in Carlisle Eyes (fortress).³

Ooh, he's turned it off, but night sounds loud, options device – crystal. Tell GP I will fuck anything: trees, walls, wives, rubber johnnies. I need the physical fuck/disgust, although there are too many wed, the Douglas Peake in any UK locale. What angle of thought does it raise, looking through his eyes...agent...I have certainly made head energy reaching...‘instrument’...may only last a week...chocks away. Local GP fucks local GP.

The flag of evil is flown by the mad schismatics pox party as a sign of occupation. They are like those carvings of people on old smoking pipes, shoving what they want in it, trying to steal our country with their lies and addiction to poisons where it's smashed or burnt so there cannot be anything nice for those who had nothing before it was built. The pink Barbie is a fake, the original was German, Bild Lilli,⁴ who wants a cage-fight for the title and gets info from USA UFO files for the Fatherland to build better spaceships for time-travel.⁵ Adolf still taking his eternal life pills in Argentina with his wife and seven children as the 'chines hum under Antarctica,⁶ winds taken, order in aerial, the ten in antenna, that Dunkirk boat "Count Dracula" saved over 700 Allied soldiers and is now in a Chichester boatyard in Sussex,⁷ dumped like a war-horse into glue. King of Midas son slips to fall on the living oil seeping out of those shipping container crane corners at the docks; hateful actions stirred up into a death-trap, User Error, a popular plague and pestilence on the peoples as micro-meteorite spacedust landing in Antarctica and on Canterbury Cathedral⁸ in the shepherd's search for minds, a weirder sinister turkey shoot cultural nihilism, more human than human with tsunami bombs, *ergo* the 28 October 2021 Coronal Mass Ejection (CME) "Massive solar explosion felt on Earth, the moon and Mars simultaneously for the 1st time ever."⁹

Cro-Magnon + Nordic ET = White European? In this relation I remember those beautiful 1970s spectral reverb men ("Golden Boys") with the long tube silver condenser microphones as in Joy Division with zero fucks given on a journey to pulsar, the imploding star. Panic at this stage is but a form of deluxe theatre...relax and smile...come in your mind, not your pants...and who may you be? Out of the way.

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MUG SHOT CONTROLS GLOBAL POLITICS

Whilst out round and about doing things and looking for things to do just lately I was shocked by the state of the peoples. Many are overweight and most looked fucked in the head, perhaps due to electromagnetic poisoning or covert electroconvulsive therapy, more possibly the constant fear propaganda pushed by the ruling Cryptocracy and their overt destabilisation policies, plus effects of the quiet wars.

Their trade is treachery these subversive traitors, in league with the any-god-will-do brigade, a nest of vipers intent on sowing distrust and disgust who count on confidential cooperation. This is what you worship, not the eternal inmost light. Hordes of human horror feeding on their own ordure and infused with hatter madness, scheming fits, joke belongings. Contrarian Euro-communist agents plot against fascist crank mobs, both disdained by anarchist malcontents derided by centrist actors jostling with reactionary Trots skirted by occult offenders, the Nihilists masturbating, as all of them ignore the growing menace of dog-fouling on the streets.

The ontological status of the anti-imperialist struggle seeks hard for the proletarian vanguard of the Class War, for the majority are just dramatically escalated pretenders to this title, mere bourgeois diversionary opportunists or mindless vandals, each wanting to be the biggest dinosaur on the block, the whole of them somehow content to ferment polycentric cul-de-sacs as they window-lick, rolling around in the rhetoric of national reform or dancing the genitals with vulgar leg tattoos zinging on methylphenidate, the side-effects of this stimulant provoking aggressive or suicidal behaviour. Satanic paedophiles encourage inhuman

policies promulgated by non-humans. Reality will be phased out, the long and the short of it.

I crush the street on a fixed-gear as cops stand on their hands; no hands on the clock; no eye in the needle; the greatest life. In this, know that there are signs and wonders of a re-emergence of the original Transmissions Parties, an anonymous source of which has informed us that:

We call for an immediate Global Strike, not of nuclear weapons but people. Stop Everything for a while and see the benefits of the cracks that appear. This requires organisation and discipline, thus there is no excuse for the Weston-super-Mare debacle, that got so pernicious we had to send in two of the Ultras to sort things out. But we're winning in Warrington!

Although can ye get free of the programming, that has had its hooks in you since so early in your education? From toilet control to algebra, school is designed to instil unquestioning obedience to authority and heteronormative thinking, punished for daydreaming and other useful praxi for the abeyance or complete eradication of the authoritarian-structured reality that gets exponentially more insidious the older one gets, the powers-that-be backsliding on Brexit but enthusiastically destroying the UK.

It's not even a trojan horse now. They are openly inviting-importing thousands of fighting-age foreigners, the majority of them keen male, into the UK, the 'British' Royal Family parasites creepy, in line with COVID mask tyranny, all the fuss in 1977 Silver Jubilee, Sex Pistols raided by police on the Queen Elizabeth sailing the River Thames. Two days later, the 'human' Queen Elizabeth (Lizardbreath) sailed down the River Thames to regain

royal power and control. Britain rules the waves under the waves. Liars everywhere propaganda pushing a decepto-con. Nonsense like: “The best British horror for years” on the front of that appallingly bad *Darklands* (1996) DVD, starring the journalist main character Frazer Truick (whose surname is a deliberate anagram of ‘Trick U’). It is non-gallant, the opposite of those who sidestep the usual fame and money goals, etc., to implement shock and awe plus more rarefied strategies which incite the delightfuls.

Their works have a small audience but may prevent one or more suicides. I also got a “righteous violence” vibe from it, as in: “You shouldn’t mess with those you shouldn’t mess with.” There should be more of this sentiment. For instance, the Government and their agents should be scared of the peoples, who vastly outnumber and surround them. The rulers are already worried. They are getting rid of cobblestones. Our unknown comrades are out there, already on our frequency, and we can succeed if we reach them and unite. *Psalm 37:12-20* (KJV).¹

In an attempt to code-out the man last seen wearing a grey tracksuit near the National Gallery in London I got a vortex open during urban LSD Experiments, prepared by an influx of *One Step Beyond* (1959-1961),² *The Twilight Zone* (1959-1964)³ and *The Outer Limits* (1963-1965)⁴ mind-expanding television series, NOT the widely syndicated, massively popular American paranormal/conspiracy “cult” television series *The X-Files* (1993-2018),⁵ that is a Cryptocracy mass societal control debunk operation designed to associate the very real anomalous phenomena and entities with fiction and make-believe in the minds of the general public. By the A1Z26 Cipher,⁶ we find that: THE = 33. X = 24. FILES = 51. 3+3 = 6. 2+4 = 6. 5+1 = 6. This evidences that the show’s true allegiance is to 666. The show was transmitted on the FOX Broad-

casting Company network and one of the main characters was FOX Mulder [Murder]. By the A1Z26 Cipher: F = 6, O = 15 and X = 24. $1+5 = 6$ and $2+4 = 6$, hence another 666.

In this context, the interaction of some known to us with Dr Fog makes more sense, as does his expensive Starlink satellite internet access account⁷ and first-born peacock infant mortality. After being raped or raping a being on a vampire's grave in Wharham Percy, Yorkshire, he was inspired and informed by left-hand literature, especially Dennis Wheatley, *Gunmen, Gallants And Ghosts* (Hutchinson & Co., 1943; the Arrow 1971 edition [ISBN 0-09-004510-6] containing seven non-fictional articles on black magic) and John Keir Cross, ed., *Best Black Magic Stories* (Faber & Faber, 1960), diabolically climaxing by celebrating Black Mass inside the ruined Rait Castle in Laiken Forest, Scotland, although it is a shame that the Hammer film adaptation of Mr Wheatley's classic novel *The Satanist* (1960) was shelved, especially as it was already in development with the stars Christopher Lee and Britt Ekland (which sounds amazing in a *Wicker Man* way),⁸ but Mr Wheatley put a stop to it after being appalled and disgusted at Hammer's lascivious and very altered version of his tale *To The Devil – A Daughter* (1953), making that Hammer's final horror film.⁹ Pier-runners were her; those ladies in pelts.

Many perps are weaponised hypnotised by hostile actors to commit the crimes, etc., that benefit Cryptocracy agendas. The CIA and KGB studied this for decades,¹⁰ and we may presume the research and development continues in this and related fields such as weaponised literature, *ergo* the FBI refusing to release the manifesto of the (their?) 2023 Nashville school mass-shooter transgender, Audrey Elizabeth Hale (her surname in twilight language: HAIL!), because it is: "a blueprint on total destruction,

and it was so, so detailed at the level of what she had planned”, and: “That document in the wrong person’s hands would be astronomically dangerous”.¹¹ This is cognate with L. Ron Hubbard’s “confidential materials” (i.e. texts), the “mere sight” of which would make anyone “unversed in Scientology ... violently sick” (according to the researcher William S. Burroughs),¹² and also cognate with certain magical grimoires such as the dread *Necronomicon*,¹³ whose entities and powers can escape the prison of pages into the reader’s environment, should the stars be right.

I had a dream, a strange wedding attended. Top 40 chart hits on the parquet floor where XOXO is flirty, not friendly, jumping with a monkey-loving cocktail enthusiast, Beth, and Kev, a chav in British slang too handy with his fists. I got the bends, kaleidoscope prongs in sentinel, watched by hidden mazes. The need to escape but had to sit and stay, cornered by the sapiophile who says Hitler was framed. How do we know he was Christian? Do not succumb to deranged psychos terrorists, but screening needs to be improved to prevent them joining the police, etc.

Woke up and it’s real the water companies shitting in the waters;¹⁴ the damned reach of suburban espionage; the unleashing of deniable murderers, whether Westworld snuffmachines¹⁵ or a poison chef.¹⁶ The peripheral...Rhonda’s shorts...darts around the bust...snaking night train...a grisly ex-con, female this time, who was slumped in a chair quite dead, but the next time I was near her her eyes were open, staring at me.

Makes sense those massive doors on the Vatican churches were for when Giants were around; hidden propellers underneath upping the ante enraged keyboard warriorists emitting typical dog-whistles to the blue-rinse set go ahead working for nothing vacancies warehouse full of depopulation agenda, or rather a totemic

miasma of nose-rings, male-bonding rituals, the talk of the town, promotion of zogbots, Holocaust talk annihilated.

I'd had enough of it so left country by easyJet to cool down simultaneously with rum and raisin ice cream in Spain and the Knickerbocker Glory Italy but accelerated promotion thought it was raining disgusted all human, timeline Czech Skorpion machine pistol 15 round magazine discharged in less than a second. That was the 555 (5+5+5) seen in trance about the ongoing outrageous system, vision pyramidal emerald, top bosses trouser 18% (6+6+6) pay rise grotesque extremes,¹⁷ poisoned with polonium strangled with a dog lead fell from hospital window ingested toad venom for a hangover slashed wrists tripped into drowning canal beaten by hate placards murder-suicide beard snapped neck in machinery choked on sausage undiagnosed leukaemia falling down several sets of stairs blown up in war violence knock-on effect...no smoking no wanking no kissing no holding hands NO NO NO raps on pub bombs. You wonder why the phone/internet signal is getting worse...on purpose...crackdown...shutdown. The King of the Gods couldn't agree more with the head above the parapet. KILL LIES ALL.

There are other dimensions and interdimensional portals. That is where the Great Pyramid came from, delivered here intact by the Other Ones, and why UFOs and Bigfoot, etc., are never found. I need to get to Glastonbury¹⁸ and Runnymede¹⁹ about this to optimum suss the situation, because alien abductees already have ready-made "alters" (sub-personalities), that result from the trauma of being taken and experimented upon, etc. Thus the subsequent human MILABS (Military Abductions) performed as if they are the aliens, during which the alter is accessed via drug-hypnotism and repurposed for espionage or worse, as in Project

MK-ULTRA.²⁰ Think out of it perhaps, but there's another virus lockdown coming to concrete jungle or swampland.

I'm back at the black glass and silver chrome X-room on the quayside, breathing in psychoactive incense smoke and knocked sideways by chanting. I was getting back into the labyrinthine Charles MANSON case with some sympathy, then the next day saw a warning stay-away news report about Scott MANSON, who in April 2022 hit a horse named Buddy with a hammer nine times while shoeing it, in what the court described as an "unprovoked and prolonged" attack "in a barbaric manner." He has previous for animal violence and human harassment and is a former head farrier at Cheltenham Racecourse in England.²¹ Cheltenham is the known location of the UK spy agency GCHQ headquarters, that is "known affectionately as the Doughnut."²² By the A1Z26 Cipher we learn that: Doughnut = 110 = ADOLF HITLER = ELON MUSK = COVID VACCINE [covert bioweapon] = PSYOPS = OSAMA BIN LADEN = NINE ONE ONE [the 9/11 terrorist attacks] = GREAT DRAGON [*Revelation* 12:3;9 (KJV)]²³ = APOLLYON [*Revelation* 9:11 (KJV)]²⁴ = METEORITE [real or artificial hitting Planet Earth]. An intertwined End Times Prophecy not ludicrous it's just the tip of the sinister iceberg whether the source materials are valid or not the players believe it and obtain results.

It's all there if you really look but many prefer the lucrative betrothed in slumber during subjugation of the animal tamer. No exotics, just pale, trembling lips...piquant slave apparitions getting high and shiny...experts at wrong revelry...cuddling on fresh campfire bear rug small army...ingrates sex in the cemetery...black sky worms in the brain...square hat police or demesne farmers...hidden in plain sight/site empire via military bases across the globe and what lurks underneath.

This is the New Humanum of the exact pipsqueak hands in pockets with big boy swagger wandering in wide-open spaces towards the sex addict sex trafficked amidst manorexic metrosexual substance use nuances laundered by the tears of the sun. In the mythomania megalopolis the main mass mind-control is from a hold-synchronised sending unit with inertial reference translational memory signal counter-switch and the BBC and other important companies are run by people with no official title or job who steer and censor the lesser employees. Warped Values vs. Moral Certainties. Shadows of valour...zig-zag manipulation shatters the numbers. Birth of Planet Earth. Will you master your world or be mastered by it?

Wasn't expecting accosted by a drunken girl on darkened street in noble purple. She was the gold amongst the trees to amuse the white wax which widens eyes and posits an end to mercy, but I'm running for President...gunning for peace...a 14-year war...this ship all drunk cutting the mustard, burning snakes and ladders...the special effects elsewhere. I'm foaming at the mouth punch my hands against the wall. I am a good man.

After coming across the two deer legs on the road near the airport I am unsure why I'm not riding myself properly now er days. Honing in/out. Idiot parade. Sectioned miss dial. Two lips from Amsterdam. Entering the Dragon, cold. Everywhere I look there are people with bits missing...the important bits. God's shadow abuse vibe. Around the corner cult meat and fur freaks, election was stolen, the beach can involve razor clams and jelly shoes, the based monitored, the sweet publicly mown down effect.

LATER: dummy skid...out-there tonight. Not today thanks. I don't fancy it – everything.

ENDNOTES

- 1 www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Psalm%2037%3A12-20&version=KJV
- 2 www.imdb.com/title/tt0052442/
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- 11 <https://nypost.com/2023/04/20/audrey-hale-manifesto-blueprint-on-destruction-say-pols-who-claim-fbi-stalling-release/> & www.counterterrorismgroup.com/post/behavioral-threat-assessment-of-audrey-elizabeth-hale
- 12 'Burroughs On Scientology' (*Los Angeles Free Press*, 6 March 1970), reproduced in William S. Burroughs, *Ali's Smile / Naked Scientology*. Expanded Media Editions, 1985, pp.9-10. ISBN 3-88030-011-9.
- 13 Abdul Alhazred (Simon, ed.), *The Necronomicon*. Schlangekraft Inc., 1977. Also see: <https://isaw.nyu.edu/library/blog/necronomicon>
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