

Look man ! The slave!!

Novel by Marcus Beijar-Mellin

© 2022

'from Shakespeare - Macduff: there is a soul of goodness in things evil. //

From Shakespeare's Sonnets:

then soul/ live upon thy servant's loss, and let that pine to aggravate thy store; but terms divine in selling hours of dross; within be fed, without be rich no more: so shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men, And Death once dead, there is no more dying then. / did heaven look on, and would not take their part? -



On this phone, this very novel was written clean on, since the author was confined, under threat of torture from the Swedish authorities.

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 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'**

**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 at that time 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 at that time - 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 zombies: '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 black widow 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 -

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 zombies 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 zombies 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 charger 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 Qafirs 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 absense 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 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 'Annie' 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 choppers 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 flights 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 ballon 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 fiancée: 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 chopers 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 samuraj 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 spiteful 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 off 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 steep - 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 baby!' 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 baby.. /

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 William S. Burroughs – Cities of the red night.

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 baby 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 baby' '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 off 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 prostitutes of mainstream media mongrels 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 where 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 by, 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 Ruckerfeller. 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 baby. 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 baby 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 beated 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 fauteuil, 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 fauteuil. '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 him 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.."

Chapter 2

Michail, the sea-captain and pedophilia, was by the Danu Delta (DANU is the river that runs between Bulgaria and Rumania) - and he was on the ship in his cabin, and the ship together with Michail started to move. At first he thought that some tag-boat or some other ship had happened to touch his ship: he looked around the boat and saw nothing! He went to the prow where a ladder that was elastic was binding the ship to the shore: he saw a man hurrying up it - since the ground was shaking; he was more safe on board than on land. 'but' Lookman said to Michail as they sat there in the prison cell, drinking chai-tea, 'in Sweden my home country there is a system in rule which is even more dangerous than vicious animals or earthquakes. Kathy, an actress I know had a son whom out in the wilderness suddenly stood face to face with an enormous bear, brown as it was it looked his way. But since her son at once stood still, the bear wondered. Curious it took a step in his direction, and simultaneously, the son of Kathy took a step back, just that simply. As that they had a few rounds until the bear simply headed off, tired of that strange game. And if you are suddenly met by a furious bull, just the same; stand totally still! Do not even back off! No matter how he runs around you frothing heavily, stand absolutely still and he will never hit you. People sometimes think that I have the quality of God, that He only has, praise to Allah, of being able to see into the future, they don't understand that I have gotten used to live under the oppressive dynasty of the Swedish state, that worship Janus, that schizophrenic bastard of a demon. A conspiracy is something already past that is planned to take effect in the future, thus me seeing through that foul game has made my most enthusiastic admirers think that I know the future. Let them be happy to know, that only God knows the future, and that they shall not lose faith in God. God is something to be believed in, as Allah says in a hadith of Prophet Muhammad; I am towards my servant as he thinks of Me. But in Sweden we have even more horrible evils! Surely God made you suffer from earth quakes and vulcanos since you here have more lenient weather than we in the upper north! And some dangerous animals, but we have the devil ruling society.. They call themselves 'doctors', and that is why I am sitting here with you in this Romanian prison dear brother, since they want to force drugs into me in my homecountry, which makes me lose my looks and intelligence totally, and brainwash me!' 'they are crazy!' Michail said. 'in Rumania no one can force you to take drugs.. Yhea maybe if you are totally freaked out and walks around like a peril for yourself and others..'

'yhea.. That is the mantra they brainwash us with in Sweden, and no proofs of the opposite do those totally biased courts listen to at all! It is dictatorship! And they present it officially like they were benevolent! Just

listen to that! Everything is ruled from 'above' by the conspiracy of freemasonry, and lawyers, courts etc. gets bribed with tax money, to make a hell on earth for such free-thinkers and intellectuals like me! It is like when they send money abroad to other oppressive dynasties like FNL in Vietnam. All tax money!, going straight down in the pick-pockets off mass murderers that commit such atrocities of crimes against humanity! And all hidden by the mass-media lies of 'a nice facade', which they dream up in offices in sky scrapers, also financed, at least in Sweden, by tax-money. Those inside here, this prison, the drug-dealers and thieves, these gypsie men and women screaming news to each other, talking about my prince-hood in Sweden, laughing, screaming at each other crying; in God's eyes surely they do not commit as grave a crime as the 'normal' tax-paying Swedish worker! Up there where they want to send me back, they shut us all up with tax-money; either you pay, or you get diagnosed by those evil concentration-camp 'doctors' and locked up for an uncertain amount of time, bombed with forced injections until nobody dares anymore to recognize you as 'mine'. Yes, dear Michail, let us toast with some tea of chai! In this prison-cell of ours!' and Michail and Lookman toasted and ate some food Lookman had bought that the nice police-men had brought them there. It was good spirits in this central prison in Bucharest, and the police-men was also high sort of on Lookman's famous presence and had begun having parties in the night with women. Lookman was allowed to stay outside everyday usually several hours at a stretch, singing and reciting the Quran, and he also got better food than the other inmates, since he 'was a muslim'. He was in good spirits with 90 % of the police men, and after a really good singing session, as the police men had listened on distance, and not let the other prisoners outside, on the twin yard that was on the other side of the small passage, that by a narrow stair led up to the yards, Lookman came in, and on his way back to his cell, made high five with the laughing police men, now in good spirits. 'I WISH EVERYONE WAS LIKE YOU', one of them said to Lookman as Lookman has said, in reply to his question how Lookman was today; 'I feel happy and satisfied'. The police-men themselves, despite being 'free' and everything in a good manner seemed to envy Lookman his good spirits. In this hell-hole of a prison nobody forced Lookman to eat horrible pills, and nobody could force injections upon him! Think if Lookman was happy! 'yhea! Dear Michail!' Lookman said high on nothing, 'keep on your damned story!' 'okey as you want sir!' Michail laughed back at him, 'but I don't know if it is damned.. So' Michail now kept on; 'a college of mine said he will go travel to his house to see if it was still alright. I myself did not travel to Constanca to look after my parents, but instead I travelled to Bucharest, where the epicentrum had been. I was having a relationship with a girl there, that later became my future wife. As I arrived I saw many buildings had collapsed: and I walked in the middle of the roads to avoid things falling down on me. By the rail-way station where my girl lived with

her family: luckily they had survived but their library was almost collapsed, there was peril the big book-shelf could have fallen on somebody.. Walking out and around in Bucharest mostly old houses had collapsed - but from new houses only 1 had collapsed.

In Bucharest a big earthquake arises periodically about every 70 years or so. A man was in a toilet-room - there was a string hanging down from the roof to flush with - just as he pulled it the earth-quake started. Years after - every-time that man happened to see someone pulling a string hanging from a roof he got insane and started screaming: 'don't pull it!!' - he had gotten to the delusion that it WAS HE HIMSELF that had started the VERY EARTH-QUAKE! by flushing the toilet.'

Next morning Michail, the pedophile and sea captain kept on talking about his old memories; 'in the Aprozar which was a market that was everywhere during the times of Kalosh in the soviet era before '89 in every village and every city an 'aprozar' where the fruits and vegetables came directly from the pharmers, in one aprozar'.. at this point there was a sudden bolt driven back in the metal door, and the familiar face of one of the women that served the food could be seen. Lookman went to the hole that had now opened up in the steel door and could see that nice woman smiling at him. He gave his bottle and she filled it from a large saucepan with chai-tea. To this she suddenly gave him 3 eggs in his hand 'for the musliman' Lookman, overwhelmed by this great priviledge stepped back, as Michail came forth to the shuttle he again heard the nice voice of the woman 'for the musliman' and Michail was handed 2 more eggs. These, his habit as it was to steal Lookman's food at first best instance, pocked to himself. 'she seemes to like you' Michail said with a laugh as the woman had past on to the other cells, 'that you will come to discover by my story; anyway, in one aprozas one man went in and bought different kind of vegetables and also 3 eggs was laying at the bottom of his basked for purchasing: there were several people in the market; women, men etc. When he was going out of the market after having bought his eggs and vegetables the lady behind the counter called: 'hey you man there with 3 ova (eggs) - come back to take your change..' all customers laughed at this comment since 'ova' also meant 'balls' that is by the testicles.' 'yhea.. She seems to like me..' Lookman said dreamily, 'that is good for a muslim like me, since I would never have sex with her outside my marriage. Prophet Muhammad was asked by a stunned follower of his; Prophet! Are we really rewarded for having sex with our wives?! Yes, Prophet Muhammad said, likewise there is punishment in having sex with women not belonging to you, then there is reward for you in satisfying your women belonging to you.. By this we see from Prophet Muhammad's hadith, how someone holding unto the rope of Islam could make a virtue out of a necessity, and be happy seemingly, no matter under what queer circumstances he might fall under. I remember the sea captain when the storm approached saying in his prayer; oh God, I am not reluctant facing this trial, so test me in this. But it

is foremost when you are in lenient circumstances that you shall ask God for trial. Prophet Muhammad says also that during the good times, you shall give voluntary gifts for God's sake and make virtue, before you come into straightened circumstances and might not even be able to give anybody anything. It is the superiority of the man whom waits to embrace Islam, until he is free, and not in need to hide from any oppressive dynasty, like I did when I embraced Islam. I will here tell you the most strange story about my Ashahada, since I know you been asking for it dear brother: I was upfilled by the holy spirits of masters at midsummer 2007. I had then been the close and favourite pupil of a great legend for almost a year, and he had begun to regard me as a close friend, and did not take any fee from me as he conducted our lessons. When Pavarotti wanted to warm up his voice before a concert in front of a 13000 peopled audience, he could take 150 dollars an hour, but for me he gave the honour of giving lessons for free, and he asked me also to record these. Well, midsummer 2007, I walked out soon after midnight, driven by a strong force. Basho had written a poem similar to what I saw:

'ALONG THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN PATH/ THE SCENT OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS/AND ON A SUDDEN: THE RISING SUN'. Well, since there and then the enlightened experience upfilled my body, and whatever I did, I just followed the good side of the force, as George Lukas has termed it in Star Wars. In late 2009, I was still wanted by the police that was having been ordered to take me to some nut-house to force injections into me, since I refused to take "the medicine" that had been prescribed to me by some crazy "doctor" ' at this Michail went up in a bellow and said; 'Lookman! You are in serious trouble!' 'yes' Lookman answered, 'think that here I sit since they still hunt me, ! and so many years has passed! And still they hunt me for this very reason! And now Sweden demands they deport me back to illegal confinement and torture! Me whom headed out to marry my fiance! Can you believe that evil brother?!' 'they are totally crazy!'

again Michail ascertained, 'my ears will fall off if you tell me any more of that stuff! It is TOO HEAVY!!' 'I know' Lookman said, 'and still up till now I just scratch a little on the surface..' at this Michail took both his hands and covered his ears like a monkey, laughing in a pantomeme of 'the crazy team'. 'let me tell you' he said, 'the story about the woman and the letter'. 'OKEY' Lookman said. 'there was a beautiful woman in Constanca whom was the wife of a colonell in the army. They had just moved to a fancy area and as the colonell was much time away in draftings of the army, she had herself a secret lover. One morning after that man had left her apartment she was standing by the window dressed naked except for a transparent dress, through which could be seen her naked beauty and her topless breasts. There was a knock on the door, and the voice announced it was the postman with a letter.

As she naturally did not open, he leafed the letter through the hole for mail

in the door. But as the window was open it was windy through the apartment. So the letter, after the postman had left, blew by the windiness below the door, and as she hurried to catch it, it was already having been blown out on the front steps. As she was anxious to get it, maybe it was a gift from her lover, or a love-letter, she stepped out, but in her anxiety forgot to bring the key. And as she caught the letter suddenly discovered she had been locked out of the apartment! She was herself working as a nurse at the hospital in Constanca. A woman up on the roof to hang wet laundry caught sight of her, not knowing since she was new, that she lived there and began screaming: A CRAZY WOMAN IS HERE! WAKE UP NEIGHBOURS! PROTECT YOUR APARTMENTS!. Nurses with ambulance soon arrived, but they were met and recognized their college.

But anyway her secret lover was discovered by that letter and the colonel divorced her and married another woman..' yhea ..' Lookman said, and hid his sorrow about women. 'now you can keep on telling about your confession of faith' Michail said, 'I just got crazy hearing about your sick government!' 'well..' Lookman said, 'in 2009 under those crazy circumstances, I passed a house in the central city of Stockholm, close to my apartment at that time, I had long time wondered what it was for a house, with foreigners standing outside speaking aloud in some semitical language. Well.. I had taken it for a synagogue 'or something'.. As I this very day passed that big building a voice coming from the masters in the spiritual sphere that had been ruling me since 2007 suddenly said: ENTER THAT BUILDING AND DO AS EVERYBODY ELSE. At once, used as I was to follow the instructions of the masters, I turned around, and entering that building a lot of semitical looking people were hurrying in, taking their shoes off and putting them by the entrance on shelves. I did that very same maneuver. They all hurried down the stairs into the basement. Just the same: that was what I also did! Standing there in a queue to something I did not know, a white haired old man comes forth to me with a shout, and says something in Arabic. I answer spontaneously! It is like I suddenly can speak an unknown language! Taking his hand on my head, that old man starts reciting the Quran. I see the light suddenly, and gets so happy I collapse against the wall. Waking me up from my vision the old man takes me up into the mosque, and I lie against a pillar during the time they make the afternoon prayer. Coming to wake me up after they have finished, I still lie there, seeing that vision of light. The old man can't even wake me up! Taking his hand between my ribs, and pressing towards the heart, the old man forces me to awake before his fingers might reach my heart. I wake up so happy to have existed in that light, and he smiles and says; 'come on.. I will offer you some lunch'. After having bought me vegetarian falafel at a fast-food place (I was a vegetarian at that time, only reason I started eating meat, was because of ISLAM, for Allah's sake), he invites me to some 'brothers' some kilometer or two outside town. We are supposed to go there in his car. To tease his religious pride I come up with the

challenge to find his car for him. First I take him all through the shopping mall, and out on the street put my hand on a blue Volvo. 'nope' he says, a little too pleased I notice. I take him back again, and out on the other side put my hands on a red fluffy car. That turns out to be his. (by the way: later he shows up in that blue Volvo). We go out to those "brothers". They offer us tea and some good cookies, and we have a nice time there. They look at some astrological schemes, and seem to discuss my astrological position of entering Islam. On the way back before he drops me off he offers me to do the ASHAHADA, the Islamic confession of faith. I answer that since I am right now in straightened circumstances I will wait for better times to perform it. And I say that he can have my word for that as soon as possible I will come back to the mosque to begin to pray and acquaint the 'brothers'.

I did not say that as anything definite though. Well.. The persecution got better and to the spring that year I suddenly found myself a free man again. Then that experience took place where I had visit from an unknown angel that said; 'ALLAH IS GOD', and his power was such I could not rise from the praying position of Islam, that I had fallen in, when the power of that angel suddenly came on me, until I had promised to begin to pray to Allah. For two years I visited the mosque of Stockholm to learn more about my mission from that Angel to 'pray to Allah' trying to find out, I sometimes thought, if there had been some ulterior motive for that messenger to tell me so. Then I finally made the ASHAHADA and I am satisfied now with Islam as my Din, my religion and Prophet Muhammad as the last prophet before doomsday. And now I am married in the Din to a muslim girl in Teheran. I was on my way down to marry her officially, when suddenly I got arrested since some bastards in Stockholm..' 'say no more! say no more!!' Michail suddenly broke in, 'I puke to hear about that enormous oppression!' and Michail whom stood below Lookman whom was sitting on the top bulk-bed doubled out of nausea. 'let me now tell you a NICE story instead. I have NICE STORIES', Michail said with a smile with that glitter in his eyes that surely he had tempted some young girls with, and his father-like charm, that made you almost think he was doing you a favour, as he sat eating up your food solemnly. 'it is about when I was young..'

'We decided after I had taken my graduation which was in sea-man ship to visit the Bucegi Pestera, that mountain chain with those famous cages bearing that same name.. But! Let me first tell you my youth story about 'how to be succesful! But even before that the story about maybe not being so succesful!' Michail said with a leering smile obviously anxious to make his point. 'in the fishing waters of USA there was a trawler - trawling with bottom-nets, so the trawler were hawling in the nets, when suddenly up came a coffin of an American Admiral all in glass, where you still could see that man of power laying inside. The captain called the American authorities; what should we do with the coffin?, he asked. The answer later came to the crews astonishment; 'let him down - it was his last wish

to be lowered down into the bottom of the sea just like this..' Next year another trawler caught that Admiral in his coffin. They like their colleagues called the American authorities asking that same question. The answer just like last time came: 'let him down - but on a more deep place! Should he not even have peace at the bottom of the ocean?!

'well..' Michail kept on, 'that was *his* story of success.. Now to mine on the other side of the line so to speak, when I was young.. I had a brother 3 years older than myself, my parents were not rich, rather poor, and we, our family that is, was inherents in a bigger house where we rented two rooms and a kitchen. My father was mechanics on a ship and my mother a housewife. Next to the street where they lived with the family was a library for that neighbourhood; when Michail was in the first 4 years in school - he read almost all books in that library. Michail thoughts were; 'what will I be when I grow old?' the answer came; 'either electronics or navigator..' Michail from that point had these two purposes, all his youth he tried hard to have more information about these fields. Michail's father had reviews of technical and historical and geographical magazines - and except for those magazines he studied in the libraries those subjects. When Michail came home - his mother did not let him go out and play until he had done his homework. He was furiously in love with a girl in his class, but no matter that later as he matured he wrote her in *his* taste good love poems, she treated him quite cruel and cold. Michail also liked playing chess. His bigger brother started to teach him; he taught Michail to play chess. But after Michail had learned it, he started to beat his bigger brother in chess - then his brother did not want to play much anymore. He also learned radio frequency, his code of operation was 'YO4AWS'. He learned moorse coding to the degree he was up in the proffesional level of 100 letters a minute. Finally his bigger brother did not want to play with him at all. Also Michail's brother started teaching him how to swim - holding him in the water; but when he let him down Michail made noise of panic.

His bigger brother then said: if you make noise I will not teach you. 'ok' Michail said, 'I WILL TEACH MYSELF..'. He took a stone and threw it 2 meters ahead in the water and dived for it. So he in the beginning, **LIKE BABIES STILL ATTACHED TO THE NAVEL STRING, STARTED TO LEARN HOW TO SWIM UNDER WATER.** Michail was very, very busy as young. In school Michail was very attentive - in the first year of study boys and girls were separated, but from grade number 2, up till 8 they were mixed. There was 3 girls whom had better grades than Michail, but he was first top student among the boys; in mathematics he was much better than the girls; for mathematics Michail was the best in the class. Successively Michail succeeded to teach himself to swim on the surface. Esperanto Michail learned in 3 months. When in 8th grade he participated in two conferances of Esperanto. 1 for youths in Pecs in the south of HUNGARY, and another in the capital of that same country for grown-ups. Geography Michail was so good at that the old lady that taught the class - always

after finishing what she had to say upon the subject - asked Michail to come up on the pulpit and asked him; you have something more to say Michail?, upon this our subject? And Michail always used to have some special information. Even if Michail was very focused on the two subjects he had chosen - he did not neglect the general culture of his place and time, when he had finished basic school he thought he would have an easy gain of entrance to any Lyceum. It had been first time he had met the fancy of his heart, had been in 4th or 5th grade, when the class was putting up a theatre-play. The main actor in the play as a male had been him, and the girl he fell in love with his co-actor having the main-role of the females. He had then received into his steady bosom that passion of love that he in the theatre-piece played, and the girl had acted that, but not felt the same. What was in the play had resounded in Michail's heart - and he had fallen in love with the girl for real. All up until the 8th class he loved her so much, but she did not feel the same, and even though he wrote her good genuine poems of his own - she did not love him back. Michail thought he wanted to go to the same Lyceum as she - but she made his feelings mangled, so that he did not succeed more than to enter the same class as she - but he did not get to see her since he had fallen under the grade of day-school work and had to work his classes from home. That lasted for about 2 years. After 2 years he got to go to the classes in the evening, but then he had already forgotten about her. In EFORIE NORD HOTEL EUROPA, he learned French, and in CONSTANTA HOTEL CONTINENTAL, which was more close, and did not, like HOTEL EUROPA lie south of Constanca, he learned German.

'in Sweden' Lookman folded in, 'there are sick bastards that have 'educated' themselves to 'healthy idiots' in the field of 'medicine', to hide their own mental disease that they practice on 'patients' with extreme malice, that torture healthy beings to death if they can. Every 'legal act' of oppression they will subdue their victims under. If lobotomy would still be permitted, they would for sure send their victims for that brain-rape. In actual fact Sweden was the last country to forbid that 'tomo' surgical operation, the last year they could use it was 2008. They spread their disease over the whole world, and the Swedish Academy is used as an idol-hood, to sacrifice innocent victims to Satan. It is ruled by a pimp named 'WHOREACE' or something, which is have sniffed the foul winds of time, made a brown magical gimmic of the oppression and is working day and night upon stealing the girl's of geniuses and in secret making them into whores for his own perverse purposes, that demon slowly takes perverse satisfaction in driving the geniuses insane, and in the meanwhile like the black mamba whom in Roald Dahl's story drank the milk of the cow, this demon steals their genial ideas through reading the code of the women after the secret intercourses and is even ruling the Academy, nobody daring to put the finger upon the issue since they feel all to embarrassed to bring it up, and if they would, they fear to be stamped as

insane, remembering the destinies of Harry Martinsson and Gunnar Ekelöf. And there are surely more victims whom have walked those 'royal' corridors and still having been victimized by the modern inquisition. For sure. The whole thing is so terrifying!' 'say no more! Say no more!!' Michail made a slight gesture of deprecation again, 'well.. as I was listening to your story, my mind wandered over these issues.. I did not intend to say, but, it was like I suddenly was speaking to myself, formulating truths suddenly of a higher nature.. Yes.. Go on now with your story about those caves.. Hmm..' Lookman leaned back in the top bulk-bed, and his mind kept on wandering dreamily as he was listening to the rest of the story.

'these oppressive bastards projected toxoplasma gondi on their victims.. "you know. Cats have it" they said with an idiot's smile of 'knowingness' "and therefore cat-owners are more liable to fall into our hands, since the virus can produce symptoms of skizophrenia".' if so the victim answered with atom-bomb threats in answer to their syringes, in the public hiatus they kept on pretending that the victim 'in reality wanted it' that was their mantra, since they were junkies on the picture that somehow they were 'benevolent' 'physicians'. In actual fact they were though totally crazy and the very disease of the victims themselves. They were the ultra fuel of eternal Hell.

'shall we make a deal?' Michail said as the business-man he had got used to be, by spending some ravaged days counted in many months in the prison, where you got thin by lack of real nutrients. 'you seem like a writer! What if I tell you stories and you write them down?! I already have an idea of a title: Stories from the prison. Then you find a publisher and we split half / half. I trust your word for that money if you agree..?' 'okey' Lookman said, knowing that because of the sensitiveness of political affairs, that he really was a prince in Sweden but denied in the worst kind of oppression, he would have as difficult to find a publisher, as he had to make people support him in dire need, ever, economically, but if so would be, naturally he would feed Michail's family with half of that future money. 'ok' he said, 'let me improvise a beginning:

I became a slave in my life-time - even though I was born as a free man; Umar al Khattab - also called (AKA) 'the second rightly guided Khalifa' - spoke what has been to become known as the signum of the so-called 'FRENCH REVOLUTION', "why do you enslave people - while their mothers has born them free?". An old English proverb said: 'beggars must not be choosers.. I decided to become a beggar in year 20XX - inspired by the feeling of the uselessness in all human strivings I readily witnessed around me. 'but' I thought, 'with that corner stone laid, the other things, the strivings of my youth-friends in the surrounding, could also gain meaning!'. At the time I was working as an assistant of cook in a famous mall of restaurants, in the fancy overclass neighbourhood in the center of the

capital of Upper Baboon Asshole. I had never been in such a deplorable state in my life before - but what I was most surprised by was that my surrounding suddenly had changed. I was welcomed by friends, family and acquaintances, like I had not been since I became frozen out of their circle as one of the 'shut-outs'; but inside I felt miserable as never before. The cook I assisted was from Austria - and one or two of his 'stories' stuck in my memory: the first one was about his' neighbour's daughter in an at that time quite forgotten suburb: she was 14 years old - and as all young girls she loved fucking: he told me with a laughter and smile on his face - about the incendiary sounds through an open window in that family's apartment that she used to make - as her lover visited them. That gave me a stirring feeling in my balls hearing about it: like I somehow had been present on the occasion. The other thing was when he told me about him arriving in Sweden from abroad in the late 1960's:

you could just walk into a restaurant - he said - and ask for work there and also get it. Very easy. Just showing some of your practical skills, and there you go! You were hired. His head was filled with what the common man wanted: sex - and money to be able to have sex. Quite natural - but base and low; and I thought: life must be more than this if there ever existed a creator! Anyway - I quit the job after some months - when I felt I could not stand any more of this meaningless life: cutting meat and chopping onions after peeling them, taking out 200 degree hot steel forms filled with potatoes from the oven. Eating everyday microwaved food - and hearing about what was said in those shabby little things - with fat head-lines they called the evening press. Instead of working - I started walking and bicycling everywhere - and frequenting a cafe - that was a hotspot for artists at that time.

There I could speak boldly and bravely about my 'mental-problems' - since I divined it was a phenomena that was somehow stemming from the collective subconscious.. I thought that - if I 'spit out the bone' as Metallica has named one of their songs - I will dry up the root of the tree of life, that had begun to feel rotten everywhere - by making conscious - through social life - those perverted impulses. I began to have a feeling of joy in my deep sorrow, that like a fountain constantly bathed my existence like in champagne. I moved to another apartment, and one day apprehended that I was out of money. I called my jewish friend that always had been there for me - more or less - when I needed money; I asked for a work - and he some days later had fixed a job for me.. Again I experienced that strange 'lifting' of the surrounding, which they called 'life' - but which I knew was Satan tempting with golden promises.. This made me even more convinced - that the Zen Buddhistic experience of poverty was the very thing I sought after: beggar-hood! I had heard that those with 'mental-problems' could get economical support from the state - since a nazistic welfare system had been introduced during second world-war by the nazis, and so - I had my aim of getting that piece of security in place - and I felt

joy in working and earning a lot of money.. But - of course I did not 'want' to become such a beggar - but my 'orientation' in economics was heading that way, I was upfilled with the Zen Buddhistic experience: I just had that passing thought of well-fare compensation - like in a puzzle - and suddenly saw that that very piece - that missing piece - fitted into my situation.. The surrounding were louding me suddenly; I earned as much or some days more, even than my mother whom worked at a high position in the Association of Doctors Union: and I thought: was this all there was?! All that was needed in this most obviously sick society to be called 'a living being'?! William S. Burroughs had written in Naked Lunch: if you want to demolish a pyramide, you remove the bottom level: the junkies on the street - in Upper Baboon Asshole: the junk-packages. And I thought about that line of his in A BOOK OF DREAMS: skizophrenia is a bigger trip than all drugs God's created. Something suddenly glittered like gold in water before my eyes - like a band of gold slowly sinking in the sea: and I thought: I have to catch that golden band before it is too late! One day my body - whom through telling the for me pleasing lie to the public that I was 'paranoid skizophrenic' and the opposite to the oppressive authorities, that I was totally healthy, I equated their faulty diagnosis that they some years back faultily had stamped me with publicly. And told the blunt truth, that I was totally healthy. By this spying out the positions of the Satans that was surveilling me secretly, the holy spirits possessing my body stopped on my way through town to put up advertisements for nightclubs: and I walked away from the wagon I used to transport them in. I called my jewish friend - and told him I now ran for a higher purpose of artistery, and for this reason had been commanded to quit the work now directly. I had become the most popular poster-man in Upper Baboon Asshole capital, but my jewish friend, whom knew about my instinct of genius - had been one of the first persons to recognize it actually, so I managed after some while to calm his confidence in me whom now was questioned. I was more and more now upfilled with a feeling of greatness - a new interesting air hung about my mind - and I felt that the holy spirits ruling my body - now made me enter with with absolute security an interesting turn?' so dear brother in this prison-cell, now I have made a beginning of the future book in the style of how to 'fail better', now tell me your story about those caves in Rumania, and how to 'become successful' as you began before I spoke some reflections in my mind..'

'okey..' Michail said with a small laughter and a leer, 'I keep on my story about how to be successful! In Continental Hotel there were two German-language courses. One for beginners and one advanced. I went to both at once, when one day the lady teaching the beginners asked: are you also in the advanced class? 'yes' I said. 'so why you lose time here?' so I began to only attend the advanced courses - and by exam I was already in that class in the superior part among those students.. So German I learned good enough to have normal conversation, but not good enough to read

books or newspapers. In the lyceum in the evening school it happened a nasty situation: the teacher of mathematics had just examed as a teacher in University, she was a young woman - now also teacher of mathematics, and in Michail's eyes not so very qualified. So everytime there was something to fix on the blackboard, I was the one to correct it. Michail was not up-nosy, but stood vertical and strong - and this stance the young lady did not like; when they started the chapter of probabilities - Michail was on the job at the hotel - he played the card-play of 'TABLE' with his boss that was receptionist. After they finished the game Michail remained at the place alone, he sat and played some 'TABLE' by himself, at that night - and had gone to all lessons of probability except this last lesson.. Just as he sat there he started making some notes - and suddenly some formulas sprang forth! I was surprised' Michail said, 'that I had invented things myself that said in the book of mathematics. As I arrived to the lesson next day - the women principle as usual in the later part of the lesson asked me to comment some upon issues she might have missed during the lesson she was teaching. I just wrote some figuration upon the blackboard; then I thought for about 10-20 seconds - not more upon the issue and then wrote it.. The young woman teacher was baffled: 'I DID NOT TEACH YOU THAT!!' she exclaimed. 'yes I know,' I said, 'sorry I was not on the last lesson'. I did not want to boast, and answered her not with a smile of self-satisfaction more than a little. Now, before I tell you about my exam and the visit to the caves, let me tell you about sharks in bath-waters..' 'very well' Lookman said, 'it is fitting at this point, many youths have the fear for sharks in their minds..' 'I know' Michail said with that intellectual glitter in his eyes, 'that is why I will tell it now and you write..'

'well' Michail said, 'I was in Gibraltar, with a mechanics of boats, when I studied for being trawler-officer. We had been in Mauritania, and was on our way back to Rumania, and harboured in Gibraltar. As a student I earned 0,9 dollars a day, that was the diurnal pay. I was inside the city of Gibraltar buying some things. The money as you well understood soon finished and as it was a hot day, me and my pal now lacked money for the entrance fee of a public beach having nets against becoming shark-waters. But anyway it was a hot day and we wanted to swim. So we took to swimming in an open area. We swam some distance from the shore, when suddenly close by we discovered to our great fear two shark-dorsals. Fast we began swimming back - and as we reached the shore, fast I took a grip of a 40 centimetre thick stone by the shore and climbed out of the water, as I looked back my co-student had also reached to the shore and did the same. As I looked out over the sea a question stirred in my mind: '2 men, 2 sharks!! Why did not they attack?!' Two or three years later as a deck officer I was in Mauritania - when the trawling line got stuck in the propeller of the ship. A team of east-German divers came on board to fix the problem. 3 divers and 1 doctor. I became friend with one of the divers, a blond strong male of about 1,85 centimetres. 'why didn't the sharks

attack us?' I asked him. He answered: 'even though the sharks are a killing machine - then they are at the same time very prudent. Only if in the water they smell or taste blood - they will get on autopilot. Otherwise, before they attack, they study the situation first - and if they regard everything as safe, then they attack. If there is shark in the water that is less tall than himself, he is not alarmed. If the shark is bigger than him or there are many, he just slowly starts to go to the surface.

'that reminds me' Lookman said, 'about those monsters calling themselves by the fake name of 'doctors' in Sweden and their culprits. If you meet one whom is oppressive and "taller" than you, you have to fear for your life, but could manage if the staff at the place is alright. If there are a group of sharks in a dolphin gang of workers, as Tim Buckey sang; I am still looking for the dolphins in the sea.. you better not expose yourself to their presence until some dolphins come around. Just as you describe here you faced by that scene has to 'surface' mentally. If you get into love-affair problems and mentally bleed, you better stay in your room and not dip your feet even in the water 'if it is there you bleed' get it.?' 'yhea that was a good analogy' Michail said. 'now let me go on with my story about my visit to those caves in the mountains..'

'yes!' Michail said, 'but first let me tell you about a very dangerous shark.. He he.. We were waiting in Jibouti in French Somalia, in the North of Somalia, by the boarder of Red Sea and Indian Ocean, close to Ethiopia. One cylinder spare part had broken in the engine, and we were waiting for a replacement spare-part to come by air-plane. The pistol in the engine could not work without it. We had waited 10 days about it. We were on shore to take air and then went to the anchorage area, the crew of the city were going to the city itself with the life-boat. Young people between themselves were making joke - laughing - sitting by the spare-part of the boat. Suddenly a white shark came and swam slowly but surely just under the boat. The whole company became silent and everybody began moving their seat to the middle of the life-boat. Another interesting thing I discovered that I forgot to tell you about. We go back to Gibraltar when we saw those two sharks as we were swimming. Me and my co-student intended to drink some water and found the public toilet, but to our surprise it was salt-water! Gibraltar you see is a military base - and was like a schweizer-chees, full tunnels in the mountains. In west Africa, Morocco and Mauritania, the sharks have a lot of food - and man is not on the menu. Anyway; I finished my studies and began with the exam of electronics at the University of Bucharest, which is situated close to Gare de Nord. And I entered the university by the entrance of the street of Polizu, but exited from Grivitei street - that was near to Gare de Nord..' As he received the quotations, he looked and looked at the paper, and he exclaimed to himself: 'can this be true?!' taking care of the chin. 'only 3,84!? What the heck!?!' the minimum for succeeding was 5 - and the maximum 10! But even to gain entrance to the University 8 or at least 7

was necessary! But then Michail briefed through the list of students - and a big smile began to grow on his face. '1.. something. 2.. something.. 1.. something..' and he said to himself: 'I am not the most stupid here!' Michail had expected to have a good quotation because he knew almost everything necessary! 'In the beginning was something I did not do specifically well,' he said to himself.. He had wasted much of the time limit on the first subject. So that, when he arrived to the other part of the test, he had known he had had little time; thus he had only written the formulas, but not the results! And the professors had checked only the results! They had not at all checked the formulas! So what to do?? Michail went to the other University for navigation in Constanca - and there he succeeded! Now he had still the possibility to try at the second exam of electronics. But in that case he did must retreat the file from the navigational education. And the entrance to the electronics was not a 100% sure. 'So I chose instead, to make an excursion to the caves of Pestera with 2 friends from Bucharest' Michail said. 'These are very famous caves called BUCEGI PESTERA, we went up those mountains with a cable-wire up to the BUCEGI CAVES - you could go with another cable also down to the cave area, but we walked on foot. The Cabbana which is a guest house in the mountains, was full - and they said they did not even have room for 3 people since they were awaiting a group of tourists. They left the baggage at the cabbana and went to the cave. There they discovered that they had forgot to bring their flashlights with them. None felt like going back the long crooked way to the Cabbana but finally Michail stayed with one of the boys there, and their third companion hurried back to the Cabbana. He was anxious with expectation and was hurrying to get back to his companions and see those caves with them. He felt some regrets about that he had to go all alone while the others had fun. The way to the cabbana went in a half-circle - and as he hurried back on it - he came to the idea he could not go such a long way when he was so anxious to see the caves.. 'okey' Lookman said, he had begun suddenly to have a creepy feeling of disgust seeing Michail's smiles, 'so this is the story how to get successful?' he said to make clear his suspicion, that had began to accumulate, that this was the foremost story Michail used when he accosted his victims, telling first about how clever he was though born poor, and then finishing with a made-up fabricated story of those 'caves' that surely contained hidden sexual symbolism, that had made women fall for him. 'yes this is the story about 'how to reach success' ' Michail said, 'you can just keep on NOTING'. 'okey' Lookman said, feeling queer about the whole situation. 'anyway! arriving at the cabbana our third companion fast put the flashlights in each pocket and at once turned back. The anxiousness of hurry dawned upon him and he - instead of taking the road hurried over the rocks straight towards his friends.' Michail and the remaining companion had surely begun climbing some trees, that third thought to himself, he hurried over stock and stone and between the pines, almost having a perfidious focus

like a black dot: I get back soon. Michail and his friend had very rightly as he had assumed begun climbing some trees.. They were already 7 meters up in them and having a good time when suddenly they heard some rocks above them tumbling down the steep hill. Both, looking up at once saw their third companion falling vertical like a parachuter from the tall rock above them. It was free falling, but there was a 'Brad' (a fir tree) that had grown like a miracle straight out of the rock, "(BRAD PITT)" Michail said, putting in a parenthesis in his story-telling, "is named after this tree, that Rumanian world famous actor." So now their companion was lucky about a 'BRAD PITT' 'PITT' meaning 'PETRUS' after one of Jesus twelve companions). As he fell, he fell straight on this 'BRAD' and managed to grab its top, like a woman doing gamahuche. He came some way down with branches breaking before they could ascertain him to be safe! His legs still hanging in the air. There was amusi, since the scene was so funny sort of. Michail and the other companion climbed down fast and got some ropes, soon they had saved their companion, but the flashlight they found laying on the ground broken. "what if not that tree had been there and you not had happened to fall right on it?!" they marvelled as they came down, out of sheer relief hugging each other and making sure to be alive by grabbing with hands at the other. As the pockets were felt they actually found the second flashlight! "and so we visited the caves!" Michail said with his leering smile. As they came out they were laughing that their third companion was like a Christmas present in a Christmas tree. They went back to the cabbana and still impatient as they were, there were still no free beds at the Cabbana.

So as Michail and his two friends came out from the caves they laughed that their friend had been like a 'brad pitt' a christmas gift in a christmas tree, and that 'what a story! You come flying down from that mountain! Jesus!' and made their way back to the cabbana, which still was full. But, at the camping they finally got to rent a small cottage in the outskirts. Walking in with their packing they found to their right, a room with a bulk-bed, and the window was broken. But they put newspapers to cover it to keep out mosquitos and curious watchers, and... Michail said he could sleep there. To the left of the door was a similar room, but with the window more intact. The guy who slept alone, that had that privilege, was going to be in the more chilly air. They hurried to the village bar - and there they played good music, and they drank alcoholic drinks and laughed far into the night and had a nice time far into the night. As they came back to the cottage - it was cold and chilly and ruffled. Michail usually moved from one side to the other as he slept - but, Michail and his companions had divided the blankets between themselves and Michail crept into the bed, in the dark, whence he felt with his hands in his bed, for a milli second fancying somebody had fallen asleep there, before remembering he had put his luggage there before they left, drunk. In that milli second he had felt anger over it.! Since he wanted the blanket! The extra blanket for the

upper bulk-bed had namely been given to the other room where his two companions slept, and he had thought, drunk as he was: why! Did I give it away, it is more chilly in my room God damn it! But soon he fell asleep but soon woke up since it was so chilly, and he lay in that same position all night as to gather heat, the drunk mangling his thoughts in a nice half slumber. This night with the window broken and cold streaming in - he did lie in one position the whole night through. When Michail woke up that morning he was more tired than when he had started his sleep, just as you are when the high cortisol level drives you towards catatony. And he sat on his bed in the morning, damn tired - when he suddenly sees a sulky stream of water coming from the ceiling. 'is there also a hole in the roof?' he thought. He looked up and saw no damn hole in the roof - looking down again - he saw the water was still running. Complexed he felt his face -; his nose it was! That was running like hell! The two other boys also caught a cold, they went to the Cabbana again - but it was not open so early. Back they began jogging around their small cottage to shake of the chill.. When the Cabbana opened finally - they had much hot tea and spiritized themselves with some more alcohol. The excursion after that did not come much of; they were a few days in the mountains, but with running noses from the cold, they fancied they might have caught a 'racid' as you called 'virus' in Ro-mania, the excursion was over. Lookman looked at Michail standing there below his bed, and he heard the chitter-chattering outside of the females at the other side of the yard, that was communicating their wild passion over Lookman's case to their male counter parts on Lookman's side of the prison yard, and he felt happy. Here he were, having followed finally that word of Allah that He says in the Quran in Sura 4 (THE WOMEN) verse 97; Indeed, those whose lives the angels take in such a state they have ruined their souls, the Angels ask them: What condition were you in? They reply: We were powerless and helpless in the land.' The angels will say: Was Allah's earth not vast enough for you to migrate in it??' So it is they whose abode is Hell, and what an evil abode that is! And in 98-100.; Except for those really helpless men, women and children who neither are capable to make any plan, nor do they know any way. They are those whom Allah shall certainly spare, and Allah is Most Pardoning, Most Forgiving. And he who emigrates leaving his home in the way of Allah will find many places in the earth and plentiful provision, and he who leaves his home migrating towards Allah and His messenger, and then death overtakes him, his reward with Allah is ensured and Allah is Most Forgiving, Ever Merciful.

Thus Allah says in the Quran, and Lookman had been told by the angels that Allah gave him and Iris paradise as reward for this trip, his plan to escape the oppressors had failed but Allah had in recompense given Lookman many miracles.

Michail was out one day, walking in Duala with a bag on his shoulder: a

nigger came running from behind, and one, two, three, before Michail knew it, that nigger had stolen his bag from his shoulder, and kept on running. Michail took up a stone - but the man had already reached out of throwing range. He himself then started running after, with stone in his hand. Michail soon found himself running with another gang: they shouted: 'did you have money in the bag?' he did not dare to answer - since the situation could not be grasped like that immediately: actually - he had only his bathing suit in that bag - but he loved to bath!. They soon came out into the bushes - he looked around some for the man with the stone clasped in his sweaty hand, but sensed danger around. He went to an office nearby and told them what had happened. The man drove him back to the harbour, later he came again and said the gendarmes was thinking that they had caught the man. As Michail came they asked him: 'is this the man?' - since he had not seen his face, he said: 'I am not sure - but I guess that is my luggage..' According to description it really was Michail luggage. The mob that he had found himself running with had planned to burn the nigger: the gendarmes had saved the thief, and the thief had saved himself from that destiny of being burned by the mob, by the we must say valiant act, of thieving Michail's swimming-suit case.

The ship that was taken into arrest in Duala, which Michail was sent down to take care of from Romania, had a crew that had not been paid for 2 or 3 months, Rumanian men, whom had been fooled by the Greek captain and chief officer and engineer.. As soon as Michail arrived down there to investigate the case and take care of the ship, the Greeks took an easy way out and simply travelled home by air-plane, leaving big debts behind. The ship had also neither paid the fuel and tariff when they passed Kap Agulhas in South Africa. And they had sent crew members that had gotten sick in malaria to the hospitals in Duala without paying the hospitals.. It had become a rigmarole that kept on as Michail had come and taken over the responsibility, to always find a new foundation like 'The crosses of Mary' or 'The red help' or whatever now they could invent, to get their man into the hospital, and not burning down the inventiveness, by coming to the same hospital all too often. Michail was discussing the problem of the ship that had been taken into arrest, with the consul of Romania in Cameroon. They were walking in the market of the capital, which laid some distance up the river from Duala. 'let me buy you something' the consul said, and took out a 100 dollars bill - and gave to the market seller: for this the consul bought 4,5 meter long python-snake skin with also crocodile bags - and snake bags - portfolios of snake skin - 3 in number etc. Anyway, to keep on the story about Michail in Duala, as they travelled back there from the capital, they stopped at a certain place by the river to pee; Michail took a short stroll towards the river, and as he came back he saw the two men in the car, which was a German pastor whom drove the car and a nigger, throwing themselves out of the car like they suddenly had discovered that they were sitting on an atom-bomb or something, 'Tse-

tse' the nigger screamed in warning. It was a tse-tse mosquito whom was buzzing around inside the car, and one bit of that in your skin could mean that you fell asleep and never woke up again. Michail did not get to have a look at the tse-tse - he only saw the panic in the two faces of the men - the panic of frown - and all the doors of the car they opened. Anyway Michail was back at the ship, and one day as it was in the rainy season, he was going from the ship anchored by the shore, to the harbour-master. On his way suddenly there met him a red-snake, totally red from top to toe; Michail did not stop to say 'hello' or something but folded out his umbrella and hit the snake, aiming for the head; but the snake moved his head so that the hit took at the neck of the snake, next hit though managed to hit the snake in the head, and the snake died. The snake was about 1 meter and 20 centimetre long. Michail picked up the snake and carried it in the nook of his umbrella to the harbour master. As he showed the men at the harbour master they exclaimed: 'serpent red, if bitten die within 5 minutes!' Another time Michail went to a village to get access by a tribe to mount a mountain; the chief there was wealthy from all tariffs he had been able to take from foreigners whom wanted to mount that mountain which their tribe had control over, the person Michail went there with first explained to Michail that 20-30 kilometres from their position, there was still villages whom was cannibals. As he came to the village, the children there started screaming: white man! white man! and it reminded Michail about the play - 'what time does the nigger come' in Rumania as he was young, where the one leading the play for the moment screamed; '1 o'clock nigger don't come, 2'oclock nigger don't come, 3 o'clock nigger come!' and then everybody was supposed to hide themselves and run in panic from the one temporary leading the child-game. Michail companion explained that his ship was into the arrest through no fault of Michail's and the chief of the village was nice, having already many luxury cars and a big house, and let Michail mount the mountain without fee. '6 o'clock NIGGER CAME!' As Michail one early morning was walking to the harbour-master, in central area of Duala - there was a man hanged from the illumination post - he was naked, strangled and tied to the post - everything about the man was dead, Michail reflected, except the penis that was still moving..

Michail's ship, since it laid by the pier, and not by anchor in the bay, was functioning for many other ships to take their loads back and fro from the pier to their ships; there was a captain there from Russia, and Michail knew Russian language, it was mandatory to learn in schools of Romania at that time, and this captain had mounted Mt. Everest. He showed Michail photos of himself by the Mt. Everest, with his two companions which he climbed it with.

There were two "chirpas" also present on the photos; carriers whom carried the luggage of the expedition up to the top of Mt. Everest.

Michail got access to that captains library, which was very good, as long as his ship laid anchor there, and his ship came many times during that

period which Michail took care of the arrested ship.

Mt. Cameroon was almost 4000 meters high, it was a vulcano - and it actually erupted soon after Michail had been to visit it. Michail went back to see, and the eruption had covered the road to Nigeria:

Michail's ship had 160 meter of pier-side; and as Michail stood there on the pier with that Russian captain which he knew, the other captain said:

'it is not only a dream to go up there to Mt. Everest - if you want - you can achieve it.. If I have done it others also can..'

That captain accepted Michail on an expedition with some men from his crew, to mount Mt. Camerun.

They went by bus to the bottom of Mt. Camerun and climbed as much as they had time, when they saw the evening coming - they went down - as night fell they were close to the base again.

Then they went home again by bus.

On board on the other ship, whose captain was English there was a very good library, as said; as he went out of the harbour with his ship, he permitted Michail to borrow books from that library until he returned.

There was a Tag-ship of Spanish origin in the harbour : they knew the situation of Michail's ship, and used to give vegetables, for them to eat.

As Michail arrived he had had 1 months provision left at the ship, the second month the ministry of foreign affairs gave them monthly provision, and gave permission to the harbour to supply them with fresh water as necessary.

Water from the swimming pool at the deck of the ship; for toilet need they used rain water from the swimming pool.

Showering and bathing they did at the sea-men's club.

In the fishing area Michail had met many Russian trawlers, and in Duala Michail spoke with Russian trawlers and he explained the situation of the ship:

that Russian sea captain gave Michail's ship 3 times 30 kilograms boxes of frozen fish;

'bring the forklift' he said, and they put in the refrigerator of the ship: when they did not have electricity they took and moved the boxes to the sea-men's club.

Michail also spoke with an Italian captain whose ship cargo was fruits from Cameroon to Italy; and when he heard the situation of the ship he said:

'come with the forklift' - and Michail spoke with one of the bosses whom were in charge of the loading in the harbour, and one of the bosses lent a fore-cliff to him and sent some men with him, some people along to protect the transport with the forklift from thieves.

The Italian gave Michail half of a frozen pig one fourth of a cow, and 2 or 3 boxes with frozen chicken, a bag of flowers, and a lot of spaghetti and macaronis.

Some other different food stuff - a box of very good Italian wine, some

beers, some kind of medicine against malaria etc.

And he told Michail that in his ship-company there are 3 similar ships: he said he will speak with these - and as soon as they enter the harbour Michail should go directly to them and get help:

and so it became. It was the biggest support during that 1,5 year Michail was in Duala to take care of a ship that had been arrested.

Michail had observed the level of bribery in Camerun, and told a funny story about it. In Duala: ship was off loading sugar; a man with one leg - leaning on a crutch - took a 50 kilogram sugar bag on his shoulder, and began running. A policeman in the harbour ran after to catch him; but though he had only a pistol and two legs he did not manage to catch him. Michail commented: 'It must be Guinness Record book stuff - or rather you call it bribing.'

When Michael was young - in the district of Danu Delta there was only two cars in the whole city - these two collided. There was a wagon of a train that was going to be put at the place by a ship for cargo. The steam engine pushed it - but this time too hard; the wagon broke the breaks by its place - kept on - broke through other breaks - rolled out on the pier - broke the pier chain. The two at the pilot-boat seeing the wagon come - jumped in the water; this was by the harbour-master: it was February and winter cold in the water. The pilot boat whom used to stand up had a collapsed deck after this.

There was another crash: a plane coming in for landing folded out its wheels; a truck on a road by the landing got its roof blown off by those wheels.

So Michail could provide the crew with enough food, and exchange for money food to be able to go into the city with motor-cycle taxis. The price for such a trip was 50 SFA. First 3 persons whom got sick of the malaria: the first man Michail sent to the hospital but the bill was not paid: the second he also sent to the hospital, through the sea-men's club.. the third through the catholic church, those two also not paid.

The next with the Orthodox church; also not paid. The fifth with the South Korean church.. the next on with the workers syndicate And none were paid! So every time a new crew member got sick in Malaria Michail had to be prepared to keep in his mind whom to send him with to the hospital.

The first 2 or 3 crew member that got sick of Malaria Michail then sent home by airo-plane:

but the others did not like to go home: they had food, they had bowling and swimming at the sea-men's club: and they knew Michail would manage the ship. And also they expected to receive the salary some day..

The next to last one whom had malaria was named Mitita; he was very fat, fat enough with only 2 years until pension: and the period he, Mitita was sick, the company whom owned the ship, the Rumanian state company Navrom - collapsed.

Prize Water Couper - in Duala - an international company with a branch in

Duala, managed the bankruptcy.

When Mititia was sick Michail sent two strong men with Mititia to Prize Water Couper. Mititia with the malaria was making theatre and collapsed, in the street in front of Prize Water Couper - and Prize Water Couper took him to a private hospital where there was a good restaurant across the street:

every day a man came from that restaurant to the hospital to ask Mititia: 'Mr. Mititia.. (quesque vous volouz mange demain) what do you want to eat tomorrow..?'

And "Mr. Mititia' remained in the private hospital, with air-condition, TV, an own room etc.

After Mititia Michail was happy to know he was the last to get sick: he had protected himself all the time - covering his arms, legs and even hands to avoid malaria.

But now: he got sick.

And he went into that private hospital. After several weeks the whole crew was taken by air-plane to Romania. Michail don't know what happened with that rusty now unpainted ship, it probably went into scrap, he thought softly, remembering those adventures in Cameroon, so far away from his home-country.

Michail flawed that red snake and saved the skin - but before he could take it home to Romania the meat that was left at the tail which he had been unable to take away began to smell foul; as Michail for preserving effect poured bleach on it the snake turned totally blue..

When Michail finally came home to Romania, he wanted to sew a vest of the snake skin, but as he had left it in to the tanner that was going to do the work, it was discovered there were several bullet holes in the skin, the hunters had of course been afraid and shot the snake at close range.

As said, Michail don't know what happened with that rusty, now unpainted ship; it probably went into scrap. Everybody lost money - and after half a year the crew received the salary from Price Water Cooper.

Also the company which owned the pier, where the ship had been stationed lost money; when they had intended to win, and the engine whom had not been running for 1 and a half year now of that ship had lost much capacity.

Navrom whom had gone bankrupt paid some to the owner of that pier, the ships whom could not unload there had had to pay fine when they had been forced by lack of space, to anchor in the harbour in wait for loading, the owner of the pier had surely thought that if they did not keep the ship by the pier - it would go to anchorage, and then back to Romania without paying. They did not realize they were not having enough fuel to arrive back home in Romania.

As it now was, Michail became a sea captain. He began his career as such, with fishing trawler outside the coast of Mauritania. It was at the end of the civil war there. Marocco and Mauritania had from the beginning drawn

the boarder-line by the camel-way; a dromedar started from Gibraltar in the North and a dromedar (camel with one puckle) started from the sea boarder in the south, down in Mauritania. When they met somewhere in the spanish sahara, which was along the coastline of the Atlantic ocean, they drew the boarder-line at that place. The Spanish sahara was before that a collony between Marocco and Mauritania mainland. But Front Policario, Arab people in Spanish Sahara formed the liberation army - they had been receiving weapons from Algeria, which Algeria in their turn had received from Sovjet. Spanish Sahara had a small population. Front Policario now fought with both Marocco and Mauritania, and they had perceived Mauritania less strong than Marocco. Mauritania had iron minerals inside the country and harbour by a gulf where they could load those minerals - they with train transported minerals from inside the country to the harbour. Policario took dromedars and transported the rails several kilometres from the railway - Mauritania lost much money and it took them several weeks to put the train rails back, with that the Mauritanian troops retreated from the Spanish Sahara. Marocco then says; 'you retreat? We come in! It is all my country!' Marocco's troupes had been financed by America. There were 2 Russian warships that protected the trawlers coming from Russia, those 2 warships afterwards the war ended was given to Mauritania as a gift. Fishing was prohibited along a certain distance from the shore, but sometimes the fish was going close to the shore and Russian trawlers broke the limit, 1 warship whom now sailed under Mauritanian flag, saw a Russian trawler in prohibited area. The warship send a projectile to the front of the water of lawbreaking boat - but it did not stop. Then they shot at the cabin. The captain of that ship together with two or three other crew members were badly wounded. Two other Russian trawlers seeing a Sovjetian ship under attack, collided on either side of that warship and the warship sank. After that the Mauritanian authorities decided to finish the contract with the Russians and not let them fish, but from Ro-mania there remained in Mauritania trawler-ships. Sovjet union weapons were "good enough" so Marocco negotiated with Mauritania to share Spanish Sahara between them, and let those two dromedars meet halfway. Michail was a man of honour, what else could be expected from one bearing the name of an arch-angel(?) at least he regarded himself as thus.

He was born in Constansa Ro-mania in 1950 under the reign of Gheorghe Ghedrghit Dej. Stalin had at that time already incorporated the country under his awful doom, but this primeminister, such Michail had been told as a child, had fooled that life-dangerous psychopath and given up and incorporated his country 'out of free will' and displayed only that he was very oppressive upon his people, but under the surface things had been living still, the spirit of the people remaining more or less intact. Close to Constanca the Danu river ran out in the black sea, so Michail grew up by the sea of salt and eddy river-banks, and the very best thing he knew was

to swim as the water got hot. One such time in the spring he was happy going down to the beach for his first swim after the winter chill, and to his no surprise saw some of those other boys, younger than him that was playing around his usual place of diving. He went out to another part of the shore, and redressed in swimming suit. He stood on the stone and made a dive, but!, to his unluck the winter storms had driven up sand from the bottom at exactly that place, so he dived straight on his face on a depth that was only him half ways! Luckily enough he had his arms before and first, so as they felt the sand, he grabbed with his fingers and his hand in the bottom layer and managed to avoid breaking his neck, but got a good deal of sand in his eyes and all around him like a black cloud in the sea. He came up to the surface. Alive! Smiling happily to have made it. It was his first swim after the winter chill!

So Michail graduated as officer of ship. As he was coming back during his education on a school ship that was a sail-ship, they had past Tunisia, Malta and Casablanca. In Malta he had visited a very nice cathedral whom had one of the biggest couples in Europe - with a very interesting harbour Malta capital had and a nice city. When they had passed Gibraltar I at the rendunica spied out over the sea (rendunica is the second highest sail) and from there I saw a CASALOTI (the second biggest sea animal after whales). The casaloti was quite close to the ship, and it struck me that when it blew air out it sounded like a pig. When we had arrived in Casablanca - which had a very big basaar, so big that as we went there we almost got lost, me and my co-student took with two local girls - we dressed in our officer clother. When we went back from Casablanca we again stopped in Tunisia in Tunis port. When they had build the channel to the city they had taken sand from the bottom and made a road on the side of the channel. There was fishermen fishing there. As they saw the ship with so beautiful sails, they were happy - but as we had passed - they saw the wave we made in the water with the ship and became alarmed. The was a mosque standing there with two towers like a church, and inside Tunis there was buildings like Hotel Intercontinental in Bukarest but higher. Then we went out with the bus to Cartagena - and we passed the President Residence/Palace - and that way was beautified with palms along our way - but I was not a fan of arabic music - but when we travelled that way - the bus playing this arabic music it felt so wonderful. We visited the ruins of Cartagena, and then went back to the ship. The voyage was very nice - and when we arrived back home to Constanca - a group of ballerinas from the ballerina school came and visited the ship. The ballerinas was so sexy and they stayed a few hours on the ship. After some days - the ship was put in Anchorage close to the Danu delta. From that anchorage we had to row ourselves into the harbour in 8 boats when going ashore. And the distance was quite big - but we were young so it was alright. At one time my boat was the last to begin to row, since a student had some mission he had to do - so we was

the last boat to the harbour. But in the boat was 11 persons. 10 rowing and one on the rod. And because then the 2 rowing at the front got the idea to rest a little - they took their oars out of the water and went to the back by the rod man. Soon 2 mates got the same idea - but 4 could not rest at once, so thd two lazy guys took their place by the oars.. This did not turn out to be so stupid as it sounds! As we all had exchanged and rested - and the boat tipped with the

steer up because of the weight of 3 at the back. We arrived, starting the last of eight boats, the very second boat to the shore! Had we had a bigger distance, we surely would have been the very first! When we arrived back to the ship 6 boats were elevated - and 2 was left at the stern and back to protect the students wanting to swim. We went swimming all of us - and also some officers. When we had finished swimming - next team was going to swim. And I wanted to swim more.. I asked permission of the chief officer, but he said 'no!'. But I really wanted to swim.. So I tried to sneak out of the sleeping-eating-conferance root. The room contained some metallic hooks to put up the hammocks we slept in, and a big window with a ladder outside. As I tried to sneak out I suddenly saw the chief officer coming down the ladder from above. I could though, sneek in before he could see me. But some officers on deck

had seen me. As we had our pretime meeting - he told me to come to the front of the line with a very troubled and angry face he shouted; 'why had you done so!' He expected me to argue - but I said simply that I was sorry. He punished me with a week's forbiddance to leave the ship - but we anyway had some assignment on the ship for 2 weeks so the punishment was practically only words. The benches and the tables at the hall where I had tried to sneak out could be folded and put on the inner roof. Anyway I advanced in grades ' Michail said 'as I had finished the education to officer and educated myself all the way up to captain. Michail now worked for a Ro-manian transport ship company - but the company perished. After that he was called up by a company whom wanted to assign him to a mission for transporting a ship from Barcelona in Spain to India. Michail accepted, and so took the plane to Barcelona.

They were paid a nice hotel in Rambla, the old town of Barcelona with streets only for the pederastians. They were three Ro-manians; the captain - i.e. Michail, and an electrician and chief engeneer. The other members of the crew was from India. The purpose was to take the ship to scrap in India. The old town of Barcelona, called RAMBLA, was the central part of Barcelona, close to the harbour. They received 40 Euro for food expenses every day; so they could go to the best restaurants and eat the finest dishes. They just had to wait for the papers to be arranged - and so, they lived nicely on the Hotel with luxery dishes weeks on end, because the papers were not quickly arranged. So Michail travelled around Spain with the money; visiting the Pyrenees and all the area around Barcelona, Monserrat he visited and even the capital Madrid he visited one weekend.

It was about five weeks he took these trips before the papers had been arranged. In Barcelona he visited a lot of Gaudi architecture treasures, like Sacra de Familia. The cemetery of Barcelona was very nice: they also had a cable transportation from the hills close to the cemetery down to the harbour. Finally one day the agent told Michail the papers were ready; 'come with me to court and sign some papers' he said. They signed some documents in Gibraltar, and with lawyers back and forth; suddenly Michail was the owner of that big BIG ship! He felt so happy!; he had not even a fishing boat! But suddenly he owned a ship of more than 200 meters! He felt upfilled with a new feeling! All up to the point that he at moments forgot that is was just temporary. He was supposed to give it to someone.. the ownership was just papers-exercise - to make the transference to the new owner more economically profitable. In the same operation was a ship in Las Palmas also going to scrap - and a third in Vigo also going to scrap in India. All the ships were ferry boats - and now they all were going to Scrap in India. They were good ships - but too old to make good business. All three went to India with 3 Ro-manians and the rest of the crew were Indians. The ship in Las Palmas was also a Ro-manian Captain, Chief engineer and another "something" - anyway at the top of the reading of the ship - a most important person. So after 3 days Michail wrote over the ownership to the new owner - prepared the ship - and embarked on the mission. They did not bring much food and not enough fuel for India - so they "relaxed" in Creta, Greece, filling the tanks and bathing and tanning in the sun. That was one of the bad traits of Michail; if you out of leniency allowed him relaxation, as Lookman in the beginning of his stay in the prison did in the form of his own food items, then then Michail would draw the line more and more, taking advantage of the good tidings you brought until the whole matter rather seemed like robbery. Then they went to Suez; there suddenly a fear struck Michail: the boat had deconstructed its two crains because it was only a car-ferry; it had thought that the crains did not need to be used and now suddenly a fear struck Michail!; 'the crains! JESUS! How shall we anchor?! How shall we get the ropes to the buoy, and in the channel to the shore!? MAMA MIA! What a miss in the planning of the voyage! Calling the "EGYPTIANS" they got to know that for them just to come with a motor-boat to take the ropes to the shore - they charged a fee almost as high as going around the Kape of Africa, i.e. Kape Aguilas! Calling the owner of the ship and reasoning back and forth, finally a turkish scrap company instead bought the deal, and so they steered with Michail at the wheel, towards Turkey instead. They had been harbouring and relaxing for 10 days or something. In the meanwhile the company had found another port in Tukey, where they were now heading, where they would scrap the ship. Arriving there the second ship - the Las Palmas ship had gotten stranded already on the beach in the scrap harbour; they had not lost time to go to Suez, and the ship in Vigo

had got their trip cancelled. So they were tired and relaxed some time in Turkey. The Turkish scrap company should pay the money to the Indian company; so they had much time to relax. The other ship as said had already beached - that is - runned up on the sand of the shore with full speed. But - Michail told himself; 'he could at least have told me 'sorry' for having runned the ship so idiotically!' Michail hit his forehead! 'there are big stones to the left! and only place for us two! And that duffling of a captain on the Las Palmas ship has sort of run up his ship in the middle almost!' As he spoke with that Ro-manian captain he saw the signs of nervousness upon him; 'we have not got paid yet!..' Michail wondered why he did not apologize for having made this scrap-journey end so dangerously. He spoke with the Indian scrap company owner, to decide wheather he would dare devil this one?!; to run the ship up for scrap even before they had received their salary? Surely the Turks had gotten the cream out of the deal with the Indian already. The Indian owner mentioned number 'IBAN' 'BLA BLA BLA'. On this Michail said; 'I don't need to hear that to trust you - for me it is enough you give me your word..' And Michail got that from the Indian. And so that was it! Then it was time - Michail said - to finish the mission. One of the Indians was marine captain in the Indian navy, and he had boasted of himself the whole trip until Michail got tired of it that he was the 'second captain'. 'well - for me he can just as well call himself the 'first captain' ' Michail thought, 'just I get my money..' The other ship had the petrol in the middle - and was heavy sunk down at the back - laying as it were stranded on shore. Michail's ship had its petrol at the front! What now! if the maneuver goes wrong?! and they would hit the stones to the left! 'well.. run your side along my ship' the other captain told him nervously in the radio.. 'you moron!' Michail thought, 'were you so greedy of stinginess that your thinking about the salary made you run your ship in the middle where only two ships could strand?! What lazy thinker you are!' Michail took an officer of the Indians that he had noticed was a little more intelligent than the others and told him; 'now you do exactly as I say.. nothing more, nothing less.. Do you accept?' 'yes' he said. 'you see the stern of that other ship?' 'yes' 'steer right at it..' he could see him swallowing hard at these words. 'ok..' Michail spoke with the chief engineer.. 'put us at top speed.. Is it possible?!' 'the engine might break but.. I will try 110% full speed..' 'good..' and so they were embarking on the dangerous mission to strand the ship.. They were nervous, the sweat ran down their foreheads.. As they closed in on the shore the Indian officer that had boasted the whole trip started walking around nervously - the signs of panic was clearly seen on him. 'now' Michail said - 'do you see that house on shore?' - yes it could be clearly seen from the cabin and they were closing in with very big speed. 'yes' the Indian officer at the rod-wheel said, 'STEER RIGHT AT IT..' Michail said. 'ok..' The ship ran with incredible speed now - and with an enourmous power stranded on shore -

so close to the other

that they could step over unto it! They drew a sigh of relief on the bridge. The Turkish men came forward to congratulate the successful maneuvering.. And also congratulated the Indian officer for the success.. Then the Indian officer that had called himself the 'second captain' came forward - and began with somewhat sophisticated words congratulate Michail. Finally Michail understood that in the Indian officer's eyes, now finally him, Michail, was recognized as 'the captain'.. As they went ashore and everything was good and well, the captain of the other scrap-ship came forward. 'we have not received the money!' he said with a frown of panic on his face. 'we will see about that' Michail said with a shrug of his shoulders. He had received the word on that issue from the Indian owner by phone, and as he was a man whom liked people more than principles - he felt trust in the word of honour of another.

The risk of course was there.. that they could just as well be thrown out of Turkey! In the beginning the Turks put them in a good hotel with good food.. But the waiting becoming long - and the Turks suddenly put them in a cheaper hotel with less good food.. And the crew was unhappy, including the Indians. As they spoke with the Turks, they said; 'we have already spent much on you..'. 'ok.. We go back to Ro-mania..' Michail said. 'no! You stay here until we receive the money from the Indians.' the Turkish clerk said, with a face covered with a layer of sweat.. 'well.. ok' Michail said. They stayed some more time - but one day the Turks had done a strange maneuver; they had bought them bus-tickets back to Bukarest - with stop and change in Istanbul. In a few hours they would have been home by plane.. 'what fishy people..' Michail reflected. But they embarked on the bus - and soon arrived in Bukarest.

Days past, and no salary yet.. 'well.. I have had a great time and trip.. Barcelona.. Crete.. Suez.. Turkey..' One day though - the Indian had sent the money! And Michail was more than happy! He had not though paid any extra for the days Michail had stayed in Turkey, only basic salary; but it had been a good trip - Michail thought to himself.' Well now it was evening and the evening meal got served, and Lookman came down from the top bulk bed where he had been listening on the stories of the day by Michail the pedophilia. He had felt the taste of salt in the air, over waves in distant lands and felt happy to see the chicken clubs and potatoes coming in through the open lid in the black steel door. 'don't forget your Brad PITT' Michail said laugh on face, and demonstrated by holding up his own bread length in the air that was long and thin looking like a penis.. And that was obviously the hint, Lookman

ascertained cautiously.. Michail wanted to accost Lookman sort of, that had been the point of the story of the Christmas tree by the mountain caves, Lookman observed a little disgusted. Well, they sat down to eat, as happy unfortunate prison brothers as they were, having worked their way through the yet hot weathered day, terming down Michail's stories that

Lookman was going to publish.

Later after dinner Michail kept on telling his stories and for Lookman's inner eye while listening those scenes became alive, just like when he was fasting the inner living, since sensual pleasures did not disturb his attention, used to come alive and felt as real, and that was the true living of a male; BREATHING, on the opposite side of the human nervous system than the woman, but not up or down, woman being the attention of libido all of the time. 'Anyway' Michail said, 'in the Spanish Sahara I had fishing missions on a trawler as Captain. When we had caught the fishes with our trawler the fish was transported on transportation-ships called 'refrigerator-ships'. We worked in 6 months shifts going back and forth to Romania by airplane. They only went home if there were large repairs that must be made on the ship. If there were only small repairs it could be done in Las Palmas on the Canarian Islands.

Later after dinner Michail kept on telling his stories and for Lookman's inner eye while listening those scenes became alive, just like when he was fasting the inner living, since sensual pleasures did not disturb his attention, used to come alive and felt as real, and that was the true living of a male; BREATHING, on the opposite side of the human nervous system than the woman, but not up or down, woman being the attention of libido all of the time. 'Anyway' Michail said, 'in the Spanish Sahara I had fishing missions on a trawler as Captain. When we had caught the fishes with our trawler the fish was transported on transportation-ships called 'refrigerator-ships'. We worked in 6 months shifts going back and forth to Romania by airplane. They only went home if there were large repairs that must be made on the ship. If there were only small repairs it could be done in Las Palmas on the Canarian Islands.

Days past, and no salary yet.. 'well.. I have had a great time and trip.. Barcelona.. Crete.. Suez.. Turkey..' One day though - the Indian had sent the money! And Michail was more than happy! He had not though paid any extra for the days Michail had stayed in Turkey, only basic salary; but it had been a good trip - Michail thought to himself.' Well now it was evening and the evening meal got served, and Lookman came down from the top bulk bed where he had been listening on the stories of the day by Michail the pedophilia. He had felt the taste of salt in the air, over waves in distant lands and felt happy to see the chicken clubs and potatoes coming in through the open lid in the black steel door. 'don't forget your Brad PITT' Michail said laugh on face, and demonstrated by holding up his own bread length in the air that was long and thin looking like a penis.. And that was obviously the hint, Lookman

ascertained cautiously.. Michail wanted to accost Lookman sort of, that had been the point of the story of the Christmas tree by the mountain caves, Lookman observed a little disgusted. Well, they sat down to eat, as happy unfortunate prison brothers as they were, having worked their way through the yet hot weathered day, terming down Michail's stories that

Lookman was going to publish.

Nouabidou was the largest city in Mauritania, a little bigger than the capital. When the refrigerator transport ship came, two trawlers came up on each side alongside it and emptied their catch unto it. Food like meat, vegetables and other luxury foodstuff were brought to the crew by and then, either on airplane or from Las Palmas if some ship had been on small repair there. If someone became sick on one of the ships - those ships that carried a doctor went on board on the ship carrying the sick man - one time a crew-member on Michail's ship had the appendix; some of the Russian ships had operation-rooms - and Michail regarded the Russians as nice people, in cooperation they got the pain ridden man to the operation room and operated his inflammation, in this case unnecessarily, since the natural antibiotics oregano oil could cure the inflammation quite instantly, and if you have not access to that

to that nature pharmacy, then it is enough to use the usual antibiotal industrial phamaseutical! But any way, the Russian ships usually had operation rooms and a doctor on board. The Russiams had better charts also - and Michail had such good relations with them, that he got to copy some of their charts of batitetrics. Batrimetics was charts of sonda-differences at the bottom, that is differences of depth, they got to copy the Russian Batimetric charts and if there was fog on the surf, they could find there way to the Russian ship by their Ganiometer, which could tell what direction the radio-signal cane from.' 'and this very time I will now speak to you about' Michail said with a dreamy smile on his old toothless face, 'it was change of crew, and the new crew were coming by an airplane, but this time it turned out there was danger in the air. The night had fallen over Sahara - the deep mystical hot sand where cobras and scorpions lay waiting in the dark. The plane came in over the airport for landing, the radio-contact was looking as usual the pilot thought and felt safe, it was his first landing at this airport, as he spurred the plane; that night though some unexperienced were at charge in the radio-tower at the airport; as the plane came in for landing, it came in from the wrong side, instead of landing from the water front and running up the slope, it came in landing from the top of the hill coming down the slope, and the plane came on an accelerating speed down the landing - and suddenly the pavement ended unto the open sea. The pilot tried then to lift the plane, but the one wheel hit a stone and the plane spun into the sea breaking in 2. The crew was landing in the sea, and the plane cut into 2. To the marvel of everyone - as they came unto land laughing - having their lives still - was that (corrected) everyone had survived! The luggage had sprawled in the sea and was floating around; expensive suitcases with, inside Mauritania, fancy clothes. The police came - for the crew it seemed soon - the flashlights that to these in need broke off the darkness of doom. They looked and looked around - turning. Then someone started counting the heads; '1, 2, 3, 4,' .. as he came to 11 he stopped.. 'where is the twelfth?' -

soon the police had checked the floating air-plane, and came with a man back, they carried him ashore; it was the oldest member of the new crew that had been flown in, the machine enginist. And he was dead. He had no wounds, but his heart had stopped.'

Chapter 3

'So first – they were going to destroy my body – and then – I was not allowed to keep my money based on the injuries from the insurance system' – Lookman thought – 'unless I complied with that – they locked me up inside these modern torture chambers of a so-called "hospital" and bombed my body even more.. They have lost their senses – I see that now.. Those in charge are just supermarket cashiers for the Big Pharma industry.. tvi!' and Lookman sat there in his room at department UD, realizing the dirty game he was subject to..

Jack: if their mythology is broken, they only realize they only want woman flesh= material...

I was thinking back on these words by the Sufi-Master Jack Black, and I began searching my notes for what I needed to find.. Like something in a fog, you almost got sight of, lured somewhere behind.. I finally found the passage; it was a passage written between Jack and his girl Iris, where he lectured on a hadith by Prophet Muhammad; I finally found the passage and quote it here for the reader:

Jack: some new info: I explain

Jack: in Swedish the word for yellow is "Gul"

Jack: the word for God is "Gud"

Jack: this is speaking

Jack: Odd Wingdahl's first Tour de force, The book Meteors (1999) had a very yellow cover indeed

Iris: it is interesting

Jack: God's dimension is symbolized by the number 4

Jack: 4 was my favourite number as I grew up

Jack: That is very indeed why we can never speak about God as "she"

Jack: but always as He

Jack: Satan is represented by the number 51

Jack: it is yellow and black

Jack: That means that he as a rebel against God asks the question: who created God?

Jack: and Rasulallah then instructed us to say: laa ilaha ila Allah!

Jack: 3 times

Jack: Get it baby?

Iris: I almost understood baby

Jack: Rasulallah said: 2 is better than 1, 3 is better than 2, 4 is better than 3

Jack: Three sentences containing 4 numbers

Iris: 👍🙄

Jack: Life (male flesh) is better than material (women flesh), the woman's dream (life in higher form) is better than male flesh

Jack: and enlightenment from God is the best

Jack: There is for example a famous film named The fifth element

Jack: hearing that we know it is from Satan

Jack: Rasulallah never said: 5 is better than 4

Jack: To be a false moralist, a nazi (believing human reason to stand above Allahs laws) is to be a Satan , and most men today are this

Jack: I tell you a secret baby: all they want are the women

Jack: and that goes for false muslims as for fakes and suckers here also

Jack: that means the women have big power

Jack: That is the reason why Burroughs work started with Junky

Jack: Opium addiction circumvents the whole life process

Iris: Exactly baby

Jack: a Junky can abstain from women since his libido is unactive and still intact

Jack: and most men are competing in spinning a mythology about how many and how beautiful women they can get

Jack: the idea they have is that a story can exist, just they seem like the most privileged in it

Iris: Maybe it has a lot of control

Iris: Controlling sexual desire

Jack: no baby; a Junky only needs and wants one thing: more opium

Iris: I did not know baby

Jack: but still, there could be something very good in it; as to not become , in Izzy the Geeks unforgettable words: these fucking guys, they destroy everything

Jack: So basically , since all a fucking guy wants is a sex-bomb, women, if they are backed up by laws that are on their side against rapists, can take control

Jack: My guess is that many false friends from my past right now is wringing their hands in angst over my possession of you; you are wealthy, a big sex-bomb, and very intelligent; their mythology is thus broken; a mythology they are addicted to for keeping up their show off that they certainly are not only interested on getting laid with sexy women

Jack: The mythology they have postulates I can have a small role in the story; just as long as they get the most privileged position in it

Iris: You are smarter than me, darling, much smarter and an artist 🍷❤

Jack: love you baby 🍷🍷

Iris: 🍷❤❤

Iris: I exercise for 1 hour my love 🍷❤

Jack: 🍷🍷❤

Iris: ❤

Jack: this is Izzy the Geek, an old acquaintance of mine I've had my fights with 😞😞

Iris: The old man is that!!

Jack: he is dead baby

Jack: al hamdulillahi!

Jack: the sign of the hypocrites baby; these fucking guys

So, it seemed like that these Taight brothers after all was into psychopathy; they were 'glorious' beings, thieves that infringed on Allah's glory, and only wanted woman flesh.. The poems were quite good and we will here have Lookman's comments upon their faulty perceptions in *Italics*, he knew so well how they lied about so many things, since he had recently left the central arrest in Bukarest where the Taight-Brothers now were kept. You felt in these faulty perceptions they "created" how they all the time mirrored themselves in the eyes of woman, and that was the '51' Jack Black here spoke about. You could see it in their poems:

They are trying to break me.

Thrown inside a cell without light. (*wrong: there were a small lightbulb on at night*)

Cockroaches, lice, and bed bugs are my only friends at night.

When the guards (*wrong: the nightguards were most friendly*)

bring me to and from the courtroom,

I stay absolutely respectful.

They try to pour hatred into my heart. (*wrong: 90 % of the police-men were nice fellows - with straight sexual orientation*)

You felt nauseated at the stolen fur of the lion a skilled observer could detect, like when you have drunk too much alcohol and are on the verge of collapsing.

The 29th January 2023, Taight wrote this piece:

Romania is a communist country.

Zero evidence and zero proof only suspicions.

They will lock you in jail, And try to find you guilty of things. (*wrong: Romania in Lookman's view was not specifically a police-state, where you first found the person and then the crime. If Sweden was looked upon as a safe country to have an extradition agreement with, then surely Romania could be looked upon as a very safe state. In Lookman's view Romania lived much more up to a state of justice, where you first find the crime, and then the person*).

They will then waste your life as they fail.

Release you years later and not even apologize.

Lookman from his interned in the modern concentration-camp Löwenströmska, wrote these lines back:

Romania in some ways, are far less communistic than Sweden for example: in Romania forced medication is forbidden; the fuzz are '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 hypocrites..'

In the lines of the Taight "poem" you could feel the rap (or rapist) ideology clearly, the 'kick-boxer' whom is out to bully and belittle you; that was the line these yellow cows always came up with, just like Odd Wingdahl, trying to say: you are jealous of me, envious.. bastard!! Etc.

Here Taight labelled a whole country 'envious' of his 'successful life'; he can't see it seems like it is because of his crimes against women that the Rumanian state is having confined him.

Taight had built his 'kingdom' upon sexy women he got to do internet-sex with other men, and them paying a lot to the women in the false pretense, that Taight arranged, that they were going to get them for real.

It made Lookman think about an hadith, where Prophet Muhammad says, that the one fooling people in a similar way, on Doomsday will be led far by the angels, always with the prospect of reaching Paradise, but as they arrived, it turned out to be only a mirage, and finally they landed up in Hell. R.H. Blyth said: there are certain things you simply do not do; like laying women and trying to become rich. Those words had always stuck in Lookman's mind as profound ever since he first read them in 2006.

So Lookman was stuck at Löwenströmska, in the modern concentrationcamp. The point of keeping him there, was to force him to take naked lunches every day, as prescribed by the dicdoctor.

But Lookman had friends outside.. pushing for his release, or at least to change department to his old, or a third, where he would have better views of co-operation with the dicdoctor.

Everything seemed to rise and fall with that contact; since the little dictator going under the name of 'dicdoctor' could rule over your life totally, and lock you up ad infinitum if he chose so, then a change to a new department could be the saving point in your life, and mean dicdoctors, like the one named Karken at department UD, was notorious as an evil bastard whom forced the patients to take big doses of naked lunches, so that in the end, their hair fell off and they looked like junk, and it could be seen, by the keen recognizing eye of Lookman, that this bastard found a perverse pleasure in torturing the inmates, until everything felt and smelled like a stalemate. Among the patients Karken's department was called 'Siberia'.

Someone wrote a good briefing upon the law-system of Rumania:

The Romanian judicial system and the Romanian Constitution are based / inspired by the French ones.

That means that the pre-trial arrest for investigation is not specific just to Romania ("because is a communist country"), but also France is using the same system. /2

One of the differences between the Romanian pre-trial arrest for investigation and the French one is the maximum period of arrest.

In France for organized crimes you can be under pre-trial arrest up to 2 years while in Romania up to 180 days. /3

another big difference between French and Romanian pre-trial arrest systems is how often the prosecutor should go in front of the judge to ask

for an extension of the pre-trial arrest.

In France to every 4 months while in Romania to every 30 days. /4

In Romania for every 30 days pre-trial arrest the prosecutor will ask the a court with 1 judge to allow the arrest.

The pre-trial arrest can be appealed to a superior court which has 2 judges.

So in total 3 different judges in 2 courts has to rule the 30 days arrest. /5

When the prosecutor is going in front of the judge for pre-trial arrest, he has to bring up accusations and evidence to prove that there is reasonable suspicion that crimes were committed. /6

So yes, in Romania as in France contrary with USA, it is possible to be under arrest to allow the prosecutor to gather more evidence, and it's a blunt lie to say that the Taights were arrested without any charges or evidence. /7

Because until now Anders Taight and his criminal organized group had the pre-trial arrest extended 2 times (24 hours + 2x 30 days) 6 DIFFERENT JUDGES in 4 DIFFERENT COURTS ruled that there are enough reasons and evidence to allow his pre-trial arrest. /8

In Romania the judges panels who are ruling different stages for a case are chosen randomly.

That means that Anders Taight could meet tens of judges until the final court will rule the final sentence. /9

So it is more than idiotic to say that the judges in the first courts are "corrupted by the Matrix" when actually the judges who giving the final sentence are the ones in the last appeal court. /10

The Taight-brothers American lawyer, had claimed that the central arrest in Bukarest having inhuman conditions to live under. Below someone had pinned down some reasons in other aspects she also was wrong in:

The American famous lawyer the Taight's has hired, because she doesn't have the practice right in Romania, she is a nobody in the Romanian judicial system, a nobody who had the nerve to call the decisions took by 6 different judges unlawful. /11

I don't know how is in America but in Romania if you don't agree with a judge decision you always have the option to appeal it to the superior courts.

Looks that Taight's PR team loves to antagonize the Romanian judicial system by allowing her to say "The system has failed" /12

In the end I would like to bring some more facts about the judicial system.

In Romania 75% of judges are females.

Highly educated women with 6 years of University studies who to become judge they need to pass an exam with a passing rate of 1 from 10. /13

In Romania the free speech is not just a right but also a responsibility.

So, that is why in the Romanian Penal Code the incitement to hate or discrimination based on gender is punishable with fine or prison from 6 months to 3 years. /14

In Romania quite often will see in the judge motivations for their rulings that there are invoked the social norms.

The social norms also were invoked by the judges who approved the pre-trial arrests of Anders Taight.

'The reason you are sad inside is because you know you are wasting your potential. I assure you when you are pushing hard to achieve as much as you individually can, you feel happy inside. Even if you don't have the results yet.' Anders Taight wrote from inside the prison, so instead of wedlock – Taight spoke about 'potential' and destroyed wed-lock dirtying it, a 'potential' by which he had fooled a lot of girls – to IN THEIR TURN, fool a lot of males that they were dating them – and split the money. Could there be a more cruel goal? – totally disorientating so many males into becoming like feeling to be junk – maybe they just like Lookman had just wanted to marry – and Taight and his staff making instead, them to become junkies of pictures. Thus the Taight-brothers were wolves in sheep clothes – actually Nova-criminals themselves – while speaking of 'The Matrix' in the clothes of the hero Neo, and the heroes of that mythological anthem(!) They could not be more wrong! Destroying consciously, and earning money of it at the same time, the heavenly song of wed-lock.(!) Lookman thought: and finally they have been caught! Those women that led me into the miserliness of life – that was on the datingsites – obviously belonged to such males like Taight and they had managed to fool Lookman on more than 300 dollars. All he wrote back at them was him wanting to marry in Allah's name, thus he had not spend the 300 dollars in vain, but on Dawa. And finally a "girl" (which could have been ugly men like Taight) wrote back at him: 'Are you saying the same thing to other women!?' like it was something wrong to follow the Quran that stated about women: All you are allowed to say to them is that you wish to marry (them) in Allah's name. But by this statement it was revealed that the whole thing of 'Flirtmatch' and other datingsites was organized crime, hiding behind con-men fooling so many young men out of their money, making them rich. The statement suddenly by one "girl" revealed the whole scenario, revealing that all these profiles were ruled by Taight, he managed the writing while the women just were beautiful baits to make thousands of men each day earn money this way, in the foolery of belief that they were going to date the women in real person. And thus this Taight had robbed Lookman on an considerable amount of money.

Lookman's jewish friend thus had been right; it was males behind – controlling the agency, with bots, most probably. Maybe it was good then to – if now getting stuck in being fooled by 'a lot of women' – to look at

‘some real pornography instead’ as Lookman’s jewish friend had said, if so only to see and feel the difference..! ‘a fool that persists in his folly shall become wise’ as William Blake had written in Proverbs of Hell.

And here Lookman was, years after, and still enslaved by the same evil powers; the dicdoctors had scrupulous control over Lookman, since he was a Jedi – having been trained to that under the guidance of Nils K. and Jack Black; and The Force he possessed – were adhered to in Russia – and by this way the Naqshbandi school Nils K. had started ‘The new religion’, ruled over the best army in the world. Nils K. was out of the picture sadly, a pretimely death, having been murdered so young and vital by the command of the dicdoctors that ruled Absurdistan.

Jack Black they had also caught – and by terming the followers of ‘The new religion’ as insane – the authorities of Absurdistan could keep them confined on no charges at all – once they had managed to sentence these to “right psychiatric care”, or – if the provocation as they abused them psychically and forcing drugs into them, did not get out of them any statement they could use – they could anyway just send in some police to fetch the believer on the street, and drive it to the Psychiatric Emergency, where a well-paid dicdoctor imposed a demand from the hidden rulers, and stuck syringes into the victim, and thus they could on ‘medical basis’ keep the person totally confined and mistreat it with abusiveness until it looked and felt like junk.

Anders and Treestan Taight – two notorious con-men, whom had made their fortunes the following way as modern pimps, so to say.. They tell the girls that they fuck – and say: “we can make a lot of money on web-cam business.. so I film you as you lay there naked with legs apart, then we can sell the stuff at many places: we open a chat-page where the males are fooled to think: ‘cool! What girls that write to me!’ – but then we screw them – and to be really mean – we lure them day by day – to send messages back and forth for the fee of 1 dollar. Then we gradually make them think that they have a relationship going, and maybe they tell their family! Ha ha! What a crush!! One guy, like is having lent 120 000 Euro from the bank in the hope to be with one of our girls, we shall surely fool him out of it.. The girl is saying like: ‘a VISA apply costs 900 dollars’, and she wants this and that.. and then, as she is supposed to come, just suddenly she writes (or WE write.. he he) ‘I am having a head ache today, I can not go to the airport..’ or some such womanly scheme.. and then the male gets angry, and writes: ‘what a scam you are!’ and the relationship is gradually perishing.. But.. the male can’t really forget her.. right.. so after a month he is back moaning for more.. and thus we Rolling Stone these suckers until they have no more money, and then they will never see our girls again either.. he he.. I write all these stories while my girls just parts their legs for me and I fuck them and control them..

But on the side, Anders revealed his true misogynic thinking about women: ‘they are like dogs.. dogs have all they want just you pat them nicely and

give them food – and they lay there panting with their tongues – just as we want our “customers” to be – but a girl all she wants is money, a life in luxury, and to be fucked real good by some muscle mountain.. it is all her needs: the bodily needs: eating, going to a beauty parlor etc..

And I am the coolest man in the world!’ Anders thought.

But bit by bit Anders and his brother Treestan started to slip; becoming totally possessed by the girls, strangling them as to feel total control, in the intercourse, raping them as they said ‘no’, using their whores in perverse ways, not letting them leave the premises without armed guardians; and becoming delusional – believing in their own stupid lies ; ‘I have enemies – someone could want to hurt you – so do not go outside..’ and when the girl pushes the subject: ‘This is the last warning! You are forbidden to leave unless a trusted guard is following with you..’ the “guards” being armed, and so confining the girls – stealing their pass-ports – and some girls anyway got away – and Anders being so sullen about it; ‘if that Swedish girl had not been rich! She never would have managed to escape!’ – expressing his real view, that the women are so happy that he makes them earn so much money on this scam that he has built up! In this manner the whole thing rolled on, like a Rolling stone, until one day, in the late evening – a swat-team hit them with arrest – and the girls were freed.. But some of them, wanted such a life, being used as a faked paradise to fool thousands, or tens of thousands of men, that they were dating them as real women, and earning much money on it, and getting ‘fucked so good by those muscle mountains’ that they had been brain-washed to believe that actually these to scammers were big heroes! Unable to see that they had been subjected to criminal activities..

A specific horrible case and outcome could be read about in the newspapers, where Anders and Treestan’s reckless con-activity had such an outcome as this:

A guy in his mid twenties had ‘met’ one of their cam-girls on a dating-site. Soon he was totally emerged in ‘love’ about her, and thought: ‘I actually get such a hot chick as that! Wow!’

But, as time dragged on, she milked him on more and more money, and his family where he still lived got worried.

They put as a demand for him to be able to live at home with his parents and brother, that he cuts ties with ‘that girl you’ve never met anyway.. Dylan.. don’t be such a fool’ ‘at least don’t send her any more money.. then you’re out of here’ his father told him.

Well.. bit by bit he slipped, and one day he had to leave.

He got crazy, and came back with an Uzi – and peppered his whole family. And now he’s on death-row.

Why did some of them stand up for these two con-men? Was the female character really so utterly base? – that some muscle mountain strutting around with money and good looks – could make these women want such a life?, a life of being totally crooked??!

It really said something about the bimbos and their standard line 'bye..' – like it is nowadays beautiful bodies taking the easy way – fooling some many men around the world to think they are actually going to date these women – and earning tens of thousands of dollars each day – on such a crooked con-man way.. terrible! – to say the least!

There were also some obvious lies in the 'poems' Taight wrote from prison; it was at 11 o'clock PM that the light were turned off, but then still there was a small lightbulb left so that you could see what goes on in the cell.. there were no such 'cell without a light', and yes, there were some bedbugs and maybe cockroaches and lice, but, such were the conditions in that jail. It was nothing make a big fuzz about; but now the idiots whom cheered the Taight-brothers instead said it was 'crime against humanity' 'inhuman conditions' – and those conditions Lookman had felt nice as he himself had been there – because the Taight brothers were in the exactly same Central Arrest in Bukarest that he himself had been in, and sharing the same cell he had been in, with the same person: Michail.

Anders Taight also wrote some lines, which, because he now shared the sea-captain's cell where Lookman had been confined as he sat in the Central Arrest of Bukarest, was nostalgic for Lookman to hear, the thoughts and memories from his good times in that Central Arrest, even though he had to share cell, was much better than in Sweden, where it was outwardly nice, but the socialists killed the soul with chemical substances, a crime to humanity which was forbidden in Ru-mania.

Beauty is fleeting.

There's currently a snowstorm here in Romania, the metal stings like ice.

They say you do not truly appreciate something until it's gone.

It is absolutely true.

There is no light without dark.

Every one of you reading this,

Take 15 minutes of your day today, to make yourself a nice warm cup of tea.

Truly appreciate its warmth and understand a day may come when you'd pay \$10,000 for that cup.

There is no light without dark.

Such is the way of Wudan.

Such were the words of Anders Taight, that by other things had caused such a heartbreaking family tragedy in USA, where one of the guys he fooled, had stolen from his family a considerable amount, and sent to one of Taight's girls (that is, to Taight himself). The family of parents and a brother discovering this, made him an ultimacy: either you break with that cam-girl or you are turned out of our house.

Having chosen not to break with her, the family turned the poor bastard

out, and as he came back, having nowhere to sleep, he had brought a gun. He killed all of his family, and might get sentenced to death. Such a causing to stumble, Anders and Treestan Taight caused, and there were so many other cases.

The words of Christ was clearly seen in the case of the Taight-brothers: Jesus had said in Matthew 23:12 And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted.

Jesus said, marked down by the apostle Mattheus in the gospels in 18:6-9: Causing to Stumble

6 “If anyone causes one of these little ones—those who believe in me—to stumble, it would be better for them to have a large millstone hung around their neck and to be drowned in the depths of the sea. 7 Woe to the world because of the things that cause people to stumble! Such things must come, but woe to the person through whom they come! 8 If your hand or your foot causes you to stumble, cut it off and throw it away. It is better for you to enter life maimed or crippled than to have two hands or two feet and be thrown into eternal fire. 9 And if your eye causes you to stumble, gouge it out and throw it away. It is better for you to enter life with one eye than to have two eyes and be thrown into the fire of hell.

‘I am a normal person, according to the Quran, healthy.. what is most important?, your ‘educated’ view, or the words of God? I marry in wed-lock, and has not committed any grave sin.. that means: I am healthy. Your drugs are destroying my wed-lock and looks, so I will refuse to take them.. may Allah be my helper and guardian, I say like the old prophets: I put my trust in Allah, if you flex your hands to destroy me, then get on with it with all the power you can and give me no respite, I have put my trust in Allah. May he save me from the syringes the dicdoctors order through his Prophet Isa (Jesus Christ), whom said:

Nothing that comes into a man can defile him, but it is what comes out of a man that defileth him.’

AMEN

Christ had also said, in Matthew 18:6:

“If anyone causes one of these little ones—those who believe in me—to stumble, it would be better for them to have a large millstone hung around their neck and to be drowned in the depths of the sea.

Backside text

Lookman is a person whom through the oppression of the commies gradually had become totally enslaved, in an otherwise (seen from the outside) "normal" country, which is the reason that neither the inhabitants of Upper Baboon Asshole as he calls his country, or people from outside Upper Baboon Asshole can understand the extremely precarious position Lookman had the unluckiness to happen into.

He is finally deciding to try to get down to Iran to meet the fiancé of his which he had taken into wed-lock one and a half year earlier, but gets caught by an international order of arrest from Upper Baboon Asshole. Inside the prison in Bukarest a sea-captain he shared the cell with, starts telling a lot of strange stories about his life that he wishes Lookman to write a book from.

Lookman does this. Sent back to Upper Baboon Asshole he is subject to torture from Big PHarma dicdoctors, and keeps on listening to 'I want to break free' by Queen among other musical pieces that he and the sea-captain used to listen to in Bukarest. All the while a counter-revolution breaks out in Iran and his fiancé gets under such a threat for speaking with Lookman their contact is temporarily cut off.