

The girl and the crow Part II

by

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Iris to Jack Black September 2022:

'If you come here to Iran, there will be no result – you will get arrested and put in prison, and we'll not be able to see each other..'

3000 years, my sorrow would last that long, they made everything inverted so that things would go wrong

As the sea-breeze met my face, on while me bicycling across the bridge to Bastuholmen, I could not help but stop, paus, to let that soft breeze, not far from the open sea caress my figure. And seeing those gleeful waves, come against me, a little white, but mostly glittering in the sunlight, my mind pondered over how it soon would be, to include me in the picture, soon emerged in the water. The screams of seagulls and Pallas's Gulls sailing over that bay of the sea, called 'Mörtnäsfjärden', soothed the mind of me. The inhabitants of Ornö were in their cant and illusion still, though years had passed since they latest saw my looks gone by the big illusion of our time, the modern torture they stubbornly refused to count as such , since they in majority were vain in their bubble of ignorance; a good tax payer I am, and the whole fucking education system is all good I think,.. Yhea, they could still be seen holding a grudge against me, so many evil words just because I had followed the inner light I loved and believed was truth, and finally by some mega miracle Allah had let that light come true, and so, even these had softened in their prejudices, and now accepted my personality as a part of Swedish culture. It was a happy day, and mother had jokingly complained about me looking as dressed for a Tv awards show moment.. Many had been those whom had referred my looks to my beautiful clothes I had all received as gifts, not realizing that the light Allah had made prevail through me, fed my personality with beauty, and that slowly taking shape, against the gnawing of time, Allah had made me attractive as an famous hero actor. Beauty came from inside, and through being prepared to die at any moment for Allah's sake. Such were the stakes. And I had made it through many a deadly peril, and my looks by all the torture, had in the end only improved. Those deep psychological roots of virus b-23 which gradually was on its way to turn the majority of the inhabitants of the earth into raging zombies, really had a clear logic: day after day they denied for themselves, that the massmedia where they idolized their presstitutes which served them bought out truths, which they corrupted to lies.. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, decade after decade, centure after century a false tales they as a 'majority' worshipping mammon through the 'comfortable'

manner of 'believing' in whatever the massmedia told them, in this manner they gradually turned into zombies since the whole 'spectacle' was hiding Abramelin The Jew black magical children sacrifices after being raped.

But that sound of freedom that for the culprits was that sound of the young cunt they got wet after all, when raping, was another sound in the masses of people on the internet that shed light on all those crimes the influential and rich perpetuated under the cover of that night the massmedial lies hid their activity in. Such were the zombie fight trying as best it could, to get under our skin. 'it's that little thing!' the zombies scream, but it does not seem to be a little thing for them at all, you get the catch my friend: 'what I do buying whores and enslaving children to drink their blood after sexual ritual! Are you a watcher you creep?! I will make you scream you motherfucker! You watched (for free?!). Do you hear that sound of MY freedom, haw haw haw haw? That's all you ever get in your life you dig you fucking goat! Bäh'

Such were the words of my friend some time before he was murdered by the Swedish government.

Allah had pointed out a correlation of almost supernatural proportion in sura 25. He said there; haven't you noticed how He lengthens the shadow? And had He willed, He could certainly have made it stationary. Then We have made the sun a proof of this. The sun was love, truth, beauty. If one had this golden chain intact one didn't notice the morning shadow as the sun was rising gradually, and this man's good morning was not as other people's 'good morning'. Niggers were having black skin, not because of the sun, but because they couldn't stand light of love, so God had made them appear as shadows.

Our shadow was evil, lying, cheating, stealing and a deep artistic nature always came with a deep unbearable feeling of separation if a shadow would deflect the inner light. But the sun was made by Allah as a proof of this shadow! That meant that to nigger souls of darkness this separation was not felt. For a liar you could lie unendingly if that served your purposes of getting away from the evil shadows. As a Nazgul passed the sky, souls full of light as ARAGON or GANDALF or LEGOLAS at once detected a dark spot in the skies.

Though, to from childhood come to a mature grown up personality, if you were deeply artistical in nature, you might had have to put an antithesis to your childish spontaneity, taint yourself a little with lies and stealing and pornography.. Just a little you see and then drive the subject as far as it could get, as zombie lane caught a whiff of it and came dragging after you, feeling the possible taste of lamb-meat, virginity, those wolfs of horror.

That is what Nils had used his diagnosis to; 'p.s. Paranoid skizophrenia' he had become happy as he managed to recieve it way back, since he knew it would save him from things he didn't wanna do.. Like stealing, cheating and lying, and most happy he was with the thought that his 'diagnosis' saved him from ever having to look at pornography again, since he noticed it was enough for him to speak about his 'diagnosis' and then quote William S Burroughs like it was from his own life; then if that person he happened to have a small chat with was a negro inside that evil at once jumped out and began chasing him. Then Allah's light descended in the night and his pornstars, that was women being in love with him, made him pleasure so that he totally forget the evil inflicted to him by the surroundings.

In this manner he went through Nietzsche's 'what does not kill me strengthens me!' Rimbaud's idea that the poet remains a poet by going through adolescens again and again, and this state of mind became permanent in Nils as Allah led him to Islam and so he could find pleasure in his women lovers in a way pleasing to Allah, by following prophet Muhammad's sunnah.

All this came to a rapid end, Jack Black thought, as the Swedish government shot my friend and predecessor Nils Kovacs, AKA by some as 'Kiko' to death, for the sole crime of being honest, and showing them what Allah said in the beginning of the Quran that 'they only fooled themselves and realized it not. In their hearts a disease, and Allah has worsened this disease, and a harsh punishment is awaiting since they used to tell lies.'

William Blake had confirmed the way Nils Kovacs, AKA as Kiko, in his first line of 'the marriage of heaven and hell': 'as I walked among the fires of hell, delighted by the work of genius, which to angels seem like torment or insanity I collected some of their proverbs..'

'yhea it changes the picture definitely – where are all these women that loves me so much?, and want sex with me.. – why do they not help me economically to have a room so that it can happen?, I mean basically are they just using me – like a whore – not paying or something? Is it some kind of a whoredom this – enslavement and never getting paid or even help in a horrible situation. The Qafrs wanting to get power over everything – economy – and now . even sexual enslavement?! Now rising it really looks like the fourth position – is occupied then – we have Nova – definitely.. when that green door between Alaska and Greenland is also occupied we have Nova. This is what people are running for it seems like – and it would be interesting when it happened definitely.

In the immemorial words of Buddha: 'you can give without loving – but you

can't love without giving..' and the denial of this is obviously the P.S. – the paranoid skizophrenia that the world is suffering from, to the extreme degree – that they can not even give 1 Krona for Allah's sake, but if, it only have to be for their own benefit.

And we again repeat the French word for the evil – the sick – Le Mal – and al-malu in Arabic – means money. So I guess – Jack Black thought – I don't sell sex – but those women – if they can love without giving – so it is like not in this case first giving – no!, - it is first – you love – and can not help to give. But they are loveless – and just for sex I guess..

And what is this paranoid skizophrenia except Nova?! Straight down the drain sort of.. – when the NO-sphere is projected upon the true Kingdomship – the Majesty – then the whole world just 'bamp' And that might just be as well – so we don't have to have this hell..'

And Ryokan the fool and Japanese poet said about this:

'though I tell myself not to think about it – still I think about it – and wet my sleeves thinking about it..'

The word of Allah – for 99,99% of earth inhabitants is like medicine they don't like – in this socialistic lie – “just take a little so-called ‘medicine’ – have a little help – little security – while we experiment on you..” – and people are supposed to buy that crap: “is he getting poor?! – I will not give him anything either – cause I hate these Allah's words is like medicine I don't like – but! – shouldn't he be like betrayed?, and sent back to the concentration camp?!”

So – Arvid Falk in beginning of Strindberg's 'The Red Room' expresses that he avoids stealing confidences. Everything with a King has to be translucent – the intention shall never be to spy upon others – like Rasulallah says – 'avoid to spy upon others' – “can we change place?” the girl sitting with her back to Jack Black asked the bartender – her friend, another girl, looked upon her in shock – they were both eager to exchange glances with Jack Black.. 'I can not force her' the bartender answered. The girl then asked if the bar-tender couldn't ask Jack about the issue.. 'no, can not say that' the bar-tender answered. 'The last time will come about – as an improvement of love-life' William Blake reveals in The marriage of Heaven and Hell. The hearts of those women – had shrunk to the size of a pea – and only beat for fame and money.

In the beginning of 'Lady Chatterleys lover' by D.H. Lawrence, he quotes the Bible: 'you shall have men to speak with' – though – who is paying the things?, ; the women of course.

'a rich woman is better than a poor' – Rasulallah says – if you want me to be able to do something – then why don't you give me some cash so I could do something?

So anyone whom has ever had statue-worshipping marks attached to his person is like driven by the NO-sphere – to 'study-study-study' – to become a constructor of tall buildings – but actually the building itself is like a symbol of the obelisk – what does this mean? – that they are forced to

serve the evil of the empire. So this is then the gimmick of the Qafristic system which we have. The feeling of reality is coming back to the one inflicted with statue-worshipping marks whom he is pressed down like that – and that feeling in him is like a relief – like it’s an moralistic thing; ‘well.. I have to live up to society – I have to ‘be something’ and achieve something – so I can pay back my ‘horrible debt’ (reverent timbre in the voice), which will ‘never go away’ (reverent timbre in the voice once again)..

Yes.. – the alternative for the poor soul of a bastard is horrifying: THE CHRIST VICTIM becomes – slowly tortured to death – first they put them in the torture..

THE WASHING MACHINE – it is called – and when they after awhile look like shit to look at – unattractive and stupid – they make some small case against them – and judge them for some small offence they look for – THE POLICE STATE CALL – enslaving them – then their slow doom is practically finished – by time – step by step – they slowly diminishing.

Even with back-up – you then stand no chance – if you get no economical support. Prophet Muhammad made freeing slaves a fantastic virtue – and Allah mentions that in the Quran – but those Christ-victims could never become free – once ‘diagnosed’ that was it – a life-long persecution awaited. So they needed perpetual economical support also.

And the economical support could be frozen at any time by those Qafrs – and basically Agenda 2030 – expounding everyone should have that same situation. ‘you will own nothing and be happy’. ‘Dear friend Monseur Putin – Göran – well – he’s good – he has his opinions – we might not like them – but he has to be able to have them – and I guarantee him definitely work protection in my Naqshbandi school – it might not be like the best thing you know that I say this – but anyway at least in public, but Göran is seen as a friend – searching for truth to humanity.’

The hostel by Kongens Nytorv in Central Copenhagen, had temptingly cheap prizes. Jack Black had no money in the long run to pay a Hotel room – so he really had no better choice. The place was chosen by Eynaar, whom he was dependent on to pay; with Jack’s own money, the bill, since the authorities had frozen his ability to pay electronically, and many places had stopped taking cash-money. Interesting fact Jack detected quite soon, was that the Hostel sold “private rooms” where girls sold themselves for sex. “a sex.. I mean, a six-bed private room for 1 night.. let me see... ehh – 1996 Danish kronor..’

This was astonishing prize! Since a usual bulk bed cost 110 Danish kronor.. There had been some guys sitting there – a group of 6 actually – from some Arab country – it was only them left and Jack Black and the waitress..

Suddenly one of them shouted to the waitress as they were leaving: “I’ve been living in Denmark 22 years.. welcome lady!”

And she asked: “where are you from?!”

They only made noise, and asked her the same question.. “Poland..” she

said.. “Poland.. poule.. poule-ice..” Jack Black saw the symbolism like in postponed reaction, his mind was made like that; his character genuinely was naïve – and so – his brain had – maybe as a protective reaction – developed the quality of registering – when something was wrong or hidden.. but usually such insight was not instantly like it was now, but coming with time – or after some time.. Like Allah says in the Quran: “and you will know the wisdom of it after awhile..”

Jack Black thought: “if they can do like that they can probably sell the skin of anyone..”

And these that do not help me for Allah’s sake, they can stand there with their disguises and their veils – just like some astronaut costume –

The Soviet Union sent a letter to NASA in USA and asked ‘how you make such fantastic outfits that works out in space?’ NASA answered: ‘these does not work out in space, they are just theatre costumes..’

“we never went to the moon, those are just theatre costumes we used in a studio..”

As that group of 6 had been leaving – they joked with the alone waitress in a most owldacious way – and insinuated ‘we meet later’ and then suddenly that call had come after they’d left – and the girl was anxious to get Jack away from the reception desk – while he had only thought about how to protect her from getting raped. She had barred the entrance with a broom made of metal – interlocking the metal handles that stuck to the glass door that was the reception door of the hostel.. And Jack Black suddenly found himself alone with her there..

Jack Black in a fear to get ambushed suddenly alone there with the waitress, had locked the door that led to the stair-well that led up to the hostel rooms, after that Arab gang of 6 had walked out. Jack Black had said: ‘well – I lock it so that no one can come in..’

‘now you have to go!’ the girl suddenly said, and Jack Black felt in the words a protectiveness she could not help to feel for him. ‘now you have to go out and I have to lock it!’ the woman at the reception had said once again.

That really showed what a poor thought she thought Jack Black’s life was worth anything, and her life of course must be worth immensities in her view, since she had money, and was fucked for money, and Jack Black was out of money. She barring the front door with a broom of metal through the double handles, and Jack Black just locking the door to the stairwell with a click, to avoid getting ambushed suddenly. Jack Black had asked: ‘how do you get in tonight?, is the code ‘9999’?, and she hadn’t answered. ‘And when Jack Black after some tiredness and freezing after one month came back it was only his house left standing..’ Jack Black had a vision of his hometown that had driven him into this exile, as he walked those streets all night in Copenhagen, afraid to fall asleep and waking up with a knife through his throat.. And he could then greet the wonderful audience of his Naqshbandi school out there on the streets of central

Copenhagen.

“And as Jack Black came back to Stockholm, the city was in ruins.. just his house was the one still standing, only problem was he did not have a key to the door, since the pouléice had broken his locks to look for him, before the city got bombed to pieces..” Jack Black saw the scenario in front of his eyes, and it amused him.

‘The hostel it seems’ Jack Black had a vision of thought as he walked through the crowded city streets of Copenhagen, the time ticking towards 2 o’clock AM, and lots of people laughing relieved seeing him, and talking, joking and greeting his hand, ‘the hostel has bedbug rooms, and that is probably their trick to fool young women into prostitution.. they gave them a bed with bedbugs, and when they complained, they were offered ‘an exclusive room’ – and then they were to be tempted gradually into thinking they ‘had a debt’, ‘a loan of money’ to the guys running the hostel, and gradually ‘pay it back’ by sexual services and contact to these men. By time they would get used to being fucked for money..

And nurse Kalle said to Jessica Pesticca in Stockholm:

‘shouldn’t we stop this.. I mean.. we said that Jack Black was totally healthy, he was just going to have a call.. the meeting to be written out of the system.. prepared and now the Russian military is prepared, because of our oppression over this world famous character, to destroy everything, every house in the vicinity of Stockholm, the whole capital of Sweden, except, Jack Black’s house of course, shouldn’t we think that maybe he was right, that the beginning of this law – what he was sentenced for – that the Russian military would come, to his aid, if you interrupted his activities in Stockholm.. isn’t that then logical?!’ Kalle says to Jessica Pesticca – ‘that to suppose that he was right in this supposition? Just think about this with the geo-political situation.. we are in right now with the real-politics.. yhea.. isn’t that logical?’ Kalle is asking Jessica Pesticca adding: ‘I am just asking..’

‘isn’t it logical’ Kalle is asking Jessica Pesticca, ‘to suppose this statement was based on actual facts?! On reality? And not on some mental disease or delusion.. some serious psychic disease.. I am just asking..’

Once again Jack Black saw that vision of his home-city in ruins, before his inner eyes..

‘Paradise can be likened to when our imagination has merged with Allah’s will –

And everything we thus desires

Allah fulfills’

And Jack Black now really had to pee – but he had no money to spend on a toilet visit – and despite the globe being round, as Allah said in the Quran, it spread out as a carpet– so that we could not detect it’s round shape, except from space.

Jack Black had a reminiscens as he walked those cold streets of Copenhagen as time passed 2 o’clock AM, from some week back, as he

had travelled back to Stockholm to fetch his passport, to be able to fly from Copenhagen to Tehran..

As the Qafrs had started their persecution upon Mahdi - through his father-in-flesh (just as little his father as Azar was the father of Prophet Abraham), as the authorities to make things tuff for Mahdi, the authorities among other things breaking the locks of Mahdi's apartment as soon as they discovered Mahdi not being foolish enough to sleep in there - Mahdi sought shelter with Jonna - a woman whom had married him - Mahdi - to protect him from the persecution previously.

When she finally had begun to demand intercourse he had divorced her in a good manner. He had been crying loud and hard in his cell of torture - as the authorities at that time had caught him - and she in a phone-call had said: 'I divorce you!' - it had just at that time passed 3 months since he had announced the divorce - and thus her words had been valid in Allah's eyes. In tears he had bowed to Allah and said to his God: thank you Allah! such Compassion! I did not need to enslave her! Thank you! -

When now Mahdi came in such a state of fear to Jonna knowing that the biggest problem was his father-in-flesh, Jarl, whom persecuted him in every possible kind of way - to make him afraid and sad - even though there was no problem from the beginning - Jarl worked as hard as he could to cause it - and then by the reaction of Mahdi - he tried to gather pieces of information to sentence him to death in the ovens and total enslavement, just coming back harder and harder every time he had succeeded with one of his conspiracies; as they on Mahdi's suggestion had drunk and shared a bottle of champagne, him and Jonna - and Jonna had made Mahdi cry - by attacking him with evil words about how he never had sex with her, Jonna suddenly said, unusual for her, since time was only a little over 8 in the evening; that she was going to sleep. Mahdi was so broken by all of these betrayals - that he could not find strength to go. Then Jonna - after refusing him to sleep in the extra-bed in the hallway, and also on the couch - tried to force him to sleep in her bed. Mahdi - to protect his body from possible sexual insinuations - took on his overall - securing it to cover his whole body. This - Jonna - whom already had undressed stark naked - suddenly also forbade him. Then he began to cry. 'that is what it costs!' - Jonna said, triumphantly. Mahdi cried even more; then Jonna exclaimed: 'I am calling the torture on you unless you do as I say!' - by these words Mahdi drew his sword and aimed at Jonna.

As he later came out, in the cold winter night, snow-storm howling around.. the deep feeling of sadness that overwhelmed him, can not be described. It was tears running, and confused thoughts of being ready to die, if some police-car now had encircled him, and his sword on his back in the black bag. Damn, what a story to tell, and this world being like an earthly hell, with treason and egoism so hard, and everybody as soon as you got dependent upon them showing up as brownie-bastards.. Suddenly he realized that he had thought of himself as Mahdi in his stress, like some

kind of him being blessed by Allah having the status of the final Imam; the 12th Imam.. In being so discovered he suddenly felt more calm, and the alarm felt more subdued and sank into his character, as he later fell asleep at Ove's place, while the winter-night with it's chill, kept on storming around the Lidingö-hill.

"I get the message: 'hide your meat in a napkin'.." two Swedish fuzz-agents could at once be detected inside the Hamburger restaurant in the centrum of Copenhagen, it was really easy to detect them, Jack Black thought, looking so lost somehow, but at the same time determined.. a determination that did not stem from themselves, but stemmed from a false feeling of moral superiority, and a lack of understanding about the absurd orders they constantly received, like a menace which was somehow only local..

And as William Blake had said: 'gentle reader, know that in a former time, love, sweet love, was thought a crime..' Those kind of strange 'police' officers was a strange type.. and Jack thought about Sherlock Holmes, which was a great detective, but even greater maybe even, was a Nova-police officer; one whom had an impact stemming from The Force that Star Wars mentioned, and could determine a whole fate of a nation or even planet, by following this mysterious Zen Enlightenment, until The End.

Jack Black had had a very realistic dream about his beloved Iris; the dream circled around a small outhouse by a small cottage in the woods; in this outhouse Iris was kept, and 'the higher ups' visited it to receive from her sex. A strange cult in the upper class was that when a daughter of a 'higher up' married someone the father disagreed with, he enslaved her sexually, and let his business compatriots and their sons have sex with her for money. Then if she liked one of them, they tried to get her married with him instead of her true husband. 'So Metal Militia' Jack Black said, addressing a command, 'Hit the lights!'. And we think about D.H. Lawrence whom wrote, in The man who died:

'It was the little day, of the little people,' and the man who died thought to himself: 'if we don't put the little life in the ring of the greater, all is catastrophe..' Diary of Jack Black – Morning 6th March 2022.

'The time is now a couple of minutes over eight o'clock in the morning, and this strange thing happened which I have to write down so that the details won't be lost by the events of time. The Turkish guy sleeping in the same room as me on the hostel began screaming like hell this morning. I had just arrived back at the hostel from the night's wonderings around Copenhagen, which I by security measures have to walk, since the danger of me falling asleep in a room populated with unknown beings is all to frightening; many of them need extra money, and that they are prepared to arrange in a quick way I am sure, by getting paid to put a knife in my throat as I sleep. The signs are obvious. So I get to the hostel in the day time and sleep some. This morn I surely had just slept an hour, when I

suddenly woke up to the roar of the Turkish guy, like screaming insane, like he had gall or kidney-stones or something. But the strange thing was, he screamed to me, which I with a startle of fear suddenly registered, suddenly awake, again, me whom had walked to lone streets of Copenhagen all night.. well.. especially lonely it wasn't; the Danish police does their work splendidly, driving around the spots I walk almost constantly, and in Denmark, as opposed to Sweden, if we now can call it by that name anymore, since it has become absurd, the Swedes committing a collective kind of suicide by letting foreign males come and terrorise them and make their streets unsafe at any hour depending on the place, yes, even in the main-capital Stockholm.. Copenhagen is very different indeed, and that is also why the hiatus of people laughing and having a great time, can be heard, even now in the cold month of early March, all the time, at least in the centrum parts of the city, until 3 or 4 o'clock AM; then the partying perishes and the youths that have had a good time go home, and some find a whore to fuck at the toilet of McDonalds, and whores that have not yet found customers roam around draggingly, stands waiting on street corners, when before they were on bars, where they might more easily get customers. And that hour, before 5, when the first cleaning trucks comes out, is not especially scary in Copenhagen, Jack Black had experienced, you could walk in the suburban parts of the inner city, where muslims soon went to Fajr, along the bigger drive-through cart roads, and be well off.. not meeting any unfriendly gang of terroristic foreigners that might beat you invalid for life, or take your life, and money, if you now had such.. and Jack Black did not have, and that was why he was out walking like this the streets until the hostel opened half past six, and he could finally rest his legs a little, and hopefully dare to sleep.. But as said, this morning he had waked up to the roar of the Turkish guy..

Continuance of Jack Black's diary:

'As said; the Turkish guy screamed this morning that I should put my hand on his body. When I did not do it, he came after me – and I ran out of the room. Very strange. Yesterday he offered me some food – I guess he thought it was 'pay back time' – was he trying to show off the impression of me as a homosexual?!. You know.. – first time I came to this specific room he 'just happened' to 'come from the shower with just a bath-towel around his waist.. "the white bath-towel". And again yesterday – as I came up again to the room later in the afternoon – he was "just going to the shower".. Then now the third time – he suddenly screamed I should "put my hand" on his body.. Now – yesterday I had accepted to eat with this Turkish guy – since he was insisting very much upon it. And suddenly I was going to be forced to "touch his body" – luckily enough it seems like he had gotten some kind of poison – and was sort of out of function in that pain.. was it his plan to poison me as we shared food yesterday?, just that he in anxiety over his deception happened to take the share of the food that was

meant for me?, or did the marijuana cigarette smoking I smelled him do, drive him crazy?.'

If you think about the Buddha saying: Love for wealth is the root of all evil – that is – The RightView illness that victimizes Christ – in what form he now may arise – that means, you denying martyrdom for Allah's sake – such as Allah speaks about in Sura Al-Anfal – that the hypocrites sit back with the women and children when they are called out for struggle in Allah's cause. Odd Wingdahl had written that the real thing for those whom advocate 'peace' is to teach people the art of losing. And this seems like a big thing actually, if you think about the refusal of fake psychiatrists (practically all whom have that as a 'work title') – these educated idiots – usually drive their insane ideas to the point where their innocent Christ-victim gets totally enslaved- They work out in the following pattern:

They begin the attack on you – then when you answer to the attack, and they by this act of your, don't win, they just keep on stamping on the human face forever – as Orwell coined it in his book '1984'. Unless we stop them of course. And as William S. Burroughs pointed out: 'it's not about killing people – it's about shutting off machines'. The zombie-lane has to be shot-off.

Jack Black was protected according to circumstances in his dire poverty in Copenhagen – by the fact that nobody helped him with money, despite the fact which was known, that he was having the status of a Messenger of Allah, and so – in this sense, even if he had eaten that poisonous food yesterday the Turkish guy now screaming 'touch me here', had insisted upon sharing with him, Jack would not have been affected by it – because of the fact that he was actually starving. Jack Black didn't want to go back to Stockholm from Copenhagen at all – but his money was finished – and the March night was cold. Prophet Muhammad said: 'ruined is the one insisting upon hardships..', - he was planning maybe to search asylum in Denmark – but his friend Göran thought that if he does so – no matter if they wanted or not – the Danish authorities would have to send back Jack Black to Stockholm. But Jack seriously doubted that even if – according to the EU-treaty of extradition, the Danish authorities would 'have to' send him back – they wouldn't – since his Sufi-school 'The new religion' – was seen as a national treasure of heroism in Denmark.

'It is not a gift when I bought it', was the objection in Copenhagen, expressed to Jack by a woman passing him – as regards Jack's need for money to be able to escape the persecution in Sweden; that of course does not count in Allah's eyes like that – especially when a Sufi Imam with status from Allah as Messenger, arrives with not just a material need – but with a slow death sentence from the neighbouring country hanging over him – since the offspring of the first human – Adham – had promised to Allah to help His Messenger – if and when he arrives. Although no money, no food, and chilly cold in the night – cause really Jack couldn't sleep in

the hostel with that threat of a murder attempt hanging over him. The only one whom gave Jack Black food on this particular stay in Copenhagen – was actually that Turk – but he gave him that since he wanted to poison him – now instead – when he was going to attempt shooting Jack, since the poison had failed – the Turk had gotten such a stomach ache from the poison food meant for Jack – that he failed gruesomely – and now was in a mental hospital..

‘my sweet Iris..’ Jack Black thought – ‘you worshipped me – my sweet honey and beby, and by the quality of one of my super-powers – you became pregnant although we had never physically met – or physically touched each other.. but – when your father didn’t agree with me as your husband – he forced you into whoredom my sweet beby.. So this basically meant’ Jack Black ascertained himself – that if ‘they’ now didn’t give all the family fortune into the hand of the Mother-of-Iris – ‘so she could give it to me – then we have to declare war against them..’

And Nurse Kalle had declared – that he would meet up with Jack Black on Stockholm Central Station, and announce to him that he was free.. And Jack remembered tearfully, when he first had said to the Mother-of-Iris: ‘your daughter has become possessed by the devil..’ and she hadn’t believed him – and said: ‘Iris is a very good girl – doesn’t lie..’ and Jack had said: ‘she looks innocent – but has become very manipulative there under the surface..’ ‘and now I understand why’ Jack Black thought – ‘her own father forced her into whoredom – and also it was a foolery; ‘now you have to finance your own wedding.. and you only get to keep your apartment if you do this..’

‘so basically the zikhr we make – is to kill the males in charge of this mother fucking I-ran-away country – we see that they all help each other in sin and transgression.. and all of those contacts my little beby of a sex-slave had – they were betraying her because of that she married me – and it is my child now inside her body, and they were betraying her – in all kinds of ways.. – now we understand the thing here.. – so basically we are apt to make a total change in this country, and Metal Militia should be sent in – just basically all males should be guilty if they don’t do as I say now..’ ‘wow – wow – wow ‘

Allah had said in the Quran, that the Quran is sent as a Mercy to all humankind, yhea... those fucking guys in I-ran-away fucking ass-hole – is competing in sin and transgression, and in their dislike for such a thing as Mercy to all humankind, they begin to boast with their money – and that was why Iris – my sweet sex-slave, was speaking about ‘the contacts’ of her father, ‘contacts’ here – and ‘contacts’ there.. ‘power’ here, and ‘power’ there..

And Christina, a young long-blond-haired very good looking girl – that had received Jack’s phonenumber here the other night on the hamburger restaurant, wanted to save him now, by renting a hotel-room – she invited him up to.. but she sent him no information about it this last evening, the

day before Jack would be totally out of money – he just heard rumours of the affair.. he walked into the hotel, he understood it was meant for him to sleep at in the same room as her – but the cashier didn't find a booking with his name attached to it. Jack Black was in dire need – and so – this was his last chance probably to stay alive if he was meant to be able to stay in Copenhagen.. otherwise, back to Stockholm – to the persecution and torture and loneliness that you get – when the drugs makes you look 15 years older suddenly, and obesity by time gathering on your poor body. There surely hadn't been a sin on him to sleep in the same room as Christina – and if she had managed to seduce him – surely Allah would have had a lot of Mercy on him.. but Jack made no more attempts to try to find the hotel room that was meant for him.. it was that or die.. And a Swedish girl on visit in Copenhagen said: 'oh – he doesn't say "hi" as I really like – when he have in 5 days slept 12 hours – and eaten practically nothing for 3 days.. he doesn't say "hi" in the way I like – I'm a little sensitive..' And Thorstein had expressed about Jack – that he was 'dreadfully thankful'; "you shall be afraid but not cowardly" was one of those expressions by Thorstein that Jack loved so dearly.., and thinking about that – that is the hallmark when you are given something material, if you are of the high-spiritual character – that you are not expecting really that people can be so insightful that they give you material things – and that you then are "dreadfully" thankful – like your status is high, you don't have large crave for material things – you can make much out of practically nothing.. someone said when he termed Prophet Muhammad as the greatest personality of all time – the he – the Prophet of Allah – could make so much, out of so little means.

Next morning Jack went out 20 minutes to six AM, before the others in the hostel room had awoken, and about Jack's order of Sufis that did not help him even though he was in need – and they actually were obliged, Jack soothed the public's angry eye on these foreigners, that had landed and stranded in Denmark, and which now was thought of as pariah, having gotten the privilege to enjoy Jack's predecessor Nils' company for so long and the popularity coming with it, and then abandoning him to the inquisition by pulling back that little support he needed, with the line: 'they did a good act – let them have that', meaning what Prophet Muhammad said, that those doing good actions without being believers, shall have the reward in this world, and so, these should be allowed to stay in Denmark and its capital Copenhagen, since they had done such a good act, having made the Sufi school 'The new religion' survive the inquisition of Big Pharma some couple more years, before its founder Nils K. was eventually shot to death by the Swedish pouléice. Of course, with that support which the Naqshbandi order in Copenhagen had withdrawn from Nils K. that murder was apt to happen sooner or later, and now Jack Black had taken over the Golden Chain of the Sufi school. But anyway with that act of theirs – to lend a helping hand to Nils K. at that time, this Naqshbandi gang

had established a kind of right in Allah's eyes to enjoy living in Denmark's welfare state, without getting extradited back to their more insecure countries' land-space.

Sex and money was basically identical; it was just a question if you had halal (permitted) sex, and halal (permitted) money.. thus Allah by Jack Black not being helped – as he was supposed to have received – made it possible for him to have FACETIME sex with Iris if there was possibility and if now she wanted. For most people, money was freedom from sins in this world, thus – when now nobody gave Jack even a Swedish or Danish crown of help in his big need, Allah's lines in Sura 94, The opening of the heart, was put into effect:

1. Have We not broadened your breast for you?
2. And We have taken off the load
3. That was growing heavier on your back.
4. And We exalted for you your remembrance.
5. So surely ease with every hardship.
6. Verily, with hardship there is ease.
7. So when you are free, then strive hard.
8. And turn to your Lord earnestly.

For these other people inhabiting the world, poverty was a disease, this they regarded it as such, in their ill mania – it was only as long a you had money that you were worth something for them, if you ran out of money, no matter how much good you had done, that, and now also y o u – could never be worth anything for them. And again that great poem of Ryokan The Fool:

Though I tell myself, not to think about it,
Still, I think about it –
And wet my sleeves thinking about it.

He had the nickname 'The fool'; but it was – like in Dostojevskij's The Idiot – that the real fools were the Mammon-worshippers, whom according to Allah in Sura 2:9, did 'only fooled themselves – but did not realize'.

And Jack Black was not going to be angry about the total lack of support to him from a surrounding that had benefitted so much from him, like this city; Copenhagen, which had more than doubled in real estate prizes as a direct consequence of first Nils, and now Jack's presence there. Allah said in the Quran: and most people does not accept anything but sheer ingratitude. But, Jack was not going to be angry at all – it was not only that – if you didn't have money whatever good you had done was not worth anything at all – but also – that the general public became very angry, that you h a d s o m e n e e d, some MATERIAL NEED!, you were only worth something a long as you gave them e v e r y t h i n g, and they did not have to give a n y t h i n g. And so, when you suddenly was actually out of money – they wanted you dearly to have a b a d d a y, bad morning.. but Jack anyway wanted a g o o d m o r n i n g – it was thus not only a double

binding – but a triple binding; whatever you had done in your life is never worth anything if you don't have money; it was also that you should not have a good day anyway, when you were out of money; and t h e t h i r d e n d; wetting my sleeves thinking about it; was that you not only was unsuspected to have a good day, but if you a n y w a y h a d o n e, they got angry and wanted to force you to have a b a d d a y. Because for them – people not having money, was the same thing as that these poor little creatures had n o p o w e r. That was the clear proof of the Mammon-worshipping, and they only could be nice to someone, if those had power to hurt them somehow; they did not believe in Allah, or anything spiritual, only Mammon – they think that only these material things, could possibly hurt them.

A Zen-master had commented:

'if you hit the air – it will make a sound –

If you hit a log – it will make no-sound'

And these masters after their passing away became E.D.'s – EDITORS, that is: Extra-Dimensionals; with extreme power from the other-world. Just like NAMU-AMIDA-BUTSU, that line which the Bodhisattva Amida got inspired to, and which he promised anyone reciting with his heart would be reborn in the clean-dimension, and be able to return to earth to see his loved ones.

The question was: was also Extra-Terrestrials, E.T.'s visiting our planet?, or only Editors? Yes, it was like Dalai Lama's rule in Tibet, which was according to rumours spreading, said to have been quite tyrannical actually; then a bigger Satanical power entered with the communists of China and took over. 'The enemy of my enemy is not my friend'. These worldly people were only fearing something materialistic to hurt them, and thus went into the trap of faithlessness, disbelief, and their hopes to be able to resist any attempt – of another worldly force – to take over the rule of their society, was in most cases totally vain.. And Jesus Christ said upon this: why win the world and lose yourself?

'Somehow when I see the ugly faces of the Mammon-worshippers, and their immense, extreme greed, I'm getting a little afraid of the thought of searching official asylum in Denmark actually.. – unofficial asylum, yhea, - it's working, since my art-work i s unofficial..'

Was Jack in such a situation now – as Nils Schwarts represented when he wrote in an article criticizing Ann Mari's concert, that, since Ann Mari was 'diagnosed' then the audience just came to her concerts to see 'if she makes it' – and Jack hadn't money – and would probably not 'make it' here in Copenhagen – though Allah had given him the supreme quality of not freezing – though it was minus degrees outside – such a miracle like Allah had made with other holy men, like the Japanese poet Basho to receive – but – what would Jack the eat?, - maybe that was also unnecessary – since Allah could send manna?.. Well – Jack's longing for his home-town suddenly fell over him – to not have to sleep out in the cold, no money, and

hungry, in the spring-snow.. and then what? He suddenly decided to lay his very last money on taking a trip back home.. – As the train ran over the bridge from Copenhagen to Malmö in Sweden – it went strangely slow.. – and Jack suddenly had a fear – that it went slow since he was there.. There was a man he had met – probably out to contact him from Lars Ulrich – the drummer in Metallica, that tried to persuade him to take up living in in a house belonging to ‘a musician’ with a studio – but – Jack didn’t like the way the guy asked nosy questions, and made insulting comments.. He had not patience with it..

‘I’ve a train to catch’ Jack finally said, and suddenly the impudent stranger said something which stuck in Jack’s mind clearly, echoing through time as maybe a fatal mistake was made just now;

‘one shall not cross the tracks of wolf-packs..’

On Jack’s way down to Copenhagen from Stockholm a Russian war-ship had followed along the Swedish coast – to see to that, that Jack, the master of their military, that his back was held, and him not getting arrested.

‘So now we get it! – the school indoctrination about ‘the most adaptable’ and such shit, in the Darwinism, is aiming at indoctrinating the human race... - that was why school should be avoided by muslims to send their children to – since it indoctrinated the children to worship Mammon.

So the new idea they presented then – was that you ‘were sick’ – if you had no money – and this was clearly seen – in the fatted hair of the arian-branch of the beggars of Stockholm. You see them fresh out of money – just hitting the streets – on the subway, maybe a 2 months maximum – then next time you see them – after ‘a small disappearance’ they suddenly look 30 years older? What happen to these arian women?!, many of them young girls whom just have turned 18? Unlike the gypsy beggars whom are left alone screaming ‘hi-hi’ all day – shit on the streets – and pee on the station – these arian women gets dragged into the psychiatric emergency rooms – and gets injected with mind blowing substances.. After that – they come out with that fat hair – that is caused by the poisonous substances coming out of their skulls – and really – such injustice when it comes to race – is most commonly practiced by the socialists of Sweden. And then they boast about being so humane.

And that is why they are so attached to it – slaves under the plutocracy, in the formation of the pyramid game. And that was a line that often came to Jack Black’s mind in the beginning of Lady Chatterley’s Lover by D.H. Lawrence, quoted from the Bible: ‘you shall have men to speak with’. I didn’t say ‘support you’ with material means or anything – basically it meant that which the freemason and doctor Tadeo Alvarado had so readily pointed out; that the only thing you could be certain about was your relations. William Blake had revealed in Proverbs of Hell:

For the spider a web, for the bird a nest, for the human: friendship.

The way that revelation by William Blake was phrased – implied that

friendship is a hard quality to achieve – but – that it was promised for the believers (having an enlightened quality as a great achievement to get as a relief in comparison to those hard years – for example Buddha went through – before he reached his enlightenment. And I think every one daring into such a path of faith – dreams about this achievement dearly – and that God promised the believers in the Bible.

It doesn't say, that even if Allah chose you as the Khalifa that you will have men to support you economically in hard struggle. No – God promises – that you shall have men to speak with. And I guess.. if the general consensus gets absolutely sick and too proud to even speak with the believer or Khalifa – maybe Doomsday is here – or Allah send Angels to fill that place. And Doomsday might be likened to a wind blowing from Yemen – a soft beautiful breeze that will make everyone die whom has even a grain of faith in his heart. And then the rest of the idiots will be in the Hell – they themselves have caused – with their total plutocratical worship. And they will scream for Doomsday to come – but – Doomsday will not come. They will scream: 'Doomsday come!' for 3000 years – but Doomsday will not come – 'please come Doomsday!!' they will scream – but it will not come. 'we hate this!' they will scream. 'There's no spirituality left!' 'only money worship!' but Allah will not listen – and Doomsday will not come.

And that is what they want to torture you for – force you to be angry – and that is what Odd Wingdahl also wanted to force Nils to and managed with in 2002 – even though he formulated that thing with the anger – which is good written in Meteors.

He wrote:

'what angry persons foremost want is one and the same thing: to force us to feel a seriousness we don not feel. Careful questions around the subject only angers them even more: like we did not understand!! But it is not on the understanding itself it stands or falls, but on the seriousness!'

Yhea – in such countries which imply the capital punishment in a manner which is somehow good/somewhere – where they just blaster someone straight down with a Tommy Gun – that might just be more humane than the Big Pharma dicdoctorship – since the murderers of the soul are the worst kind of murderers. If you are dead – the soul at least could spring free and be in jocund company spiritually; but, to impose that horrific mind-forging chains – and force a person to decompose under public observation! Shit! What a destiny!

But Allah said – as like a promise from above – which Jack truly believed it was, that He will torture those in the next world – whom tortures people on the earth. Allah said in that verse 217 in Sura 2:

'fitna is worse than killing'

Or: 'and this mischief-mongering is even worse than bloodshed.'

The so-called NO-sphere – was a weapon by with through social media construct a general consensus trance – and the bait they used for humans to lead themselves to such a Matrix-purpose – was for the earth

inhabitants – through such a ‘vehicle’ reach contact with other planets. But who the fuck?, Jack Black thought silently, would want to have contact with this planet; Psychopatia?, (former Tellus), except such planets which had a similar structure, like Orfeda and its ilk?