

Novel by Marcus Beijar-Mellin

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Prologue

LOOK MAN! The slave!!

**POEM: THE TORTURED VICTIMS OF CONSCIENCE PRISONERS IN SOVIET
REPUBLIC ABSURDISTAN:**

**While they with soft gloves –
pretended innocence –
they tortured the inmates - calling them "patients" –
in perestrojka in Absurdistan a republic of Soviet –
they brainwashed the people to "know" that 'nothing was happening' –
that could ever be "wrong" - the 'educated's' glowing superegos –
enforced the self-image of themselves - that that was really Hell –
they presented as "heaven" –
the taxes were so high weight upon the people –
that 'they' could afford an own room for each prisoner –
and decent food "just that little extra" –
but if you just a little even - broke one of their rules –
or stopped the slow torture of your body and nerves –
they in long-term perpetuated with chemicals –
then their nice face was over - and your meadow of pleasure they trampled down –
your family, parents, wife - it did not matter whom -
just a 'educated' had looked and had a different opinion,
this time doom.
In this slow-giant tyrannical way - they upheld a rigorous oppression –
all in the name of the 'education system'**

**That was presented as a role-model for the whole fucking planet.
It made your blood freeze chilly icy..
The fear you felt - at their absurd dictatorship was devastating.
In other countries like Rumania - there was life permitted –
the police-men was mostly nice - and if you were in a state of Paradise –
they rather helped you and enjoyed that too –
than conspiring in clusters with the hypocritical
'ACADEMY OF LETTERS AND ARTS EXCERSISE' of police, politicians, courts and
"educated" idiots –
to destroy your well-being with your wives.**

**But in Soviet Republic Absurdistan most had turned into zombies –
that on the surface was "nice" ,
but that measured your words of reply - in an evil maze,**

where obstacles were put as weights –
"everything that you say can be turned against you".
In Rumania this was clearly said –
but in Absurdistan the nice facade hid vampyre teeth –
energy cannibals ready to bite you at first fitting instance.
It was Hell on earth presented as 'a nice faradise',
and the liberty of the inmates were always moved further and further away –
as to provoke a reaction - and in the concentration camp "just some more time"
"you have to stay"
The superegoism was so big - that the whole country of Absurdistan - in a river of
blood should swim.
'A certain group of people is 'sick' ' they say :
these are the ones whom agree and say positive things about the "patient"
but if one of them says a critical word that thus be heard –
the devils agree at least with that statement.
/ Lookman at the modern concentration camp 'LÖWENSTRÖMSKA SJUKHUSET'
where he is interned as a political prisoner of 'conscience' the 12th October 2022,
the day before they plan to begin what Gunnar Ekelöf named 'a slow protracted
decapitation'.
just an 'educated' had looked and had a different opinion, this time doom. In this
slow-giant tyrannical way - they upheld a rigorous oppression - all in the name of
the 'education system'

Chapter 1

It was the most horrible realization in my life - my life flashed past the car-window-
as I travelled home. From where? The unknown. My husband's cry that September
eve 2021 - had been heart-breaking - but I had thought it was just another lust-ridden
man - wanting me to come to his home so that his dick could stand. I did not
understand what my husband understand: the evil of humanity - the evil of man. 'you
don't know what they plan to do honey..' my husband had cried - 'please come! They
will try to destroy everything!' and that scorn of my mouth now stuck in my throat -
like a dick I did not want somehow. I had been fucked by so many men since that
time - I did not know the number even. My husband had been right: everything had
been destroyed. And because of what Iran did to me - his nerves had become stained
- for normal people unendurable, but for him under normal circumstances endurable,
still he had made a fatal mistake; if my husband was not perfect - the authorities in
Upper Baboon Asshole at once took that as a pretext to lock him into mental-
hospital: and thus they had did , and our whole life was destroyed - since I had not
listened to my husband's cry at that time. It was the most awful realization of my
life. I had not understood what my husband understand : and exactly his words at
that time still ring in my mind: it had happened exactly what my husband said that
the evil forces had planned.

Allah had said in Sura 2 verse 13: 'and when you say to them: believe as people have
believed! They answer: shall we believe as the fools believe? Certainly they are
really the real fools - but they have lost concept.'

2001 - the persecution against my husband had taken speed. Prophet Muhammad

had said: the male whom does not perform his first Ramadan at the age of 17 - is prepared for the hellfire. Lookman had taken this into consideration clearly - even though he had not known a thing about Islam - and just followed Isa's way of freedom - seeing that fire burn for his inner eye - that fire which Isa had promised to guard: the promise of Baso the Zen master to have his master staff, send forth a horse that would trample to death the people of the world. But with some fornication even though the object had been called his "girl-friend" and 'girl-friends' you are not allowed to have says Allah in the Quran, and being stuck in the general idol-worship of his time, that he had grown up with: Allah had said in the Quran: 'every child is born as a muslim, it is his parents which makes him either jew, christian or magician' -

- his inner freedom was severely inhibited. Allah had said: 'I am towards my servant as he thinks of me' - and thus Lookman's inner freedom of self-confidence had been so inhibited at the beginnings of year 2000, a long way back - that when the magical projection sex attack came from his fiance - whom got jealous he had a girl-friend since they were meant to be - they had an unspoken silent agreement upon that, which made Lookman's dick stand every night, and Lookman's father not being able to stand stress, overloading all kinds of sick projections unto his offspring of flesh - one day as he had laid in the bed - as usual seeing the fire saving him from the world's evil - the mind dissolved suddenly, but this time not to that relief of feeling, but his neck snapping **LOOSING CONTROL. AGENT TO CONTROL TOWER: PREPARE NEW INVESTIGATION FOR TAKE OVER.** those powers suddenly identified his being, with his fiances secret lover, which was the King of Upper Baboon Asshole: and Lookman had a sight of vision, as those powers became a hallucination of reality: since the King through my fiance's flesh now equates with me, I will become the real King in the future. And he saw a rocked chess in front of his eyes : it was the only time the King could take more than one step at a time. In the Democratic party of The STATES brainwash system that Upper Baboon Asshole was ruled by - if you once had 'the stamp' - they took their foot and stamped on your human face forever. All rights that were for other people, did not exist ever again in your life. The first girl Lookman got after that - became a pattern throughout the persecution of the inquisition, as they got together, the police started looking for a pretext to arrest Lookman. That pressure came closer and closer - until one day - Lookman got enough of that dangerous pressure - thinking: 'if I do not let them arrest me now I will be in worse trouble.'

As Lookman in March, years after this, had come to the department, which was a modern concentration-camp amid civilisation, "out of free will" - as he had had a good time with his friends among the employees there - the witch-doctor had written: 'mania'. As he came back after having been deported from Ru-mania in October, after having tried to reach his wife Iris, (a sexy over-class girl, that to his astonishment had married him through one of his contacts he had met as one of those 'patient' victims at a torture department, as he had laid himself down, demonstrating, seemingly sleeping under that tree by the pavement walk, now some 12 years ago), down there in the middle-east, he did not see many friends at the new torture department - and thus did not speak and kept himself in his room: then he 'was depressed' the devil of torture-leader wrote: 'wants to kill himself'. The 'observations' were thus pure nonsense. They pretended like outer circumstances did not exist - and Lookman was not even allowed to have a private life as the UN treaty Upper Baboon Asshole had signed demanded as a human-right: if he was

worried about his wife - that did not exist - just the tears and the devils wrote in their notes: 'he is masturbating again'- but he had never revealed that open secret for them.

All adjectives and possibilities to act was to be taken away: and just a lot of substantives: substantial accusations to make it seem righteous somehow to inject mind-bomb substances. All acts being degraded to that - and stamped with some new 'diagnosis' - if they got any chance to implement torture with forced injections of mind-control substances causing torment of pain - they would 'observe' his reactions: if he tried to defend himself - they would make a court-case - and any reaction beyond the 'normal' they would write down and make that a pretext all too soon - to order more chemical 'substances' to destroy his body and mind. And the courts had already 'made up their mind': "is your mother, father, wife, ex-wife, friends doctors?!" they screeched. 'you need an "expert" to tell you what you need! Tablett pa-still or syringe?' expert 'WHO' The devil? - and you are brood of vipers I see.. Lookman thought contemplatively, as he laid on his bed, hearing the mind-forging fetters of chains outside, sneaking around nosing for some sound he might make which they could howl like hyenas around. 'you do not even follow the laws..' - and for "security's sake" - the court forbade all witnesses that was supposed to participate and stand up for Lookman. 'they are not interesting enough to be necessary for the case'.. 'not interesting' ' "not interested" '

'if I do not let them arrest me for some small thing - they will keep on pressing - and then I might end up worse than this beginning..' Lookman had thought when he met his first girl-friend after years of anguish, after the chase of the 'Ulrika-money' which the devil had started, the King, whom wanted his son to marry Ulrika, a favourable and good party, as he put it, and Lookman's enslavement had begun, with him under threat from the state of Upper Baboon Asshole, being forced to eat pills for a disease the very society he grew up in had caused - so - he just laid himself down on the street under a tree pretending sleeping. It reminded him of a hadith by Prophet Muhammad: there he said: it is like a ship sailing through the sea, suddenly surprised by a violent storm: all people on board run around in panic trying to save the ship, but a saint on board lies in the middle of it and sleeps nicely. As the storm calms down he wakes up, and when questioned how he could sleep in all that commotion answers: how could you think the ship would sink as I was among you? Soon the zombies saw 'their chance to an easy catch', unaware that Allah had devised His own strategy for Lookman. As Lookman himself laid there, he was anxious to see - and he knew for certain it in the end would be a relief - what the Hell they were planning in secret. He knew they had projected the idea upon him - that he was 'paranoid' - but soon divined after some years of confusion and shame over how the 'substances' had destroyed his body and mind - that this was simply one of their smart ways, to hide their evil activities. In the mental-hospital he soon was driven to, after having laid down to sleep under that tree by the sidewalk of the street, they operated in a micro-chip under his skin by his ear, so they could always listen in and track him. They hunted after him as he later escaped - more even than if he had been a life-dangerous murderer. It was totally insane! They were slowly building up the myth of 'disease' that obviously was them themselves.. What was their plan?

These life-dangerous murderers.. Why was this SO IMPORTANT? Lookman now just wanted to see more into this issue of insanity.. 'so strange!' he thought - 'they are enemies of enlightenment! And speak about 'recognition'! And officially

'enlightenment' 'zen' is seen as the peak of culture! But as it appears they try to kill it and wipe out every trace of it's existence!' the inner pain, Iris thought, I have experienced since that day 2021 can not be compared with any suffering I have ever gone through before in my life time. I tried to kill it all away by fucking.. But I couldn't. My name is Iris, she thought as she viewed her naked charms in the mirror, 'all these are for my husbands arms..' and I work as a poule de luxe, my family fortune is built upon my body. That is what most sexy women are used for in my country, since by some happening of genes, they appear very, very attractive indeed. My work is seen, as overclass actually. The male's of my country use me for sex - that is just one of the perverted ways of my country, and I am grown up among such faithlessness.

We are called 'Shia' - but actually, it was a long time ago anyone could really say - that meant anything but just being an overclass country among the other's in the middle east complex - that also had become possessed - by the thought of using women in a more and all the more meaningless manner. There was a joke you could make as you crossed the boarder, now, when English had become the world language: 'she! AH!' then it was known what you sought among the women in Iran. "Ulrika.. It is me.. Lookman" he said - as his hand grabbed her pussy through the tight jeans. She had been laying on her stomach in his bed - waiting for him to come - undress stark naked - and fuck her pussy - take her virginity.. But - since he in wait for her total attention had become the boy-friend of another girl - he by his true-face knew - he couldn't perform that act.. Ulrika turned around and as she did so their tongues met in a kiss.. He felt with his hands over her stomach through the thin t-shirt, and up around her breasts.. 'don't look at me honey' - he said 'just feel my hands.. I don't want you to see my face as I go through puberty and has pimples..' Ulrika began to sigh heavily - as Lookman unbuttoned her pants, running his hands all over her beautiful slender young body which gave of a scent now, of total absolute excitement. He could feel her heart beat through her shoulders and the blood was pulsating all through her sex heavily.

'you know..' he said 'that I am involved with Shabane..,' 'yes' she said 'but can't you fuck me anyway?..' 'I am too truthful for that honey..' - Lookman said - as he stuck his right hand under her tight jeans - opening more around the steel-buttons, and started caressing her virginity - he ran his hand along the opening of her vagina - his fingers touching gently her naked beauty.. 'but promise me beby - that when I break up with Shabane' and as he said that he felt like a knife in his heart, but was there any other solution now as things had come this far, 'you save this beauty to me honey.. Your virginity..' he could feel her body getting angry. So he quickly continued

'I know I should have waited for you - but as you showed interest for the King's son, by dropping your keys in his underwear and picked them up again - I was struck with panic and as I sat on that cafe-bar with Shabane - I felt how hot she were through my pants - her vagina's scent I could feel totally wet - and thus my attention was roused with my penis, and on that way things happened.. 'mutual forgiveness of each vice - such are the gates of Paradise' William Blake writes in Arguries of innocence - but save yourself just some months for me honey - please - until I find a solution what to do, how to proceed with Shabane , at the same time as I make love with you..' 'ok beby' Ulrika said and Lookman saw her beautiful clear blue eyes suddenly in a vision - as he was laying there behind her - caressing her beautiful young slender body with his hands.. 'promise me that beby..' - he said as his right

hand again reached down under her pants - feeling her juicy young virgin vagina with his fingers, he reached up and licked those fingers which had touched that place - when suddenly heavy footsteps were heard in the stair-well - and the eternal moment had to be over.

Lookman though - did not find a solution with Shabane.. He just kept on fucking her passionately, now when once he had begun. As his penis penetrated her body - she loved to push up her bra - as to expose her tight round young breasts - that quivered with excitement at the pace of his penis - and they always used condom - since her father was a diplomat of Afghanistan - and he could not shower with her, since she did not want him to see the marks - after her father's hand red as blood on her body. He fucked her from behind - from the front - she sat on his dick totally naked - they were totally involved.. And - Ulrika's jealousy Lookman saw with desperation as the season passed into autumn.

'break down is what I have to do..' Lookman knew - then he would not hurt Shabane and his passion - and Ulrika would come - maybe not soon - but eventually.. Thus he smoked copiously of marijuana cigarettes when offered - as to make those hallucinations free - and finally he managed the breakdown.. 'praise be to God!' he thought - as he laid there with stiff limbs - katatonia having stricken him at the overwhelmingness of the lucid dreams that he had come now into real contact with. Unaware of the hell on earth - that the authorities had prepared for him. He was to become a 'prisoner of conscience' in the Jew-union - where Soviet Republic Absurdistan where he had grown up - was member.

As Lookman stood there in his room at the torture department - he suddenly discovered a rainbow against the bleak autumn sky - and behind that the contours of another - with more dark tones of dizziness had appeared: it was like rainbow sailed as he watched it - like a woman sucking his dick carefully; it was total excitement - watching the colours of it glittering, sinking into the background, shifting and then again - in the ecstasy of beholding it - it appeared. The sun shined on the yellow and red autumn trees - but with the landscape - it did not seem directly; just those gray - light gray at some spots - skies hanging in the background - and that rainbow - Lookman beheld it in excitement again and again: he heard the hyenas working at the concentration camp laugh in the background - and knew the deadly peril lied in them and the gas-nurses, that just waited for some personal statement so they could misinterpret it to give the RV dicdoctor flesh on his bones, lies to convince his arms and legs, the HARDERER that would have to strap the poor victim in a yelp-thesis-bed, to the gas-nurse to inject poisonous substances. Lookman discovered to his horror you could not even ask these motherfucking cunt a practical question, like: I need to fetch my mobile from the power station: anything you were in this very case forced to need help with, awakened these zoombies: 'do you need help?' 'fetching my mobile from the power station..' 'what did you say?' 'the mobile thank you !' and he pointed at the door she had the key to but not him. She stood there with clouded psychotical eyes like waiting for something. As he pointed again she began moving her duck-fat body in that direction.

As he walked into the room and opened the black metal door to the power station she said, like faking pity: 'it must be hard..' he understood she was really hot for him and longed so much to see his ass she would lie to get to that end - if it so were shortly just before she injected the syringe

'what do you mean?' he said, faintly suddenly aware of the life dangerous trap that tarantula were spinning. 'hard..' was all she said. 'well, when you answer a question

too many times as the questioner does not understand, it is what you usually call with another word: "annoying" ' . 'did you eat?' well, Lookman saw no reason to answer more stupid questions, as he walked past her, he did not turn around as she screeched in impudent expectations down the corridor: 'hello!'. He had finished his practical necessary question with the result he now held in his hand a halfly loaded mobile telephone. If also he was going to be subject to persecution the rest of his slave life because of that he could not really help himself. Anyway he had a good intention.. 'mama mia!' he thought; 'when is Jack Black's army coming!'

And he knew the danger lied in the employees at the concentration camp, hearing a hearty laughter, or him singing or his breath becoming deep and hard - as he had cold-fusion with one of his women - or as now - seeing his excitement as he beheld - that perfectly shaped rainbow - as the rain had passed - and suddenly a group of white geese flew past the field of vision - the colours of the rainbow gloriously glistening - far away, some hundred meters over the trees, at the other side of the meadow - against the background of that rainbow

: they were a large group - 20 in number or so - still the mightiness of the rainbow - which otherwise was hard to detect - revealed itself like mighty castle-towers as on the hill top. He stood there baffled: two sea-gulls, flew the other way - and slowly eventually the rainbow sank into the sky - like an orgasm you had not noticed - and you laying there gone in vision afterwards wondering: 'what happened!?' - the pieces of colours slowly dissolving - and becoming strong again: and finally perishing - to again give way to behold, again, - the bleak grey sky of autumn. Autumn rain fell outside later, as the skies had darkened. And as Lookman sat there in his room writing an sms about the danger of the psychotical gas-nurse to his women, he suddenly discovered he had hit the wrong number! 'Doris' and 'department UD' was just below and on top of each other. And in the nurses office the phone was heard ringing suddenly..

The time stood still, a silence in the room was suddenly present. He had begun his sms with that line by William Blake: 'the questioner whom sits so sly will never know how to reply'. Suddenly he heard that whining voice of the nurse raised in a tone of question: 'who is William Blake? SAM, GABRIEL! come and listen to this please!' and it became silent, them listening. 'sounds like a machine!' Gabriel said with his authoritcal voice. 'it is an sms someone has sent!' suddenly Sam 'smartly' explained, 'nothing to care about' and to Lookman's relief he in next instance heard the irritated voice of the nurse saying: 'why you hung up the phone?' 'it was not a medical bussiness!' Sam was overheard by Lookman, and to his relief he then at once said; - 'probably just someone pushing the wrong button.. That is all'

At department UD, which 'they' had decided to send Lookman to - because he had been abroad - a part of their brown magic - by which they confused mortal beings with - to make them later accept - the torture they were going to subject whole families and circles to - one by one, as soon as they got a chance. "We begin with your beloved one - to make him look like a creep - and we say: 'he has grown older you see?' " What a proposterous lie! Proved again and again false: their modern torture gives gray decayed faces, stumbling words from the victim - weak body and spirit and decayed flesh, if the modern torture is stopped - by some brave act from either the victim or his circle of acquaintances - by time the rosy cheeks, the good looks return - but the zombies and their remote controllers say: "he is having another good day now can't you see? He is getting better walking like he was eighty

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And spit hanging from his mouth in coagulated saliva-streams! This is what we call 'getting healthy' in our torture system!" And the envy spinning its Jahbulon thread - as soon as you walk out on the nightmare department .. Whisperings of 'concerned worry' by Jahhan as you eat your breakfast - he seemed to have been formed by time in the image of Satan.. And he stands wondering: 'why did I spend so much spare time watching pornography - and going to the gym to build muscles - if this Lookman can have all the women - and me! - poor me! - a pig whom wants my patients stooped in my image - can not even get that poisonous syringe into him! 'SATAN SHALL HAVE MANY CHILDREN' as we sing every morning as we gather at the department.

What a failure I am!! Mama mia!' Lookman had recieved his wife's uncle's old room - the same room with puke green walls - that he had denied one floor down at department UB. Now one floor up to keep him 'till' this room had been chosen for him - also part of the psychopaths' brown magic they longed to blacken. The other inmates had no chance - if Lookman wouldn't succeed to somehow set them free. Allah had though given Lookman singly much possibilities. How thankful he were that Allah had saved him from the life long suffering, for his decision to become a muslim! Wow! He marvelled at the thought and bowed down 5 times a day at the obligatory prayers.. About these horrid zoombies Allah had said in the Quran, which Lookman kissed as soon as he found a good translation of it: 'do you know whom are the greatest losers in the hereafter? They are those for which acts their hands has sent forward they have lost their own souls - but they presumed they were doing good!' these zoombies competed in brown magic - the day after Lookman had had problem with the seemingly deaf nurse as he wanted to fetch his halfly loaded mobile telephone , 'an unknown' had put a plastic 'saucace of faeces' on the chargerer in the gas-nurses office. Someone commented: 'me at least thought it was funny..' they took as little heed of the sufferings they caused for their victims - as if they were figures in a cartoon movie.

Besides this there were only males at the UD department. Again their sick symbolism: no women! You went to marry Iris! Now we will torture you until no woman dares to love you. That was their goal. And Iris thought in panic of regret: 'my husband knew I had done - began to do - some such small things - and at once commanded me to come to him.' Allah said in the Quran: 'you might think it insignificant, but in Allah's eyes it is a very big thing' one should not defile the honour of 'nothing', neither shall one take the name of God in vain. Life is not like the Qafrs think a past-time and plaything.

Lookman had suddenly got under persecution - since the authorities in Upper Baboon Asshole didn't like, that thousands of sex-bombs worshipped his dick, night after night. That was so since he was publicly surveilled - the authorities thought that through this - they could make effective advertisement for their new system 'AGENDA 2030' - but as Lookman instead got some billion young cunts as admirers - they got sore - and besides - he managed to prove by his rule laid down, that anyone whom told him about the program would also have to be surveilled - just like him - 24 hours a day. That all people except him rather die, than have such a destiny. One day two fuzz-officers came in a car - as he stood on the street enjoying the happy

people looking at him - as they all did day after day.. They came in a car that made an U-turn and stopped straight in front of Lookman: 'why you stand here' the dick said

'people have a program about me, I am just enjoying a part of my popularity..' Lookman said. They seemed startled at this - 'and as far as I know it has made the daughter of the King wanting to marry me some years ago.. Hear with your head of chief - if you don't know whom I am..' They spoke in the radiotransmitter - then said: 'the chief said you have to go to mental hospital..' And with this a persecution started of never before seen violation of human rights, abuse and torture. Lookman got panic in the car - 'don't you know' he said 'that I am appointed in my absence a general of the Russian army? You better let me off - or they probably come to save me..' Lookman was still cool, and felt in his heart a true feeling he had to warn these ignorant beings for the severe consequences of their acting.

But - the dickheads just leered bully smiles at him contemptfully, and made comments that he was a fool.. Then the panic went over to anger in Lookman's heart, Ernst Hemingway had said: 'the worst thing love knows is unthankfulness'. These bastards enslaved a muslim for telling the truth, and they knew it! He at once used Prophet Muhammad's hadith - and said: because you enslave a muslim, the Russian army will come and assassinate you, enslave your women and take your properties. The torture began quite at once - and later at the department two doctors of study requested a talk with Lookman; a young guy and a girl. The regular doctor having ordered such injections he hardly could stand - and his looks totally ruined. 'how you feel about your doctor?' 'well, I hope' Lookman said - thinking that the present King of today, whom had used his fiance Ulrika far earlier might be given a chance

'that the King will take the decision to execute her to defend my honour..' 'do you want this information to reach her?' 'well.. I just answered your question..' 'did you want this information to reach Anna Freebergson?' 'I don't know..' Lookman said. 'it is important for us to know' the young girl doctor's student said, and looked into Lookman's eyes like it was only them whom sat in the room. She was attractive. 'ok.. Whatever..' Lookman answered without thinking. Then the accusation came from the court system: 2 violations of 'threat against civil servant'. In the meanwhile Lookman had nothing to do - confined as he were several months inside the torture department, and he could not enjoy his thinking because of the torture.. 'time to seek out contact with my sex-slaves' he thought. He became member randomly at some datingsites that the database proposed to him.

Sitting there in the computer booth, women profiles began sending letters to him, and many of them contained naked pictures of their extremely sexy bodies. He tried to shut down the program and walk out of the booth - but those strong women powers pulled him back as by the work of magic, until he had opened his pants and received orgasm. 'shit!' he said, knowing such marks would break off his cold-fusion reactions. 'now it is just to keep on with this investigation I guess..' His life had flashed like a racehorse past the wagon window suddenly. Some weeks later a woman contacted him on 'Naughty book' the name had he associated with his works as an author, it was one of the datingsites the search-engine had recommended. She sent him nude pictures on his email, and proposed she fetch him in her car already this very evening. He had to write back that he was confined to a torture department.

But, he wrote, if she wanted she could come and visit him.. As he sat there in the

guest-room - he could feel her ignited sex - totally possessed by his dick, rubbing up and down in total possessiveness. But she turned out like most these days: despising without valid reason the victims of the inquisition. Girls kept on sending him nude pictures in bed, with exposed vaginas, and close ups on their private parts.. Lookman felt confused: did no one want to marry in Allah's name? And he felt a split shame after every time such a letter with pictures inside finally had enticed him to orgasm. He told his jewish friend about how heavy he felt about this problem: 'look at some real pornography instead!' he said 'my women friends all say they do that to get inspired in their sex-life..' 'well - I don't need to be inspired like that' Lookman answered. 'I am just seeking for someone to marry in Allah's name' and he thought: 'I will not say - as to not awaken his envy again - about the thousands of sexy women whom used to come to me in cold-fusion day and night as the program was at its peak.. 'those whom send you pictures are probably only automatic bots whom wants your money..' at this Lookman felt so bad! Was those invitations only un-personalized temptations? And the pictures: how could he know which if any that was screenshots from pornographic movies. The thought was about to split him in two! And his jewish friend denied the fact about the daughter of the King some years ago, and ridiculed Lookman for having 'phantasies' in a sexual leaning. Lookman's heart was thunderstruck, he felt totally confused. 'come on!' his jewish friend ravelled on 'look at some real pornography instead! Everybody does it! He he. Don't keep on with those nude pictures' Well, Lookman had never had any intention to either get them, or be enticed to have orgasm when exposed to them.. He thought the question was somehow degrading, besides, those pictures of nudities he had received involuntarily - contained that strange pull of energy he had been captured by initially. He had not divined the background of it.. if it wasn't... He stopped his thinking there - and promised his friend to see, if it was any difference in the nudities.. As he walked home, he told himself: what a horrible meeting! And may Allah protect me from watching any pornographic movies!' That day - he was transported to a concentration camp, to receive the poisonous syringe that had been scheduled by doctor Anna Freebergson every second week. As he came home again - he suddenly felt an unbearable need - to empty some of the poison of the enforced injection by receiving orgasm. As he sat there fingering on his computer, writing clean some poems, he thought: 'what the Hell - Allah will forgive me if I under these circumstances try to find out the definitive difference between what is presented to me most obviously - as nude-pictures of my women worshippers - and regular pornographic movies. Anyway I set out many years ago when Shabane passion made me breakdown voluntarily, to save my paradise with Ulrika, to write a way out of pornography for the afflicted possessed. I have received tremendous results so far! But there could still be more in that field to find out!' - so he immediately wrote 'X-TUBE' in the search-field. Up came a lot of porn-movies. 'I will just watch to feel the difference of taste between the strange pull of the nude-pictures and these movies, not masturbate..' as he said that to himself - he at once felt the peril of self deception in the statement. And that thought thunderstruck him again in this fatal moment: 'what if.. Those pics..' Anyway - he filed through the icons of the porn-movies, and chose those with only women: they masturbated wildly - moaning incendiary, and the juices just streamed from their vaginas. He shut it off, feeling his penis getting stiff. Second porn-movie he turned on was an Iranian beauty, masturbating. Lookman's thoughts, that was hurt to the backbone by the chemical torture gleaned restfully on her body. The

third was an American first class whore, caressing her breasts and body and parting her vagina until she comes. Suddenly Lookman felt he could not hold himself back any longer; he unbuttoned his pants and had a fast orgasm. He hated these passions in him - that William Blake describes in those famous lines: 'to be in a passion you good may do, but no good if a passion is in you' - that always made you spurt sperm - without ever feeling satisfied, and you coming so fast; a kind of identification, you getting stuck on a pleasure impersonally, but still identifying yourself with it: idol-worship through a statue someone else has set-up! It was the opposite of Qafr projection where the woman used another man, to project jealousy upon you: her real husband, thinking about you so hard, as she made herself such pleasure with that bastard! That yellow cow Moses had described in Allah's order to sacrifice it, so we would know, and wouldn't miss it: 'it is surely a superior cow, whose yellow colour pleases the beholders, without blemish, it is used neither for ploughing or watering the fields - sound without blemish and is neither old nor young. Now sacrifice it' and the people of Moses had done that though they disliked it. 'well.. That was the end of the first part of my investigation' Lookman thought. And he unsigned himself from all the datingsites.

As the program of attention on him had begun - he had not cared about it.. Then the authorities tortured him almost to death - and the King's academy made this statement: 'he is not accepting the attention.. Teach him to enjoy!' - this was in the middle of the persecution. As he miraculously managed to escape it - he went out and enjoyed the immense popularity Allah had given him. He had begun to worship Allah that spring of 2010: a messenger Angel of His came to Lookman's hide-out room - he could feel it shaking with the power - and Lookman had to bow down in sadja, prostration position, the position you lie in, though this was for him vaguely unknown, as you make the ritual prayer in Islam.. He tried with his spiritual powers to defeat the Angel - but - although he knew, he had a great arsenal of sainthood, nothing could shake off that message. Finally he gave up, and promised to begin to pray to Allah.

As the Angel heard that and was convinced - he let Lookman go - and he could rise up finally.. He had surely been down on the floor for more than an hour.. Lookman supposed the King's academy was interested in them - and began to visit their library every day handing in poems - soon the news spread - that the unmarried princess was interested in having him as her husband.! Lookman thought: first Ulrika became secret lover of the King, and now his daughter comes to marry me without me outright proposing. Of course I accept: to heal the skizophrenia of the statue-worship of my investigation, I clad myself in the dress of evil, a lamb in wolf's clothes, but the light anyway finally broke through, and I became unintended extremely popular among women. To heal the paranoia that the King caused with his secret act with my fiance, the zinah, I now write myself into the academy, handing in poems that reveal my 'lousy character'. According to our 'agreement' they are just to store my papers. But I know, that the proposal of the Princess will cause them to read all my poetry scrupulously, and there they will find all the reasons to try to convince the Princess that I am a very bad person indeed! But expressed in the most beautiful poetry! Ha ha! This will be most funny and health bringing!

Lookman stated that the Princess have had to accept Islam - him as a muslim, and she accepted - but the King thought it degraded the status of the Royal family, since Lookman then was like higher than the King - having his own daughter as 'one of

Lookman's women' and also a lot of other admirers. Suddenly Ulrika, his fiance showed up - and offered herself to Lookman for marriage. Now he had everything back, and he was so happy every day, walking those 700 meters down to the academy, handing in poems, and making love with his fiances. But Satan was the totally envious one, that could not even accept halal marriages, and a popularity built upon the person lying about the evil of his own character for his own pleasure. The police began hunting after him, and as Lookman tried to escape through the woods, heading for a neighbouring country, some thugs got paid by the King, to shoot Lookman with a sniper rifle equipped with laser beam, as he laid totally exhausted sleeping at peace, alone in the woods at middle of night. But an angel woke him up in time, and he could make his way, effectively back to his apartment in town. He now understood that the King with his academy would not accept any popularity Lookman received from heaven; they were junkies on pictures. And their self-image said ; that no one was allowed to be more successful than them, no one was allowed to have more beautiful women! No one was allowed to be more famous than them or wield bigger power and political influence!

Lookman now had to play a game at high stakes; he could not stop visiting the academy, since they had announced their intention to make him secretary of the academy. Every day he went there with beating heart of hidden anxiety, and every day, to his relief nothing bad happened. He sought shelter in the big mosque of his hometown, standing those summer eve's almost until midnight, praying and praying in congregation with his muslim brothers which he knew by this time. That brotherhood gave him a feeling of security: as soon as he came out of the gate of the masjid screaming young girls talking wildly met him on every street, louding him and proposing fucking. But Lookman stayed; he knew he would be murdered in the woods, and he did not take a train since he by the quality of his enlightenment abhorred the thought of destroying nature to that degree, he told himself: rather die as a martyr at this point, than using electricity that is taken from a nature destructive source! The police tried many attempts, to get Lookman to the 'mental hospital', dragging him out of his house where he had his apartment, forcing him down on the ground with his face against the hard pavement and arms stretched hard behind him. But he was always saved by the women, a neighbour running out to put a stop to the illegal arrestment. But the devil lurked to get Lookman somehow down. One day as he that autumn walked home from the evening prayer at the big masjid, a neighbour that was studying for police, happened to arrive at the same time as Lookman to their floor with his family. Suddenly he ran out as Lookman stood there in front of his own door, and hit Lookman in the face unexpectantly, Lookman had no clue he even was running for him, swung Lookman's right arm behind his back and started breaking it. Another guy at the floor

at the floor upside also ran out, and they agreed to call the police and lie and say that Lookman had attacked them. In all this commotion strangely to say Lookman felt calm: all the women worshipping him, his fiance, the Princess, was a clear stream of happiness inside, so that he felt the blows of those fucking guys like martyrs feel deadly blows: like an ant only had bitten you as you reside by the beach in mid summer. Lookman knew his biggest chance now was the apartment surveillance for the program. His door easily let all sounds through, so he stood himself in front of it and let those wolfs of neighbours gather round him. They really revealed themselves by their speaking. As he had heard their extreme hatred he as usual went into his room, and as he stood brushing his teeth, checking they were

all left, heavy knocking was heard on the door, the doorbell wheezing, banged again and again: 'it is the police! Open!' as Lookman did not do so, they began to drill his locks. Later as they in handcuffs drove him at high speed to the torture department he was not even allowed to state something, he began with saying his name, and already they strapped him to a bed and nurse 'Anna' came from behind hot in her pants, and saw his naked ass. She injected 4 poisonous syringes, then Lookman was passed out over 72 hours. He was helped down some 8 months later to the capital of a neighbouring country by some muslim brothers, they proposed to drive him, so he did not pay the petrol. In the capital of that country it was arranged for him to pay a small rent for a room in an otherwise empty big apartment in the middle of town in a beautiful old house with architectural details. It was Sufi muslims, belonging to the enlightened branch of Islam, that helped him. He never lit a lamp, never used the oven, and he always showered in cold water.. Anyway his means of existence were so small, that he by time became thin as a real beggar (not one of those fat impostors calling themselves so). He now just wanted to rest and recover from the extreme torture, that had made his left arm totally powerless, and made him have milias all over his beautiful face, broken his teeth apart so that he felt like a rat, decayed his skin, and making the hair fall off from his left eye brow, and the hair on his head getting thin, and it hurting every time he sat down, where those poisonous syringes had been injected. He wanted only that and to pray and make zikhr. The persecution in his home country finally ended, and he went home again - one of his women cried in the phone saying she longed so much for him to come home. He was now putting limits of security, almost not daring to walk outside his neighbourhood.

As he anyway was convinced by a muslim brother to walk out into the woods, to show him a spring of water, the day darkened before they had reached there by foot, and when they finally reached the spring chopters began hovering right over the tree tops at their heads, and big flashlights made the clear spring water glisten. Lookman was afraid, but did not dare tell his muslim brother they were out to put a bullet in his head. They reached out to the big road for cars again and made it home. 'those chopters were scary' his brother finally said. Lookman just nodded his head keeping silent. One day some months later as summer had arrived, as he was just going out to the Friday prayer, when peeking out through the door-eye, a chocking sight met him: a secret police officer with handcuffs ready arose walking to his door every time he was pretending to open it!

That neighbour woman again ran out to save him, and Lookman silently in the meanwhile disappeared through the window. Now he did not hesitate, but instantly took the train down to the other country's capital. Again he was welcomed by the Sufi muslim brothers. He had stayed over half a year already, and Christmas had passed with the snow falling silently, when a neighbour girl whom was very attractive began to walk slowly ahead of him in the stairwell. Lookman instantly understood the sign. His heart felt a big blow of pleasure, as she exposed her buttocks through the jeans. She suddenly turned around asking him something sweetly. He answered something randomly falling into her trance. But he managed to walk past her as she stood invitingly by her door, with the key in her hand, waiting for her man that she desired.

Lookman now felt a blow, as he with stumbling hands managed to open his door just below the top floor. She two flighs down still seemed to stand there listening carefully. Lookman's heart beated heavily as he finally managed to close the door.

Soon the girl came in a phantasy of cold-fusion and Lookman made love with her many an hour that night. What was he to do? He had been told to avoid the neighbours by the rent-out persons. The tension now rose day after day, and the neighbours started paying a special kind of attention towards Lookman. And again and again she stood in the stairs suddenly, and Lookman walked past her door, even when she did not stand there most carefully. Finally he could not keep silent any more, but wrote her a letter he pinned at her door, since he did not know which mailbox was hers, inviting her to Islam to marry him. At once it was like a bomb had hit down in town.

The air as he walked out that day suddenly felt lightly strange, like you imagine a mental hospital, like a balloon that flied with the wind carrying people on high somebody suddenly had punched a hole into. Suddenly without him understanding why, some week later he was kicked out of that house by the muslim brothers. They told him it had become a very big discussion in the house, his invitation to that woman. They paid his ticket back with the train to his old apartment. Finally back in his old apartment he put even stricter lines of confinement to save his life from the inquisition. Some weeks he did not even dare to go out, except taking some air by the front door of the house, and the young women kept on screaming his name every time he showed his face. And sometimes as he came home in the evening, a young girl, different days, different girl, waited for him in the stairwell with the hope to receive Lookman's fucking. He did not want to say no, so he waited by the house-gate, hearing the young girls shouting his nick-name, and seeing those dangerous vans of the secret police, by time after time flashing by at high speed up and down his street. Suddenly one day Ulrika stood there in front of him. He was surprised and startled. She began undressing her short long thin skin overcoat. She glanced back at him, and with her hands began most incendiary caressing her buttocks that was clad in tight jeans. Lookman felt a blow of pleasure running through his jeans. 'to me at least you can't say no' that was the sweet message. Lookman said through telepathy to his fiance: I love Allah most, then Prophet Muhammad. Then you. I have been commanded to look into the wall. And this he did, hiding his sorrow. But still feeling in actuality sexual energy high. He wrote Ulrika that if she became a muslim in his Sufi school, she could become his wife. If not, they could still keep contact. She said that she marries him no matter what, her husband. Then he began to cry heavily, all the relief burst forth like healing the seemingly endless torture. And he cried: 'ULRIKA you will die and burn in eternal hell if you are then disfaithful towards me! Marry another man if you don't plan to follow Islam please!' and in his heavy crying ULRIKA was present suddenly, and she embraced him and they made love all night. Next day which was a Friday the rumours went on town, that Ulrika had converted to ISLAM in the big masjid. Lookman accepted her finally as his wife. After 4 months suddenly the scandal came: the King again had used Lookman's wife for zinah, 'to get some exotical inspiration'. Lookman's existence was devastated! He isolated himself again, and he did not want to stone his 20 year old love object to death, so he with immense power made her his sex-slave. Then he commanded her to marry another man, on the condition she come to him in submission as soon as he calls her to it. Painting the human nervous system on his apartment walls, he fell into sleep among the manuscripts to his genial poems in the apartment. Like that he lay day after day, healing his unbearable sorrow. And suddenly a cold autumn day, as he stood there on a street in his neighbourhood enjoying his great popularity those two fuzz agents made an U turn, stopping suddenly in front of the

gate of a house he stood in contemplatingly.

The beginning of Lookman's enslavement had been because of a half-brother of his he had grown up with - whom began statue-worshipping. He was becoming like a shadow dressed in black - standing there outside the front door suddenly with a felt-hat. But Lookman because of ties of relationship, still kept him close - and they sort of trusted each other.. But that shadow of the perversion crept in more and more, until the surrounding because of their habit to always understand Lookman's standpoint, without him having to say a word - and his half-brother felt revealed in an awful light - and tried to overload the blame in their social circle on Lookman. This made Lookman feel very sick - like he had had to eat pure shit, and for nothing.. So it felt. And then the males that had been his childhood friends, envious of jealousy about Lookman's popularity with the women - started also these to insinuate that Lookman had hidden subversive 'activities..' That weight was though those first years of anguish uplifted - by his constant cold-fusion reactions with Ulrika; that coveted object all men drooled after. But by time the son of the king, succeeded to plant such a sick thought about Lookman in the women - and as she finally gave way to the king of darkness - Lookman's whole being felt absolutely betrayed - and by projection of sex-magic the king turned Lookman's libido the other way; and down it went - all at the same time; the projected skizophrenia of his half-brother, that hurt the brain's capacity to break down nor-adrenaline - and the capacity to sleep thereby. The friends' betrayal of projected paranoia on a family tie, like Lookman was his half-brother! , this as soon as Lookman was about to reach some success, and that slander following behind his back like a fart: he only wants the women.

And now Ulrika's betrayal of their secret trust with the king of darkness! It is called a 'breakdown' in the school-books of medicine - but really - it was rather just a natural reaction to the exposition of a sick environment.

As the sentence fell - 2,5 year later for 2 offences of 'threat against civil servant' - Lookman was on his way home - a late spring evening to his new apartment. The Swedish state had enslaved his economy and legal rights - and even personal freedom with the pretext that he had 'painted on his walls!' - he had moved out to the limits of the inner city instead of the center, and was in a good mood that evening - which a nigger-gang on the subway spoiled - by refusing to let him walk past them in the wheel-stair - and then threatening him 6 against 1. Lookman saw a fuzz-car standing on the square of the station and went to speak with them: he said that 'a gang of 6 foreigners had threatened him..' the police-men asked for characteristics. Lookman said - since it was punishable to say 'nigger' publicly: 'I judged they all came from somewhere in the middle of Africa' 'do you want to file a charge?' Lookman felt a sudden small fear in his heart; what if he said his name and now got arrested! The sentence had fallen that same day! 'no just check them.. They seemed to be looking for trouble..' 'we set after them at once..' and off the car went with incredible speed up the hill. As Lookman came home - he was met by the inherent from Palestine which he had let stay for free with him for 2 years now - a young guy that was possessed by pornography, but generally nice as a muslim.. Those money which Lookman anyway had had to take - on the command of Allah as by time the immense flaws in character of his protege was by accident revealed, he had lent out as a loan to Muhanad, as the guy was named, after an Indian sword. He said they have to move tomorrow since he will be under persecution. Muhanad was thunderstruck at this, 'couldn't he stay and watch the apartment?' Lookman

said 'no' - and next morning after packing they left early - to Muhanad's sorrow. A woman older than Lookman had already arranged to marry him with the intention to protect him from the authorities. He came that early morning to her apartment. And they lived for over a year - undisturbed - walking on town together, and out by her country house. Since she was a known classy woman many men hunted after, and firm in her stand, Lookman as her husband was protected. No police officer dared to arrest Lookman. That spring the year after that sentence first fell, Lookman had been spoken to - by a male living in a sail-boat by the shore close to his apartment which he visited now and then in secret to get items. The man seemed like a fool - and was fat American. He complained it was cold and freezy - and as they sat there by the city-center dock - the man asked Lookman for shelter. If it had only been the cold.. But the man had told in a most convincing way, that he was a refugee from the states, persecuted like Lookman. Showing pictures of his kids, he cried quite heartbreakingly, that his wife had left him and married a drug-dealer. He showed happy scenes from a life now gone, where he built playhouses and beds for his children.. Lookman felt he could not turn him down. Had not it been for Lookman's fame and his 'official marriage' then he could have been in the states, in exactly such a need as this man! If he faked the whole scene to get Lookman! What could he do? He could not turn down an oppressed as he had an apartment to give shelter. It was not in his heart. But as he felt that responsibility in front of Allah, suddenly his 'official wife' contacted him, and her mental powers that was used distinguishing tearing down on him, clearly warning him not to involve himself by helping this 'american being'. Lookman could suddenly not shake off that clatching and union of feeling as he sat there transfixed - he almost could not speak, the words he felt responsible to say was so impeded. But he thought of Prophet Muhammad's hadith, which said a muslim has the right for somewhere to sleep, and food and clothes for his body. And Allah had given him this like at the work of a miracle. Should he dare to make Dawa for this Americano? Yhea.. He took the chance then and there, he at once felt the desperation sinking away, and he dared! Despite him being subject for an order of arrest - Lookman that night took the indigent American home - and began living at his own apartment. He instructed him not to light any lightbulbs - and some months past where he spent his days with his 'official wife' walking on town, and the night hidden at his apartment - protecting the indigent. He gave him food and at need smaller amounts of money. He sat there in the dark as he had fallen asleep, looking at the trains passing on the long bridge over the bay, and felt a calm that was almost supernatural: hearing the persecuted male breath in his sleep, hugging a frog Muhanad had left of clothing, and he thought: I guard the muslim boarder and feel Allah's reward falling down like manna from the sky. This man fled his country for his life, if he is forced to return he says 13 years imprisonment awaits him in prison. Allah rewards me for my intention, if he lies then he is very, very skilled in lying. If he is an agent, yhea maybe, I guess I will find out, but as for now I am unconcerned with that question, 'I believe in how' as George Harrison and the Beatles sings, his song goes. It soon felt rather heavy to not let his protege have any keys, and Lookman felt rather relieved as he had copied them to him, as to not be so confined to his new inherent's times.

One day as Lookman opened his phone after having been busy helping his woman at her apartment he saw 10 missed calls from the American. The American when reached - with hard breathing between his stinky teeth, said the police had just

been there - and it was so scary! 'they are really out to get you hard! Hide! They were 7 heavy built men! I don't know what you have done!' 'yhea..' Lookman thought - 'it is the 'mythology' they are creating by lying! And the unproportunate number of heavy equipped men, are meant to spread the fear - that 'mentally diagnosed' are more dangerous than murderers! 'I need my swords!' Lookman said. 'wait a second.. No! They took them!' Lookman had not felt especially bad until then, but at that sentence suddenly felt an insecurity hit his heart. It was like a nausea arising from his inner being; 'investigation is the next step.. Seems like an untrustable being..' As the American later came down towards those shrill woods - where they had met first time - he had filmed several choppers hovering around Lookman's hill. Lookman had a neighbor he knew close, so he went to him - seeking shelter. In the meanwhile the American kept on living at Lookman's apartment, but the thought about the swords were like cold steel.. Lookman now felt no real trust in this being. And he felt the power of his samurai sword preparing a real trap for discovering where it were. Lookman almost did not dare to think consciously as that fat man stood there joking, but that strength of power in his inner being saw other things happening. That black-mailing eye of the American that bulged out. But the development of the attention on Lookman's person made him steady. And when evening the puzzle piece needed to begin the struggling fell down. The American had just let Lookman down in promising him shelter for the night at a companion-in-affairs of his - that Lookman by giving the American relief of spare time - had arranged the possibilities. A new company was supposed to be running around a web-page where also some of Lookman's friends - were selling their artistical items. So the American had had time to bind many contacts. Lookman felt good about this thought and the meaning Lookman now 'played a role in', were that he and the Americano was going to take up living at one man's house that was involved in the project. 'things solving' Lookman thought as he laid there in the darkness of night, under thick blankets in the chilly air somewhere around 7 degrees, out in the woods at his 'official wife's' cottage. But a clear dirty tendency had been discovered in the American to begin to take the best foodstuff that Lookman had bought to his apartment for himself - now when he regarded himself having a 'legal' advantage. Coming with some scrapy hard bread and some conservated beans in a tin-can to Lookman. The signal seemed clear, as he had stood there leering: I know what I need to know to 'get you' and then, I might get the reward from the authorities to take over your apartment. I have sms' where you want your swords, I have knowledge about the places you are hiding. I know enough! Now you better creep, and swallow the offence of me taking what you need, the best food items. And the Americano with his evil eye, surely understood Lookman's hope to receive back his keys, now when they both was supposed to move out to that companions cottage, and he was planning to drive the issue smartly out of Lookman's hands. And those promises of security for Lookman in his situation always seemed to move further and further away, as they were 'just going to be realized'.

'aha! - That was the usual thankfulness!' Lookman thought ironically as he laid there in the deep darkness, feeling that fear grip his heart of heavy steps coming up the stair-case, and the Americano laughing his most despitiful laughter. 'you thought you were important pal? Haw haw haw. How you feel now?!' Allah had said in the Quran: 'most people does not accept - anything but sheer unthankfulness' 'only Hell is good enough for them'

Suddenly Lookman's mother called, and in a strange sound said she without

knowing why had begun feeling so worried about the apartment. Lookman had hidden his clear suspicion about the indigent he gave shelter, but felt suddenly so relieved when his mother asked permission to change the locks. He gave her permission gladly.

That eve - Lookman walked on town most amusingly - and was on a jazz-concert of one of his friends late into the evening. As midnight approached suddenly his wife called: 'the police was just here!!' she whispered breathless with fear and excitement happy to have reached Lookman before he made a blunder and got there - "they flash-lighted through my windows standing on tall ladders - and had dogs.. That American had called them saying you are out to murder me with one of your 'sharp swords' - do you even have them?' Lookman gasped at these news - but his jewish friend hearing them sat beside him on the jazz-concert; he dropped his keys suddenly under the table and Lookman's attention saw them laying there. As he picked them up in his hands his friend closed them in his hand like it was a secret plan. 'I sleep at my girlfriend's. You remember the code?' 'yep' Lookman said and smiled at the beautiful company. The rain was heavy that midnight - as Lookman went to his friends apartment in the middle of the fancy town.. He stayed there a month - then he moved out to his wife's cottage. The summer past most pleasantly - he bathed with his mother - and wife and had a great time; all young women on town - in buses - subways - commuter trains - accosted him constantly. They knew he was still a virgin.. And they had forgiven him on those conditions of torture and persecution he had been subjected to - that when he sought out a real contact with them - he had happened to have orgasm to some nude-pictures of them, and some other women making porn-movies of themselves.

It was a happy time - and the autumn came - the darkness in those woods outside town - and the chilly rain - and Lookman's residing in that country house alone - in those dark woods. 'A strange phenomena' began to be seen - in the dark there were lights - flashlights - searching for something. Always moving towards Lookman it seemed, as he laid there in the dark cottage, but never reaching as far as Lookman's cottage. One day as he arrived with the bus from town - they were further down on the path - 3 flashlights - approaching his way. He became insecure: if he walked into the dark in the woods - and they had him seen - they would know he did not want to be revealed. And if he walked into them - what to expect?! Robbers from Africa? Or rather worse: police men! He chose to turn his steps into the dark - the flashlights approached and to Lookman's horror - they were silent.. No shouting of 'hello!' - and started to search in the dark towards his hide-out as he was sitting there squatting in the dark with an all the more beating heart. He knew his eyeglasses with its steel-frame, would reflect the light like phosphorous cat-eyes. He took of his eyeglasses - and now everything - since he did not see properly - was like completely dark - what to do - beating heart? As the flashlights began to silently approach, now dimly seen like in fog - through the dark - he began to sneakingly run through the dark - and his head hit a tree - that stood up on the path belonging to an Indian-hut some children had put up of some thick branches without leaves. He by the blow lost his eyeglasses he had put back on his nose. He ran the path out to the house - and hid in the outhouse which also contained some beds - ready with a knife in his hand. Soon to his great fear - he saw some flash-lights up by the main-building; time stood still. He was ready to defend his muslim honour - if they would attack him. He lied down and hid behind some blankets in the top of the bulk-bed: after waiting anxiously - his heart beating heavily minute after minute - for some 45

minutes - he dared to fall asleep finally.. He moved back to his own apartment - hiding in the dark.. During the summer the police had been sneaking outside his wife's apartment seeking for him with heavy armed men more than 5 times! He now knew he fought against time.. What to do in this situation? Later he heard the fat American had been out by the cottage searching for Lookman with that companion of his. To a neighbour he said he was from the FBI and that Lookman was a dangerous terrorist. But anyway his mother had changed locks and he was out of the apartment. The new locks the American tried to drill but did not get in. His parents had written sms to the American that they wanted to arrange a meeting for him to fetch his items, and Lookman had instructed them through Facetime which things to gather. But most people, as Allah said in the Quran, does not accept anything but sheer unthankfulness. But those swords were still missing, and two sued jackets of big value. As he was transported by those Big Pharma mafia servants to the concentration camp, he suddenly had a vision of horror; that like clear water kept on coming as a stream of enlightenment in his mind: he saw a sign: 'UD' 'urban deli?' he questioned - 'no' an angel said, 'foreign department' 'aha' and he kept on screening the vision 'on department UD' he was told 'they had mostly exchanged humans for robots; a robot was called 'sickness accumulator' it looked like R2D2 in shape and when the 'doctor' pressed a button somewhere below the top - it accumulated 'diagnoses' that was then used as an accusation against the 'patient'. It at once spitted out a stone in obelisk shape with your name ingrained, the department floor was painted like a chess-board, if that obelisk stone was put on a spot, and you walked upon it, then horrible torture awaited. The American election approached, and just 7 days before its advent, there was a sudden ring on the door.. Lookman looked in the door-eye and saw two heavy build males in civil police clothes standing outside. He had already prepared his escape-plan: he took his shoes dressed as a private detective, he took a repelling harness , and repelled 5 flights down from his bedroom window.

He ran as fast as he could - down to the subway station, and took the train out to his wife's summer house. He sat there on his beach-plot his mother had bought for him, when suddenly he felt very anxious indeed. His mind screen sort of surfaced and he was suddenly aware of the sound of the surrounding trees, how lonely the water splashed against the stones. As suddenly a crow gave sound he was startled like alarmed, 'if I stay here there is harm', a chopter hovering some distance away, made his left leg start shaking.

As he walked out of the wood - a police-man came towards him from the opposite direction. Lookman pretended unconcerned, kept on walking towards the alone police-man - then turned by a cross-road before their steps met. He had not looked up during the whole scene as to not reveal how afraid he felt.

The police-man seemed to have gotten confused, and Lookman made it into the neighbourhood of real-estates; there he walked in a confusing pattern - to avoid the evil followers. In some days he was back hiding at his apartment, having no other place to stay. In the night he saw a pick-up police car coming and flashing its high beam up towards his windows. Lookman sank down fast hiding. It was now cold outside - November; two days later, as he walked down to the subway station, and stood there, waiting for the wagon, that just came into the station, a police in uniform came on the platform walking towards him. As he walked on the train - this man asked him for his legitimation: 'don't have time!' Lookman said 'have a meeting to catch with an up-town train..' 'stay still!' the police-man said in a tone of inhuman

cries - like totally pissed off though it was the first time Lookman saw that face - and a strong armed pulled him out of the wagon. 'stand still and keep your hands above your head!' the fucking guy screamed aloud 'otherwise!'. Lookman became afraid - and followed the idiotic orders. In just 30 seconds he was surrounded by 11 police-men, that hid from the public, what they were doing with Lookman. Some people on the platform tried to speak them to sense, but the police-men snarled back at them contemptfully - and said that Lookman 'was crazy'.

he was after 1,5 month transferred to another hospital, at the other side of town - and after 1 month there - they said that they will stop giving him syringes - to 'evaluate' if maybe he was healthy. Lookman by time became more and more healthy - and suddenly an inmate prisoner he had known for over 12 years - that was Shia-muslim said that his sister's daughter was interested in coming in contact with him. He got her number and promised to call at first fitting instance.. Thus he did - and in the Facetime screen his eyes met Iris, an adorable beauty. They soon fell in love and married. Their honey-moon was an orgie of love - and as it stretched out over 2 months

And Richard sat with a puzzle depicting 'NEUSWANSTEIN' - that most famous castle in the world, by the high alps, where Hermann Göring had grown up - which Ludwig the second had built - getting complains from the German people - that he spent such big time money on its construction. Yes, Lookman had when pressed by a declared sentence of death - if he came to Iran, where Iris was kept hostage by evil men, and his travelling companion Ey-naar, had begun shouting. 'I kill myself!' he had cried - and that was such 'a threat' since the whole world was watching 'the program' and couldn't accept him with his own life in his hands.

But still they did not support him to survive the persecution of the inquisition. As Ey-naar understood the ravished state of Lookman - he did not dare to leave him by those steepes - 500 meters deep, where you by one step wrong, could easily stumble down into the abyss.

But Lookman finally convinced him. As he sat there alone, knowing that with rolling himself less than one meter to his right, he would no longer have to put up such a seemingly result-less fight against the world - he felt safe suddenly: he had his life in his own hands.. and could choose to end it by a simple movement. Byron's Don Juan said that 'the superior man carries his own death with him at any moment'.

This superiority, was among other things what the inquisition worked with depriving Lookman of. His life, hope, his honour, his property, health, looks, love-life. EVERYTHING basically. And never let Lookman free. And still he was not allowed to cry out - as something cracked deep inside sometimes, deep inside him, like cracked skin. Then that was taken at once as an argument to arrest him and lock him into the torture-system! As he sat there he realized something great - how far indeed he had arrived on his travel towards Paradise.

And he did not throw himself down. Almost every worker in department UD, made a joke of driving Lookman to suicide, with the intended gesture that as Richard sat there - with that symbolism of appreciation: 'how shall we do? Drive this totally healthy being to suicide? If he had wanted to kill himself he would definitely have jumped down by this very castle' they came forth to the table, and 'by accident' happened to tip the box with the NOT YET LAID pieces of the puzzle. It was a great gesture Richard seemed to make, by sitting there day by day, laying the puzzle pieces together on the right place. And by time the view cleared: the fabulous Neuswanstein seen from the air. From that hilltop facing it to the east, and that

magnificent lake of turquoise colour behind, upon which your eyes rested, and from which a smaller river run down, in which swans' was seen resting on the sandbanks, by the bridge over it.

Some days later - they moved all her things from her apartment to her mother. Now Lookman felt more calm - and Iris called every half an hour, saying every time she loved him, and in jealousy wanted to see his surroundings to control he did not directly accompany any other woman. She obviously loved him. And with this insight Lookman felt calm in his heart overwhelmingly. He could relax a little back - all until he began noticing Iris looking up as she called him - sitting on an overclass sofa in her mother's house, owned by her wealthy father. Finally he asked: 'is someone there honey?' 'no!' Iris said. 'can I see?' and as she did not show him directly - he saw her eyes grow heavy with jealousy, dark black rings began to appear as an outline - like a LEMEUR, you know those white things with dark spots which move so slowly. Climbing trees by rivers in the tropics? And eyes with black rings around

Lookman did not want to push the subject further: Iris had surely proven her love for him - or was the whole thing another set-up? To practice ritual of Set, the sunset ritual in old Egypt. Projecting death with forbidden sex, The young man syndrome as Mary McCarthy describes it? As to have a pretext maybe, those calls every half an hour, to not answer directly as Lookman called? And to focus upon the pic of the victim, as to really rock his being in the act of zinah out of control? Was Iris constant call so very often a way to avoid Lookman calling at the wrong moment? Surely such zinah act connected magically to the yellow cow knowing the victim had statue worshipping marks, could easily witch trance the subject, in an inability to sneek, and that in this instance meant; to have a private life. A kind of toxoplasma condi, that the cat spread to its owner, that easily could be misread by the surrounding

as a case of paranoid skizophrenia. It was Christmas - and Lookman was sitting on a cafe in the overclass neighbourhood of his city - drinking a tasty smoothy. Iris called as usual; she wanted to see around him - and when Lookman demanded the same thing dark rings could be seen around his beby's eyes and then growing so heavy of sinning or jealousy. Lookman suddenly got decided: 'beby - if you won't slaughter that yellow cow, I will have an issue with your country instead, which permits these kind of unspeakable acts, though officially it follows Islam. 'and whom is the authority to do that in this case honey?' Iris suddenly totally clearly and seriously asked. 'me myself' Lookman said. 'you do it yourself?' 'my army will' 'but beby! Who are you?' then Lookman looked clearly into Iris eyes and said most kindly this statement: 'except being your husband I am the Khalifa honey!'

'are you mad? What are you the Khalifa of?' 'the world!' Lookman said - still kindly and seriously - laying in hearty laughter. 'you must be joking beby!' Lookman smiled and said: 'honey, didn't you know? I am the most famous person in the world..' Iris gasped at this and became totally calm. His beby.. /

Left handed: air, water, fire , earth. Remember rasulallah's hadith about left handed people. Line cities of the red night. 'not parchment-human skin... The ceremony is quite simple: the head is placed in a magic circle on which you have marked the cardinal points. You repeat three times: 'back to water. Back to fire. Back to air. Back to earth.' you then touch the crown of the head, the forehead, and the spot behind the right ear, in this case - since he was left-handed - with the amulet.' There was a knock at the door.. ETC. Page 87 Burroughs.

One day some days later - as Lookman walked in those neighbourhood overclass in his city - the chief of the staff of the department UB in the concentration-camp - suddenly showed up with his girlfriend greeting Lookman. Lookman said greetings of randomly back at him, but felt afraid thinking: 'this is a new conspiracy - I can sense it!' After New Years Eve that year - Lookman began feeling stressed: as he called Iris in the night - she did not answer - calling her mother her mother showed her daughter sleeping in bed, but her mobile telephone was laying on her chest. But Lookman felt love for his beby as he saw her: she loved him - and did her best - maybe she was forced into prostitution and supporting the whole family? As he called her one evening - she answered, it was totally dark in the room, and as Lookman demanded to see it lighted - she was heard whispering something in the darkness in Persian.

She lighted the room - and when Lookman demanded to see behind the bed - she did not show. He demanded to see on the floor - and to his horror - he took screenshots of a bottle of oil standing on the floor by her head and a pair of men's underwear laying on the floor.. His heart sank - he called her next day - and in the background he could hear her mother quarelling violently with some man. 'can I see them?' Lookman said. 'it is my brother speaking with mother' Iris said. Later - Lookman called - sensing something. Iris was alone with her mother she said. He asked them to show him the apartment: by the kitchen was a bed - and Lookman suddenly had a horror vision - that it was there Iris was fucked for money. 'Can I see outside the front door?' Lookman suddenly said - he could see Iris eyes getting heavy again: suddenly she said like in trance: 'I can not have this relationship'. 'honey do you keep the locks closed or do you have the door open?' 'they are always locked' Iris said. 'always?' 'yes beby' 'can I see outside the door?' Iris went to the front door, AND WITHOUT WRITHING THE KEY IN THE LOCK TO OPEN THE LOCKS, SHE OPENED THE DOOR. The trance had made her automatically direct everything without thinking after Lookman's orders. Those words she had uttered was coming from deep inside like when you say - at a certain unbearable point: 'I will kill myself!' but not actually intending any other person to hear that horrible statement. 'let me see beby.. What is that for a green jacket laying on that chair? In the front hall thrown as that there?' 'it is mothers..' Iris went into the apartment confused, probably with beating heart of panic and deadly fear, that person hiding outside the front door would open it, make a merry laughter heard, and be discovered. Iris went around and around like totally gone. 'here beby?' and Lookman did not say anything since he did not want Iris to break down. Later she came back to the front door. 'outside here?' she asked and opened the door. It was now locked with the key. Outside the door - to the right of the opening - a pair of shoes stood. 'let me see those shoes honey..' Lookman said kindly - so that Iris wouldn't feel split and go crazy. She showed some outside the door, but in a manner so that a culprit standing there could possibly get time to move around and out of sight of the camera. It was a beautiful hallway - elevator was clad with stucco of black metal, marble floor and beautiful high ceiling. Lookman told himself he had pushed the subject so far as he could without making Iris totally mentally ill. As they had hung up he wrote questioning whose shoes those had been, and got a film back of a foot fitting in the form. He could not tell for sure of course if it was her mother's foot or no. He wrote her mother: 'I will let you rest and in the meanwhile write a book for you. I will send you on email. Tell Iris I love her so but not to call me until I tell you it is possible again. I am her husband but have to save my life now from a certain death at the

hands of the inquisition.' Iris began to cry at these words in long term. Her mother wrote many days that Iris collapsed, could not walk, hold herself up, and as Lookman understood by insight the truth of this, he of course questioned himself: if Iris can't live without me, why is she then committing zinah? Is she as such an extremely attractive girl, forced to prostitution? The answer with the facts at hand seemed quite obvious.

He ordered Iris mother to give her morphine, to relax her overstrained hypothalamus. But by time he divined a reluctance and avoidance around the subject: Iris would not be able to have sex, meaning the income for 'how many people'? would be zero. Morphine disconnected the sex-drive. Thus it seemed most plausible Iris was subjected to prostitution by force, and so she was not actually disfaithful towards Lookman: just avoided starvation, the cold and torture at the hands of the paid servants of the extremely evil Iranian government.

'we are very poor people..' her mother had said one time as he pressed for the point of the subject. Was that just foolery? What about all of these overclass apartments? the good food, expensive furniture and holistic products? Was it really true as Iris had said, that her father had her enslaved? And that all she earned was just measured out in small quantities, and the rest owned by the male members of the family?

Or did she try to explain away 'another man' by trying to make Lookman think Iris was forced to commit zinah. Or was it maybe both things? 'I LOVE YOU SOOOO MUCH!' as Iris so many times had said, totally convincing, without a trace of forcedness, to Lookman. 'beby I have to do my work!' Iris had cried out one day after 60 days of honeymoon. 'maybe I like it' 'honey what is your work?' Lookman had asked. 'I not tell you' Iris had said like in trance. 'no I don't tell you' like she had planned to reveal for Lookman something, but protecting him by not telling.

Lookman might not have withstood the unknowingness about these questions, if it had not been so - that thousands of sexy young women accosted him constantly - as he took a stroll on the streets of his city, waiting anticipatngly for him to arrive home so they could worship his dick. And the book he had promised his beby's in Teheran accumulated gradually, like his dick suddenly getting stiff, at the moment some young girl he had exchanged sometimes only an impressive glance with, began pulling herself, looking focused at Lookman on the program.

One day suddenly - as he arrived for his usual short 10 minutes talk to the department, which he did every second week - that boss whom had searchingly showed up at his usual place of walking - was the only person he was permitted to speak to; and the rule that they always have to be at least 2 when they spoke to a victim - was unscrupulously broken. No one in his 'team' or any nurse he knew good was permitted to come out - and the HARDERER - a good guy Lookman knew well - said by gestures since the chief was present - that he had been ordered to leave Lookman alone.. 'with the devil, I'm sure..' Lookman thought. He spoke most politely avoiding all display of feelings - suddenly the chief mentioned a date of days that was past 20 days ago like it was present. Lookman thought: if I would have done the same they at once would have stamped me 'crazy'! The boss was sitting like casually, so obvious it undid

all natural excitement, like showingly; 'you dig! Nothing is happening..' Lookman knew the tactic since his experience into doing illegal things. And he knew it only worked if you could build up authority enough to convince the counterpart you 'were something'. Pretending 'doing nothing' was namely an abomination to the holy spirit.

So it could easily be discerned. Pretending to wash a car with soap that was white as cum, or being interested in someone, or being busy with your phone, all could have convincing result since some practical matter could be discerned. Prophet Muhammad said that Satan sits rolling his thumbs. So pretending 'nothing is happening' was the easiest fraud to discover. The yawning in the air that laid that feeling about the surrounding atmosphere of 'means to an end' that the sole purpose of the meeting was to 'keep on after the finish', that the meeting actually did not exist.

Just like William S. Burroughs said: it is not about killing people. It is about shutting off machines. And what was more meaningless than a machine clad in human attributes, that just had a stretch like a minus, it ticked the time away, making 'observations' of victims it called 'patients', that had to be patient about being provoked to extreme anger and anguish by them. And the machine making a 'note' like what it itself had done did not exist, and just writing down the reaction of the victim to pain, degradation and chemical torture itself had inflicted?!

'he is most obviously totally occupied in his 'secret mind' by some evil plan.. Yes - 20 days or more ago you sought me up - as a private person and here I sit waiting for the execution you are about to perform. The protracted decapitation I'm sure..' 'SO THEN GOOD' Lookman said aloud, finishing the meeting.

The point of the prolonged bad treatment of torture, persecution, destruction of one's personality and personal relationships, love-life, economy, enslavement, looks etc. was to construct a mythology about a disease that DID NOT EXIST - that one forced people to believe in - in the end brainwashing the victim of the prolonged bad treatment that actually one had done him 'a favour'. While in this manner implying a 'soft oppression' that probably was more oppressive in the end, than the torture that appalled us to read about in The history of madness by Michael Foucauld, one brainwashed society with fake news - that built up the pic that the 'new world' the public lived in - and that one had constructed for them - was 'so good'. Then the absurd destruction of the victims could easily be perpetrated - since nobody dared to believe - despite ample proof of the opposite - that such horrible things were going on

in ones' country. By time of the perpetual black magic - a liability to believe in any absurd thing the mass-media told the people was built up - with a hidden subconscious bad conscience. Suddenly the devil stroke his 'turn about' - and the masses were hypnotized to believe in a virus 'COW-ID' that did now exist, that the mass-media had made up. Restrictions like in 'psychiatry' was put upon practically every country in the world, concentration camps for 'infected', big big fines if you left your house, people having to take a syringe of possible death-injection if they would be permitted to go to work, everybody wearing masks to prove their fidelity with the world-government which called themselves 'the institute of health'

The black magic founded in the fake 'psychiatry' thus had scarily big effect! For about hundred years one had sacrificed innocent beings, before the bullet hit the world, and the masses in trance could be seen, queuing to throw themselves totally naked of a high steep

And in the meanwhile the inquisition that faked 'psychiatry' kept on sacrificing innocents at the usual pace. Lookman was one of these black magical victims, their 'dearest' personal target, which they by the criminal 'law system' kept totally enslaved and he was so 'dear' since through his innocence and fame one could project the wiping out of the whole population of planet Earth, through slowly

torturing him to death while everybody was looking on. That was why he was so hunted every time he attempted an escape from the torture system.

As he travelled home, he called the nurse he knew so good several times - but all evening until she quit work she 'was so busy', he was told - this confirmed for Lookman that a collusion had been formed behind his back.

'In just 2 weeks' - Lookman had been told they 'planned' - they said to write off his diagnosis - and with that - his life long recompense for the torture they had inflicted, paid by the State insurance! 'this second thing they will do' Lookman saw, 'but then saying I am healthy enough to work - but still 'sick' (and they will refer to that 'talk' with the chief of the department) and send me home in a rope they can pull - to be forced to eat some pills..'

'mm hmm.. I see' Lookman ascertained the horror story scene that they wanted to make into his reality. 'they are crazy or rather worse..' Lookman decided there and then to avoid coming to any such meeting, at least until he had been assured from the State insurance that he could keep his money, no matter if he was written out or so.. Lookman wrote the concentration camp that he had contacted the State insurance for an answer to this question and that he wished to postpone the meeting in wait for an answer. 'you are totally healthy' the department said as he called them, 'and then one has to work!' 'we can postpone the meeting a little yes, but I guarantee you that the State insurance will tell you the same'. As that day approached when that meeting was going to take place, Lookman had not yet received any answer from the State insurance!

'no.. that is not so' Lookman thought 'they are waiting for me to calmly swim, into the white shark's jaws! Shit! God damn it! What will happen with my family! - now they are fooled to think it will be my fault that I get stuck as I not show up.. That is clearly also what they are out for; to again make my father and mother turn against me, what will happen with my Iris?! And our planned marriage?' this last thought concerned him the most - and he told himself: 'I have to soon travel to that other capital again.. Then I will tell Iris it is alright to take up her constant calling me, (it would have been all too perilous if she had called during this period!) this was really bad timing and me in the middle of a murder attempt by the government and now they plan torture a kind of economical black mailing shit!'

That day of horror came - and Lookman was lucky; his old theatre teacher -a famous actress - happened to have birthday that very day.. As he was speaking with another equally famous actress she suggested in the morning they together would visit the birthday-child - and sing for her.. 'very good plan' Lookman answered, and they agreed to, also if they could not go for the because of Cow'ID restrictions (COW'ID was a made up disease that the mainstream media propagated built on the same principles as the torture system: by small clusters of parties of 'experts' made up a disease - part by part in collusion with each other - nobody having to be a big criminal officially you see - but the flock of bullies doing a little evil each one, crime and lying all the time and bribed by the cartel behind - fooled the public to go and inject a syringe that could be lethal; putting them in trance state by constant lying; the hoax was built upon the 'system of psychiatry, where innocent victims was meant to carry the extreme weight of a made up disease, the workers projected constantly - at the same time as they were injected with very habit-forming junk-substances; beginning slightly and gradually to look like shit and with weakened minds - they were meant to be enslaved for the rest of their lives for the purpose of building up that black magical trance; the 'COW'ID' "pandemic" was made up by the

presstitutes of mainstream media mongules in time - to see just how effective that accumulated black magic were. And 'restrictions' were put basically all over the world, if you refused to take the lethal shit of the syringe - you were fined - or forced - and not permitted to leave your home or put in a concentration camp were if you walked past your door in confinement you were fined a sum equivalent to a 2 week long luxury vacation in the West Indies for your 'wife and 2 children'. That was why whole patrols were sent after you - as you had been 'stamped' just somebody like that American male Lookman had taken care of and helped - had called and made up preposterous lies about Lookman to the police, ; the point of the 'police', court system, "hospital" staff and the criminal politicians - was to build up paranoia behind which they could make zinah with the girls they found attractive, at the same time as they built up a mythology of 'a very dangerous person indeed' 'carrying a disease' they themselves had made up by gradual lying, then in the end they used the tactics to blame each other in the gang - so that nobody would be even called 'responsible' for the murder.)

The point of the police, court-system, "hospital" staff and the criminal politicians with their propaganda machine they called "mass media" was to build up paranoia behind which they could make zinah with the girls they found attractive - at the same time as they built up a mythology of 'very dangerous persons' that was in fact totally innocent to the accusation. Those were their 'victims of conscience' 'carrying a disease' they themselves had made up by gradual lying. Then in the end they used the tactics to blame each other in the gang - so that nobody would even be called 'responsible' for the murder. 'we did not understand' was then their official plea, and the mass-media effectively would cover up the crime scene and the case would be put off for 'investigation' in the government. And after years, as the hot spot of the case had gradually declined, they would come with the conclusion: no responsible criminal found' they would anyway say they had to wait and see the reaction of the 'hospital' workers. Lookman at once received an answer: they send the "police" - if he does not show up "on Tuesday latest". "well - I have some days I guess.. But I am not sure - probably they try to catch me at once when nobody sees.." Lookman thought.. Anyway - he took his sword forth and put it under the blanket - then a bag that fitted the sword - and under the blanket pretended to put the sword inside. He "made hide" and "seek". He knew the public was watching carefully to see.. Then he walked out on town with the bag on his shoulder swinging a little heavily like he was carrying a sword - worried looks at once he received from passers bye, shakes on their heads - and patrol-cars circling round his stroll on town constantly.. 'ok' Lookman thought, 'then I know the reaction..'

Later as he was going to take his evening walk - he was again going out pretending to carry his sword.. But he felt a sudden weight of boredom over the thought in the hallway. He again went inside his bedroom and felt with his hands under the blanket. And this time he put the sword in place and carried it out for real on his shoulder in the golf-bag hidden. On town was great commotion, as he came - just as usual.. Practically all girls glancing at him, constantly speaking about him on distance.. A great hiatus, like a party of his where he was the hot spot everybody else was glancing in. After some hours he went home - tired. For a good sound sleep he went - when suddenly as he was approaching his apartment thoughtlessly, he saw car-lights standing in wait around the corner.

'I get it..' Lookman said to himself - and took the stairs, a short cut in the dark, but as he almost had reached his place at the end of the next street - a black car flashed

past him at 'police high speed' - he stood almost breathless - watching that scene - that car standing there with turned on engine in front of his house, its red backlights. He pretended to look at his mobile telephone, and he planned in his mind.. 'as soon as I see.. The expected.. I pretend to take a call.. I let him turn around and look at me, standing pretending to be 'invited to a party..' He will see that upon my smiley' AND suddenly the front passenger car door opened and out came a figure in the dark marine blue clothes.. Heavy built as all of those cocksuckers. Lookman put his plan to work at once.. Somebody happened to call. He stood there breathing the chill winter night cold, he did not look the figure's way at all..

As he came out of sight he began running down the hill - 'if they catch me now with the sword!! A "prisoner of conscience" could never be "forgiven" or "excused" for anything! He would have to fight back and let them shoot him!!' if he did not die then life-long imprisonment for a "dangerous disease" the government had made up themselves! That night as he finally came home - late somewhere after 1 o'clock AM he was relieved and so TIRED. But as he fell asleep he soon woke up - guarding his property with sword in hand, sleeping some more, and in early morning hours took a queer ride, back and forth with subways around town to let the hiatus awake, that was his best protection in this situation. He had taken a queer bent also for security reasons, as he walked from his apartment, walking to the next Saturday-morning empty subway station on foot, happy as soon as he got on an up-town train; resting on the seat

to recompense his very worried and short sleep. Then he bought a train ticket to the capital of the neighbouring country; and was glad to get to know, from the cute girl at the Central Station that took his cash, not a cent more than the cost, and forgot to ask about his ID-CARD. And also on the train, the conductor even did not registrate his ticket, despite the fact he sat in the wrong wagon. He seated himself in first class instead of at the last wagon, and ate chocholat balls and fruit all trip, speaking with his friends on the phone and Iris and her mother of course. As he came to the Capital of the neighbouring country it was like a hit. Fireworks were celebrating that evening, and all the young girls with their cunts just hanging over him, whistling after him on his stroll and shouting 'beby'. He felt at home and the police of that country circled round him constantly, to check that nobody could call and make false alarm, as Lookman walked there as the super-star he really was still carrying his sword hidden in his bag on his back, strapped safely there inside with Velcro-tape.

As he had rolled past the 12 kilometer long bridge that separated the 2 countries, he had thought about a play the father of his jewish friend had written, that was about 2 cities in war with each other connected by a bridge, just like this! The play was named: 'skeleton music'. And he understood from the news in the hiatus that what had protected his way was war-ships from the military of Russia, which had guarded at the same latitude. The happy surprise met him on the night when the party did not seem to end, and young girls sat drooling over him at the fancy hamburger-restaurant in that he had been appointed 'MASTER OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY'. This thought made him happy, and he thought about that line in the Quran, where Allah speaks about Kain killing Abel. Kain had become envious that Abel's sacrifice to Allah had been accepted but not his! And as he pointed his lethal weapon at Abel, and announced he would kill him

Abel said: even though you stretch your hand out to kill me, I will never stretch out

my hand to kill you, cause I fear Allah. I am planning by this your very act, to draw my sin upon you, so that in the hereafter you will be among the losers. Then Kain killed Abel, and as he in panic sought a place to hide the body of his dead brother, a crow came and showed him a place. But the authorities of Lookman's country wanted to crucify him slowly for the rest of his life to carry their illness and sins! Yes, they wanted to torment him slowly and called it 'health bringing!' They were totally sick in their heads or rather worse. The last words of Hassan I Sabbah thus came ringing for his inner ear. Keats had written: 'heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter. Therefore! Ye marry pipes! Play on! Not for the sensual ear, but for the spirit ditties of no tone!' Lookman thus had the right on his side now. 'with God on our side' as Robbaren Zimmerman had sung in the beginning of his career, before he got to the most unjustly impudent habit some years later to pick on the doormen of hotels, instead of somebody his' size, like a Rockefeller. The last words of Hassan I Sabbah had been: nothing is true, everything is permitted. William S Burroughs had interpreted these words as: since and if nothing is true, then everything is permitted. 'Yhea' Lookman thought, 'here we have everything, like the Zen master said. All aspects of reality! We can now declare a defence war in time, just like Hitler presaged Stalin's operation Thunderbolt (GROM) by declaring war against Sovjet Union just as they were going to attack! By this he saved Europe partly from being occupied by communism, and surely we in these Northern countries have him to thank we did not need to grow up in the bondage of Karl Marx! I have now in my hand the power! Not only the Academy of arts and letters, but also real military power. I have the right to defend myself by any means, against being subjected to be forced to carry the burden of sins of that sick society. By any means necessary Prophet Muhammad says in the hadith about forced medication, one is obliged to stop such an abomination against the natural chemistry of the body! Otherwise one is a co-criminal in the consequences! I do not lie sick right now as Prophet Muhammad did at that time, gone in fever, which is some of the infernal feeling of hellfire. I still have not only the chance, but also the obligation from Allah to resist. I declare war.' And with this last thought he wrote the issue of command 'attack'. 12 days later his word was put into action. The 3rd World War had began, by Russia invading Ukraine, the first step had been taken to find a way to release Lookman from lifelong serf-hood. Ukraine would have attacked Russia - if his army at once would have invaded Upper Baboon Asshole. Thus this was a defence war to prepare - that big step. It seemed easy - was meant to look that way - just like the torture system they brainwashed people with in his country; but just in a week, 13 American patrol-boats laid anchor in the harbour of his hometown. 13 was a magical figuration. 'm' for magic. Then a big aircraft carrier also arrived after them. The senilia deliria president of the United states obviously could only remember his kabbala lessons: 'MA'. The beginning of the formation reminded Lookman of the name of that Princess that had married him when she and Ulrika competed about loving him some 12 years ago. 'noticable' Lookman thought. 'Some deceptive magic obviously' Lookman again ascertained as he sat there in the main library, reading his latest book that had become a success around the world. Allah said in the Quran 'SATAN and his tribe keep watching you from a place where you can not catch sight of them' - what was this! Sounded like that yellow cow Iris with the insistence of an idiot kept on worshipping by Lookman's side, which he never got to see. 'HAWWA (EVE)' Lookman thought 'was the first to eat the fruit from the forbidden tree of knowledge. Satan managed to deceive her.

And that is happening again and again - as far as I have seen - with all of my women! Horrible! To say the least. Of course strongest evil impulses of a woman was to excuse a man statue-worship! I mean.. What was pornography in the eyes of the women? They got paid to make and expose that zinah, that anyway was their craving, no matter how much their husband could satisfy them. They got paid for it there at place to be a magical sex-objects. And the nigger standing at the right side of the scene, at the back of the now mirror-wise clock work orange said: don't touch my dick with your hand. Mouth of the whore for air, sucking that big penis of the nigger. And his compatriot in the crime scene, fucking the vagina of the whore from the back, slapping her buttocks to make the symbolism of her diamonds melting down, past the pineal gland into egoism that could be seen, as a white substance enfolding the dick of the vagina penetrating nigger at the front of the mirror-wise scene, his back against the expected audience. So as the poor girl was paid to suck with her mouth hell towards air, that was going to spurt in evil egoistic pleasure, the time ticked '9 - 6. Backwards. 1.2. Forward' and that 2 was suddenly split, like a slug that crashed the glass of Big Ben clocktower in thousand of glass splinters. And the watcher's attention being drawn down, from the air of her mouth. To the black buttocks and ass of that nigger, penetrating that sweet arian beby. That fire of evil passion crawling like a snake, up towards her head and beautiful black hair again; and so! SATAN had by such a simple mean old trick, made black magic! And the watcher was forever fatally, going to remember that scene once seen, and become caught in Satan's net to go astray and become afflicted by the unjust wrath of the bull of the yellow cow herd.

The steady weathercock of her hand, that could have been the hand of young mother, picking up the napkin of her beby again and again, just to, without wording show her husband's daughter: me, your mother is here for you. I can confirm it again and again, thousands of times I pick up the napkin my dear child, when you again and again throw it down, to show you and confirm again and again; me your mother and your father loves you. Kiss your cheek dear child, we are here to support you. 'but will that be also when I grow old? Or do you just born me to this world to not be different from the rest? So that, when it really matters as I have reached past puberty, in things that really REALLY matters for ME as an individual, as a personality, you suddenly do not care anymore, and leaves me at my destiny, maybe even persecutes me with the rest of a humanity deceived most clearly by SATAN the outcast?!

'hush hush little child' the mother said as the daughter cried. And that water of an ovum from which the child was born, was spun mythology around: 'when they crawled up upon land.. To die and by time become THE ORIGIN OF THE SPECIES' by some free-mason making forbidden black magic sexual acts with porn-actors this and this and that..

The black spaces of the universe denying the time it takes for the light to actually reach a heavenly body, since it is not seen as it traverses those seemingly infinite distances. 'no! Not in the black spaces! You want a black hole!' Statue-worship was A SMALL THING in a male THEY (THE WOMEN) HAD TO OVERLOOK. BUT THEIR NATURE WAS TO CONCEAL AND FIND FAULTS WITH THEIR EYES, THUS THE DEMAND IN THE SUNNAH FOR THEM TO HIDE BEHIND VEILS. HIDE THEIR HAIR, ALL SOMETIMES! ALL OF THEIR BODIES EXCEPT THE EYES. Thus such a demand was antithetical to womanhood! And so the lesbian impulse arose to worship yellow cow, to conceal that porn-scenes that haunted their husband's minds.

So that was as it had begun, out at the concentration camp. The powers of evil had noticed that resistance was raised at their outright oppressive movements, and decided to brainwash instead, putting up 'departments' in the middle of open society, where they held 'prisoners of conscience' they called 'sick' which could wander out as living proofs for the people to amply SEE, the consequences of not paying tax or keeping your mouth shut about what atrocities that was really 'going on' as Marvin Gay coined it in his somewhat silly song. An inmate prisoner Lookman had known since 12 years back - that was a Shia muslim from Iran, loving Mawlana Rumi's poetry, which in actuality had made Lookman interested in Islam from the very beginning called and said his sister's daughter was interested in coming in contact with Lookman. He got her number and promised to call at first best fitting instance.

Thus he did, and in the Face-time screen met him Iris - an adorable beauty. They soon fell in love and married according to the tradition of the Quran and Sunnah. Their honey-moon was an orgy of love - and as it stretched out over 2 months...

Suddenly one early morning Lookman had a fear, and called Iris. She did not answer! He called again.. And then again.. Finally she answered, but he saw a different woman! It was still Iris indeed - but she was distant somehow seemed like drugged in the screen! She tried to explain away - why she had not answered. But Lookman was persistent! She said she loved this time in the morning when her star, which was Venus shining in the heavens afar had melted away in the approaching daylight in the south. Lookman anyway said if he could be with her, and could she please put the phone so he could see her as she laid in bed, that he had felt worried and could she please let him, her husband spend this valuable morning time together with she?

With closed eyes. But she time after time looked up and ahead - like there was another man standing out of sight by the bed, silently getting his clothes on. Suddenly the line broke. And Lookman called again and again in panic. 7 minutes later Iris finally answered. Lookman said they had to have sex and Iris had promised him this whenever he desired, but suddenly she said she has to go to the toilet. Lookman's blood froze like a chill, icy, frost broken and he said that he wants to be with her in the toilet. After making protest finally Iris left the phone where she had stood and went to the toilet alone. Lookman's heart beat like a drum - and later as they had sex - her vagina he saw was already expanded! And on her thighs could be clearly seen - the stains of sperm (after another man? Or had she masturbated?) Lookman was again devastated! As the day had matured - he called Iris - and letting a tripod hold his mobile phone he took a sharp kitchen knife - and with bare breast - he put it against his heart - he was in a state of madness. 'I divorce..' he said driven by a higher force - he knew - if he said that sentence 2 more times - it would become a fact.. 'if you don't want..' Iris said - and looked totally frozen - in a strange kind of attention. Did she want for this moment? That he kills himself? 'I have married you! Not a third part..' Lookman said and looked into Iris eyes. 'you have to choose your man - do you want me or a yellow cow honey..?' Suddenly Lookman's eyes started streaming with tears - and with that a relief came from the heavens. Allah had said in verse 25 in Sura 2: 'who spread out the earth for you as a floor, and erected the sky as mansions, and showered water from the sky, and brought forth with that fruits for your nourishment. So, do not set up equals with Allah whilst you know. 26. And if you are in doubt about this which We have revealed to Our servant, then produce only one chapter like this. And you may call upon your helpers apart from

Allah if you are true (in your supposition).' A supernatural light suddenly flashed in the room, emptying the doom, and Allah told him as he cried, and through the tears saw Iris eyes getting heavier and heavier - that He had mercy on them - and had made Iris a concubine, a sex-slave to Lookman. Lookman at once put away the sharp kitchen knife - and told Iris; 'I was temporary afflicted by insanity honey.. We speak later..'

After spending a moment of recovery from the shock, Iris said; 'ok beby.. Love you.. Kiss you.. Speak later..' - now Lookman knew that he should at once take the train down to the capital of the other city, he in his shocked state started gathering some items. And carrying them in a big bag, and his backpack with his computer stucked in, he made it for the station. Iris called again and again - but Lookman did not dare to answer.

But she kept on calling. Finally he picked up the phone - and Iris at once asked : 'where are you going honey?..' - without a word said about that thing - Lookman then suddenly decided to stay over the evening. And Iris kept on calling - and made love with him over camera lens. And Lookman felt totally exhausted and stayed under the surveillance of the concentration camp. He had broken out in tears over his first question: why did Iris always write to him so early those days he was sleeping at the concentration camp? And not when he slept at home! She was obviously hiding some secret she did not want him to see. The concentration camp had rules you see, and forbade any camera or microphone within its facilities.

Some more than a month later - Iris said - as he was, just as usual, every 30 min, had her on the phone on his way into town, from the concentration camp (masked as 'hospital'), that she was going to vax her vagina that day.. And she said: 'if I come to you and live together, could you arrange for somebody to vax my body there? Today the usual woman is going to vax me..'. As she said so - there was a ring on the gate-phone, and it was the vaxing-woman coming. 'LET ME SEE HER' Lookman said - and he saw Iris face, and she filmed the door, but after having looked in the door-eye she turned the screen back to her face, and as the door opened, he saw her eyes getting a shock of fear - like a man had come to visit her she had not expected at all - and that she knew well - and that had power over her;

maybe that yellow cow had been barred out from her over a month now - but had made a plan with the vaxxing woman that he knew by her circle of acquaintances - probably her father, to make a sudden visit of surprise; and catch that holy grail - that scent of paradise from her newly vaxed vagina - that was so sweet - one of the miracles of beauty of this world. And Iris had promised Lookman these parts as his! And her whole body! 'all of my three holes and breasts are just for your pleasure my husband!' and Lookman had been so happy hearing those words she had promised him, time after time and again. And Iris had pointed at her heart and said: my heart is just for you.... and my mother. Lookman now stood in shock - as Iris had to leave the phone - to explain that her husband was on the other side of the line.. Watching. Listening. And those wolfs that had come was agreeing in sin and transgression.

And Lookman demanded to see Iris body as she became vaxed, but Iris said the woman vaxing her did not want Lookman to see she unveiled - since she had a husband. Instead he had to see a red plumed chair of comfort, and hear music that was played during the ceremony. Suddenly the Metallica song 'NOTHING ELSE MATTERS' started playing - and Lookman - whom had listened to Metallica more than 25 years - couldn't stand to hear it! He suddenly felt the mind coming to the limit of a debasing crush down. He wondered for 2,5 seconds what he should do,

then started roaring 'turn it off!!!' - Lookman roared some more times before Iris came to the phone. 'beby what is the matter?' she said. 'THAT SONG..!' Lookman was almost passed out suddenly, like he had been running hard and had to catch breath.. 'turn it off, please honey..' 'don't you like Metallica? I thought you liked..' 'yes beby, but I can't stand to hear it

'it is my band, and my song. "dirt is material in the wrong place, don't play it like this.. Please honey.." 'okey beby, if you don't like it.. But it is my favourite song..' 'yes honey..' Lookman was still catching his breath, 'but listen to it at first again, when I am present, not like this in Facetime camera..' 'okey honey..' and Iris turned it off. Suddenly Lookman heard a male voice from the back of the apartment, shouting with empty cheerfulness: 'beby..' - it became silent. Lookman stood dumbfounded. Finally he asked: 'whom was that honey?'. But he just kept on seeing the red-plumed chair of comfort. 'BEBY!!' Iris came to the phone finally - 'I WANT TO SEE YOU HONEY' Lookman gasped for his breath, only comforting thought being, that Allah had made IRIS Lookman's sexslave, thus he was not obliged in the Sharia to stone her to death if discovered with zinah against her husband.. And that was him; Lookman. Iris had asked his parents on Facetime if she could marry him, her mother had given her absolute consent, and Lookman did not need to care actually about her father which just cared about material things, and whom despite being a weak believer, (if at all that thing), had taken 2 wives during his life-time.

That thing was a trauma for Iris, she loved Lookman as her husband, and was very attached generally to the males in her surrounding. When once she had begun to love a man, she was passionate, also in her particular demands.

'I want to see you honey - take the phone to the place where you are being vaxed! Let me see!' Lookman cried. Iris did as she was told eventually - but Lookman most got to see the ceiling - and he had a sudden fear, that that other man penetrated Iris just beside where he could be seen - with worried face in the screen of the phone, laying there beside his sex-bomb's body on the floor. And why was she laying on her stomach suddenly? Lookman wondered as Iris showed him her face and top of her body?? 'she is also doing a massage..' Iris said. Lookman at these words felt his mind getting dim. And it was torturous moments for him seeing that ceiling.

When finally Iris said they were finished. Now they were going to drink tea - and Lookman demanded him to sit with them. Thus he did - and he sang a great song of heroism - as the vaxxing woman and his sex-slave before that woman left 'let me see the door as she leaves!' - Lookman said - gasping after breath - as he saw that strange leering face of the vaxxing woman, he divined deception in her eyes - and had not he held himself back, he would have spontaneously said, he had to hold himself back at this very moment; 'go fuck yourself'.

The vaxxing woman waved a jaunty wave, and said 'have a good time' like she was selling Iris sort of, and Lookman's face became white at those words. And now he was alone with Iris in the apartment. Was a yellow cow still present? In those other rooms from which he had been shouting? Hiding somewhere? Like a serpent or a spider?

After staying with Iris in the phone - and seeing her doing the dishes - and eating - he said that he wanted to see her naked - without actually feeling that in his heart. But he knew that when they had sex they both forgot all worldly troubles. But he had divined the deadly peril, that probably that yellow cow was into sex-magic, and demanded, YES DESIRED, not to let Satan laugh in his face, and let go of the camera view until Iris had by being with Lookman, provoked a reaction that could reveal

the hidden culprit that like a spider in its net, was hiding somewhere deep inside the apartment.

Lookman was not going to do the same mistake as when the persecution against him had begun, and he had managed to flee the modern concentration camp that had been established in the middle of town by the sick socialistic government, where he had been subjected to modern torture, inside the brick walls of Saint George's hospital.

There and then he had managed to flee, when he was out walking a round of fresh air with a HARDERER which he knew could not run that fast. He had hidden inside at an acquaintance of his, sleeping nicely, and his only thought was 'how could I save the revelation Allah has revealed to me? That is in the form of literature on paper handwritten inside my apartment?'

He went to a lock smith in the vicinity of his apartment building, but they told him, that since he did not own the majority of his apartment, then, they were forbidden to drill the locks and change them.

And he saw that stressed horror vision before his eyes, when he had to stand there by his house, and his evil neighbours just waiting to steal his Paradise, and the fuzz, the Poule-ice, just waiting for the right moment to like a venomous snake strike. He had to leave the idea, and on the 13 th of December they arranged an ambush on town, where 20 police officers came from every direction except the left, as he strolled his way to an artist woman he knew. They came in pick up van cars, and ran towards him, prepared to fire at him. And so, the major part of his work, Allah's revelations to him, that greatest gift a man can achieve, had been unscrupulously thrown away, while his mind and looks and more had been broken down in the confinement of DEATH IN THE OVENS, the modern torture of Big PHarma dictatorship.

Yes.. He was not going to make the same mistake now; he had to drill those locks of Iris and make sure now, that that yellow cow could not get through to her again, or there was a big risk for breakdown on both ends of the line. He had to drill those locks now straight away, and make sure the devil was thrown out of their situation. He had divined that probably that yellow cow hiding somewhere deep inside the apartment was into sex magic, probably some brown artist whom used Lookman's sexslave Iris to with libido raise the subconscious, using Lookman's treasure, to construct some silly 'love-songs' to make a carrier, built upon some dead bones in the desert area.

And had an extreme urge, to be the first one to fuck Iris, after she had vaxed her vagina. Iris to his great shock said 'no'. Then Lookman knew for certain, that he had apprehended correctly; and did not dare to leave her by closing the Facetime call, all until the evening came. He demanded she shows the whole apartment; thus she did; except the two toilets. 'let me see the toilet!' - he said; but she walked the other way.. 'honey.. The toilet!' - after having left the phone - by the pretext to have to pee - she came back eventually and showed an empty toilet. 'can I see the floor?' - a pair of sandals with red hearts on as ingrained in the product was by the door - and he saw the same kind by the door, on the floor at the other toilet by the front door. 'is she running a creepy joint here? A poule de lux arrangement?'

And is that yellow cow her 'fucking father' her FF, femme fatale constructor?' As the night came on, Iris as usual showed Lookman 'my star' which was the evening star, the planet Venus, shining so bright in the south eastern skies. Then Lookman and Iris were both exhausted, and Lookman still did not feel for sex, but anyway

made the proposition again, to trigger that yellow cow to anger.

'I want to see you naked honey, show me your vagina..' - even this Iris suddenly would not do. Lookman felt desperate. 'I will just have some tea..' Iris said. 'it is foaming already in the whole kitchen..' and - Lookman said to himself, it was only 3 minutes ago you put in on honey. Already foaming! Quite impossible! He demanded to see the table in the sofa where they usually made love - a glass bowl with 3 apples was laying in it - caught Lookman's attention suddenly. They were arranged by colours in the formation of a vaginal triangle, a brown book Lookman had not seen before today in A4 size, was laying on the table. He told Iris to show hit its pages.

As she did so, he saw like numbers of formulas: was it a book of forbidden magic? - or a pimp's notes about how much his product had earned? But Iris's hand trembled so much as she showed it more or less than just briefly, for Lookman, that all his screenshots went dim, and he afterwards could not make head or tails about anything. Just white pages with brown corners.

Now Lookman was running really high on hidden anger - like his cortisol was pumped up heavily - and it was like he by some work of magic had gotten high on amphetamine. As Iris showed the table for early evening meal later - it was clearly seen, someone else had eaten there recently. And as she went out from the bedroom later, and Lookman by demand, caught a sight of the living-room - he saw the figure of a man standing there by the sofa - but did forget in his nervousness to have to maybe stone his beloved to death - to take a screen-shot. As he demanded to see the room again - some moment later to protect his paradise which is not for males whom permits their women to lay other men, the figure was no longer there, and Iris could deny any fact of the discovery. Finally Iris went to bed, earlier than usual - and Lookman guarded over her the whole night, until the morning light, with watery eyes.

He time after time, thought himself to perceive, like a shadow coming from behind in the door of the room, standing there, prepared to make zinah with the beloved handmaiden of Lookman. William S Burroughs had said - that there is nothing so bindingly strong, as the conspiracy of criminals between themselves.. Did they know each other that well? Did Iris body and heart - that she had sworn to Lookman - actually was possessed by another guy? 'another husband'? As the morning approached suddenly Iris phone went off, even though Lookman had demanded it to be plugged into the charger. Iris had at one moment in the night woken up and started a fight, being so angry she had thrown her new mobile telephone into the wall - saying that she divorce when Lookman said, that as her husband he has the right to spend the night with her. 'just looking?' Iris had asked. 'yes.. Since you refuse sex..' Lookman called and called both her phones, No answer! He was so tired after having watched his sex-slaves attempt for zinah, that now probably succeeded, that he fell exhausted into his bed. He woke up an hour later by Iris herself calling. As he finally answered after many re-calls from Iris - him thinking that he can not speak with her - her first sentence was: 'the battery went off honey.. How could I say that.. Yes you are my husband.. How could I say..' - in this he felt she loved him - and his heart began beating again - Iris face was totally swollen and unrecognizable. After speaking some moments Iris suddenly to Lookman's big disappointment said: 'you make me ugly!' - in these lines Lookman could trace the manipulation of the other man - the yellow cow. Iris surely felt an unbearable separation from Lookman and just wanted him to give her the answers. 'that is not

you saying so!' he said. 'how could I say so!' Iris exclaimed, devastated at her own statement(!). 'forgive me honey..' she said - 'I did not mean to say that I divorce you, how could I say that!' 'beby.. Now just let me sleep, thank you for saying these things - speak later honey.. I have been watching over you the whole night..' 'really?' Iris said so sweetly.. 'oh honey - how can you have that energy? Forgive me if I was mean yesterday..' 'love you honey..' Lookman said - and his beby kissed him. Lookman did not say: 'we can have sex if you like' - he knew that Iris had said - through what he had experienced by looking yesterday - that she had another man - if he had more facetime sex with her now - the peril laid in that the wrath of Allah could fall in that unlucky way, that Lookman would have to stone Iris to death. It was the last time Lookman accepted Facetime sex with Iris, even though to make Iris happy demanded to see her naked. But that was like mirroring, far into the the future. Lookman wrote in a letter to Iris mother - demanding that she moves home to her, and guard her. Later that day, Lookman said to Iris, that he wanted her to go to her mother. Iris did so. And her wealthy father - after a week of Iris staying at home with her mother said: 'if you do not go back to your apartment, you will lose your right to that your own home'. Lookman said to Iris to stay with her mother, and her heart was so - that she listened to her husband and rather lost her own home, than keep on upsetting him, her husband; that was Lookman. Some days later - they moved all her things from her apartment to her mother. Now Lookman felt more calm, and Iris called every half an hour, saying every time she loved him and in jealousy wanted to see his surroundings to control he did not accompany any other woman.

Lookman wrote a letter to Iris mother:

Another strange thing which I noticed, was that your daughter suddenly had renamed me on her new phone by the name of M.B., which I read as maybe, but could also be 'My beby'..

Before it was 'My love'; and I was shocked to see, that yesterday when I had spent 20 dollars at wanting to call her from the phone I use at the so called 'hospital', she had blocked that number..

One of my messages had reached her, but she had not responded..

And I thought it strange, that the first message goes through to all her phones, but not the second.. Since she blocked it.. She also blocked me from calling to her home phone, if I understand it right..

And so, even more I think she wants to do something secret in the night.

All of this is very shocking to me; and as you know Zinah is the worst possible crime one can commit. Rasulallah said that even if his daughter Fatima had stolen, he would have cut her hand..

And of course, Zinah is damn more serious than theft.

Thus, do not please, become khawarijs, by calling me crazy, etc. .. My first suspicion something was not right, was when I noticed that your daughter always 'slept long' when I was at home, and wrote me early in the morning,/late night, when I could not speak with her or see her..

And, those mornings when she woke up at late as 9 o'clock when I was at home, and desperately had written her, she seemed tired.. and was dark under the eyes.

My first shock, was that day, the 13th October, when that 'cleaner' was at her house and she did not respond..

When we were going to make love, I noticed to big shock, that the hole of her vagina was expanded in a way I had never seen before..

And, Friday night, when I suspected her of Zinah, she insisted on leaving the phone for me to see an empty wall, while 'washing her hands', thus washing away the stains of sperm, which I anyway saw when we later made love, and actually took a screen shot of.

All of this is very alarming; but I can still accept that there might be, by some strange miracle, a natural explanation to these things.

In these very videos there is clearly seen, that I let Iris sleep for hours, while I am watching over my beloved.. I send you several to prove this, and that I let her sleep, but sorry to say, the fear of her Zinah is keeping me awake..

do you hear those sounds around your daughter at 5 o'clock in the morning? she always complains that the walls of her apartment are thin, and that she hears her male neighbour speaking, like he was in her room..

When I said that she should put sound-protection for that , and that I can help to finance that, she said: it is not necessary..

As you see in this film, I really do let her sleep, and that this also is a lie..

And as Rasulallah said: a wife has to satisfy her husband, even if he so demands her when she is standing by the oven.. Iris threw her phone into the wall destroying it, when I tested her, as we had a nice night-talk this night, by saying I wanted sex with her in that sofa outside..

Suddenly she had 'such a headache' were 'so sleepy' and then when I insisted, she threw her phone into the wall..

Obviously a Freudian reaction; angry at me seeing her possible Zinah through it..

I think myself, maybe wrongly, recognize the voice of that vaxxing woman in the background sometimes in these videos..

So, that was very much for this morning; but I demand to keep Iris as mine, and so, I had have to had send you these proofs of my innocence of her devilish accusations in time

Regards

/ Lookman

'soon it will be the ass..'

'scar-ten'

'the concrete melting'

"A third of mankind was killed by the three plagues of fire, smoke and sulfur that came out of their mouths." – The book of revelations 9:18

"this is the new Soviet.. Jew-union.. dehumanization.. the most painful condition..'

'what then has any meaning for you? And do you think that you will have any meaning for us at all in the future? To pay tax! Do you think that we will want that?

The only thing that exists for you is a pill, and a syringe and some 'lawbreaker'! You say that nothing else has any meaning! Thank you so much! Then we know that.'

'So what we say, the whole of our work we have worked and pined for, everything

we have built up of culture with a clear physical living link dating back a 100 years now, from 1922, no meaning for you at all?! As parents have fought and pined in bearing children, paying tax! Such much wives have suffered and pined in marriage! The suchness of friends whom have taken an uncommon way to push themselves out of trouble! And much more! No meaning for you! You say cross-safely!

”Those in the west shall not think that they in this can just sit back and laugh in their comfortable sofas.. no.. and I quote the Book of revelations 9:18.. “A third of mankind was killed by the three plagues of fire, smoke and sulfur that came out of their mouths.” Concrete will melt.. be sure about that..”