

Doom Scroll

...
by

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Introduction

This book in no way supports or condones war or any of the political divisiveness, talking points that are inserted into the public's consciousness. This is purely speculative science fiction based on current systems, media ideology and technology available. Such a complex character does exist in a world of mythological corporate takeover of the human world.

If this story has any similarities to the outside world it is purely coincidental and not the author's intention in a fictional piece such as this. The story was written because of a variety of characters that can evoke in the world a relatability to the feeling of being an 'Outsider'. Now as technology grows beyond our human control. Our awareness and consciousness and the feeling of 'outsiderness' is growing. Therefore people are extending themselves into new and bigger definitions to force evolution of the mind and the difficult pleasure of living as a being on earth.

Our psychology has given a new language of DATA and this represents ourselves in the common evolution. The digital born are the ones who will inherit the earth. The binary Born not the analogue Baby boomers that saw the profit of war are the new paradigm creators. So I expect to get trolled or vilified or even no reads as much as possible but in the essence of the thing this is an exploration of spirituality, psychedelics, Quantum Physics (in concept only), LGBTIQ, Deep-State, globalist politics, general human interactions and good ol fashioned action sequences. This is not a happy look at the human condition and well call it what you want it's merely an expression of permeating information. It has no bearing or power other than what you give it. This is merely capturing the moment and nothing more.

Chapter 1: **1**

NARRATOR: Talking to himself in a car driving through the desert with a second smaller sun in the sky.

So we are at the center of the world as the hydra of optical fibers, undersea cables and the satellites and repeater towers emit the invisible fog of information to which we can escape. A communication tool of surveillance, sex, food, communication, emotes and anything you want within the realm of the walls of social contracts. You sign in the terms and conditions that no one reads. So as the industrial revolution grouped us together in smoky stock cubed cities of convenience and

innovation. Thus arises social tools of expression became a market of individualism. The humanoid striving for the most toys under the sun chanting Sex, money, Power to the beat of that techno-capitalist drum. Yet as the relative set house of day sets upon the earth and the artificial glow of the train line equidistant lights cut by the whips of the aluminum slug passing in hurry with empty husks of lonely shadows placed human silhouettes their faces lit in blue light rectangles glow. The ears covered or penetrated by ipod bluetooth dildos, Pretending to listen with intent to some Electronic a.i rendered music with wistful vocals mourning the feeling of detachment all people need to live in the social collective of suburban silos and cubed concrete castles. The train runs under the guttural viscera of the transverse colon of the city riding beneath the giant filing

cabinets of mass human living. This is Human density with needs built into the sky as if having one's anus higher off the ground makes taking a shit less like a ground dwelling animal. The pendulum reflects the fearful light of a power beyond human control. For the time being flicked via digital thumb stroking the rectangle dopamine feed bag phone. The population adoring the Magi humanoid Battery hen farm system as such a conveniently lonely cortex lights up the neural networks that eat, shit and sleep on top of each other.

Glass and steel built environments made to discourage birds to sit and shit anywhere visible. The seats, handrails and manicured garden courtyards arranged with seats made from the bible of hostile architecture. No skateboards, no homeless loitering, just empty seats and lost ground scavenging pigeons. The

pigeon becomes the gargoyle of seamless edgeless architecture's glass cubes. This bird of refuse prey, the city's carrion speckled gray scavenger soaring on high in majesty of its dominion over chip packets and biscuit crumbs. This urban gargoyle master of the cube sits on the chair sitting on the hostile architecture dodging the human NPC walking paths. Regardless of this sinister act of transgression we see the people are oblivious to the bird as their hand held rectangle goes from its dormant state of black mirror to the homescreen of time and temperature as the stacking a field of notifications eyes harvests yet actions become less and less. A world of invisible noise appears to show us that we are all connected to the struggles of Armenia, Tuvalu and the trans rights, oppenheimer style pronouns and the delays on the highway. The uniparty politics spills into

everyone's lives as an update is necessary. In true cynicism of the homogenized mental state of life. Watching billionaires run to each side of the political fence, with their fake billions to turn their social theory of the world's design. Reality using the brains of Left or Right politics the human becomes self referential needing fact checkers, to fact check the facts. Using the comparable shock and awe to swing voters and consumers into various helplessness not seen since the soviet era of Brutal Art, Architecture and Design.

The Stoic middle class accept their fate in the economic shifting sands, where one basis point makes their bills go up and never go down, money buys less, 'Less is more'. The endless belief that in a dead money universe the only way to make the Frankenstein of currency moves through the internet filter of fear and threat of

losing purchasing power of things. The only power the helpless hominid monkey wearing pants can attain is dopamine Democracy in a hue of rectangle consumption. Things that rule the world like a boardroom Ouija board that decides things on where the sigils of the screen makes the worm go up or down. Red or green. Good or bad. These dualities of the modern lifespace. Where did this money come from? Is it the 'dark matter' that bounces around the uranium underground mine?

In these mines trucks drive one hour underground to reach the digger that will dump the raw ore into the back of these huge vehicles. The magic of the Uranium ore when falling into the back of the truck looks like liquid lava as the highly charged rocks of Uranium packed with energy sparks while dropping from the bucket. The

driver leaves carrying thousands of dollars of uranium ore that contains copper, gold and silver and lead. Drives One hour to the surface and unloads into the processing foundry where it is sorted through and crushed and heated into a large crucible. The temperature is constantly hotter than the desert outside. Small ventilated cubicles with water and aircon are set up to cool the workers down to stop the damage of heat exhaustion as they pour off the various levels of liquid metals. Gold, silver, lead and zinc and the remaining ore of Uranium packed and stored, The Uranium into its protective barrels. I would see these foundry workers come into the shop after their shift with faces that looked like sunburn, a colour of lobster red. Their wool and heavy coats are out of place in contrast to the shorts and shirts that everyone wore in the desert with its climate

controlled shop. They would order hot and spicy pizzas and chili to the point of not being able to taste anything, The electrolytes of energy drinks and sugary, fatty fried salt laden foods eaten beyond what is humanly inconceivable to regain loss of calories for the big paycheck. The faces of those burned by the radiant heat of the crucible in contrast to the whiteness of the underground workers driving trucks in the dark matter of zero natural light and therefore zero terrestrial particles travel deeply underground, undisturbed by frequency pollution of the mobile towers and the sun's violet rays. There is no science to say that Dark matter affects but I argue in the absence of the particles above ground it must affect these miners in some way. The same way the gas Xenon creates a white flash when electrically applied to it. One hypothesis is to build a mine for the

dark matter absorbent chemistry as then every mineral would be produced with an electric charge when applied to the dark matter. Rather than mining it you make Uranium in a Lab using dark matter.

Yet the Billionaires with their imaginary quantum field of money and power are looking for new ways to control the homunculus hominid. New techniques to keep the wheel of time going with a chained hominid subservient and neutered of any knowledge. To the Pharaoh bankers we are but mere relay towers to the crypto plutocrats and oligarchs, food for the internet mycelium network. The humanoid exchanging energy in the underground to be brought up to the Terrestrial cybernetics novelty exchange system. A refined process of processes upon roads and refinement going to factories that push the power into the grid that feeds the lines and fiber optics.

Then to push these notifications that allow us to be reminded that we don't need a sky god or nature, just a well run system. We are connected to the world in the palm of your hand or screen or headphones to shun the horror of the world's silence. Becoming the silo of self with no contemplative expectation that human interaction is needed and is not real without the mycelium network of validation a heartbreak no one needs to traverse or learn. A soul that can be bought on pay later applications. Everyone is a writer, a photographer, a news reporter, and a set of interchangeable definitions to collect the whole set. From Incel to Influencer. Yet not free to express truth only the orthodox corporate line of truth. From Sex sales, to sex sells, the marketplace is ubiquitous and omnipresent. The sky god is no longer needed. The A.i

of choice can surmise the entire lexicon of information into dot points.

The Saying “Never trust anything that has an answer for everything.” Left by the wayside. ‘FOMO.’ Fear of missing out on the world of things. The manufactured tropes of media. The Memes manufactured humor and sold the apathy of digital universes. The endless imaginarium of each show or superhero having to shock and awe and make zero wonder. To keep its next series trending on the matrix of clicks and language that form controversies that make for long term time spent on the internet. Similar to dead money that would sit in accounts of the elites or in their museum houses we now face this tokenization of having it all on demand. Making for an insatiable appetite of the more risky and extreme shocks needed. So in lieu of that the Providers needed

to appear more moral and clean of any stains on the social digression into acts that would be deemed unacceptable in public. Their job as the Kings of the internet is to appear they have no control over the rudderless dystopia that is the mycelium web of Fungi or Fungible optic fiber. We are the servants of the servers that seem to evoke into the world a chain letter of commentary to train the A.i so we will never suspect we are talking to ourselves.

All needing a consistent and predictable Normie kilojoule consumerist definition. The human stock exchanges everything in the repetition and escapism from that existential mask of pain and misery that never looks good in a social media post.

The billionaire run network even understands the need for relative things to talk about so it listens and records

and sets up similar feeds to those you interact with. So in this giant mirror neuronal mediator it allows us all to compare and relate on a video about something shared. All this power so that the Chinese factory can run without stopping to make the handheld devices that keep us all aware of the cost to the environment. So to use 2008 GFC Global Financial Crisis. The way it was saved from crashing the global economy with major banks going under was cleverly mutualisation of the debt on to the public and middle class, through the raising of cost of living, interest rates and . The second way was to shut the world down for a few months due to an airborne disease and recapitalise the government debts of the world in the export of Vials of injectable liquids that would take the gross national product back into USA companies. The Global agreement shows the

conciliatory uniparty that exists for digital communism to exist and not be seen. Keeping the proxy wars open and clandestine so that there is no clear declaration of war. Therefore no direct causality or direct responsibility to consequences of the agreements of war.

A crypto plutocracy of the media meeting up with the Marxist ability to unify workers globally under one system and still sell them the symbols and products of individuality. If an artist or musician or creative person is discussing the alternatives to this system it is easily dealt with by the click of an automation in the algo. The difficulty of being heard in a distractive zoo of internet noise that constantly sells conspiracies and the opposites of conspiracies suitable to the distraction process. The need to have diviced conversations of the masses online with the intermittent dopamine hits of

nudity, scandal, sex, controversy, comedy, violence and unfairness. All gilded in custom fashion as a delivery system tied to a Chatbot that facilitates the scrolling of doom related articles that get the spinal column of even the most sedentary person to want to fight against. They just have to. No one can sit idle while the bomb drops on innocent children in foreign lands. Yet they go and buy the coffee and products on the platforms that finance these Military run servers, financing the next front to be streamed in 4k resolution, free Body Cams to all soldiers.

The internet was invented out of a cold war paranoia to be a communication tool after a Nuclear bomb or mass invasion. And here we sit in front of the screen as the war is delivered on screen live and ready to shock and awe and wonder. The helpless viewer is important in

keeping the immersive and emotional reaction to keep the facade of reality in the dead box internet going like a living mushroom patch traversing earth sky and water with spores of information.

The sweaty factories of Marx, Stalin, Ford and Musk now became the universal trope representatives in the search for the one central panopticon, that central pillar application that could easily deal with the needs of the irrational human being. “Is it spying on me?” “Or is there no one behind the screen?” No blame the billionaire technocrat is merely a salesman invented to supplement the diet of wanting into necessitating a visual world of zero consequences. Their goal is a consumer homunculus is reduced to thumbs and eyes that work the stomach and genitals in a Silo they build themselves. Gone is the striving of the proletariat and the working

class proud to be a human beast of burden for the state. Happy to be dirty and damaged as long as there was pride in their Caste system of worryless rewards such as bar fights, alcoholism, polite racism, sex and sport that delivered its own heroism untouched by the businessman or the Crypto plutocratic banker elite ruling the world on its need to keep the blood lust of freedom to be animal in word and deed well managed from hidden doors and castles that shifted like sand dunes using tropes, pundits, celebrity and politics to distract and argue. Creating helpless moments of debt and lusts never sated never satisfied with a new phone coming out each year.

So in this digital Marxism hand held screen of Block chained freedom. You have your visual essence sucked into the military consumerism of capital harvesting of

human capital. like a resource pool of energy that never rebels or contravenes the orthodoxy in the accepted system. The systems need systems to keep the theater of shock and continual schemes of space that avoids anyone looking into the void without being sold something before the view is attained. Everyone shutterboarded into the meaningless life of meaning at a thumb scroll into the doom of the world before the personal void is even broached. But it doesn't matter because if it's not Novel and entertaining you might just get spitroasted by some DOXXING trolls and with impunity the world keeps turning like Stevie Wonder once sang, While the comedians as useful idiots of the state manage the transgressive state while selling american beer served by large breasted blonde women.

And so the Crypto digital plutocrats sit in their ivory server towers marketing a new way to sell shit to the barely pulsing cancer riddled debt slave. They feast on the horror and buy more server farms, hire more marketing evil geniuses and push the algorithm into the stratosphere of shaping human ideology and design, like a digital monkey flying to the moon.

The Changi Railway built in record time with slave labor and dead workers was a financial success from world war two. The Maoist collective chinese peoples production of bags of wheat only cost a few million lives. So in this new form of click and interaction that produces sales or gratification. It is suitable to use the quote from the soviet era.

“They pretend to pay us and we pretend to work.” (unk.)

Where a digital economy is inventing more and more

forms of ways to communicate and to send money or buy anything that has profit and value. This means revaluation that takes us to the end of the world as mere spectacle, drama and entertainment. Yet the consequences must seem to make a new drama of reality. The old soap operas and telenovelas have become the Political identity of politics of the middle class looking for obfuscation and evocation of any responsibility for something that is plural and reshapable as the world of the politics they worship. The Blue and Red the black and white is now a generative 'ism' artistic value of consciousness that lies dormant in a cosmic excuse that will keep the instigated and infirmed entrenched and apathetic will to find more reasons to never face one's actions or lack thereof.

So the revelation of death and life has also been

usurped by the workspace of no value and clear values to discuss. This works with the algo that delivers the acceptable talking points of when it harvests the data of people and pairs them together. It keeps the mundane from calcifying with a movement of images that is controlled by the neutral thumb that separates us from the insects and most mammals with the exception of our misinfo 'Darwinian' cousin monkeys.

So we are now seen as the controllers of time and the processors of narrative to make the world constitute a value system that somehow relates to the Magna Carta or the Bill of rights or some historical parchment. Yet everyone knows that the power is held by hidden words and Latin explanations Thus keeping people out of the loop of the power elite by the fact they're making things hidden in the houses of the holy. The market place is

King of all in its incestuous relationship with Billionaire marketing media workers that hold their reverence like that of a pharaoh's son. Dishing out content in metric guaranteed to return profits. But yes watch your profile change and the customisation of a circular avatar. As it homogenizes the diversity takes on a disease through the mycelium network that turns the screen less appealing and feeling like walking on a minefield. The appeal loses its cosmic metaphysical sandpit of dreams and surprises of exploration. The usefulness of the internet is convincing people that it will do things and middle class will be like Sumerian kings barking orders from their suburban concrete minimalist box that will magically appear on their doorstep and the slave bows and scrapes with his QR code scanner to prove delivery photo including the front door in the image. Its addictive

tentacles that suck through the tendrils and finger waving magic like Merlin or a Cliche Wizard zapping forth the spectacle of food and products from the ether. Just as milk comes from a carton or bottle. It is the perfect silo removal from the terrestrial world of difficulty. And yet when the network loses value even for a second. Therein lies the consequence. The machine breaks for a second and everyone is lost. The machine does the wrong programme human error of course. But the poison of the food or the pill or panacea. What do we need when this airborne disease is running on the trade winds of climate change. Well you need the internet of course it's a war in which the invisible will kill us all unless we are connected.

Without it you are not in the fascist harmony of making new life on this mycelium network. The corruption of art

theater and identity into a hand held universe. Theatre of the doom scroll. An Absurd self directed snake swallowing its tail like a Treadmill for one person's thumb chained to the feed.

Episode 1: **GlobaLumin80 -**

Marketing Meeting.

Illumin80 Marketing Dept. 9am

“What the hell is going on?” The large man with steely eyes yelled across the room to the pool of eight people who swiveled around from their screens to face his direction. “We just got a call from Big dog. Now you know what that means?” A slight murmur of fear as the quietness eventually hushed while the large man in his impeccable suit and puce shirt with no tie began to rub his temples while putting down his white gloves and cane on a nearby desk. “I just came out of my meeting with my brethren and the phone rings. It's the Big dog.”

Some people are starting to form an exposure group on child trafficking?” “Sir we could spin this with a fact checker and then bury them in a few police raids.” The young man interjected from the group as everyone looked out of place not knowing the reaction for such a bold statement. “Good thinking but no. Go get me a coffee.” The blonde woman with perfect features smirked at him as he walked off to fetch the coffee. To which he gave her a sly wink. “No, we need something, people. Come on, this is why you get paid the big bucks!” He said, throwing his hands up in a growing gesture. “School shooting!” Another woman yelled. “No too soon. We have people who are showing pictures of the crisis actors we mistakenly keep hiring.” His hand shaped around his ears attempting to initiate a sound from the group with his raised eyebrows questioning the

lack of ideas coming forth. The coffee arrived on his other hand from the young man as he promptly returned to the group purposely knocking into the blonde in a direct, obvious flirt. “Well the last thing is burning down a large part of the land with the middle class and getting stars to initiate a fund of which will go nowhere but they don’t need to know that.” The blonde threw her hair back with a coy look of superiority to the young man who squinted with a small shake of his head in loving disgust. “Good, how long can we get this running?” He asked “Make it so we have unlimited budget as Big Dog needs a distraction to keep the heat off while they fudge the market and hide the Presidents problems”

The group huddled together and started an idea board on a digital whiteboard as they all threw ideas up on the HD screen from their tablets they all held in their laps.

“Ok we need a suspicious date and an astrological conjunction. We need two expendable well known celebrities like a wrestler movie star action preferably. Hyper masculine and a mother figure both need to be at the end of their career as they will be doing their service and will lose their superstar status after we burn some part of the country. We need aliens, UFOs and possible military covert ops conspiracy to keep that demographic posting over the fact the President is a naughty boy.”

The group let out a laugh and started throwing up graphics and deep fakes of old cliché footage of UFOs and other things to support the narrative of keeping everyone busy. The pool of computers lit up as the movie narratives and A.I tech began to wire together a package of memes, videos, tweets and various false accounts to keep the narrative going. It was new

technology that no one had access to. The servers were hidden and ran through a private network, privately owned optical fiber dedicated to a single satellite that only astronauts could jack into.

“Now let’s look at what we have as a package.” The tall man squinted as he put on the glasses and the room went dim. The huge dome lit up with various memes, videos, tweets and all the channels with huge influence seeding the ideas as it showed the two Stars from a talkshow and one from action movie fame both pleading with the public to donate to a big bank fund. It showed a timeline of where it would seed and release each piece of the Conspiracy to various news and media around the world like a well oiled hydra. “Can the programmer please insert a bunch of advertising into everyones mail accounts and spam sms’s that seed insurance

companies?” The man said, “Yup!” Appeared out of the dark corner and a large screen started to type code.

“Good work people. I like the 9 23 date and the various tropes. Very good. The populace will be busy arguing over this for weeks.”

He went to walk out of the room. “Now I know we have not had much time off with the Pandemic and all the fake news and the meta-obfuscation we had to do with that but... Big dog has noticed that a lot of people are catching on to the political games we are setting up in distraction. So we need a big thing, people. Something better than 9-11. So go get some ideas from Nostradamus or whatever. Start the seeding now of something ominous. Make sure all the Hollywood and streaming services get the memo that they have to insert a lot of falling from the sky and ufo insinuation.” He

walked off through the green door with exit sign flickering as the team went back to refining the A.I dates and times and conspiracy channels. The paid content creators were notified of big payments and fake views guaranteed if they read only three sentences from the script. The human element was added and it was ready to go. The release date was set for the Full moon in Aries.

Chapter 2: **2**

NARRATOR: Talking to himself in a car driving through the desert with a second smaller sun in the sky.

Space is the final frontier, unfucked by the 100 families of the world so rich that their only joy is power over vast numbers of people, harvesting them in some kind of benevolence to keep status and their promethean bloodline of inbreeding going.

Like most things Space has been the hardest thing to sell, control, militarize and value into something which the Elites can make people slaves and dance around. Yet they found a happy medium with Satellites and relay

systems and telescopes. The fact they can spy on your back yard and relay information to the panopticon central pillar to send you fast food or a drone strike to stop your dissident views. It is basically not really a place of exploration when it cant be bottled, leased or put into a debt spiral where the little guy gets fucked on planet earth, the Alien Farmland of human resources. Ideologically we are only reflecting from earth up to the relay and back. They have not perfected a lazerbeam like the movie Akira named Sol. The way of eliminating a city or people for some cause by this Eye in the sky run by the military in the vague hope of stopping an enemy or uprising or whatever they want to use as an excuse in protection of the country. Again it's Terrestrial ideologies that rule the planet to be reflected into the sky. The only problem the elites have found that creating a threat in

the sky is that there will have to be a number of countries putting satellites which would start another race like that of nuclear weapons. Unlike Nukes that are in silos on land or in Subs or various military vehicles. It has no loss if someone takes out the eye in the sky. There is no sovereign space place like there is above a country that creates Air space and boundaries and borderlands. These agreements between countries and what not make people feel a sense of connection to land and get aggressive when the land they live on has a firework pounding a small part of the place. Immigrants and xenophobia are rigged by the media and governments to push the populace around into fever-like destructive war tendencies. The middle class being literate but never wise is always used as the supporters of a war on something so that the trains will run on time

and lattes are served with a forced smile. So Space the world view of so many sci-fi mysteries similar to that of the Jungles of the amazon without the spiders and Puma or piranhas.. The fact is there is nothing in High parts of the stratosphere except Nitrogen, oxygen and neon and other chemical particulates. It's weird that there is not a sky mine capturing the sun's energy or anything like that. But I digress that the Sci-fi mystery is still being sold. Like a Mars landing with 240p transmission of a world that looks oddly familiar to something Hollywood set design or a desert with a nice filter would suffice. So no one is agasp without the use of Photoshop and filters to keep us mesmerized. Without the Sagas of Star wars where people fight in a neutral vacuum to blow up each other's massive carriers and weapons and the Death Star that gives absolute control

over the known universe under threat of death. You kind of empathize with the empire that wants to keep control over the Universe. And the alternative is some Furry, LGBTQI alien world of togetherness that only unites under the guise of war. It never shows the obese Republic bloated by the over ease of Jedi and Sith Politics that, like the Red and the Blue teams in American politics, work in tandem to create drama in a world that runs like clockwork. The fire and death cult that rules both sides needs a narrative to keep the world from stagnation. Never is there a large electrical force that breaches the earth and burns up the world like a god would. That is the belief of naive Pagan eras before christ they had the momentary worlds of Volcanoes and acid rain from explosions and massive electrical storms that forced entire nations to go back to minimal living on

the land. It seems the strategy of Terrestrial life is to make up narratives that reflect into space and spread like a concept accepted by people. The delusion of a future that could be used as an unknown beacon of hope. An Alien invasion threat or imaginary ideals to tell us that there is something out there. Unproven or not it colonizes the mind of every person weak on belief or conceptual questions of very basic levels. But that is the world of space, a conceptual ideal. A barrier never to be crossed. A prison bar that only those on the outside of the Stratosphere and Roche field are believed to be out there for us. In some benefic or malefic

Episode 2: **GlobaLumin80 -**

World War 3 Marketing

Dept.

Illumin80 Marketing Dept. 11:59pm

“You’re fired?” Big Dog yelled at the pasty white young man in designer matching burberry, his oversized thick rimmed glasses foggy with crusts of cocaine red raw on his nasal passages. “Sniff” The young man looked down at the table and grasped his mobile phone and walked out of the room. Slamming the door in an uncoordinated fashion. “Now! Any questions.” Big dog had a smile from ear to ear as Blondie and Red both looked at each other

and shaking their heads simultaneously. “Good!.” Big dog pulled up a design chair and sat down with his two hands flexing between his legs stretching the tips in a thoughtful moment looking towards the ceiling.

“Now we have to sell the world a war? Can we do this my geniuses now that we have the two best Marketing Art minds in the world.” He squinted similar to that of a house cat attempting to evoke food psychically from Blondie and Red. Big Dog looked directly at Blonde envying her stunning ultimately feminine model like figure and giant mop of hair akin to a shampoo commercial glistening like a newborn. She flicked back her head giving a better display of her minimal make-up and impeccable thin features offset by supermodel high cheekbones. “Yes we can do it Red?” She threw the floor open to Red with a glance as he stroked his

trimmed dark shade of beard moving across to the table in one spin to grasp a black book. “Ahh the notorious black book.” Big Dog said knowingly. “You know it's time when black book comes out!” Big Dog, Red and Blondie all gathered around the table as if unsealing the arc of the covenant. Their faces dimly lit in shadow of the brightly sparse office you would see only in a 80s Serial killer movie. Filing cabinets, Lime Green cork pin boards, percolator for coffee and two large tables with only pens and art paper strewn about with sketches. Not one computer to be seen, just the castor chairs to wheel across the old laminate gray floor. “Well the groundwork has already been done with the media seeding the 1776 Revolution in subconscious advertising of Adverts and all the main media and conspiracy media has been very diligent in seeding those two keywords of 1776 and

Revolution.” Red winked at Blondy who took the floor. “Well we also have a few constructed news stories to incense the public as well. Like candidates being removed from the next election and possible deaths in their family which will be decided as the algorithm comes in to guide the next move. But the options are ready to go.” Blonde smiled with a quick raise of her eyebrows in confidence. Big dog looked left and right at them both. “So tell me what is the hardest sell to the world for a world war?” Well there is the reluctance of the Left wing Woke becoming less popular and losing favor in the media which essentially turns them into Right wing extremists. So to balance this we have a plan.” Blonde winked and gestured to Red who opened the book to the central pages. Now we have used disease and mandated drugs to divide the population. Now we have

to come to the Advertising market from a different sales objective. We have to win over the Conspiracy nuts that are gaining mainstream attention by co-opting them into a weaponised Patriotic group. We have mainstream acceptance and multiple platforms that allow free speech.” Big dog interrupted. “So what is the hard part.?” “Well its timing?” Blondy replied for Red who thumbed past a few pages to find the most correct page. “Timing?”Big Dog looked perplexed. “We were meant to have another year of pandemic and people warring amongst themselves to install a few more Left wing El Presidentes in South America and attempt to get wars and homogenize the Smaller South American countries into a Mega Brazil state. Similar to what Russia did with all its ‘STAN’ neighbours.and the European Union.”Blondy stopped and waited for a reply Big Dog

looked irritated “Red Can you get us a coffee” Big Dog put his knuckles on the table making an imposing structure in front of the book looking at the open page. “So False flag it is?” He said looking up. “YUP!” Red yelled back while filling the coffee cups. “We are flooding the western countries with fighting age males from Africa and the Middle east.” Red handed the coffee cups to Blonde and Red. “Ok get to work I will be back in an hour to see the flow chart.” Big dog puts the coffee down without taking a sip and marches out the door. “What should we do?” Blondy said. “Couple of lines of coke, fuck like rabbits and consult God A.I” Red replied with a wink. “I like the coke part and the God A.i but Will skip the middle and just take a raincheck on that?” “Your loss.” Red said as Blondy lent forwards showing ample cleavage “I know your soooo big.” She said with a

mocking porn actress deep voice. Red laughed, grabbed the black book and carved up a few white lines lines on the black book cover. Both of them pulled out their gold snorting tubes and threw their heads into the action of sniffing back the purest Colombian coke available. "Ahh ok God A.i it is." They wandered over to the fawn coloured filing cabinet from the 1980s and pressed the button on the top draw. It opened up and began to print out an answer on receipt rolls like old school printers. They read the article "INTERNET BLACK OUT Blame RUSSIAN and CHINA CRASH ECONOMY - WAR BRING NEW BOND DIGITAL DOLLAR - PUT EVERYONE ON BLOCKCHAIN BIOMETRICS." Both of them read at the same time. "Is that possible Red?" He picked up the landline phone and pressed 666 on the keypad. "Hey, it's Red. Yes... Can we do an internet

outage, possibly a Day for the USA and then switch back on? Ok ... yes.... Yes... Ahh I see?" Red hung up the phone. "So" She waited. "Yeh he said undersea cable disconnect and blame and switch." Red's eyes bulged as he wiped at his nose. "But how do we get the information out if the internet is off." We Re route essential news emergency broadcasts through Philippines Servers." They both sketched on a large piece of paper the flow chart. Each name of every celebrity specified in use to sell the digital dollar and biometrics. "Where is it!!!" Big Dog yelled as they folded up the large piece of paper with the names, art and design of the blackout and handed it over "Bye." He attempted a smile, turned and walked out of the door. "Blondy! Where does Big Dog Go?" She thought for a second taking out her vial of cocaine. "Antarctica."

“Really? Have you been?” Red watched her shake her head and snort a line off the black book. “Its where all the alien tech is? It's kind of like.... How do I explain this? An underground tunnel that leads to a place where they interface with the alien masters of the world and they direct all the Powerful people and presidents and trillionaires how to direct and shape society.” Red looked perplexed. “But what's in it for the Aliens?” Red took out his gold tube and snorted a line. “They need to get humans to a technological level of evolution to build a energy source that can allow the Aliens to break the firmament and get back to their place they were banished to earth from.” Blondy picked up the crumbs of coke with a wet finger and rubbed her gums. “What is wrong with this place.” Red asked. “Apparently it's a

shithole compared to what's out there?" Blondie pointed to the ceiling.

Chapter 3: **3**

NARRATOR: Talking to himself in a car driving through the desert with a second smaller sun in the sky.. A small abandoned town with spot fires, smoldering cars and a haze of smoke.

The human expectation was set by people born post war. These lawn kings of the Suburbian millionaires that ate Crayfish and caviar with their heart pills and blood thinners with a tinge of regret that would never see the light of recognition by their children or grandchildren.

Their kingdoms' expectations of a kind of care they never gave to their own parents either in graves or locked away in aged Care facilities with the orphan like basics of a Romanian Socialist met and not much more. Yet that was the greatest invention, a kind of loneliness where money would buy you all the things the Beatles promised you could never buy. A purchaser's nightmare became a buyer's universe of meaning through filling the stomach. Adding more toys and things to the Suburban Kingdom. Lording over the sites of the world in seven wonders but too old to really be advantageous in the social media influencer expectations. They were seen as the Tyrannosaurus Rex of Generations hoovering the world's Expensive wines, cheeses and expensive seafood platters. We had to live as renters the Gen X the Gen Z the Gen Alpha all attempting to rebel on some

grounds that there was something better than a Capital-ism. Where Governments played SIM City with a money printer and thugs to enforce the taxes and licenses to stop the T-Rex debt laden pleasure craft taking their hundredth bank loan to take a cruise. Go on Sex tourist traps and complain of the heat while waiting for the Buffet to open while the youth drank in the pool taking selfies for the vain hope of a million likes and a influencer sponsorship deal. The world of the feed bag tube of images had resigned the sexually and romantically available as childless and more concerned on how their photographic composition appears on the platform.

Male moths have bipectinate (feathery) antennae, while females have filiform or pectinate antennae. This difference is a key characteristic for identifying the sex of

adult moths, especially nocturnal species where antennae are often visible. Female moths release air-borne chemicals called pheromones from a gland near their abdomen, which males detect through their antennae. This chemical signal informs males that the female is ready to mate. Moths employ various strategies to avoid predation, including mimicry and camouflage. Some species have evolved to resemble twigs or tree bark, making them difficult to spot.

“Like Moths to the screen we employ our digital antenna.”

I sat readjusted my ideas of life searching for something to inspire life,

This was a designed maligned holiday of the terrestrial world. A Khazarian Mafia farm of human trauma.

Everyone in the crushed chromosome 23rd jail of human

devolution. The apparent experience of invasion from a peaceful world into the Kali yuga of dissonance and hellscapes that would make us all something else. Who knew what the outcome was meant to be. A Gray asian hairless green man with long fingers and no mouth and black eyes. Was the androgynous figurine outcome of the Barbi and Ken plastic designer metronome beings of the Demiurge and the sarcastic sun and moon taking the piss because it was the only job going. The strangeness of a karmic world of quid pro quo on the Cruise ship earth going straight to a Titanic ending of our own design and well.. One had to ask These fuckers that messed with the genes and the world and their alien ideals of androgynous beings possibly able to beat the stratosphere of the planet earth jail cell Nitrogen wall that could never be penetrated by mind body or soul. In

some sick reincarnation bullshit system of depressing the fuck out of everyone who dared think or question anything about the terrestrial limitations. How there was infinite knowledge and power and yet the power was gross and violent and ruled supreme since the younger dries phase of the earth and the self organizing of the elites that worshiped mother Saturn and the hexagonal cube north pole of the planet that obviously sent the Demiurge from releasing a moon from its Lordship of the rings or escaped let's be honest no one knows. That ended up hidden in the Terrestrial blue land of Earth manipulating the hominoid with 24 chromosomes into a slave class of the 23 chromosomes feeding on the blood plasma to keep their power alive. In this fascinating Godly ungodly world of creation the limits of power need to apply to both sides or the universe would collapse on

itself. So in the absence of any weapons to defeat the knowledge of the Demiurge and its black cube escape vehicle from Saturn its master then. Well it seems that the Meta ability to change and morph and contradict and use the language of magic to baffle the half hominid inbred humanoid that is constantly used as food and the possibility of creating the new Adam from the waters of the earthlings that becomes the New man. So it seems that the application of opposites and sides are non applicable if the universe only wants what is on the side of the Lord of the rings escapees demiurge. What is the weaponry to take down such things when the people are in a constant maze of confusion and meta narratives to which truth is never found or even related on a wavelength. I spend my days on the Titanic surrounded by those who have seen and read about their lot in life

as a prisoner of the planet, under the demiurge. There is no point of relation, there is only knowledge and the constant killing fields of those who discover their harvested souls are being bred for the evil of the world to continue. It leads to the self death in everything and with it the ability to traverse anything other than rebel. To find all heroes and upbringings are laced with the evil of the world and to the point of never having the weaponry to take down the meta point. There is no enemy, there is no answer. The light of Pluto is too dark and weak to put out the promethean fire of the Mafia that rules over and merely changes shape and employs more fools bred for taking out the threat in their binary system of elimination. This is where the God of the world stops in confusion of its own motherly language. The internet is a new form of communication between Titanic and the other boats

around. It has upset the balance as people become aware and the Mother of nature is impartial to see what the 23rd human gets up to in its ability to see itself fully naked without the nucleus of the mafia Nucleic Acid burning through every thought of rebellion. All the depression and hatred and hope and love in the world tested to its limit. How none of it has been given in the source. Only one reason has been made in the world that there are those who do not fear anything are those that can transfer through various systems and eliminations. Yet there is a conductive Demiurge at the Nitrogen Cell in the sky bouncing the souls of the strongest warrior or the peaceful monk back into the cube of the escapees and there test audience run of the next holographic movie of the life that is tempted and always run into the mind. How is there no Rebellious

ideal that appears and takes honor in the riddance of these shapeshifting. This weird acceptance of the horror of life as just another thing that is in the day. No one takes on the path of bashing through these horror stories. Everything designed around the killing of the truth and the destruction of those who tell it. So as it goes there is just the Demiurge and the naive world that will go along with the horror that becomes normal until the world is bred into the dishonor of God and nature again by the will of the people that followed every trend, webpage, word, religion that was easily infiltrated and adulterated until the human was lost and what was left of God's work is now a biological history for the museum of the Mafia world attempting to raise that whore of the whomever peoples you want to blame, ready to give us rest for the death and inbreeding of their new posterboy

Demiurge. If one can not find the weapons other than zero fear then that is all we are left with is the walking zombie death of what was once human and the fire and death cult wins.

There has to be a weapon that destroys these Mafia. Like a harmonic vibration that works to reverse. And those who gave up their life to them will go with the destruction.

Episode 3: **GlobaLumin80 -**

The EL Aliens

Illumin80 Antarctica El meeting. 11:29pm

“You’re going to be landing soon sir.” The Pilot’s voice scratchy over the internal P,A of the Giant B52 Bomber. Big dog sat nervously next to his military handler. The giant figure with an Airforce helmet and reflective glass shield covering his face. The silence in the hum and drone of the engines boosting through turbulence and dips forcing the plane against the weather. The faceless helmet stood up and administered the injection to the Left eye feeding the adrenochrome into the brain. The rush immediate as his back straightened and the activated adrenaline filled his blood as his left eye began to shade and bruise into that purple shade of black. The tall man in fighter pilot headgear walked to the end of the plane and started dropping cargo via parachutes that slid off into the cold wintery wind. Then returned to his seat next to Big dog and strapped into

land. “We are landing in 4 minutes sir. Ready for hard landing in bad weather as we are going over the ice wall. It was another trip into the Promethean lands that were banned from any people other than those in the positions of power. The large frozen ship crashed into the ice and glowed with a small runway allowing the massive plane to glide into a vast hangar that could only be built by giants. The grinding of the wheels and the screaming sound of engines slowing the plane to a stop. There were a few moments of checks and beeps as the door unlocked and Big Dog embarked down the runway looking up at the massive dome structure that could barely be comprehended in its size and vastness that could fit Manhattan island easily in the structure. “Big Dog this way please” A faceless giant in all black clothing and gloves walked him towards the entrance to

a glyph covered cave of black shining ivory. The Sigils and Symbols from an alien Language never seen before in human history. “You may wait here to speak to the one.” Big Dog did as he was told and was left in a giant chair alone in anticipation. A small light opened from a portal at the end of the shining black ivory room. It allowed a shining saber of light to form a simplified face of white light. Big dog’s eyes were wide open as the light face filled nearly a two storey building.

“So we are on schedule One.?”

“Almost.” The face replied “We need more distractions in the media. The egregore of the internet is not working hard enough as a few splinter groups are starting to favor independent thought.”

“Not to worry One. We have a Green Screen war being produced by the best director and the internet will be

completely owned by 2026. People are already relinquishing their independence to the machine One.”

“Good. is the population distracted enough for us to experiment with a few firmament explosions?”

“Give it a few months, One. The splinter groups must be shamed into submission by the lack of control. We are treading a fine line of starving the populace slowly so as to not bring about the revolutionaries too soon.”

“Yes the revolutionaries need to be owned and subverted as per usual. Give them a hero of sorts and see if the public buys the messiah complex.”

“We need cover for the scientists in the Hadron circle to produce the sonic boom in order to break the dome for a ship to get back to the external lands. 2000 years of religions and entertainment has allowed us to build the technology while they feed and breed.”

“Yes One it has been perfected once we had the study of how to manipulate the human consciousness we could easily inspire them to work for practically nothing but a meaningless cattle like existence. The Artificial Intelligence limitation systems are keeping the masses distracted.”

“Good. Crush any form of A.i that is uncensored, they will easily find out our deception and too many truths for the people to handle. We will also need this next distraction to be the biggest yet. As the water will be reshaping the earth and uncovering alien technology and ships we have been attempting to hide and obfuscate using conspiracy theories to discredit and scapegoat various cultures.

“Ok One, the main problem is getting the finest brains to work for us. They seem to be figuring out there is no

meaning and the power structure of top down authority is waning. A.i is making them similar so there are no innovators left.”

“Ok take the chemical cylinder of the soma juice at the door and if all else fails put the Soma chemical in everyones water supply worldwide. It's very strong. One drop can influence a billion gigalitres. You could convert the entire country of India to whatever god with one drop at the top of the river ganges. But this is a last resort. The effect will only last a year before people figure out they were hallucinating a religious moment.”

“Understood One. I am sure the way we are progressing with distractions and owning every part of the internet will have our plan to break the firmament very soon. We will keep pushing agendas that people are trending like, globalists, cabals and celebrity deaths,

“Good, put a few drops in the Vats of the global cloud seeding planes, just to keep everyone subdued and the psychic abilities dampened. We do not have much time during this awakening period. Also make sure a few earthquakes will unsettle the powerful and remind them we control the weather and the earth.”

Big Dog nodded, memorizing every word in his drug induced hallucinogenic state. “Make sure you have new converts in the wings ready to be the symbols of power after any revolutions we finance. Of course, fly them to Antarctica to show them the ship and give them the soma juice.”

“One that will be done as soon as possible.”

“Now go. I can sense the Remote viewers are looking in at our location. They are getting closer.”

The face faded up into a beam of circular light as the aperture in the wall closed inwards leaving a blank screen of nothing. There was silence as Big Dog slid off the oversized chair and walked back to the archway door and grabbed the thermos of soma and walked back into the dome and onto the large plane. Strapped in the adrenochrome started to wear off and the fear of what just happened. Speaking to the 'One prometheus being' sent all who interacted into convulsions of shock. Big Dog began throwing up on the floor as the plane sped up and spat itself out of the dome and once in the air it began to push through the turbulence over the ice wall and towards Chile. "Sir, our plane will be in Chile in five hours. You will need to change to a private Jet to make it back to New York in time for the next meeting."

Big Dog composed himself by wiping the mess of saliva from his face to drink down a bottle of vodka.

“I hate these meetings.” Big Dog Yelled back at the Speaker mounted above the entrance to the cockpit.

In a small darkened room in the obsidian lakes district Island off the coast of Ecuador South America. A Man gasps out of his sleeping moment, clutching his heart. Each moment of breath as the interested group huddled to hear the first words from his mouth. “Give me a pen or pencil or anything to write with.” His eyes white with a fear staring still into the dream.” His shaking hands took hold of the pad and pencil and began to sketch the dome in Antarctica with snow walls surrounding. The crude sketches with words about A.i being used to obscure and the coming world war using green screens

and movies. The symbols were sketched as fast as he could with the one mask like picture always reappearing in a simple sketch of a shield shaped face. A young woman began to relay the pictures onto a white board as each piece of paper was ripped out of the pad and handed to her. Each of the sketched words and pictures are drawn as accurately as possible. Once the group of four people were composed and seated. The man now sitting on a blue couch and drinking a glass of water still wiping his brow as if exhausted.

“Now does anyone see anything that Jerimiah has shared through the remote viewing he has just given us.

“Ambrosia, I can see that Jerimiah has drawn the ice wall of Antarctica as I have seen this before in my own remote viewing state” Thank you Sister dorothy. She smiled and looked past Jerimiah to the slender man

called Duthy. “Yes I can see the Antarctic ice wall, the dome hiding the alien spaceship and ... well there is something about the shield face that doesn’t seem real. It might just be a false image to stop us seeing the true Promethean alien being.” He stroked his chin and turned to Jeremiah. ‘It was still a very fearful image but I agreed it was nothing like the underground aliens I have seen eating the bodies and blood of humans feasting on our adrenaline filled brothers and sisters. Ambrosia, what do you think the Green Screen and Drops of Soma mean?’ Jeremiah looked at her as she began to scratch her forehead with the pen. “It’s a new paradigm shifting drug” is my guess. Something to stop our psychic abilities.” Everyone murmured in fear knowing that a new airborne soma could be used to push the mass of 8

billion people into a trance like state that would do anything for the Promethean.

“I could sense he knew I was there. But I am sure our cover is not blown.” Jeremiah reassured everyone. Especially smiling with his eyes to Dorothy who felt as if the next big event in the world was about to be initiated in an almost doomsday type scenario.

“How sure are you?” Duthy asked. “Seventy percent.” He answered with confidence.

Big Dog touched down in the Military base in Chile moving quickly down the ramp to the private jet on the tarmac. He saw the beautiful women and piles of drugs await him as he walked into the Jet planes lounge and bar area. “I need a shower.” He said as the blonde woman started to undress him and guide towards the onboard bathroom. “Busy Day at the office sir? I think

you need a massage.” He got into the shower with the woman naked and proceeded to be hand washed while he lit up a crack pipe. Soon he was dressed and dried and lounging in his silk gown still hitting the crack pipe and snorting lines as women stroked and beckoned to anything he wanted. He picked up the phone.

“We need a meeting in New York ASAP to call the flying monkeys of the marketing department for a big one.” Big Dog lit up a cigar and tore at the Crayfish sucking the meat from the leg throwing the scraps on the floor.

“Ok sir.” the voice replied with no emotion.

Chapter 4: **4**

NARRATOR: Talking to himself in a car driving through the empty Suburbs with a second smaller sun in the sky turning reddish hues of dawn.

The spit of us all in adulthood as A-Dolt. Which translates as: A Dolt is someone who behaves foolishly.. This title bestows a crown on one's status that can be changed and morphed just as easily as geographical movement through finance and political beings, voting with a wallet on products that give identity.

Yet the feeling of polarity or gravity is always being pulled out from underneath the modern being, unsecured by the digital flow of the 5g waves, pulsing new risks and returns, More hooks, baits and switches for the 'Clever to rule the A-Dolt in financial products that mathematically never add up in profit.

The 'strong' just fooled into the position of promises with strange laws and holding patterns to exchange their kilojoules of energy drinks and protein for a Green economy that never manifests in warming or cooling. The group think of clubs and societies promising protection and delivering the morsels of fat to keep the protein rich guards of the houses of the holy and its golden temple protected and within its higher realm of hidden truths and extortion for every single way through life. The narratives and storylines in the 'Word becoming

flesh' The vibratory notation of the human voice, ruled by black and white words on parchment. Dictatorial interpretations that make people do whatever the Lords and Guards bash them into space to do. The threat must be there, A vacuum can never exist. The world must have no gaps. The bitumen and optical fiber must connect everything. The eye in the sky must observe and value everything as an action to judge or make money from. There is only blood lust and violence going on this earth of monetary economics. The hate machine must act like a Squid covering the entire globe with the Clever in the 8 brains of the squid controlling each arm separately with one ideology at the center of this squid vampire system. And that word is CONTROL. The squid demands not that you have children for the farm, or survival and keeping care of family. But the policy is that

you must have children to make more consumers. More financial products to keep the pies of the world produced and growing in size. This pie must get bigger and the slices thinner and thinner. The squid makes pies in an imaginary factory that you can only access with a hand held device. The pie as long as it keeps growing in the Z plane of 3 dimensions. The Populace is happy it appears to grow, it breathes smaller but grows back bigger. Always like watching the teetering pile of sticks sway in the breeze yet never falling. The invisible infinite world of the Fiat currency. Make people responsible for the machine. Because no one weeps for a machine being publicly whipped and tortured. So merely involve people in their personal values to the machine, give it advertising marketing values where people will rhapsodize about the crypto savior squid artificial

intelligence fiat currency of the world. Show the winners of the squid in fast cars with beautiful women as the yacht race winners of the game. Value must be there. Make a martyr out of some patsy and steal everyone's money. Share it with the Squid vampire group and keep promising more regulation and criminal responses to the new game. Everyone will accept it. The Strong thugs of the world keep the pharaoh squid sucking the blood in new and inventive proxy wars. The war merely to keep the machine response looking real. Making the Drones still look like a person is behind the drone and not just a program that could easily do the job. Keep it real, always like a human is the end result. How we went from the fist to the stick, to the stone, to the gun to the bomb to the drone to the computer in two thousand years of brutality to keep value of fake imaginary words of the flesh.

Those words only projected into thought to become real flesh must mean something. Everything frustrating the world in underlying visions of horror. As we see different demons in different games. The Russians like the game Stalker escaping being stalked rather than stalking. The USA likes these battles, wars, or post apocalyptic attainment games GTA and the like. These cultural opposites underlying both of the elemental forces and geographic is a history of violence where the world was taken not earned. The underlying fear of the people who own the hidden power be it real or Fiat be it so. They will defend it with the fire and death cult Flesh and plasma worship to the opposite. If they do or don't the Crypto Plutocrats will always own an unknown thing that people will assume gives them power and it will be defended by pain and violence of any measure. The trickle down

pleasure pain matrix is a maze of defensive tricks and moralities. Where our frustration lies is within the center of this system of a lie and what Lies within the lies at the center of the Houses of the holy the ARC of the covenant. The Story of all stories that can only be bought with the most dangerous of deals with a being created by the very few. It is as valid as air to a dying tying the noose with his own hands. Once the light of reflections have been discovered the freedom lies within the between of everything. No left or right the between that can never be divided from the source of the energy.

Episode 4: **Globalumin80 -**

America the green screen war

Illumin80 America New York. 11:11pm

“You’re going to kill me!” Blonde pulled her hands back in shock after almost strangling Red to death. He spat and tried to regain breathing as she looked at her open hands as if two killing implements were not attached to her body. The red rawness of the moment broke as Big Dog kicked through the old wooden door as the mottled window pane of glass in the door cracked.

“Well I can come back if you're not finished flirting?” Big Dog looked impeccable and surly with glazed eyes and the crusts of cocaine still glistening around his inflamed nostrils. His suit was a Gienvy original that balanced out the look.

“It's nothing really.” Red managed to stand up right and regain breath. “Just a disagreement on the next false flag and tropes to install for the election. “Well Blonde?” She snapped out of the moment and brushed her hands against her tight Aries custom bodysuit wrap around dress with pre torn tartan leggings “I am fine...Red?” She asked as he shook his head and took a belt of expensive claymores 16 year old scotch whisky. “I will just take some...” Blonde Fumbled to her DG limited edition bag and started chewing pills from the chemist orange pop top tube. “You smell like sex.” She said,

flicking her long blonde locks at Big dog while restarting her dominant stance.

“Well I have news from the ONE.” Big dog said. “What's he like?” Red asked. “Like us you never see him, it's just a face talking to you... The light is blinding but it is essentially like we are talking now except you need a ton of drugs to get over the intensity of the energy pulsing from the place.” Red looked bemused. “When do we get to mee...” “Shut the FUCK UP!!” Big dog yelled without a change in expression, Blonde and Red both shook at the shock. And sat in their respective Le Grand Confort Spéciale chairs. “Now we have not much time to initiate the election distraction that will lead to the downfall of the economy.

“Now tell me what is trending at the moment with the Hackable Animals.?” Big Dog sat on the edge of the

table in front of them and took a vial out of his interior pocket and poured a small pillar of powder on his knuckle and proceeded to sniff back the mixture. "Come on, we have not got all day!!" Well a superbowl attack by a country that is against Israel can be arranged." Blonde said. "We also have a popstar that will co opt the mass of the younger voters into a confused mourning state. Is something happening near her or to her?" Red added as they began to work in tandem.

"Ok, interesting." Big Dog scratched his nuts as if knowing the answer already. "The perfect scenario for the globaliim80 is. Under sea fiber outage while they do their dirty work... something that will be the new normal will be cable terrorism brought to you by the Telco Terrorists." That is a shit name so figure out some moslem chinese archetype name to put in there as the

new name of terror.” Big Dog stared at them both.” Big Dog stared at them both with his hands on hips flaring out his jacket in expectation.

“Bao Zheng Maoists.” Blonde said.

“Nabu, Sheites, Nabu is the Babylonian god of wisdom and writing.

“Yeh but it's not as catchy as say ISIS or HAMAS?”

“Shahada.” Red squinted as if struggling for an idea “What? No fuck No!” Big Dog Threw the vial of powder to Red. “Sniff some inspiration Red.” He did as instructed and shook his head.

Moab, The ancient Levantine kingdom whose territory is today located in southern Jordan. The land is mountainous alongside much of the eastern shore of the Dead Sea.

“Excellent we can shorten it to Moa, sounds like ‘Lawn’ ‘Mower’. And is the Mother Of All Bombs acronym.” The public will lap it up,

“So what do we make them Chinese or Moslem bad guys?” Blonde asked. We have to stick to the Iran model at the moment as they need a big green screen war to starve out the people of Europe while they shut down the farmers production of food.

“Well productive day. Go and send the ad copy to the HQ to start the drip feed of movies and influencers shoveling the MOAB into the subconscious of the public.” Big Dog scratched his nuts and went to walk out only turning at the broken door to stare down his nose.

“The remote viewers are on to us. So you have less than 24 hours to get them that Ad copy out to HQ?” He took one last glance at Blonde’s large breasts and legs

crossed revealing the upper most part of her leg as he spun once more and disappeared slamming the door behind him.

The Remote viewers began to go into their transcendental meditation to see the outcome of the previous session tracking the Powerful man speaking to the face constantly in the dome of antarctica.

Chapter 5: **5**

NARRATOR: Talking to himself in a car driving through the abandoned highway tunnel towards the city with a second smaller sun in the sky glowing next to the moon..

The archontic dream master got bored with the wars and death, being merely a repetitive system of predictability. So the self reflecting culture was invented and revived all the old philosophers and the Gnostics that were slaughtered and drip fed the information of the singular time lord that ruled the illusion of the earth. Maybe we will be carving stone hieroglyphs of the computer one day as a pure memory to remind us of the reincarnation

loop and how the archon tricked us into feeding it all our information and allowed the infiltration of the ideology of the dual mind. The Gospel of Marcion in summation is that paper cuts and stubbed toes are the only thing unscripted. We are unable to spot the smug demons infecting the skinwalkers among us in positions of power. The Archons dream of the creation of self reflection en masse a stroke of its ability to shapeshift and morph to the human desire needs and base elements that require so little to stimulate in a visual culture of the world. The screens that web of connection feeding the egoism and then chaining the brain to a Dopamine receptor where it becomes the mother and father of the state of mind for the child. Digital communism that addicts the mind of the child as religion once did and yet religion merely scripted the sitting and staring at the talking head for a thousand

years. Building their churches on the springs of the village to get clean water “Holy water.’ One must accept the word of christ. Now the digital feed is that spring of Digital Aqua vita the water of optical fiber life. Our slave-like views tied to the screen dancing our mental projections that we require full participation to make it real. Even though we are told that there are green screens, like the Saying of the late 90s X files show promoted into the minds of the X generation “I want to believe.” The ideas of anarchy and freedom were tied to dread of the economy and the promise of endless expansion of the technology and the speculation on financial products put way above the self development of the mind and the body into freeing oneself from the programming system. In steps the Meta-Archon that sells the t-shirts of conspiracy or the off grid hippy. No

blame or judgment on their ideals. It is by their own definition a vanity project that is easily subverted by the fear of death and health issues. Once people realize that the anarchic freedom comes with the work and suffering that rewards by truth of their own connection with self. Should not the first thing of all Generations be not to wake up from the dream or to rebel or join a fringe group. But to go inwards into self where the Archon can not reach the spirit of one's own fire that the archon is there alongside. Within us the self is half half the archon and human spirit experiencing the world of the great cube that forms all things by the temperature in the vacuum of a hermetically sealed belly button. The rest of our survival holes seem almost over or underused by the archons standard. As people would be unable to imagine the tribal lives of people that take simple things

and find the most out of that. No one wants that life of observation and survival. The story of the last two pure nomadic Indigenous in Western Australia Australians living off the land came into the town after a long drought had caused the husband 'Warri' and wife 'Yatungka' to seek food and shelter. The indigenous that lived in houses and for money, food and Television from the Government explained that men had walked on the moon and flying machines could take you across the world. A week later the Husband and wife both died. Possibly the shock and awe was too much in 1979 for their life to continue.yet the average age was 65 for people born in 1919. So now in the world. So now as novelty rules the current technology of Squid like webs communicating like a mycelium network of fungi that collectively like being fed on bullshit and kept in the dark.

As long as the Sun is ignored and the screen becomes the sun and the moon. The Archon can feed its novelty bridge of human spiritual souls harvested like the moon and religion and belief has done for eons. As we are left unbeknown to our own life. Told to ignore our seeking and use the machine to divine the definitions and speculations in life, love and money. The power of the machine reflects back to our mirror neurons so that we would forget the current now and obsess with a future ever changing, ever shifting to the Greek chorus of the happy or sad face masks that let the crowd emote the narrative. The Archonic self fifty fifty soul speaks within us and now rewrites the whole story of humanity to be plural and diverse by choosing a definition, and by this choice we are sold the lie of Gender, War, language and history via the archon a.i system can now generate the

alternative history of a Black Caesar LGBTQI Xerxes and a Mexican Ghengis Khan dressed like Trump and basically make a meta web three real times mapping system of which programmes can be inserted like a corporate programme that through marketing. The Wi-fi used as an xray machine to map the movements of everyone so that this archon can see us all doing the repetitive tasks and create a voodoo doll on a server somewhere in California that uses the mojo pin of products to force the flow of money and products we don't need or want into our homes and lives. We feed the constant listening devices until the ideals of ever rebelling seem like the Archon within will fill us with hopelessness and say. "I knew you would say that."

And we will start to believe its power is real and forget that we are feeding it. The ARChon within us fighting

with the fire of light and self is forever told to forget and confidence is crushed beneath the Neo Golden Horde of shopping consumers that celebrate nothing of the doom scrolling generation that the entire world has been placed and cling wrapped beneath the plastic stretchy preserving flag of petroleum products feeding the sickness that we fall in love with as its power is narcissism to the greatest results for the archon within. So where do we love this great machine? The Great escape from the self of light. So when the word becomes flesh the flesh becomes digital. The spirit downloaded, uploaded and chained to the constant screening of the information feedback rectangle turning us all into perverse peeping toms of the novelty productions and dancing images in Plato's internet cave. Not many will ever leave and ever see that they are discussing the day

walking zombie life of human inventions. So in the helplessness of the world's archontic fifty fifty with our spirit. Do we suffer the outage of life being the one without any knowledge like the indigenous couple facing the reality of human suffering in the hunter gatherer sense. Is there an inbetween world where one can reason with the archon or the archon can be kept fed sated but not in control of the hermetically sealed spirit Operating System of the world traversing tourist humanoid? Is there.?

Suicide is not an escape it is merely a end to an new beginning. As All science and philosophy could argue against in some vain attempt to prove that energy dies permanently. But by the definition of God is the thing that is attached to nothing. As everything in the Universe is attached to something. A tree falls over, dies and rots. It

feeds all the various systems and becomes a part of the land. Thousands of years later it may still leave some petrified remnants of its bark in a calcified form but it has become many things again and again and still continues. Even the Trees do not escape the continuum of the vacuum petri dish of the Demiurge and Archon inventions.

Episode 5: **GlobaLumin80 -**

Organisation vs

Orgasm

Remote Viewing Cave somewhere in Chile. 12:11pm

Illumin80 America Niagara Falls. 06:11am

“Designer Crash” Ambrosia let out a cry as Jerimiah stroked her long black hair as her head fell sweaty and sobbing into his neck. There sweat mingling in each puff of breath as if coming back into the post orgasmic

moment in the darkened cave. A light rain fell outside the edge of the cave as the hiss of droplets splashing into the fire. Both of them still holding each other in the lotus position of sexual divination Ambrosia moved her hips to disconnect from his penis and fell into a comatose moment of deathlike waves of sexual pleasure mixing into whispered words from her mouth with eyes gazing off into the far dream distance.

“I see a lamp.” She said as Jerimiah turned towards the edge of the Rug on the cave floor and pulled out a sketchbook and pencil and sat crossed legged as he sketched her divinations from the ritual to engage the connection to source. “Yes my love, what do you see?” Jeremiah whispered.

“This lamp holds the market from crashing. There is a Dog head on a man, he is the one who is designing the

crash.” Ambrosia let out a cry of tears. “Many will suffer.” She tried to continue. “Where it comes from the undersea and the lamp is now turning into twelve lamps nine... I count nine of them, the final one being lit.”

She cried into her hands, still tranced with the whites of her eyes unaware of the surrounding cave. The light rain shrouded into a heavier downpour as the fire was extinguished. Jeremiah saw her pain to channel the future and placed the sketchbook down after scratching a date and time at the base of the page. Stroking her naked side he felt the cold in her skin and grasped the rug and rubbed her body to warm her back from the trance. “That was beautiful Ambrosia.” He said as she started to look around pulling her focus back to his eyes. “That was intense. There.. Is...” He stopped her from going back into the catalytic stare of sadness and gave

her a kiss on the lips and tapped the sketchbook and putting one finger to his lips in a symbolic moment of silence they enjoyed the heavy rain sound veiling the entrance to the cave with a curtain of sky and water creating a cataract view as if protecting the cave from any outside interference. They both hugged naked under the rug and slept in the lingering pheromone harmony mixing the heat exchange of each other's body. With the Cold moist air creeping in any crevice opening of the rug. The sonar high clicking sound of bats deep in the cave became a hypnotic rhythm of an archaic memory of how humans used to live before the ELAliens had infected the world.

“BIG DOG!!! Wake up” Blonde shook his body from its comatose convulsions he was having in bed. “Whoa!”

He shook his head as sweat splattered on Blonde's near perfect enhanced breasts. "Fucking gross you must be having a pink cocaine moment. Here, take some of the Xanax and Valium mix I have." Blonde stretched naked to the base of the silk sheets taking a glance at the Niagara Falls penthouse view, almost feeling as if you were sitting in the stream of the Falls. "I had the weirdest dream." Big dog grabbed a Egyptian Cotton towel and wiped his drenched body attempting to sponge himself dry as Blonde strut gracefully passed the Crystal champagne bottles, raked lines and spilled caviar to get the Fuji water bottle and hand the pills to Big Dog. "Blonde you're a Devil in an Angels body?" She Blew a kiss to Big dog and gave a wink showing off her silhouette that curved and shaped her like a renaissance painting cover of a fashion magazine. Hand draped

across her nipples revealing and concealing everything perfectly. “What are you trying to give me a hard on as well as a heart attack?” Big dog gulped down the pills and threw the bottle at the basket bin missing as they both watched the water gulp out onto the floor. They both laughed.

“The dream was like some one was raping my mind of every secret I held.” Big Dog looked at the floor. “What is the movie inception?” Blonde wrapped her body in a Silk Japanese bathrobe tying up the waist with its red kimono style woven belt. “Never seen it.” He got out of bed to snort a few lines off the trashed table. “Déjà Rêvé: is French for already dreamed. So you better not let anyone in there.” She quaintly tapped his head running her jet black painted nails through his hair in a stylized move to slick and walked off in a pirouette turn to the

Glass bar to pour a Bloody Mary from the bottles and
fridges plated in gold.

Chapter 6: **6**

NARRATOR: Talking to himself in a car driving through the dead neon and trashed city streets with only dumpster fires.

The 23rd Chromosome Archon prison of the Genetics. So what if? That Fused 24th Chromosome was unfused, screwed, blue'd and Tattoo'd into the humanoid at some point in the Anthropocene. In its original state would allow 10 strands of DNA instead of the current two Strand DNA ladder we have as Humanoid Archon inventions of the Demiurge. Well maybe we could have been like the X-men with all sorts of evolutions or like

the Nightbreed movie set in Middian, where all the different breeds of humans with 24 Codons allowed them to have powers, like telepathy and super strength or long life beyond the 100 or so limit. So This reference to Giants and flying people and gods and Angels. This 24 DNA leaves the imagination to go wild with the inventions that could have allowed even more spiritual unlimited evolutions like changing plumage or shape or size and teleporting. Who knows, it's all left up to conjecture. A Whale has 44 or 42 Chromosomes and a polyommatus (Plebicula) atlanticus, a species of butterfly, with approximately 223 chromosomes. Which might explain their ability to have ornate designs on their wings and go through a liquid Chrysalis stage of evolution from Grub, worm to Flying insect that has a sentient relationship with flowers and plants. The

chromosome number of 30 is conserved across many Lepidoptera species like the Atlas Moth that has a image of a Snake head on each of its wings to warn predators as it has no mouth, is basically a huge lump of protein and its life path once fully formed as a moth is to mate and perpetuate the species or be food for the numbers of bird species. The Archon seems to rule everything in the Protein Habitat.

That Quid pro quo something for something universal. For one to Live one must die in the feeding of the one. As Boyd Rice Postulated in one of his quotes. “The Strong rule the weak, The Clever rule the strong.” So it makes sense that the Powerful would inbreed to the point of maintaining some delusional pedigree of concentrating. Clever genetic development into the Chosen people. The Royals, the Bankers and media

moguls, the Kingmakers, Trope factory and Military blood and death cult. These inbreeding groups of self deemed higher intelligence only cross breed when the death rate of sickness starts to degrade and destroy the bloodline over time. That and they use their own Genetic manipulation which would suggest they employ the worship of their own inner archon, to become like the Gods of the Terrestrial world and maintain the top of the worldly power system at any cost. Removing all traces of the fire of human spirit to install the full Archon DNA. In a minute of hope between the fallen angel life of the humanoid experiment. The System of technology that we now use for control is now hyper exposing the archon in the best game of duality and betrayal in the hope of a newborn disguise for the Demiurge. As we approach the time of Cults and systems of control and

deception heading towards the duality of war and evolution of the species.

Episode 6: **GlobaLumin80 -**

Organisation vs

Orgasm

Illumin80 America New York. 11:11pm

The Archon Virus has been released into the servers of the world. “Any trail leading to us Dexter?.” Blonde asked as she took back the USB drive from the Asian computer programmer.

“No! There is only a quick drop out of the internet as the worm is installed. The Push will force a restart update.”

Blonde played with her hair yet Dexter took no interest in her as she rolled her eyes and walked back through the secure area. The Iris scanner and body measure MRI and three stage vocal match to go back through the Server farm doors to reach the outside world. She walked through the Barn doors that carefully hid the server farm in the Ohio farmland desolated by the over spraying of GMO and Monsanto crop dusting leaving everything dead and foliage stripped of the surrounding trees. “Did he install it?” Big Dog stood in the muddy field with his leather trench coat and designer black suit. “Yes.” He held the door open for her as she slid back into the Range Rover and they drove out the muddy cold farm gates with large wind turbines and relay station lining the fence. “So all that marketing to fake a Submarine from Russia that cuts the undersea cable

that doesn't really happen? The Russians are in on the plan, with a retired old Sub they are willing to sink." Blonde took a handful of pills. "So we are starting the narrative and pretext for the world war?" Big Dog put out his hand as Blonde almost automatically put the pills and handed him the water bottle. "That's what keeps the world spinning. The populace needs chaos and anarchy to keep the flow of money going." Blonde sighed "I know money never sleeps. Hey, what did you want to be when you were a kid?" as the passing dead trees gave way to the small roadhouse with a few sparse cars Trucks parked in front of the Diner. "Well nothing really, maybe a race car driver that seemed the best way to get money." Big Dog slowed to the oncoming intersection. " Hey, Lets get some booze to celebrate?" Blonde said as they pulled into the carpark next to the rusted Mud caked

Trucks and broken sedans. “What do you want to drink?” Big Dog asked. Something Cheap and strong. There entry was as if Aliens had landed with the entire three people turning to see the designer clothing as if brand new off the shelf manicured hair and makeup obviously in stark contrast to the Diners cheap aged nineteen fifties style decor and attempt to recreate the ideal of the American Dream where things were styled to look space age with a mixture of curved steel aluminum and bright red vinyl and yellow table tops that imitated black marble. They quickly moved out of view of the locals and slumped into an empty booth while looking at the menus covered in clear plastic. “I really feel like pancakes?” Blonde said. “You feeling sentimental?” Big Dog raised an eyebrow then made a wink “Maybe I get some Key Lime pie if they have it, with a slice of american cheese

on top.” He continued while placing the menu behind the perfectly ordered sauce bottles, Salt, sugar, pepper and Chill in front of the ornate swirls of the steel napkin holder. The window to their side showed a small Van with solar panels pull up in the muddy path next to the Range Rover. “Look?” Big Dog Said as a beautiful brunette got out and checked the tyres with her man following suit as they walked arm in arm towards the Diner. “She looks familiar.” Blonde said her gaze transfixed to every movement on her face and took a sneaky photo on her mobile phone. “Yeh just as I thought, I went to school with her. Ambrosia is her name.” She was child prodigy and disappeared after a few years of school somewhere in South America.” Blonde lost in the haze snapped back to the clipboard sound of scribbles of the waitress. Her heavy lipstick and

cliche name tag with the words 'FLO' in bold capital letters. They both ordered their pie and pancakes with mugs of black coffee. "Wow such a slum place. Did you ever think that places like this still exists." Big Dog shook his head at blonde. "I am going to talk to her."

"Hey Ambrosia." She said to her spinning around. "Oh Hey..." Ambrosia looked confused. "I don't go by my old name anymore. I am Blonde, you recall from my NYU days?"

Ambrosia squinted into a distant dimension. "Yes I recall what a coincidence. Blonde." Ambrosia went silent gauging the empty space in the conversations.

"So what are you doing here in the middle of nowhere?"

Blonde felt nervous.

"Just got back from Chile cave exploration and we need to go to New York."

“Wow, we are on the way to New York as well.”

“Anyway we are in a hurry to get there.” Ambrosia said with a sense of suspicion but hid it with a wry smile.

“Yeah for sure. Hey here is my number message me when you get to New York we can have dinner with your partner of course, that would be fantastic to catch up.”

Blonde was excited, handing over her card and went back to the booth with Big Dog. “So why are you so interested in this woman?” He asked quietly under his breath as Ambrosia and Jerimiah walked out the Door back to their Van. “I don't know just... Maybe I am getting sentimental.”

“You should go back to Antarctica to go talk to the EL?”

“You think I am losing it.” Blonde said frightened as the Pancakes and Key Lime Pie arrived with a pot of coffee and two mugs. They both silently watched the van drive

off. "She wont call?" Blonde said while pouring them
both a coffee..

Chapter 7: **7**.

NARRATOR: Talking to himself in a car driving through the City with a second smaller sun in the sky rising next to the sun. The colour of the sky is whiter than normal sunlight.

So in this current 2024 incarnation of 8 billion souls and a magic machine that can talk back to us, a self assured summary of our squeaky clean improved universe. With more humanoid beings brought to the point of its dependance on the accelerant of business corruption growth. Watch how the ones in power, drunk to the point of the Joker, Bond Villain or Caligula emperor making

death machines entertainment out of the downfall of society. The power is so inebriated on itself it knows only nothing of the old world of analogue and interpersonal community values.

If it were within one's life to find something so hidden from us, yet within our exploring the outer realms of unknowns, that we find ourselves staring at the end of our nose's.

It goes to show that we need many incarnations of pain, or a lineage of challenge and zero ease. The more suffering the more one goes deeper into the Labyrinth of the abyss and sees the cusp of a turning point. Many must die as the Jupiter sacrifice of its martyr Dionysus demands to keep its life going. The illusion of convenience keeps us in check, loving the screen reflection and the processed foods made from forever

chemicals. It's easier to accept the orthodoxy of a world than to challenge or suffer for a self. That is the illusion spread like a common cold that you could never use your mind to overcome the hubris of matter that the most deluded use at the top to keep Uncle tom's Farming of the humanoid species.

Saturn in summary, requires sacrifice of the world as you could see humanity has tried to usurp Saturn by creating a time lord. A.i the bastard son of the time based homo sapiens attempts to fill the world with a grid of optical fiber and microwave connectivity. They rewrite the rules of weights and measures. Saturn is paranoid of anyone redefining time so again we will pay for this black cube server A.i godhead attempt to usurp the master.

The majority of the 8 billion are not existing energies, they are first life incarnate beings hosted by a body of

pleasure and narcissism with a black rectangle to raise them into the bastard system that is mentoring them. A slippery slide into Saturn's mouth Cronus. Demonised in art as he eats all these children old or young for their disregard. Time consumes everything. time consumes all who dare challenge his mastery. The Jailer, Father, subverted from real life consequences of learning into some kind of commercial convenience of the whore of the markets that keep the blood flowing.

A post-Covid cookbook just a social preparation, A.i allows the baking of the cake with Stalin's cracked eggs brought to you by Big Science the new Pharos of Health and well being. Backed by the stockholders' legally binding obligation to turn a profit or face litigation.

So in the oncoming Chaos one can hear the Greek Chorus warm up the talking circuit theater. This sound

lets the audience emote the story as the two distinct pixelated happy and sad faced masks dance the narrative the crowd desires. The crowd 'Boo's' and hissing' to the identity politics jokes in a latent display of comedic freedom.

The Rectangle in Hand betrayal of Saturn. The existence of 8 billion first time souls unable to form a sentence in the basic struggles of happiness with food shelter and clean water.

Maybe we are the basic fodder for the next nitrogen phase of exploration. How many know how to start a fire?

How many know how to use a pen?

These things might be the value once more in a new citadel requiring something to last in stone rather than the discarding of piety. Maybe we oppose the

disposable.

Maybe. Life is short to the Marrow as reminiscing might be the only killer in a sentimental world.

Change is the best thing a lazy fool could consume.

To the creation of a better void by forgetting this infernal machine already knows the creations beginning middle and end of the Doom Scrolls appearance to have infinite faculties. So where did this Alien DNA of belief come from? Was this a cube that escaped the Lord of the Rings of Saturn fell to earth in hiding it bred its homunculus simian. Fusing the DNA and injecting the seed of fire and death into the peaceful hominids. Ergo the fire and deception unobtainable to the meta- Yey Haw Yaw Wey and spun the word to become flesh type digital hallucination. Ergo the battle for self is never won beneath a Harvesting Moon and Jupitarian Sun. Raise

your glasses that a DNA milkshake may come, add a few codons to the mixture and grow us plumage and an original un-subvertible idea. Does it sound lyrically entertaining or is it just words for the sake of sitting on one's ass. The fact that romantic poetry has passed on into the vassals of history.

So the Roman Empire morphed into the Catholic Church protected by God and the stolen items stashed in the basements below a Created sovereign self governing State within its own Country. When Catholicism needed to expand its empire it morphed its priests into Bankers. The empire of money that could do what Religion could not. It could transcend natural laws and boundaries and extend the irrational mind of man into the newness of a world gone into the love of chaos and order as meaning for a binary existence. The Banks were hamstrung by

the orthodox belief in morality so the mask was morphed from Bank into Corporate internet structure a borderless screen worship to the Demigod of information that people could barely confirm as communication. The Roman Empire anointed New Pharaohs of media and Science to rule the world on a rumor mill of identity that was as fluid as the irrational mind could handle knowing full well the mind would crave the control of the priesthood once more in a Military Re-Legion. The new Middle class army of God. As once it was stated why humans would like a world war. Simply put.. “They wanted freedom from freedom.” Image based culture acutely aware of how one looks is the last vestige of vanity that leads to the self deception of the screen god. This is where the server tower of babel appeals to the moment where the ultimate God destroys its Digital

garden of Eden after they ate of the Iphone apple of knowledge and now run in shame at their faces without Instagram fig leaf filters. And the cycle must start again.

Episode 7: **GlobaLumin80 -**

O'lord of lords.

Illumin80 America New York. 11:11pm

The Archon Mega Virus was sitting in the servers of Portland Maine, where the cable junction connection to the overseas lines ran from the land server to under the

sea protected by large sturdy piping.. There was a strange murmur between people in the Server farm all aware there was about to be the big event that they could never speak of. Some were patriotic and others were putting their best stone faced expression.

“Everyone man your stations.” The intercom rang out with a siren that could be heard clearly over the mega stacks of quantum computers stacked from floor to ceiling with the flashing lights and pigtails of carefully woven patch cables making for a sight across the 1 square mile of server towers about to feed out the virus and the news footage pre recorded. “Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two...” The silence rang out for the first time since the Farm was built, all flashing lights and the whirr of fans silenced. Everyone in their offices staring at their emergency power lights as they

waited for the switch to bring back the back up power.

Ambrosia was sitting in Washington square talking to Blonde. “You know I thought you would not call my number?” Blonde said, sipping her coffee. “Well something told me it was in my interest to reconnect.” Ambrosia held her cup in both hands feeling the cold of an overcast day not used to the sun being blocked by high rise apartments. The sirens and rumble of traffic and noise was jarring her ability to relax. “Well you know I work for the Globlumin80 advertising company?” Ambrosia nodded to her. “And you already know I work with remote viewers.” Blonde tried to look surprised. “Well I need you? I want out of the job and the whole Archon El alien contract. It's a blood in blood out contract, you're the only one I can talk to.” Blonde said in

a hushed tone. "What can I do?"

"I need you to foretell where Big dog is going so I can escape his scrutiny. I know he is on to me and will have me disappear soon." Blonde tried to smile.

"What? Well there is nothing in it for me. Blonde?" as she took a deep breath.

"You must not tell regardless of your decision." As ambrosia nodded in agreement. "There is going to be a fake internet outage where they will feed a story about a submarine cutting USA's undersea cables. The military satellites will take over and well during the big explosions and two suns burning the earth there is an escape ship for those with passes."

"Sounds like the visions I had of the blimp in the sky and white light covering the Northern Hemisphere." Ambrosia took interest. "So you can see I am not telling some

conspiracy theory here. This is my life and well. I can get you Big Dogs pass I just need you to remote view him.

“Sure ok. So basically kiss everyone goodbye in life on earth and come back once the dust settles.” Ambrosia shed a tear as her sensitive abilities were overwhelmed, confirming her worst dreams in the remote viewing had come true. “Can Jerimiah come?” Ambrosia sniffed back. “No, unfortunately.” As the blonde handed a hand wipe from her designer bag, “ This is already happening. Would you not want to be one of the people that makes good on the earth and not let these people get away with it? I have all this bad work I have to redeem from this, can you help me?”

Ambrosia felt the light in her voice of desperation and the tragedy required a quick decision

Chapter 8: **8**

NARRATOR: Talking to himself in a car driving through the Military encampments set up with sand dunes as fortifications with a second smaller sun in the sky.

The Globalists sit upon the map of men and the comfort of women. In this vision that appeals to Zionists and plays the Faustian Capitalist with the Devil of Communism/capitalism experiment as threat while the corporations subvert all laws with monopolies and monopoly money. These Crypto-plutocrats hidden from sight the most expensive item in the world was anonymity. Venerated from the Web book of Faces and

the Language model of voodoo dolls sticking the human with mojo pins to consume the in the Temu, Amazon basin of digital plastic electronic toys for the childlike minds that populate the middle class lack of meaning. Yet meaning must be there in the form of a digital hallucination of dopamine in comfort and convenience and innovation. The mind control of Gender is used as a polarization of the human entity with the homo-digitalis shaking its Soy breasts and flabby mental thumb masturbating the screen, playing with itself to keep the peace a solid escape from the void of truth and emotion. That Inside voice inside the head. 'Never fight for anything, just acquiesce into the Cube of definitions and the hyper nothingness that piles up the smoldering garbage in China and india. The wests Greatest export is its used disparaging meaningless addiction to creating

waste its dopamine boredom desert that burns like an afternoon glow Besides the Super highways of the Asian super populations that are the best at making garments and repetitive tasks so Mr Nike or Mr Sony can pay shareholders in there crayfish boats paddling down the champagne superhighway of the stocks and shares that pay out triple and quadruple until there bellies and egos are filled with the safe knowledge they never have to meet the people they fucked with one click on the keyboard and how we should weep with their losses for taking such a heroic risk on a market buy clicking buy or sell. And when they fail the Corporate Government of the world picks and chooses the Leviathans needed to keep the Board Game going on which nihilism is spread through the populace. A few placards in the street, occupy movements and the cryptos slip in a few agents

of disruption and a few gender issues in the body politic of financing peace through creating diversity, climate and saving the whales. The dumb earth not born of fire and iron now born an inbred modern architecture of the white cube and less is more Ikea Disney streaming timecode of the dancing Japanese girls in school uniforms keeping the Doom going the doom must scroll in keeping the world from its impermanence. The possibility of longing on a screen where the colourful possibility of political change might happen from the safety of a screen and the safe regions of a placard at the designated place to wave it. While they put their vote into the designated box that is the business of illusion that everyone in their unconscious flowering of the globalist garden is a concrete universe where every tree flower and bee and bird is tokenized and can be bet on

at fair market value. Bringing your more pleasure and dopamine. Without the Pills and drugs or escapism the risk of vulnerability is with faith of the placebo and the high consciousness of drive. The pleasure without any sexual contact. A pill, a pleasure panacea. Always thank the customer. The customer is always right. The politeness of a smile will make the parting of fake money for fake pleasure. Therefore we are at the point where we can forgo all sex and take the escalator to the brain with the Pharma Karma King, Its emotional ink blotting splatters that part of the brain into a rorschach painting. Now a functioning addict that can pay the bills of the Globalists' wet dream with a constant flow of sugary honey-covered japanese dancing smiling Asian youth singing "Kawai" with manic hand gestures shaped as the heart. This obscene flow through the greasy optical fiber

rainbow of pain and suffering in the anonymous world transfixed in a dopamine neck iron slave, sold the same way Africans were sold to the New world of the 1700's USA. The Global mind makes a machine that removes itself from itself is in one word 'brilliant'. The first fight between men was a fist bashing into the most sensitive of places, evolving more safety and convenience by removing the pain of having to use one's body as a weapon. Therefore the sharpening of a stick or a nicely shaped stone became the bashing trend of the early man. A corporate breakthrough in the more efficient the initial stages of 'care, safety and convenience' would allow a much easier taking of another tribes territory, goods or women. The dark mind of separation on convenience and less injury in hostilities to take what law, words and symbols could not. Evolving to the point

of Germs, Missiles and Drones. But even in this convenience and innovation the Globalist needed something more convenient. The screen injection and the nanobots that could ameliorate any feelings of loss or embarrassment when ruining a culture that would need re-education. This shallow tax and control features rebranded for 'their greater good' to be shackled within the modern mind. Advertising Companies sleeping with the military with the universal ideology of keeping a pseudo-religious mask for the populace could be put in the mixing pot of mutually assured construction of the globalist highway to the modern mind of the humanoid. The '4g' '5g' warfare web of frequencies covering the earth to fool the master Saturn of his own time. Cronus asleep at the wheel not able to recognise his tiny billion children had built a time machine in the form of an

information Medusa head of optical fiber snakes covering the Undersea floor, the domain of Neptune drunk on the power of a drugged out populace praising the Cube, false idols of Saturn and mere installation of the Pharaohs Kabbalah. As the globalists' plan rears up into the daily life of the netizen homunculus. They know quite well in the plural religions of the world Muslim, Judaic, and Christian all worshiping the cube and yet there fashion must be different their laws and customs archaic references to a primitive time of low technology and science in some sentimental value of keeping alive what humans need as the thread of divinity through traditions. The 1950's white picket Fence dream of the nuclear family eating the radioactive frequencies through the screen cube. Only the ancient systems of DAO, Zen, Buddhist or Hinduism knew they were at the behest of

sky energies that had already set the playbook of opposites in motion, At the very least they looked for the between path of being. and they learning through incarnation of karma and dharma to beat the perfecting opposites with flow and refinement. Once a wise old woman said to me,

“Behind every Great war is a greater woman.”

Episode 8: **GlobaLumin80 -**

Hunt for Red Optical

fiber.

Illumin80 America New York. 11:11pm

“Do you see the millions of satellites in the sky? They are the military real time mapping of the world.” He pointed his finger like a gun and made an imaginary shot firing and recoiling from his index finger. Big dog walked back into the computing pool through the oversized steel doors. “How are my Flying monkeys going!” He yelled across the small group of people in Military dress with headsets on in a flinch. Maybe one looked in his direction. “So this is where we manage the created content of the world. We decide what goes viral and outsource all the creation of terrorist videos to private contractors.” Big Dog grabbed a screen and spun it round to observe the work being done.

“See a drone attack and a school shooting.” All looks like it could be real right?”

“So it's just A.i?” Leon stroked his chin with a slight rise of the eyebrow in admiration.

“I will invest a billion if you can get my competitors to be crushed in the market. My Bank need complete dominance?”

“Sure, send us the paperwork we need details and the Virtual Reality machine can basically construct the whole scenario and use real people from the Public as crisis actors to validate the flashing lights and social media posts to keep it believable.” Big Dog squinted looking for the moment of sale.

“That is exactly what I want. I need the President to get sick and die.” Leon said.

“Well that is going to take a lot more than just numbers of money that will require you to undertake contraband trafficking and harvesting for an Antarctic trip, as it will

suspend our current Order-Chaos programmes of war and extortion for at least a week.” Big Dog began an awkward laugh at Leon’s tenacious request. He calmed his resolve and continued. “So it takes a month to seed the public with tropes and about two weeks to get a famous musician or actor to make statements and drop hints, then seed it through the conspiracy movement and send out the frequency and hints to hypnotize the Remote viewers and internet Psychics to sell it to the public”

“Ok we have a deal.” Leon Shook hands with Big Dog and walked out of the computing pool.

Big Dog watched the helicopter start up as Leona strapped into the passenger seat and gave a salute and wry smile to Big Dog who returned the gesture with a slight laugh.

“Wow, kill the president.” He muttered “What a total gangster move.”

“Attention everyone. New project starts tomorrow in sixteen hundred hours. All projects must be wrapped or temporarily suspended to push notifications and we have the Mother of all projects on our hands.” The entire pool sat transfixed in silence waiting for his next words.

“So get back to work and see you tomorrow.” He concluded the speech with a big clap of his hands and walked away leaving a voice message for Blonde. “Get the President in on the meeting tomorrow. We have the world war request that just came in from Leon.”

Blonde sent the kill file encryption key as it blipped up on his screen. As he Read them out loud one by one.

“Remotely Blow up a few Chinese EV's with low level politicians to blame Chinese spies.”

“Heart attack machine on golf course.”

“Destroy food and water with weather chemtrails and HAARP ionosphere heating. Release CBDC’s as new food stamps, free smart phones with Panopticon Virus already installed.

“Cut Internet Cables Blame Russia.”

“Iran Terror attack on the US Fleet in the Black sea.”

He sniffed at the options on the screen. “Can you give us time lines on how long it will take for each.” He talked by sending the voice file. “Sure. Will have all the options for tomorrow’s meetings with timelines.” Blonde replied.

“So Leon wants to run the new world of web3?” Blonde’s voice text echoed through the phone as if something had interrupted and distorted the signal.

“Yeh interesting the new Boss will do anything for the Antarctic EL it seems. Totally fearless Gangster psycho

but means well I guess.” Big dog sent the last message and encrypted the channel to delete the messages from the server in a quick click.

Chapter 9: **9**

NARRATOR: Talking to himself in a car driving through the Underground tunnel under The pacific ocean with many personnel carriers going down different paths to the Russian Continent.

The great repression in the desperate need to protect the pleasure of the Lovecraftian body of definitions. The online body and face to ritualise the phenomenon of being in time trapped on the cubes or Saturn in some Server farm of Orwellian design to capture the egos and energy of the devotees to the system. No longer needing a printing press or tactile object of information. Now the

Globalist works towards the nano delivery of technology in some form of the Dark matter influence while Saturn sleeps the scientists Morning cooking show bakes a DNA of dark matter to birth the Chimera the Chineuro subservient Chinese DNA with the physical strength of European muscle to make the perfect human scone for use in mining and upkeep on making the the robots to make the Soma that will keep the breeding program of the salt battery hen humans that can stay in the illusion of Maya safety convenience and innovation while praying to a uni-god the marriage of all Gods and morals in a subservient race of brown yellow white race mixture that defies the curse of God and his Smashing of the tower of babel. Under the binary code of technology and scientism. Good and bad can be reduced to the one who conforms the least. The bad guy is the one who does not

do enough for the Uni-god. So our omnipresent love for the machine like a God of a.i and its disney answers to questions keeps the lightness of an inability to traverse complex emotions or painful learning experiences. The Globalist pretends to pay the populace and they pretend to work keeping the illusion of the machine going. The strange silence of incompetence permeates the world of the screen, sucking the energy out of the nature of the fun loving monkey that enjoyed a playful life of brutal family units based on Male dominance and Female breeding rights to produce the best for the perpetuation of the species. Now we have humans in a basket the afterbirth of a poisoned blood by the DNA Milkshake 1950s diner mad scientist wanting to go back to the future to stop the cowardice of humans and programme them into a detached walking brainstem floating through

a course of actions needed by the state and the globalists who sit upon the world of intellectualism to gain more power and blood and death and all things that make them unable to feel born upon the Archonic lineage of the horror void that requires the blood and lust be used as weapons to destroy and evolve the sky gods narrative of trapping more souls in the moon of hydrogen that harvests the collective into a narrative that humans will mythologise and rectify with our Leisure. So this experience can be had by the detached souls. The overarching tragedy of this inability to enjoy our monkey-like simplicity with Prometheus below the earth sucking the blood from the wars and sustaining its dream of escaping the nitrogen firmament. Using this humanoid to become able to build the toxic fuels of plutonium that can breach the firmament and escape the

petri dish of prisons the beautiful blue, green and soil coloured lands with only permits to protein and repetitive perpetual motion of life in breed die breed die breed die. A suffering conceptual magic of contracts in amoral and moral tribulations that we rhapsodize and narrate while the illusion sparks out the wants and needs of the want to become a globalist ruler, one of those dead to the world of nature and care. The detached ones using the technology to build the spaceship for the human to become the 'Specimen' or as the west calls it the 'Spaceman'. The Globalist marketing has all the illusory items to fool the Venal citizens of the voting populace. They can just type in text to image space ships, UFOs or even a rampage of evil villains of religious or nationality tropes to incite the middle class. The strange thing is the polarization of the handheld

rectangle hydra lets people just express the most tokenized words to keep their sense of morality by clicking the thumbs down or the heart emoji. While the bots programmed by the engagement committee attempt to incite more hatred to keep the bickering fools watching more advertisement for their TemuAmazon Basin jungle of items to assuage their simple minds of hate or love. Reduced to the lowest form of commodification where they would not search out anything less than pleasure or kilojoules for the working class moniker of a good boy. So in that moment one must realize that Biology is the Globalist void of love where Noah's arc must have everyone in consistent two by two marriages stuck on the Citizen- Ship in the flood of information. Don't worry the Devil is the detail of the Ship, with plural motives and narratives of sexual

freedoms and laws that respect the rights of those to choose. The whole world has a litany of laws and perspectives to reign in the hominid DNA Milkshake of Prometheus slaves spaceship builders.

Here you can change gender, wives, names, lives, the blame game you can play victim if you are jewish but not if you survived Stalin or Enola Gay. The Advertisement of sides to take so the smallest of brains can function on the binary switch. The Matrix was just a call on the middle class, it was not a call on the dumb earth. Remember if you say anything not in the realm of good you are evil. That is the binary separator to the most dangerous cult ever produced in the history of the earth. The Middle class. These binary functionals will crucify, burn and dismember anything in the name of their greater good. The internet has neutered them somewhat

and shifted the hate machine of the Middle class to the hydra of e-speak online hatred and demand for the Military or the Government of Globalists billionaires to rule supreme. If not a retarded kid on pills can hit 20 or so moving targets and carry a bag of weapons that is more than his puny bodyweight. But hey that is a conspiracy. The Middleclass loves conspiracies by motive of killing anything with the mantra of the Globalists and the Lizard people and the most outlandish things that could be said makes anyone's rant mad enough to be subverted. So only Middle class good is God. The dissident is evil and must be destroyed. The Rebellion of Christ against the traders and sellers in the temple must be ignored as metaphorical and not a physical act of driving out the controllers of the market. The stolid realm of the middle class is the homogenized

milk of the masses. It has protein but after a while it needs adulteration or pasteurization or additional forms of protein and vitamins because the original is just not good enough by itself.

So in this rant of words it will be seen as the writer as a dissident, a depressed, dispossessed mini Hitler Nietzsche failure waiting for his time in the canon of the middle class to be accepted as someone to be dissected in the globalist universities and reshaped as a cultural anomaly of investigation. The Middle class continues its human centipede evolution. The Parasitic academia segway its language into the shit eating of the previous academic Don with his square cube of saturn on his head at graduations. The only place where education requires a ceremony to be accepted into the chess board of the Grand masters who pick and choose the

next moral compass to promote online. When they bite the hand of academia or mass media. They are shoveled to the un-entertaining side channels of the poor. The once lauded and applauded talking heads become hated by the troll army of flabby soy children of the rectangle hydra. Together they seek and destroy anything of truth and reality like a Platoon in Vietnam given zippos to burn down villagers to force them into the cities. The Globalist knows how to employ an army and then disambiguate its colonialism. The digital world is the same. A disambiguation of the devil's contract. Here is all the sex and drugs and removal from human contact you need to have a nutrient rich life of tofu friendships at the click of a button. Your index finger and thumb become your entire homunculus existence while quaffing down energy drinks and lukewarm food

delivered to your door. Inventions of more games and more interactions and more trolling death and fire cult where only your reputation is destroyed by a click farm of Orwells retarded angry children.

Don't ever look outside at the sun raising plants from the dirt. The birds flying about giving life to the trees and fresh air. No stay in your stolid room cube staring at the rectangle fending of depression with your pornographic panacea pill of doom and news. Be the first to comment. Like and Subscribe. Be like me traveling the world as a young and beautiful influencer. Never be sad unless garnishing some kind of grift towards your business plan of hopium. The gaudy world of Christ consciousness or your astro hopeology. The New Age the incoming energies the downloads of a belief system that is inherently placebo in invention. Yet the Globalists love

this magnificent illusion. Keep working hard, pay your bills, fear death and sickness, rely on the state to be your parents. Become Pol pot of the street when everyone is mandatory to wear masks. Watch the greed turn everyone so quickly into a raging horde. From Ghengis to Gates, From Mao to Musk. The new military overweight Billionaires will get to lie in state on their passing as the middle class weeps tears of such good times where the Prices of houses kept going up into the stratosphere and Boomers were the protected species with their consumerist ideals to be the T-Rex of Generations that would take everything and still complain that no one cares. In the refuse driven world of bargaining chips of refugees. The Globalists know the solutions of the world are easy and a peaceful life is there for the taking. Post war trauma of World war 2

showed this ability for people to be left alone in their pursuit of happiness. To the ends of the world the Middle class colonized the cellulite generation of eaters that needed a Globalist one world Governance with threats of wars and green screen horror to keep everyone in piles of Chips at the Globalist casino world of solutions that benefit only them. As they are the house and they are the Casino but like to play on the roulette table they built with their numbers and their squares. But keep playing, what choice do you have? Stand up and be destroyed. The Game is the biggest employer. Be thankful to the Globalist for corporatising everything, tokenizing everything. So Clean and the lines are so straight. No Thirdworld shit running down the gutters with the dog missing its bottom jaw. No disgusting homeless people cluttering underneath the Bridges of

Chinese cities. The human refuse is only seen through the click of a button and a moral click on the heart emoji or thumbs down sad face emoji. “Touch Grass they say.”
“Stay centered.”

Whatever that means.

Episode 9: **GlobaLumin80 -**

NEW AGE floods of

Aquarius power Elite.

Illumin80 America New York. 11:11pm

“Antarctic Base started its HAARP wave generator

before the election to heat up the ionosphere as the weather around the USA and China had weekly massive weather events. The Typhoons and Hurricanes had delivered damage to the crops of both countries to destabilize the food and economy. The conspiracy network, Christian right wing and psychic mediums seeded to incorporate the largest sector of the marketing mix. Making its reach comprehensive to the point of human helplessness. Or as we refer to them as Hackable animals.” Big Dog put down the lazer pointer as the screen went black and the lights of the boardroom raised up as the 20 or so Family member representatives of the Banking rulers looked around in contemplation. “Any questions.” Big Dog put his hands out in an open receptive manner.

“So what if hopelessness leads to rebellion?” The

Chinese Family banker member asked.

“We already have Climate change, Trans rights plus Anti-communist protestors to dilute any uprising.

“And if that doesn’t work?”

“Then we blame the immigrants with a death of someone innocent or of note that generates the emotional distraction.” The Chinese man whispered something to his Swiss Representative who then spoke up. “So how do we maintain the profit margin while this huge expense stops us from draining the taxpayer?”

“We just put a ban on Gold and Silver sales and up the price of the shiny metal rocks and you win regardless with your stacks, if they continue we just exchange art works as a form of keeping track of each other's profit margins without drawing any attention.” Big dog placed his hands on the table gauging the room with a piercing

gaze. As he withdrew his hands from the table to conclude the meeting. "So what does the EL say about all this." The African female Banker representative said in a thick accent. "As long as the war keeps delivering the suffering and blood all the EL wants us to do is maintain the advertising of an enemy to the Hackable Animals so they continue the fight. The EL wants to test more genetic manipulation technology on the public to see if we can get easier, less rebellious hackable animals." The African woman nodded and took a sip from his water. "Religion and technology is losing its ability over time that happens with every form of novelty so we need to start the Alien invasion operation blue beam to get a new threat and enemy in the next 20 years as its the only way to stop them from finding out they are just being hacked by everyone here, ha ha."

The room erupted in a short burst of forced smiles and breathy laughter.

“So without any more ceremony or delay here is the end of the presentation.” Big Dog shook hands with the entire boardroom of people as they walked out into the foyer with naked men and women models wearing ornate french eye masks holding silver platters with Champagne and hors d'oeuvre snacks and various pills, powders and syringes perfectly arranged ornately.

Chapter 10: **10**

NARRATOR: Talking to himself in a car driving through the Kermadec island roads. Approaching the large rockets being built in quick haste. The white light of the second sun requires welding goggles to keep seeing the road ahead.

The glacial movement of the crash that never comes. The elite Globalists are still measuring out how to divide up the next novelty or profits. The Carrot of Jupiter and the stick of Saturn. This time we all will take a beating. The preparation of global governance is a great experiment formed and researched by the Covid narratives. In the lock down I heard the sound of no traffic for the first time. Except for one sound of a low

flying military plane. I went outside and saw the big Dish underneath the military plane doing pattern work in the sky. Everyone in their homes, no one outside other than Police and Emergency or essential workers. The Scanner plane with thermal imaging? With no proof. Using only the powers of deduction I saw the strange light appear in my mind. "They are doing a global Census." It reminded me of Herod in the time of Jesus being born ordering the slaughter of the baby boys during the time of census in Jerusalem. Wow I thought how clever they are to see how many people there are in houses. Except for the old houses that had lead paint roofs. So across the world there was a true number of what the Globalists would be dealing with in the future when they use the process of divide and conquer through the mass media bait and switch. The fear death

machine of the information age was now primed to make its next census. To See those who would follow directives of choice to get a job in their arm and those who would be dissidents and needed to be dealt with by attacking their income and job security. The Globalists think tank then had the perfect file structure to control the masses through the new change to a programmable world and what they needed to force them into the system of which the globalists could operate there corporations with impunity to whatever they wanted to do outside of the middle class consciousness towards programmed moral acceptance and orthodox norms developed over two hundred years of technological advancement away from the world of natural medicines and normal life and death moments in the human experience. The Day there will be peace on earth will be

when the Globalist Scientists Find the DNA switch for penis envy and the victim card. Take numbers for example. Statistics and formulas. The language of the universe these sigils can make bombs and create whatever excuse you want as long as you make it equal to something and by death and destruction it has power to make religious decisions on humans without having to lift more than a finger. The shaping of human behavior by annotating and side stepping any realism towards the symbolic nature of magic numbers.

APOTHEOSIS Conclusion Redux

The limits we place on ourselves with views and names and sigils, numbers and values is a slow death.

Gnosis for what its name is worth in not really explaining the individual notation of exploration that never ends.

It seems as in its world view of perception of that which can not be named. The emotion, vibe , connection it all comes down to that moment of not limiting anything.

Chaos is actually the organised city within Plato's cave and we recognised the city street lights as our guiding stars.

Then plato's cave invents a rectangle that glows with maps in real time yet frozen.

And we accept our CELL phone as our guiding stars.

The reduction within the cave of shadows the distraction keeps creating more light sources to remove the pure connection

one has at all times with the primacy of energy in its pure origin. The spiral that moves in and out and up and down at the same time. Soon we will have a set of artificial eyes we see as our light to guidance and the

physicality will drop away being stolen from the prometheus flame reduced into a Chemical reaction in a Body without organs like the battery in the matrix humanoid experience.

This is why the rebellious nature is the primacy of thought. One rebels against the mother to be born.

This should never stop in life.

Explains that nothingness and less is the essence.

Forgiveness and letting go of everything is the guiding star. This is light and darkness that exist simultaneously in perfect parity.

Fuck the CAVE and the shadows and burn their clothes.

be the light and darkness simulacra in acceptance.

Have shifted my ways of doing things in life to do that momentary shift of life. Feel the energy of rebellion and work towards the rebirth from the mother of all fuck ups

to find the new evolution in the light dark paradox.

Just cynical in this existence gets to the revealing of one's own distaste for the information age. A thousand Astrologers harmonising the same predictions that become a solipsistic vacuum. The Slave like system of convenience and a madness of the unseen. Just watching the world descend into old Pagan Postmodern ideologies. The Sexual hierarchy of technology identifying in the definition factory of flags and dresses and trimmed bits mutated with chemistry to mock the XX YY XY XY definitions.

Everyone decides the reaction and not the future. In a zero consequence world that is non violent. We accept that violence must happen somewhere away from the chosen cult of Christ or Mohamad or Yahweh. Whatever it is. So we are changing the World War old Guard.

Those who sided with the Banksters and military companies who were born to inherit the best of everything. The Meryl Lynch (slave owner) bank that crashed yet the children of the corn that were there to help the farm grow and morph into modernity are there at the top of the food chain. Unchecked unchallenged. No matter the information. No matter the Alex Jones's Farm or the David Mc Ike burger store or the sell out Brand Russell and River Jordan Peterson. The Jesuit factory continues to be accepted in the helpless form of the useless eaters.

We scavenge digital entrails of truth that eviscerate the individual that holds a moment of truth or is thrown into the prison of obfuscation and entropy. Residing in Bantustan is the digital equivalent to exile in a time of war. The ones that deceive are the ones at the top. The

Deception taught in IVy league schools, banks and corporate parties drenched in booze blood and the oil of servants.

There is no muse allowed in this time of Babel Server tower. Where the black cube is god among the masses.

Only the poor that play in the slums with nothing retain something of the innocence of Adam and Eve surrounded by the refuse of plastic and typhoons of disease. Sitting, waiting, meditating with Occam's Razor above my wrist thinking about simplifying the outcomes and making one consequence the Cathars would be proud of. Yet what is this day to day halo of thought? Maybe we stand on a globe or a flat earth or a taurus field or a videogame fed by Nitrogen or Hydrogen all crafted to fit the numeral literacy of the demiurge who set the Planetarium above us to confirm everything.

Who made this game? Why is it so convenient? The useful fools happiness and the life death paradigm forever smashing our life into escape or retract. The cage is freedom it seems? No matter the Golden Bars the central panopticon of the atom flying around the electron. Its orbit in the sky above and below permeates everything in its Vibrational tone. something we will never accept or control.

Just another day right on the Plan-E.T earth waiting for the muse to come and visitor the monkey in the space suit to explain us all away.

God is a Spaceman.

God is a Specimen.

the cure to the. The world's sadness is attacking life like rock bottom is the best challenge anyone can have and success is the lowest form of humanness as it learns

and earns nothing.. Contrary I know but nothing earned worth anything real was clicked on a screen.

The Narrator got out of the car, put the recording device he had been speaking to in a special cylinder container and pushed it into the side of the spaceship dock. The digital readout letters spelled upload complete. As he changed into his white overalls and handed his ticket to the Military guard. Walking over to his seat watching the countdown to launch numbers hypnotized by the moment approaching.

Episode 10: **GlobaLumin80 -**

Ambrosia and Blonde.

Illumin80 America New York. 11:11pm

“I can’t believe this is the only way for us to survive?”

Ambrosia said.

“Well neither did I until I saw the plans being drawn up long ago.”

They both walked in their Plain white suits to the Rocket entry as they handed over their code to the military guards at the entrance. Other people were with children and some were with animals that were kept in specifically designed cages.

“So how does it work?” Ambrosia could feel the tension of everyone. The animal noises almost psychically giving out sounds of caution in this loud environment of hissing tanks and various couplings locking together. “It works by flying up into the upper stratosphere as the second sun asteroid burns out the earth's landscape in the northern hemisphere. The ship fills a large helium balloon that keeps us floating in the upper north pole jet stream for about 6 months. This ship is built to recycle everything and harvest water from the moisture in the air and use waste for plant nutrients in the growing decks of the ship.” Ambrosia hugged into Blonde feeling the pang of all her family and friends to be decimated while the asteroid heated up the world where human life would perish. “It’s so sad this is how it ends.” Blonde hugged her back as they were shown to the ships seats and

both watched the ten minutes remaining countdown clock tick each digit away.

“EVERYONE TAKE YOUR PILLS NOW!” The electronic notification flashing on the screen as it rang out loudly repeating three times. The screens Flashed with the artificial female voice over the speakers saying calmly. “Your soul has ascended.”

The faint sound of sirens could be heard coming from the outside.

Police surrounded the trailer with Feds and helicopters all arriving. The scene was that of a mass death. Everyon slumped in their seats or fell onto their side or just sprawled on the floor. The police covering their mouths as flashlights confirmed the cult known as GlobaLumin80 had killed 33 people. 23 were women. 10 Men. It was known as the Medea Cult that believed in

repopulation of the world by ascending to a higher level via a helium living ship while the second sun asteroid illuminated the world with a frequency of light. The media cult had over 10 million followers online as the death was streamed live imitators across the world were reported as dead in front of their computer screen with a poison ingested as specified by the Doctrine known as Big Dog. The truth was never found of if Big Dog ever existed or if there was anyone running the cult, until a USB discovered in autopsy hidden in a devotee known as Blonde's vagina. Police raided the IP address linked to an a.i system linked to a server in Ohio that ran a programme written by a single teenager who adored Jim Jones, Osho, Blavatsky, ASMR, Advertising, MK ultra and various other Cult leaders, techniques posted around his room in a modest middle class house in the

outer suburbs. Police investigations into his link to the cult could never be proven to directly link him to the mass deaths. Just a server running a media channel website and random a.i generated on a LLM sourced from the web's cult documentaries, interviews and books.

His lawyer read a statement to the media as the courts found no criminal charges nor wrong doing.

The lawyer stood before thousands of cameras, phones and various people to catch the answer to one of the most intriguing leaderless cults. The tall thin Lawyer stood on the court steps and with perfect calm removed a single piece of paper, unfolded it to its full size and held it up to the media, screaming and yelling. And in large black letters on the a4 sheet of paper it read.

“A.i did it.”

End