

The friend doesn't know what the hell he is doing – as AJ would express it – BUT HE DOES IT – and thus the world gets some knowledge about what the friend can do.. as to refer to Mawlana Rumi.. ' Jack thought as he slumped down into a booth behind the counter, he could sit there because he was the Master recognized by everybody in Japan..

So circle 1 was close to the sea??,' Jack took care of his chin – confused as usual at the architecture of Tokyo City.. "what the Hell is this" I say with Aj ' Jack thought – 'thought it was far but actually close.. And when I was in Shibuya I never divined either that the sea was straight down south.. but we thinking in Saitmara – of all places – furthest away from the sea – that I was actually meeting the sea breeze every time I went out coming over those meadows from the South.. from the sea..

Allting som stöttade offret ansågs automatiskt av zombis som 'helt galet' oavsett hur stort det var i jämförelse med dom själva.. 'ja.. Iran är helt galet.. dom är HELT GALNA .. DÄR NERE.. ' anledningen var att Iran inte hade dömt ut mig, offret, som 'vi som vanligt ska spara,.. ja.. vi skaka skona ditt skinn.. bara gnaga av litet till.. vi gnagare gnager på offret i evighet.. och bombar sönder resten utav världen om den där utanför inte tycker SOM VI.. den MORALISKA STORMAKTEN I VÄRLDEN... Sverige heter vi!! Sverige!! Hör ni det!! Har ni hört namnet tidigare?? Greta Thunberg?? Ringer det bekant kanske?? How dare you!!" och avgrundsvrålet kom ut, men fastnade också i halsen på nåt vis..

Snart hade Absurdistan zombie armen galen förklarar större delen av världen.. 'Putin är JU HELT GALEN.. och Trump också.. helt djävla galen.. helt djävla galen Jack!! Xi Jinping är HELT DJÄVLA SINNES SJUK ALLTSÅ.. ' och nu var även Japan i skottgluggen för galningarnas enögdhet.. 'Japan är ju helt djävla galen nation..' anledningen var att dessa alla hade ställt upp för mig och ställt sig på min sida mot att förstöras 'gnagas av gnagarna i evighet' som gnagarna själv kallade offer akten..

The biological clock.. The biological time bomb.. Just THEY DON'T COME TOGETHER..

Och Albrecht Durers tavla av Domedagen kom för mina ögon.. där ett mycket främmande element, jag A Stranger, en främmande görande figuration står mitt i tavlan.. I all tortyr och galenskap som pågår runt omkring, står en blond man, en vikinga figur fram med sanden runt skorna, i orange overall.. en klädnad i ett stycke.. Inte en orange robe som munkarna har.. och så Durers kopparstick av Halleluja, De som lyckats nå Paradiset.. flowers celebrating mouths, singing hallelujas!

"They're coming to get you.. "the they" you see??.."

“Well” I answered “important thing we knowing it, that the Baphomet minions again are coming after me..” and we could see them approaching with their front of army totally straight in line coming to be shot down one by one, with their rainbow flags, and mutilated sex ‘transitioned’ and breasts of women operated upon their male chests.. It was a hilarious sight..

And I called my Sabrina once again, and gave the signal she fell for so hot and awaited constantly, ‘that orgie in the dead of night suddenly’ :

‘Bi kiss sss kiss sss p’ and she undressed her breasts and began sucking ‘it’ ‘her god’ as she called it..

“Baise Moi Mr. BM..” she said as she was licking and making deep throat and immense pleasure..

”I can feel the heat closing in, feel them out there making their moves, setting up their devil doll stool pigeons, crooning over my spoon and dropper I throw away at Washington Square Station, vault a turnstile and two flights down the iron stairs, catch an uptown A train...”

”För det är bara EN färg tillåten.. ja, alla färger är tillåtna.. bara dom är svarta.. Så när dom där ny-nazisterna i JeewKrigna gör Sieg Heil och har swastikor överallt och parader till Satans ära.. ! då tycker vi att det är jätte bra och är alla överens, .. men, när Jack de Kerouac gör det prisad av alla omkring, till den grad att han måste sträcka upp handen minst 500 gånger per dag, och det är de alla glada i.. han och hela den stora omgivningen som är världen utanför sandlådan.. Då säger vi att han är sjuk i huvudet och ju som vanligt måste offras till Satan.. ja.. vi är alla överens.. han måste ögonblickligen skjutsas hem och ‘få den behandling han så räddmätigt förtjänar’ precis som vanligt .. vi kan nämligen inte stå ut med att se, att ett av våra offer röner omåttlig popularitet, och ju inte PÅ KUPPEN GÅR UNDER.. det är nämligen den DEAL vi har påtvingat och gett våra offer i Absurdistan; ‘ja du dö dansare’ har vi sagt och klappat offret i ryggen, rygg dunkande som ju intet annat betyder att snart har vi en kniv i handen och intar just den samma positionen ni se.. ja, hela världen ser ju faktiskt hur extremt sjuka i huvudet vi alla är eller snarare värre, fullständigt satanisk kakofoni och vansinne genomsyrar hela idiot massan vi kallar för ‘samhälle’.. men vi bara fortsätter i ÄNNU högre fart RAKT MOT AVGRUNDEN.. det är dit vi styr nämligen för vi är alla menade för helvetet.. utom Mästarens älskarinnor så klart.. dessa ska klara sig och det hatar vi men kan intet göra åt det.. ‘Zen är för överklassen’ säger mästaren Blyth som vi avskyr som pesten, och då har alltså alla överklass damer gått över på Mästarens sida och massa massa massa andra tjejer har följt i släptåget.. så nu står vi där med arslet i ändan och undrar; ‘hur ska vi få tillbaka kräket?? Så vi kan tortera vettet ur skallen på provokatören’ ‘provokatören,, kallar vi den nämligen, (an affective diminutiv) .. ni ser , vi låtsas HELT UTAN BEVIS, att hela världen kretsar KRING OSS.. så, ifall kräket INTE SKICKAR vykort från fjärran stränder, säger vi att han har

blivit HELT GALEN 'brutit kontakten' skriker vi då, och kommer efter idioten precis som vanligt.. 'trodde du din idioti.. vi menar I DIN IDIOTI.. att du kunde fly zombie väldet av absurt kommunist diktatoriskt förtryck??, som vi kallar nazism där borta i JeeewKrigna som vi älskar så mycket (för dom har samma färger på sin flagga!!) (och när någon liknar oss, ja då ÄLSKAR vi den) (tingel tangel i julgranen).. du ser, vår värld går ut på att tvinga ANDRA att vara den åsikt vi vill framföra och att göra det som VI vill att dom ska göra.. annars skall dessa utplånas ur världen.. Profeten är bara ett exempel på vårt fullständiga vansinne.. Så.. ifall den kräkfulla dumskallen INTE håller 'KONTAKTEN' (big reverence for this expression in Sweden), DÅ , låser vi in djäveln fortast möjligt.. JAA .. den slaven har ju inte smickrat våran självkänsla tillräckligt utav att vara betydelsefulla i världen.. VI FÅR JU DÅ INTE VARA MED.. så att säga.. vilket gör oss hemskt upprörda.. och vi skickar internationell efterlysningsorder efter djäveln, och SÅ ÄR SAKEN UR VÄRLDEN.. den 'kommer hem' (till helvete) och sedan börjar hjärntvätten och tortyren.. OM DOCK, denne djäveln SKICKAR SAKER TILL OSS, i form av vykort från fjärran stränder, låter vi den roliga nollningen av Satanical Ritual Abuse som vi älskar så mycket att utföra, bara uppskjutas i UPPSKOV ett litet tag.. 'vänta bara det kommer snart' ska vara känslan den går med hela tiden konstant, så att allt i dess liv skall bli hackigt liksom en fluga som fastnat i ett spindelnät, och med tiden blir allt mer och mer letargisk, och sen kommer det roliga, då KAKOFONIN av våra hesa helvetiska röster (hxxh ä-ä röster) nått sådan intensitet, och förvirringen blivit så total av galenskaper vi projicerar, att katatonin slår till.. Och den lever så att säga där inuti, liksom en hel gris man skållat i elden; DÖD PÅ UTSIDAN.. ni ser.. MEN NÄR VI SEN ÄTER.. yummi yummi.. så djävla gott blir innanmätet som fortfarande lever tillsammans med hjärtat som fortfarande pumpar.. Så som sagt.. då låter vi saken bero en tid.. precis som vi alltid gör ifall den idioten är hemma i Absurdistan och en vacker dag, ingen väntar det, så sker EN NY ARRESTERING.. och dom stackars jäntorna blir bara MER OCH MER traumatiserade tills dom blir zombis precis som vi.. då har vi nått hela målet med vår UPPFOSTRINGSANSTALLT NÄMLIGEN.. på Mästaren statuerade vi ett tydligt exempel vad som sker ifall man inte sväljer med hull och hår vår sjuka propagerande, och tror precis som vi, och framför allt, GÖR PRECIS SOM VI SÄGER.. så.. som sagt.. idioten skickar ändå vykort.. kanske för att den har det bra.. vad vet jag.. kan ju också ha sin förklaring i att den litet pillemariske PROVOKATÖREN, som vi ju kallar kräket, ja helt utan bevis.. säkert skickar han fina saker till våra adresser i ALLRA STÖRSTA VÄLMENING.. kan ju också vara så att den djäveln VET att OM DEN INTE SKICKAR, så ankommer den internationella arresteringsordern ALLT SNABBARE OCH SNABBARE.. 'hur kan du våga "FLY!!!" från vår satanska diktatur.. du sprang inte till första bästa gräns utan GICK så att inte vi kunde skicka hundarna på dig!!, det sårar vår självkänsla av total förträfflighet, dubbelmoral, och vansinnes auktoritet och styre att du vågar göra en sån sak SOM ATT BRYTA KONTAKTEN..' så det kan ju så klart (och om vi lyckats skrämra offret till lydnad känner vi oss nu LITET ANINGEN bättre.. det VAR inte att den HADE DET BRA, som var anledningen.. förhoppningsvis LIDER den där där borta i Japan.. Lidandet hos andra känslfullt förnimmande varelser (vilket vi inte är) får oss nämligen att känna en hemlig tillfredsställelse inombords i våra korrumpade själar.. Ja, det är jätte hemskt.. men såna är vi!!' vampyren vände sig plötsligt

till inspektör William Lee med det där sataniska grinet, den projicerade på offret var 'provokativt' från OFFRETS SIDA, och stirrade i fullständigt blodsugande zombie skap som upp från en normalitet som bara var spelad.. Trancen höll på att slå till.. Willy beordrade fullständig elimination av hela samhälls strukturen.. 'It was an abomination to God, a dark spot on the earth and could simply just not exist any more'..

Och den galningen gick på "du ser.. ifall vår bild av förträfflighet är hotad, ATT VI JU ÄR BÄTTRE BÄTTRE BÄTTRE än offret, så MÅSTE VI OFFRA DET i Sataniska förnedringsritualen av hjärntvätt och påtvinga denne total underkastelse.. 'samhällets förkastelsedom' kallade man det i forna tiden.. och precis som då så är den till för att bevara maktstrukturen, inget annat.. men vi kallar den destruerande death in the ovens ritualen för att 'rädda samhället från undergång'.. Vi MÅSTE FÅ KÄNNA OSS FÖRTRÄFFLIGA, ty det är så vi kvarhåller oss själva i consensus trance som vi vi vi ju VILL HA och VA I för att kunna fortsätta sälja ut allt ALLT ALLT fint och hela landet till Satan och hans trupper i Mordor skymningslandet , The Waste Land av total undergång.. och sen sjunger vi vår Svanesång ut över hela djävla världen att vi är BÄST BÄST BÄST ,, MEST FÖRTRÄFFLIGA.. Moraliska STORMAKTEN, som ALLA ANDRA förväntas ta efter och köpa vår BULLSHIT AND LIES.. det är så vi säger 'att vårt samhälle är som ett djävla Paradise alltså.. I JÄMFÖRELSE..' ty SÅ VETTIGA ÄR VI ATT TA TILL DEN TAKTIKEN 'MED ANDRA SKIT LÄNDER DÄR NERE I SYD I VÄRLDEN NÅN STANS ELLER VÅR GRANNE I NORR I SYNNERHET RYSSLAND'.. Och om någon någonsin hotar våra vanföreställningar AV TOTAL FÖRTRÄFFLIGHET , "fullständig NORMALITET" , då sätter vi efter det fanskapet, om så det är en kärnvapen makt med Mästaren som Mästare över dess arme, eller Mästaren själv FAN TA DET KRÄKET!!' Zombin börjar bryta ihop i den vanliga självömkan som alltid psykopaten visar då dess vanförställda bild av sin egen förträfflighet på nåt enda sätt hotas.. ty då hotar denna lilla självinsikt kanske slaven av Psykopaternas Herravälde, att kanske allt den hitintills gjort inte var så förträffligt.. att alla dom där hjältarna som händer i HonMonstrets grotta, fastnat i HonMonstrets spindelnet, helt ovetandes på sin flykt ut ur Mordor mot bättre tiden i Gondor eller varför inte Rohan, att sådan stor Jahbulon monster väntade i grottan.. flykten var ju så enkel tycktes det.. intet ont anandes att det ju var hela planen.. 'en enkel flyktväg!..' så skulle man tro då man närmade sig öppningen av det svarta hålet rakt in i berget..

'okey.. enough with more bullshit and lies' konstaterade vår Nova Inspektör lakoniskt, i sin vanliga stil, och den totala utplåningen av maktstrukturens högre stratas påbörjades ögonblickligen.. 'and what crawls out could even make an ambulance attendant puke.. The Rube flips in the end, running through empty automats and subway stations, screaming: 'Come back, kid!! Come back!!' and follows his boy right into the East River, down through condoms and orange peels, mosaic of floating newspapers, down into the silent black ooze with gangsters in concrete, and pistols pounded flat to avoid the probing finger of prurient ballistic experts."

From the roof of the R.C. we survey a scene of unparalleled horror. Irreversible Neural damage.. Agitated schizophrenics rush through the streets with mangled, inhuman cries. Catatonics decorate the parks... Junkies have looted the drugstores and fix on every street corner.... IND's stand around in front of café tables, long streamers of saliva hanging off their chins, stomachs noisily churning, others ejaculate at the sight of women. Latahs imitate the passers-by with monkey-like obscenity. A group of P.R.'s – Partially Reconditioned – have surrounded some homosexual tourists with horrible knowing smiles showing the Nordic skull beneath in double exposure. “What do you want?” snaps on of the queens.

“We want to UNDERSTAND you.”

A contingent of howling simopaths swing from chandeliers, balconies and trees, shitting and pissing on passers-by. (A simopath – the technical name for this disorder escaped me – is a citizen convinced he is an ape or other simian. It is a disorder peculiar to the army, and discharge cures it) . Amoks trot along cutting off heads, faces sweet and remote with a dreamy half smile. ... Citizens with incipient Bang-utot clutch their penises and call on the tourists for help.... Arab rioters yipe and howl, castrating, disembowelling, throw burning gasoline.... Dancing boys strip-tease with intestines, women stick severed genitals in their cunts, grind, bump and flick it at the man of their choice.... Religious fanatics harangue the crowd from helicopters and rain stone tablets on their heads, inscribed with meaningless messages.... A coprophage calls for a plate, shits on it and eats the shit, exclaiming, “Mmmmm, that's my rich substance.”

A battalion of rampant bores prowls the streets and hotel lobbies in search of victims. An intellectual avant-gardist – ‘Of course the only writing worth considering now is to be found in scientific reports and periodicals’ – has given someone a bulbocapnine injection and is preparing to read him a bulletin on “the use of neo-hemoglobin in the control of multiple degenerative granuloma.” (Of course, the reports are all gibberish he has concocted and printed up.)

His opening words: “You look to me like a man of intelligence.” (Always ominous words, my boy ... When you hear them stay not on the order of your going but go at once.)

The youths, sneering and goosing each other with clubs, troop out to the field. Now the battle begins.

Well, when the promise came through by airdrop, my gratitude was indescribable....

“Liksom man hade inget annat att göra än att smickra JUST DERAS förträfflighet, deras vanförställda självuppfattning..” tänkte Jack chockat.. ”dom är uppenbarligen imitatörer av

kvinnan och därför hela bunten förbannade.. ALLT SKA BARA HANDLA OM TIMING.. ifall man TIMAR fel, så blir det Fel FEL FEEL FEL Systemet som ska 'ta hand om en' precis som i maffia metoder, enda skillnaden att här är hela djävla samhällsstrukturen styrd av Khazariska Maffian, men alla är inne i en trance av 'förträfflighets dyrkan' och då ingen vågar eller vill eller kan erkänna fanskapet dom lever i dag efter dag, så 'går allt på FULLSTÄNDIGT NORMALT'.. shittt alltså!!" tänkte Jack helt chockad.. 'vad jag undkommit med nöd och näppe!'

Och den där känslan av hackighet satt djupt i karaktären.. de flesta skulle blivit brutna för livet.. så icke Jack de Kerouac.. han återhämtade sig förvånansvärt snabbt i en normal miljö som Tokyo Japan.. ibland kunde PTSD syndromet slå till, "du FÅR INTE LYCKAS" och så fort "något MINSTA GICK FEL.. FEL FEL.. SOM VI VILL HA DET!!" (djävulsskratt av vansinne i bakgrunden) "om så bara att Wifi laggas ur.. så SKA DU TRO.. JA DET HJÄRNTVÄTTAR VI ATT INBILLA DIG, genom att LJUGA OM HELA DITT LIV,, hitta på OCH FABULERA GENOM SKENRÄTTEGÅNGAR, och FULLSTÄNDIG MENTAL OCH FYSISKT TORTYR; som får dig ju att SE UT SOM EN SOPHÖG då du egentligen ÄR VACKRAST I VÄRLDEN.. ATT HELA DITT LIV bara en EN ENDA STOR KLANDERVÄRDIG HANDLING.. och genom denna sjuka psykning, så vill vi ATT DET SKA SÄTTA SIG DJUPT I KARAKTÄREN, att minsta missnöje från någons sida, t.ex. om Wifi laggas ur, ÄR BÖRJAN PÅ EN TORTYR SOM FÖRST VISAR SIG SOM SNOPNA MINER, och SEN, kommer förföljelsen mer och mer igång, OCH SLUTLIGEN LIGGER DU DÄR UTSLAGEN OCH HAR FÖRLORAT ALLT ALLT ALLT SOM VANLIGT.. ja litet kanske du har kvar som en liten lägenhet nånstans i stan OCH DIN PENSION SÅ KLART.. som definierar klart och tydligt för oss HUR MYCKET VI KAN TRAMPA PÅ DIG.. ALLT ÄR EN POSITION NÄMLIGEN.. DET ÄR SÅ SAMHÄLLET FUNGERAR.. och aldrig att du kan nå framgång eller bli framgångsrik.. TY DET FÖRBJUDER VI.. om du ändå är på väg att nå framgången, så SKRIKER SKIKER VRÅLAR VI, och då säger vi ATT DET ÄR DU, som inte KAN SOVA om natten.. ty.. hur ska du kunna det när djävulsdyrkargänget med mig står över dig och skriker konstant.. OM HUR MYCKET VI BRYR OSS OM DIG.. ja.. our WORRIED INQUIRIES.. kommer igång.. sända av Inkquisitionen så klart.. och då blir det mer och mer.. och sen har du simmat ut i sjön, och trots att Self-Esteems sång 'IN PLAIN SIGHT' står på och ekar ut över sjön och sjunger 'What the fuck you want from me, I'm saving YOU , you're killing me!!??' är det precis samma beteende från VÅRAN sida att förvänta.. att du vi skrikit SOS till stranden där du ligger så skönt och gassar i solen (alltid samma fälla) och du simmat ut för att rädda oss från att drunkna (ja, man kan ju inte göra annat .. speciellt då enda mamma vrålar nånstans där mitt i..) då trycker vi ned dig under vattnet.. ja tänk så lustigt.. 'du behöver nog komma ned till botten igen.. du flyter ju där på ytan.. trodde du det skulle funka med DEN PENSIONEN??!,, va?? Du måste ju ha positionen..!!'

'Time's not on your side my son' skriker kakofonin i fullständig mördar trance, med blicken som en mongoloid kossa nånstans rakt ut i rymden, Jack vinkade handen framför ögonen utan någon reaktion från den andres sida.. och munnen var twistet i ett wolfish grin av fullständig ondska.. 'we will call you anything WE WANT!! HAW HAW HAW.. FOR THE IDOLS

FOR THE IDOLS.. ANY IDOL I SEE ON TV I WILL OFFER MY SON AS A SATANICAL VICTIM OF SATANICAL RITUAL ABUSE, just the IDOL CALLS ME, and tells me 'He's concerned..' THEN I FEEL FEL FELL so FLATTERED and ALL MY POSITION IN SOCIETY IS BUILT UPON ME SACRIFICING MY CHILDREN TO MOLOCH!! HAW HAW HAW" those evil eyes of comodo varan, full of blood and stupid hate and absolute evil.. "It's twisted in you like a knife my son!! From your corners I divide (since they are TOO BIG.. I want things to be AS SMALL AS I III DEFINE THEM.. if something is 'OFF LIMITS' that's crazy.. AND THEN WE JUST CUT IT OFF WITH LOBOTOMY YOU SEE HAW HAW HAW HHHAWWAWA" "I LET YOU GO NOW".. and then you're supposed to feel totally abandoned, since the knife in the back is glimmering, that insane act where they throw away all your personal belongings and things and expropriate your property.. "you're only allowed to own anything IF YOU ARE SATISFYING TO ME.. if YOU ARE NOT SATISFYING TO ME MEEE MEE, I will take away all your rights in society.."

"YHEEAA" that wolfish grin was "smiling" (if you can call that lethargic spooky whitened face expression ever a "smile") into the inspectors face, and you could see it turning into a zombie, turning into a reptile, a real comodo varan actually, but like a statue more like.. but it was still moving and WE WERE AFRAID.. "We will get tuff ON EVERY WAY you see my son the bastard!!" the monster was grinning at us, while we stood like frozen, that was the only way to survive a reptile.. if you were like a statue, then the monster was not supposed to notice you.. but our glances at each other told everything we wanted to say and more.. "just for you to BE REALLY SORRY.. OK?? You don't know what is happening next HAW HAW HAW!!" "You will have nothing left to protect.. you little scum with your shitty PENSION.." the monster was drawing the word out like an old con.. typically of an old cop somehow to smoke Gold.. And me and Wacky Willy's gazes on each other were like 'let it go now.. please let it go..' showing our row of teeth on the lower part of the jaw in like "what the hell is this.. AJ.." "where you put us??"

And we said in silent telepathy (yhea you had to connect on the telepathic level nowadays, since everything was surveilled in society.. thus you could never really utter the plan you had to perform aloud, since it would be picked up by the Forces of Evil, that would then know what you were planning.. Best was to communicate on distance, sometimes in different time zones AKA 'incarnations' the whole thing, and thus, you could never be blamed as 'one of the good guys' 'working for the Nova Police' to be 'colluding' something the bad guys were doing constantly, but that was alright.. but if We ever did 'something even resembling' then We were supposed 'to be fucked forever'.."

"There's too much noise from those that never knew me, opinions from those I've touched whom claim they know me, all alone in a crowd at morning hour, yet nervous, scared to speak I shrink hoping I don't shake my purpose.. Eternity feeling like I'm in broken pieces.. My past.. My present.. Somehow connected ??, mirror mirror on the wall, am I still the chosen one, what will be of me IF I speak my mind.. ?? can I still exist??, I know when I'm all alone I sit in fear of never knowing .. the world saying whom I am?? BUT??, I thought I knew

myself all these years.. success creating the cell of the oppressed, my existence breaking barriers and the rest are free.. I am never free to rest, cause the free imprison me with their ideas, expectations, opinions and guilt me to sticking to MY EFFECT ON THEM, when I'm an entire world of knowledge!!"

"What the fuck you want from me!! I'm saving you, you are killing me??!!" was echoing out over the lake, and that dark spot on earth came suddenly up with a wolfish grin and red eyes of total evil, throwing itself up like the monster it was the water splashing all around to drown another innocent victim down into the abyss..

"We are equals upon your default!! Is to be neutral.. Just let life go!! We are equals, upon your default, is to be neutral.. Just let life go!!" Well.. As I was lying there upon the beach having a great time with the girls, I realised that that SOS signal probably was fake.. It had been crying 'wolf' so many times I had learnt that probably the only purpose of 'I am breaking down.. Please Please Don't DO DO DO THIS!! Don't DO THIS TO ME!! HOW CAN YOU!! HOW DARE YOU!!" it tried to echo Greta Thunberg, and I was like.. Well.. I am having a nice time here on the beach.. I will not jump in to 'rescue' you just to see you killing me.. It is simply not a good deal I think..

And my Swedish young girls were singing, caressing their vaginas for me on the beach enough for me to see, but still with an opening to leave the public in ambiguity;

"My prince charming doesn't bring me flowers.. he knows I rather MD him any time any day anywhere.. AH AH AH.." "He used to court me and I'll always be there for him..#"

"By mere playing we go to heaven" 'that's a good quote by William Shakespeare , Maaster.. ' one dared to come forth and say to me, as she had been caressing her vagina quite openly for me to have pleasure in her body..

"time for body tea beby.. you don't drink coffee.." all the while we saw that jaw-dropping like rectangular face out there, waving with the hand pretending that the being was drowning.. As it finally came up on the shore it put on the black costume "the new fashion" it enlightened me upon the fact 'suddenly out of the blue' probably to hide that it was feeling dissatisfied not to have succeeded in its plan to drown me into the abyss, and also to hide the fact that was all too obvious, that made it break to pieces sort of in front of our very eyes, that I was successful and surrounded by pleasure.. Its scanty outlook on life, to sell out itself and the country piece by piece 'we have a missing piece' the devil screams, and at once the servile slave minion comes up and hand it 'most good old boy' like it was a rose handed, like a flower "here you have Satan.. have I not been a very very very good ol' boy now??? At this time..??" And so it could be seen breaking into pieces in front of our very eyes.. a fact that obviously made it unbearably awkward and embarrassed.. "you are oppressing me!!" was the scream.. but it would not come out like this in public you see.. Only thing that convinced these zombies not to subject you to Satanical Ritual Abuse, was the eye of the public.. Then it 'was convinced' but only temporary.. If it in an unguarded moment had the

possibility 'once again' to 'stick that tasty knife' into the back of its victim, that could be the expected outcome, no matter how much it in the meanwhile had pretended 'to be friends'..

Jag avbröt henne i hennes vansinne: 'du ligger ju och skriker i kuddarna rädda för pundarna..' 'du ligger och skriker i kuddarna släpper ut hundarna'..

'Hörrudu.. du tror att du kan hålla på och dansa i det blå tydligen..' '

'Ja..' kom en av mina sexslavinnor fram, och tog kärringen om axeln; 'nu vill vi bara festa festa..'

Ett skrik av vrålande vansinne steg upp från varelsen: 'men jag vill ju att ni ska ta Cow-ID vaccinet, så att ni blir definierade som kossar PRECIS SOM JAG..'

'vi vet du känner dig ensam om alla inte är precis som du.. vill att dessa ska vara.. men du får helt enkelt stå ut med verkligheten slutligen..'

Den stod ett tag innan den skulle ta på sig 'det nya modet' av svart rektangularitet satan hade tillskurit, med suddiga tankar.. men den kände ändå att dess hjärta bankade.. den hade kommit långt från Vö-r-ru med invikta prislappar.. då hade den en vespa men knappast råd att tanka, nu var det Uber Eat till Uber Black från Arlanda, Och den frågade sig varför den inte hade haft delad vårdnad.. 'kanske hade det blivit bättre..' 'jag gjorde vad jag kunde..' ett tyst tillkännagivande av affektion slutligen på dess läppar.. då blev vi alla mer glada.. 'lika bra att ha kärringen på gott humör..' sa våra blickar till varandra.. medan vi äntligen tänkte att vi kunde pusta ut en stund.. Liten snutt av dåligt samvete förväntades drabba mig.. ja, jag visste spelet.. 'det har kommit ett brev från bostadsrättsföreningen' traumat av minnet ekade hos mig.. ja, dom hade ju enbart köpt en lägenhet i innerstan för att tjäna pengar och samtidigt slå två flugor i en smäll, dvs. kunna kontrollera mig.. Då priset stigit till långt mer än det dubbla 'avyttrade' dom helt enkelt bara 'fanskapet'..

'vi skulle ju aldrig någonsin ses igen..' sa hon plötsligt..

'ni tvingade mig.. och det ångrar jag ej.. jag trivs bättre då det är bra mellan oss faktiskt.. men att ni kastade stora delar av mitt opublicerade verk tål jag ej..'

'opublicerade verk?? Du pratar som att du vore en författare!!' varelsen gjorde återigen stora katt ögon som spottade toxoplasma gondi på mig och omgivningen.. så att vi skulle bli mindre motståndskraftiga.. stå där framför karbinjären och i gälla färger räcka ut tungan.. hoppa framför fienden och skrika 'här är jag?? Jag ser kanonen där borta!! Det är BARA att sikta på mig!! Inga problame!! Jag ÄR HÄR FÖR ATT TA HELA SKITEN!! ALLT FEL FEL FEEEL WRONG FEL i världen måste ju vara mitt fel!! Skyllas på mig!! Och jag offras igen!! Precis som vanligt!! " jag förväntades vifta med armarna.. Så jag gjorde det.. det hade en komisk effekt på mina tjejer som skrattade hjärtevärmade..

Och våra blickar sade till varandra:

'Så när opinionen besekrat zombi armen, "men bara tillfälligt , låter , VI VI VI , DET VÄXA – sen.. ja sen.. du vet inte slutakten, (där GRIPER orden tillbaka och förändrar hela sammanhanget)' (jo det vet vi för övrigt vid det här laget, men zombin lever i förnekelse och på att förneka och förlöjliga andra, så den råkar hela tiden 'glömma bort' allt ont den gjort tidigare)' sen.. snor vi Paradiset igen vid första bästa tillfälle.. PRECIS SOM .. som.. VANLIGT..' så intog den hela tiden positionen av att 'egentligen bry sig..' 'jag bryr mig egentligen om att skydda den närstående..' 'från systemet' så ska man i tyst överenskommelse 'förstå budskapet' 'för det måste ju vara det galna systemet JAG TROR PÅ (kan inte ha haft fel hela livet!! Nähähä!! – skrattar den djäveln – det kan du inte aldrig slå I MIG)' som måste, MÅSTE VINNA, i slut ÄNDAN..'

'vår kärlek..' vände sig varelsen till mig, i ett sånt där Rövluvan och Vargen leende straxt innan uppslukandet, 'måste ju vara som sns.. vi får sälja av allt..' avslutade den plötsligt plumpt, liksom vi inte kunde förstå att den fingrade på avtryckaren av att beröva mig allt i 'hemlandet' 'ty du kommer ju ändå aldrig hem.. då är det lika bra vi gör oss av med alla saker..' med vetskapen så klart, och den ljuva förvisningen att detta skulle oroa mig till tusen..' 'ett till krossat hjärta, och en till krossad hovet krona..'

'Fyll hjärtat med is gubben.. det här är ingen Guinness splitta dina jeans.. ta en Jesus Piss, du får inte ha någon compete.. men , jag har ändå överdrivit..' varelsen tog min hand, så där litet affekterat för att klappa den, .. jag vill du ska ha suddiga tankar och känna hur ditt hjärta av förgiftningen bankar, du får inte komma en lång väg från invikta prislappar, du ska väl skaffa körkort, men du ska inte ha råd att tanka.. jag trodde ärligt talat universum kretsade kring mig, jag drunknar i lögnar som jag trodde att jag sagt, och jag fattar allt det där, jag hade också varit lack.. jag har blivit allt som jag sa jag skulle bli, på bekostnad av vadå??, att det aldrig kan bli ett 'Vi'.. för du var den jag såg då jag skrev på varje beat, men nu ser jag ingenting då jag hör en melodi.. för du var den som kände mig från första början, dom här raderna jag skrivit dom är annorlunda, dom handlar väl 'om oss' men har alltid vart om dig, men nu är det dags att sluta sjunga.. du är on my mind on my die gör mig love sick, du vill investera i oss två Donald Trump shit, bitch jag är din , tveka aldrig jag är locked in, DU OCH JAG FÖR EVIGT INGRAVERAT PÅ MIN GRAVSTEN..'

'Det låter bättre mot slutet..' konstaterade vi i typisk Jinn Juri stil.. Sen började hon klä på sig 'det nya modet' vilket var en rektangulär svart box över huvudet satt på horisontell lutning, och sen till vår stora förvåning, även en aningen större svart rektangulär box över kroppen, men denna på vertikal lutning.. Jag skakade på huvudet tillsammans med mina tjejer, så som vi såg henne vandra bort där i sommar diset, säkerligen till kottet, där dom alla satt med samma 'senaste mode' från satan, och kunde kanske inte ens längre skratta åt saken gemensamt.. Absurdistanerna..

Vart är boken höger

Höger vänster:

Så sitter jag och läser den i mitten !

"I demand extradition .. ss. . ss .. ss. .. black .. "

And 'the they' at once called the Japanese authorities.. 'ring ring' "Yhea hello it's Japan.."
Absurdistan: "so.. we just want the master to come back.. " Japan: "eeehhh.. wait a second..
what has he said..?? eeehhh.. 'no'.. he said he doesn't want.. " "okay.. but we just want to
hug him a little .. " Japan: "well.. uughh.. the master says he doesn't want to be hugged by
you.. he doesn't want shit-without-ending.. and by the way.. ; you are not permitted to come
here.. because we don't want – The-Swedish-Shit-Academy Shitting-without-ending like
Joseph Briben Sharp as Attack on .. the streets of Tokyo are clean as Paradise.. and it is calm
as, not hell, but Paradise here.. the master says.. " "okay.. we get it.. but I mean.. couldn't we
get some extradition like.. if we.. " Japan (straight on) : "no no.. the master is law here.. what
he says is law.. even if you come with extradition order internationally, we will look at what
the master says .. if he says 'yes' we will extradite him.. ,, because then.. the master has said
it.. if he says no.. uughh.. we don't extradite him.. but we give him 700 square meters at
Ueno Park apartment, beautiful estate by the sea where he can bath and swim and be a little
relaxing away a little away from people.. you know he's the world's most famous person..
(and changing tone, the Japanese suddenly got little sharp) but every time you suckers come
up with the same stupid idiot 'explanation' 'well.. what every body knows in the whole
world' suddenly 'does not exist' for you does it?? Because now you had a Fitna call .. a whore
suddenly called us and wanted us to.. uuughh.. give her payment .. I mean.. make her force
the master to pay her for sex(!), which she wanted from him, and he was nice giving her
finally.. after she was begging for it.. and now you make WANTED for him all over the world..
very clever indeed.. so he is positively wanted all over the world by women.. and if one of
them ever complains, you make him WANTED in the most negative way all over the world..
well this is insane I tell you.." The "Swede" at the other end of the receiver was strangely
silent.. Japanese goes on: "And then you say:, 'just to hug him' so WANTED all over the world
will make him.. 'just to hug him' eyy??, Yhea.. we heard this before.. and we can tell you that
Japan is very tired of it.. This is Fitna and you are Qufr.. Every body knowing what actually
happened and you just getting Qufr.. you are insane or rather worse.. "

The Swede-Jew-Devil-Worshipper: " Yhea yhea yhea anyway.. we will get the extradition
order.. "

Japanese official repeats mirroring the stupid self indulgent frothing of the "Swede": "yhea
yhea yhea but the master will probably not say 'yes' to that one.. you know.. and even if you

record him .. you know.. (and holding the receiver at arms distance the officer mimics an imagined play) “the master says, you hear it: “yes” “ and you cut it somewhere you know : “is it the master saying : “ yes yes” “ and then.. you cut it in.. you know in a.. “you hear we say the master is saying : “ yes yes” yhea.. and we record it.. you hear it “ yes yes yes” “ the master is fucking a girl, and that is why he says “yes”.. “yes yes I know that you are recording.. yes yes..” so.. you took it out of the context.. he’s fucking a girl, that is why he screamed “yeeesssss!!!” not because he wanted you ‘to hug him’.. ‘och lögnare vill till varje pris att jag skall förlora’ .. ”

The “Swede” retorts: “okay.. okay.. okay..”

Japanese: “even if you manage to fool us.. we ask HIM!, and he says ‘no’ then that’s it..! Then we know you fooled us again..”

The “Swede” retorts: “okay.. okay.. okay.. okay.. okay.. “

And the Japanese says: “Enter the hole snake.. and we put plugs in the holes you can’t come out again.. you are not welcome in Japan ever..”

The “Swede” snake down in its hole keeps repeating: “okay.. okay.. okay.. okay.. okay.. okay.. (and turning around the snake says as infamous last words:) I will try next time.. (it’s eyes glittering like a scary MOVIE in the dark..) “

The Japanese : “eehh..?? you always say: ‘next time’ you will try.. sit there in your hole with your jew money and LIE all the time.. lying and bullshit,.. that is all you ever have come up with.. and ‘such in small matters, such in big’ as Jesus Christ The King says.. Get down in your hole to Swedish-Shit-Academy you disgusting.. eeehh.. what can we say?? ‘evil master’ yes.. you are a master of evil.. from the forces of evil.. the dark side of the force so to speak.. evil master.. the dark side of the force we don’t like in Japan and has never done (at least as long as we can remember), we love light, enlightenment, a male heart totally white of love.. love as defined by the master as: Give someone the power to destroy you, and trust them not to.. In Japan, on the other hand, we FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT, as the President of USA says, anyone whom wants to EAT enlightenment, and that is why we don’t like you snake to eat the master, since then you GET FED, on enlightenment, and then that is dangerous corruptible like the FED.. the dark side of the force is dangerous.. “

The “Swede” retorted: “okay.. okay.. okay.. in my hole.. my snake tongue is coming out.. and I’m a scammer stalker SS.. SS.. SS.. “

The Japanese authority: “Yhea.. we know.. lie down there in the hole deep underground and hopefully you will meet hell soon.. the sooner the better I guess.. But only Allah knows the future..”

The “Swede” : “okay .. okay .. I’m just a scammer stalker.. ss .. ss.. ss .. okay.. okay.. and that is exactly why we want to destroy people’s minds like the master’s you know .. by the way!!: (smiling triumphantly) have you ever watched pornography!!” (expecting you to stupidly go

up in a bellow of happy confirmation over the fact of 'something so awesome and good') " the snake went on, now more sure of his maybe final victory coming out of this confrontation.. "have some scammer stalker maybe ever fooled you?? Didn't you pay the money to the whore?? Did she insult you and persecute you??" the snakes breathing was getting hot by the second on the thought of all these things, .. and forgetting himself the snake suddenly said: "I'm so happy your mind is destroyed and YOU FEEL INSECURE SUDDENLY.. "

"Yhea we know that trick" the Japanese retorted.. "but his sperm is spurting sex into 1,6 billion sex bombs.. "

The snake: "awwhh mamma.. I'm very unsatisfied about that.. "

The Japanese: "Yhea.. we here in Japan know.. and that is why you're coming out of your hole.. you just can't help it.."

And the end lines was ringing with pain and woe as the Japanese closed the snake hole: "you rapist!"

If you mean that Islam is incompatible with a woman sleeping with a thousand men in one day, you're right. If you mean that Islam is incompatible with abortion, you're right. If you mean that Islam is incompatible with loan interest, you're right. And many, many other bad and ugly things. Just tell me what Western civilization is, so I can agree or disagree with you. Is Western civilization that nun or that gang that sells drugs? Tell me, I want to know who represents Western civilization. When did Western civilization begin? Because 100 years ago, there were millions of slaves in Western civilization. Is Western civilization governments, companies, or society? Is it the support of homosexuality and transgenderism, or the opposition to it? Is it the one who judges a person by their bank balance, their annual income, or their honesty, and their morals? Yes, Islam is incompatible with a civilization that had to open courts to determine whether a man was the biological father of a child. When the most famous person in Western civilization is a porn star, and the most influential person in society is an actor, singer, or player, when a person's value is determined by the amount of their bank balance, and those without money have no value, then this civilization is definitely incompatible with Islam. Not only Islam, but it is also incompatible with Christianity, Judaism, or any other religion or belief. It is only compatible with money. There is not a common single thing that Western society believes in, and the only thing that all Western society fears is the inability to pay taxes... There is not even compatibility between what you call Western civilization and Christianity Family and society in what you call Western civilization are based on the exchange of interests. There are many very bad things in the past and present of what you call Western civilization. However, I don't judge everyone based on those bad things. I distinguish between good people and bad people... There is no such thing as Western civilization. There is something called governments, companies, and banks that exploit

citizens – some sucker “muslim” writing quite intelligent things.. we agree in cause, but not in shine.. From Yemen which I by the way respect for yihadd they are doing..

Umbrella Public Free - and - Obstruction of Justice TITLE of Chapter

So the point the Qufrs of Absurdistan came up with, was that I was never allowed to become A LIVING idol.. My extreme popularity already from the beginning made them perceive the movement around me – as idolhood – when in actual fact, it was just natural born gift of love and popularity, so as for them not to kill me – I agreed initially – knowing what they did not know – them making a horrid mistake..

‘the one laughs best whom laughs last..’ – and they always needed a slaughterhouse of innocent Big Pharma victims to project their paranoid skizophrenia upon anyway.. By projecting their disease – which was coming from the jews – a demonical XXX and X possession of the mind, so that even if you just a little were prepared to sell out your country to the jews – this tag of vampire teeth hit you – and by time you lost your mind – but the whole point of you being a sellout – was to succeed yourself – egoistically – in life, and so you frothed at finding , then some innocent victim to project your own disease upon someone whom you could subject to modern torture – and blame your insecurity upon..

And THIS – they had found in me from the beginning.. ‘an easy victim’ – and so – me not selling out they projected constantly I really really really WANTED to sell out – ‘en idealist är en människa som vet att den inte KAN sälja sina tjänster..’

‘not good enough!’

‘what do you mean ‘not good enough’? – we had a long time finding you..’

Broadway is full of guys, whom think they’re mighty wise

Just because they know a thing or two

You can see them all day – strolling up and down Broadway

Boasting of the wonders they can do

But their names would be mud

Like a chump playing stud

If they ever lost that ace down the hole -..

'wise guy ey??' and so – being suddenly boxed in by the projection I broke down into pieces – katatonia being the right reaction for reptiles suddenly surrounding me.. But their faces were familiar.. My friend and family.. former – that is . since you can't be friends with reptiles..

For a reptile it doesn't matter how much you've done for him.

'why did you bite me when I let you cross the vivid stream on my back of shell for free? You asked me so nicely to save you from death yourself??' the turtle asks the snake – crying out not only of the deadly venom pulsating now in his veins, but more even of the spiritual hurt – of screeching unthankfulness from the benefactor..

Glistering eyes of evil.

'because I am a snake..' last thing you hear before you die I guess – if YOU DO NOT RECOGNIZE – reality before it is too late.. And so IT WAS – overclass oppression in modern form – I was not from rich family – but extremely popular: equals for 'the they': not allowed to happen or exist and so they sacrificed me to Satan.. I was never allowed to be a LIVING idol – since so they perceived me wrongly – not knowing I am a believer, I was just to be a statue – a landmark in Absurdistan history.. for people to rally around and worship Satan through my stiff stone like image - ..

Well – the whole "history of the disease" of the genius being me – is just one long drawn out decapitation strike for the Qufrs – to finally either put me back into katatone statue: "you little underclass boy thinking you are an idol.. you thought wrong.."

"you are just our statue for people to be confounded seeing us – and you as a statue standing THERE BEHIND.." or simply kill me – AND THEN MAKE ME INTO AN IDOL..

"let those whom wants others to stand as statues to them – occupy their seats in Hell.."
Prophet Muhammad says..

The simplest words carrying the deepest meanings..

"Somedays we may fall apart but never broken.. don't put it all on me" – the katatonia had presaged our Zen Buddhistic enlightenment – and us fainting of pleasure, had presaged our Sufism.. it was enough we had done both things once: the zazen was there in the frozen moment of self-sacrifice.. Again – the self sacrifice to faint of pleasure Allah revealing some of His beauty upon the Mt . Sinai, made us find the truth – that our old friend Moses Staff – and thus gripped it in our hand – becoming a Sufi master..

There was suddenly a feeling of double-crossing.. it seemed to emanate from authority of lower rank whom were obstructing me to have the promise fulfilled that between me, the

Japanese people, the Japanese government and the Imperial command, they were obstructing. I noticed the strange tendency, of hard accusing; in the guard supposed to let me in.. they wanted me to drive to the bottom of the mountain so to speak , and when I was some DISPLAYING a self secure mannerism, everything seemed to work splendid.. but the Japanese focus on a master's great strength – was at least in my case coupled with a stream of tendency of a very quick gaze of condemnation.. that was most times emanating from their own perfidious focus – which they couldn't help .. possessed by my pic so to speak – they wanted every single aspect of my person to be appetizing.. the world star was supposed to be so great and orgies took place in every apartment to my honour, while I was in my room enjoying the company of myself – and thinking with pleasure upon Henry David Thoreau's time in Walden: as he was finally alone from all the commotion in the village, and thus finally had some room for thinking.. thoughts expanding brought him to the conclusion that to find oneself after such miracle taking place – miracles of God at every moment.. then the mind had shrunk a little – because of the hunger game of sex competing at every moment also, from 'those fucking guys' (probably competing with God) envious and at the very same time respectful of the very popular person – that the woman had gazes of open love upon – and Thoreau concluded naturally – that the experience had been awesome.. but sublime in its nature.. I guess – thus a little distance brought about an ever expanding experience of clear sight – like an incarnation later – reading your own work brought about an absolute great clarity.. The reason of this was of course that the eye can't see itself – thus you were unaware of the Creator in you doing everything – and the inspiration you conveyed to the world – was not your own thought out strategy.. Allah was the best of planners.. God speaking through you like a strong clear tone going through the room – and the echo through the perceivers of the miracle – was like breaking a sunbeam in a prisma; every colour came out – and just tilting it a little different .. and you could see even more great things inside the vaginal porn pleasure of every girl and woman .. Everything depended upon the mind – thus the secret of life seemed to lie in Thoreau's line : 'however much I love the company of people.. there's no company I prefer more than my own company..'

RasulAllah Prophet Muhammad said:

'Allah is kind and gentle hearted – and therefore loves gentleness in everything.. So – O you believers be gentle and kind-hearted (at general) towards the believers – so that the owner of Mercy – might show mercy upon you..'

The hard accusing attitude though in Japanese people in general – and this to a very high degree indeed was exactly gentle and kind – and no hard egoism.. I thus concluded that the hard accusing attitude I was met with if I displayed a casual attitude in my pattern of movement, was just that the Japanese , though gentle and kind at general, were afflicted with the very same disease that most people on earth, I mean; I had seen it everywhere, and the world anyway was about me getting better, getting good and having a great time – enjoying life and just relaxing.. And the Japanese had really given me that..

But those authoritarian people seemed to spur me into being authoritative myself, like it was a game of competing..

As I stood there outside the ministry of law – I enlightened the guard whom first was letting me in easily, then as I regarded the deal done, suddenly stopped me – since I did not display enough ‘hard attitude’ upon the humbleness of a master ‘like Matsuo Basho, Buson or Issa’ whom (I showed upon my wet person – my wet clothes of luxury cut, wet from the rain that had been pouring down all this time upon me, an hour or so, when I had been walking in it.. And he asked me about if I had an umbrella (giving one to me, if I lacked.. in Japan there were public umbrellas that was transparent, so that you could see the sky through them.. they were lying everywhere, for the possible event of a hard rain, so that people could be protected from the wet.. ‘sweet Japan’ I thought looking at the guard whom now had begun smiling and was samurai happy, turned out he was reading D.T. Suzuki himself also) – well, I showed the impossibility of using one for me – my fame being too immense, and ALSO my popularity.. (fame and popularity seem the same, but Satan has split the concepts apart, as Satan the Diabolo does with everything.. Fame can be easily manipulated, you appear in so called ‘newspapers’ and suddenly have it.. But real popularity was the real thing of course..) and also showed a slip of my raincoat sticking up in the open bag – and that I can’t hide parts of my body under it, since then my women would get so disappointed.. me passing, and them discovering first when we had passed each other, that it was the master they worshipped in the night so pleasantly.. It would simply be all too painful for all parties..people wanting to see the light in my face displayed.. Thus it was just making me more beautiful having the natural rain from the sky wet my whole body.. I felt refreshed in my mind – and knew I would punish sinners obstructing me from fulfilment of what had been promised.. And so I kept walking upon the way happily, knowing I was safe and in charge in Japan no matter what happened..

The feeling of being double crossed you could easily notice if you were a master – just check the word ‘double crossed’ X – was the figure – you were an attractive wanted man – and thus the forces of evil were always at your heels, prepared with its ‘buuu!!!’ as soon as you did something.. The stigma was dangerous in its tendency for the mind of zinah: your free thinking was always hunted by slanderers, whom with their ‘buuu!!!’ as soon as you did something – slowly built up the fake image of geekiness and imperfection, when the gentle side of you came forth, like you had some secondary porn-gorn-to-death-agree reason for being nice to everybody.. And this way dangerous – since it spurred you on to get harder and harder towards everybody.. they all seemed to think they themselves were masters ‘riding the tiger’ in Japan.. but they were very wrong in this.. the sweet thing with Japanese people though were, though they were not better than others, they realised that they were not better than others, and thus by this, became better than others..

And that hardness was whether you wanted it or not going to creep into your heart – and then zinah became the urge, whether you had done the act previously or not. And then your

mind in worst scenario became like a dark cloud, containing darkness, thunder and lightning – and then you became a disbeliever – if you refused to listen.. you had to listen to the guidance coming from the spiritual world; the intercourse had opened up spiritual doors, and you had to force yourself, no matter how afraid you were to lose your mind, to walk through those doors and make the journey.. or become a statue of stone, frozen in the moment you see..

You began having problems walking on the street Satan whispering : don't walk there - .. And you believed in it because it was a pattern Satan showed to you.. he was having possessed part of your brain with patterns of seduction, and now you just wanted and was possessed to have that pleasure again and again and again.. 'if you don't do this thing, you will lose this..' Satan would whisper to you, and by time you became a slave, a serf, to the pleasure.. you began worshipping your own lusts.. And if it went really bad you became a sophist, that was always in the X ready position.. a part of the sophists came to the tendency of homosexuality, by killing the male, the real object of their admiration and therefore senseless envy.. they stared in hate, took the woman, and tortured the male.. Others, which was not 'for each man kills the thing he loves' instead competed with the woman openly about the male, but wanted the male under them so to speak.. a strange position it might seem, but definitely more benign.. Satan possessing your pattern memory, made the hunt after you, yourself becoming haunted, possessed by the pattern memory, the degradation to the earthly level of things - .. In normal case you just said: 'In Allah's name' and walked over the almost hallucinatory obstacles Satan put in your way – unfazed by the whisperings of Satan – but now your mind was literary screwed by the woman cunt – and you were like driven to adjusting to serve her pleasure – and that simply wasn't your real purpose, your divine destiny..

'For the believers in destiny Paradise is not meant to be' said Prophet Muhammad..

Divine destiny – on the other hand – was included in 3 or 4 of the pillars of the religion..

So the double crossing feeling – was easy to detect 'split your legs sexually up!!' they said first, 'I want you to be so good.. so I can earn money and my purposes upon you you see..' 'and they gave you a good deal at first so to speak.. you thinking; finally I am saved, and to satisfy women is damn much better than being tortured by the inquisition!!', then came the shocker, all those promises they had done and displayed to earn interest upon your name, when they were about to become fulfilled, suddenly they tried to shoot you from a helicopter, and when it finally came to it, well, turned out they had planned to let you down.. The women were more or less whores all of them, but that didn't mean that you couldn't love them passionately.. it was just they wanted to see money to realise some kind of sexual relationship resulting in children.. so they let down both you and the women, you were never allowed to get happy and realise what was meant to be.. and so the whole thing dragged on endlessly, until Allah crushed the earth to dust particles, and let the heavens return to its former state; how it was actually meant to be..

So suddenly they said: 'split the legs down now.. we want the figure of X to appear, as to finally sacrifice everything to Satan in the end..' 'of course these positions are only figuratively, meant for the women.. applied on the male it is the sophist being homo, but 'killing the thing he loves' and then trying to possess as many women as possible, after the trauma hits them of never being allowed to love, never being allowed to be with the man who has enlightened the light in their hearts.. and traumatised people easily give up, if they have no strength from Allah, a hand from above to hold and trust in..

The Knife expresses this defeatistic attitude in their song 'Heartbeats' : 'To call for hands from above, would not be good enough for me no'.. 'not good enough'.. 'The Knife, do you happen to come from Sweden??' 'Yees..' (flattered) 'Okej.. Then I know..' the one who knows knows so to speak..

And they will tell you 'split the legs up and split them down at the very same time'.. you look in shock at the impossible demand.. 'it is like you saying' you retort 'that I should feed on only air and sunshine, sleep up in the sun itself to warm me from the cold of the night, and never need to drink anything'.. 'now do it' they will tell you.. 'go to hell with you.. I will not let you fuck my ass you see!!' and you leave, throwing the contract in their face 'your words are only worth shit paper!' and you leave on an airplane going to some other place, before they get the idea to crucify you in that position they demand which is damn impossible..

As you fly away you think; 'same shit different name.. just as usual.. they demand you to fly into the future making great display of things happening – but 'we can't forgive you anything..' it was the denial of 'wa mima razaqa nahum' of the beginning of the Quran, to give for Allah's sake, or rather, to have the hall mark of enlightenment in your heart, since then your life was one big prayer of greatest significance, and your whole life you had given to the Creator, which then used YOU for any purpose He chose.. and you gave automatically anything belonging to you at the Command of the Creator.. well, looking at the sentence again, this is what it actually says: To give of what you yourself possess for Allah's sake!

Buddha said: you can give WITHOUT loving, but you can't LOVE without giving..

It was the destruction of the free movement of the Samurai sword.. The dark Ninja of Burroughs, Moses Staff, was thus the very key to celestial movement again, when katatonia of reptile idiocy of the surrounding had stricken you with poison..

In fear of getting underclass thee ppp – pp people

Projected their fear upon the victims of the inquisition

Throwing these into the fire of Nimrod

To burn away that dirt – which the watching of pornography had brought about in them

They worshipped idols on screens they had no other than public relationship with

As one in the masses usually –

“a few” was supposed to be chosen

- And “these few” had orgies “for real”

Behind closed doors

(and Japan was such an unusually happy country because the pornindustry –

“to do it for real” – here was for everybody – so to speak –

If you were leaned in that direction)

- these “few” “chosen” anyway were not themselves porn.picture.possessed in the usual sense

In an impersonal manner

But their origes of sex

Instead became violant and dangerous

Sacrificing children to Satan..

And so the whole world of idolatry

Was sucked up in a column upon column towery of eternal fire..

2.

The porn picture possessed was in a way more intelligent than the idol worshippers

But only superficially and mechanically

So – the whole world was in the eternal fire woe

Engulfed and even if mechanically the ppp became successful -

It was all really a show of ‘good ol’ boyness’

Towards the superior not underclass people

In stratas;

The idol worshippers,

Then the idols, then the snake coiled its head into the heart which it filled with darkness and spiteful hate

And its tongue parted; one part putting people worshipping the idols in paranoia
schizophrenia was the other beam

And these were supposed to all the time go around being afraid 'to ever dare to identify with
the idols which they saw and watched constantly on the screen'

The whole life of evil was only libido you see 666 and 6

And so if ever one dared to sail that blue sky, dancing for everything that it loved,

Then the sentence came fast, since it had transgressed the world, coming past the 'idols'
'you are schizophrenic' and then to be thrown into the fire of Nimrod 'totally played'
backwards that is

Until it got stuck in pattern memory again, and thus was degraded in its libido

By drugging with anti morphine substances..

And thus 'zeroes' being 'hazed' the whole structure was like one big set up by fake professors
with fake academia

'I hated the universe and everything around it.. everything about the place was dead..' Willy
had written in the prologue to Junkie..

Why not instead become a junkie??, much better idea.. and thus we did it..

'Junk discircuits the sexual drive and gives you the need, the motivation to live, a need for
money that I had never previously experienced.. The thing about Junk is THAT YOU HAVE TO
HAVE IT.'

'the habit-forming aspect of junk'

After that the poor hazed people, brainwashed by either lobotomy with anti morphine
substances, or the mere threat of it was some times enough, actually for most people

Then came the idolworshippers to be served, those who 'could hear' the lies of the devil
constantly on their black boxes they had around their heads, called 'TV entertainment'

These were a little higher up regarded, and had social skills, so they said, but the coterie only
tolerated certain ideas, inside the black boxed head.. it was like cattle with barbed wire
around so they could not escape, waiting for the slaughter.. house.. to be led..

Then above these were 'those who lived' 'those who existed' the slaughterers of the cattle was all the cattle was allowed to perceive, or they might get a whiff or freedom actually and break out of the cage of black boxed ness..

And above the idols were their 'controllers' the plutocratic filthy jew devil rich

And at the top Satan..

Satan had noticed that literature really ruled things, and thus had cultivated himself to 'a most distinguished literature critique' – that was supposed to have such an nimbus,

He could look down "easily" "in superiority" over the whole stretch, any work of world literature , in an stretch back (on the sofa) and the present works of contemporary authors, was "of course ridiculous" "the golden age" has passed – and nowadays it "was an easy kick" to "kickback" (again on the sofa) any "pastisch writer"..

Instead "the golden age" so Satan claimed "are my prizes" silly, "like the Nobel Creep Prize in literature"..

And those forced to look up towards that Tower of Mordor felt ridiculous indeed. And did not know how to handle the message booming out over the whole surrounding..

About the poor state of the idolworshippers, Hazlitt had written: 'A happy life!! No one can stand it! It would be Hell on earth!!' the paranoia which crept into the subconscious level of the character, like a snake coiling; ready to bite and drag you into his Hell hole.. at any fitting time of horror moment..

Så det klara faktumet stod nu för hela världen att se – SÅ SOM I EN SPEGEL – en spegling världen hatade och avskydde, av dess egen vidrighet; 'de ville döda Jesus' – det handlade aldrig om folket – ej heller om ledarna – eller någon annan fraktion, om så konstnärerna – författarna – etc. etc. etc.

ALLA TRODDE SIG VARA bättre – och därmed berättigade ATT SLIPPA DELA MED SIG UTAV TILLGÅNGARNA..

Numera – då världen var genom transportmedel, mera lättillgänglig, framstod faktumet som klart bevisat.. Alla fraktioner , hög som låg – rik som fattig – kultiverat sin tölpaktighet, väntade bara på tillfället, då Jesus äntligen skulle ge upp sista andetagat och försvinna.. 'för evigt – förhoppningsvis..

Ändå ville de att Jesus SKULLE komma tillbaka 'i fler reinkarnationer' – han fick bara bli SÅ DÄR LAGOM stor förhoppningsvis var att Jesus skulle komma tillbaka – så att de/dom (pp/ppp) kunde döda Jesus igen vid lämpligt tillfälle 'Adhanet var gjort för dig' sa Jesus till mig.. och så var det slut med världen.. Jag hade blivit skapad ur världens ljus – en Änglalik

kreation – Allah hade rekompenserat mig.. Detta innebar ett stort faktum för mina föräldrar som inte var mina föräldrar länge.. DE VAR BARA SOM ALLA ANDRA! Faktum är – att de bara hade utfört vad den allmänna konsensusen i världen i allmänhet var.. Jag hade blivit skapad ur världens ljus – en Änglalik kreation – Allah hade rekompenserat mig.. Jag var nöjd..

Finns någon ting fint med det här att klappa händerna.. fast det är sjukt så gör man det för det ger någonting åt personen som står på scenen.. Finns nåt djävla djupt i det.. Och en sak är jag säker på; att den största gåvan, är inte att ge utan att få.. Många som får det om bakfoten..

Sjunger det Österbottniska bandet Kaj i sin geniala låt Hej du människa..

Yes, Eternity IS IN LOVE with the productions of time, as William Blake had revealed in Proverbs of Hell ..

Pär Lagerkvist hade skrivit i sina vackert melankoliska dikter; 'det är vackrast när det skymmer!' Slutsatsen ergo av detta var, jag tycker personligen, jag Jack Kerouac, att soluppgång – är vackrare än skymning – och är inte detta essensen av Det Stora Lärandet..

“utan ensamhet och tortyr menar du?”

”det är vackrare att ge” som jag sa 2007..

'TO LOVE and be loved in return'

“Les Fleurs de mal' sådan var saken, som växte, då jag betvingade Satan den Djäveln, att göra duaa i Adhams grav, genom att skära av, hans äckligt tillkomna verk, som förvisso var vackert som satan, från hans vidriga personlighet. Leif Lejonmark var helt played; 'utan Odd Wingdahl hade det varit mycket värre!' skrällde han tyvärr då och då under våra annars så trevliga och givande samtal..

'Den ordakonst, är föga hugnesam, som stiger i granna klutar fram.. det krusande i ord och art, är onjutbart och ökenstort..' en fantastiskt viktig mening i Goethe's Faust, Faustus, Dr. Faustus..

So one could actually make it into a blessing.. that he lets you NOT BE DOOMED – by him following Allah's Mercy and this forgives you.. I guess this is why popularity may be regarded as a burden previously.. But in these times – Allah can make it, by 'for the pure all things are pure' 'And only those purifying themselves will succeed' as Allah says in Sura Al Aila.. It's Christs 'o perverse and corrupted generation – how long shall I bear with you??' for the Messenger, Allah's help is the best but it is A GIFT TO YOU and beauty – and power in the spiritual world over the idols.. and WITH THAT, of course over their worshippers..

'Torsten!.. The monad will not be lost thank God! We have it now – we came to Tokyo, Japan!! The Zikhr will be a future for us again !! – all that superior wisdom over the idols

which see you as their master, will go into the future..!! Now we can be happy again my best friend.. Good times are awaiting us again.. Singing, laughing, loving in friendship (not sexually of course.. that was never for us, to even think about..) ‘

Blyth speaks about those whom only follow the shadow of the thing – and not the object itself.. Shakespeare’s ‘steady gaze’ (being overclass, that WAS POSSIBLE for him – statue-worship, which is imposed upon the underclass, or to produce underclass out of a spiritually awakened person which annoys with his true gaze, was thus never threatening Shakespeare) (as his mother said, the queen that is: by myself but not alone)

“they are like black holes, black doors into the darkness’ like this Jack Kerouac looked upon most of the tourists in Tokyo, Japan, which he saw..

Isaaiha the Prophet, in Proverbs of Hell, William Blake revealed, told him in a conversation over thousands of years: ‘the I did not care about the consequences but just wrote..’

And one signed on Jack’s imaginary record label, which was as real as it could get, that is a reality of his Sufi School The new religion, sang: ‘I wouldn’t lie to fix my mind.. If I find.. with a stranglers rope in his hand..’

And the hanger, stood there in front of the Nasarene, with a strangler’s rope in his hand, and tried to into and induce some kind of skizzo reaction in him, one of those small following Jesus.. ‘porn pornographic pig.. you ppp!!’ and then stare as if the enemy pic is not perfect himself.. ‘so you want to improve a little on your image eehh?? By looking at beautiful kids on screen.. having so hard a time coming.. and whenever an ass or a cunt came all over a dick they rubbed it in all like it was tapioca .. eeehhh?? Dick coming.. Eeehh.. He ha ha he..

I know your body imperfections you scum!! Skin creep and cracks , see see, you CC loser crack!! ‘Well, Jesus said: do not be afraid’ then the devil perished, and that poor Nasare found himself breathing out of relief in his room at Kocksgatan in central Stockholm.. ‘the street of the dicks’ as it could be translated into English.. He intoned in the room, as for that black hole into the satanical dimension not opening up again, the enlightened words of the Zen master of Japan R.H. Blyth: ‘we must with all our force, resist the temptation TO LOOK BEHIND PHENOMENA’.. ‘då blir man bakom flötet liksom’ sa han på engelska, och kände sig plötsligt tryggare, .. ja trygg..He breathed out and fell asleep.. After waking up in the darkness outside being seen through the window, he had only a dim memory of the horror. And decided to go out on the streets, celebrating him surviving being hanged by the hangman Satan..

‘That the world was a big whore was thus a true classical old statement’ the writer on The Street of Dicks, later wrote, in his lonely chamber, feeling that tense darkness out on the street, after he had come home, after being fresh with air that clear high air which the Nordic

seemed to be full of.. 'and for those unwilling to be sellouts to the plutocracy of jew devilry, awaited crucifixion.. tonight Satan tried to hang me.. And I barely escaped with my life.. Crucifixion Satan wants to subject you to "at the right moment" "can't get too big you see.." that will be the explanation..

And Allah had said that for those who commit zinah awaits the fire of Hell.. for both male and female.. if one was hidden and the other open – was yet to see.. the night and day kept chasing each other swiftly.. 'hidden opens open hidingly – hidden open in plain sight.. or vice versa mutatis mutandis as whatever the case may be.. an eternal Hell fire of orgies in eternity of fire..

As a whole humanity sucked together with Iblis – into Hell in one slip..

Wa Mima razaqnahum yunfiqun.. – Quran 2:3

At the end of Christ/Mardi you say it is "is impossible" ?, that is what people said about Jack coming back and proving his case, and about everything else he was doing.. His literature, him working 24 hours a day, and people still demanding more.. 'you want 25 hours next time??..' 'well then get off the world and get to some place where 25 hour day, or why not 27 hour day is prevailing.. here on earth we have 24 hours.. Allah has decided that..'

It was like when they complained Jack had been nice to a prostitute, whom stood with a sign '3000 yen..' she was hot and in love with him, and said if he wanted to go and have a drink.. 'I don't buy sex honey' Jack said.. 'ohh.. it is only a drink with me.. do you want that honey..' 'Okej..' Jack said, his dick getting stiff, and it is always necessary to find out that the women as usual is seducing with lying and beautiful promises.. 'Okey.. really??' she became so happy and Jack's dick was stiffening by the second.. It was like she already was taking it in her hand and sucking it soo deep throat and pleasant.. As they walked down the road she pressed her ass and hip part towards his loose hand, which he did not move to grip her ass.. even though you at such instances can do that, it will activate a stream of pleasure, which will, like a stream in the river or water body or sea, bring you with it unwillingly.. and next moment you wake up in a whore joint, and don't actually know what you have been doing.. but satisfied, but a fire burning around you.. and you think 'why did I do it??.. it WAS soo pleasant yes.. but what the hell.. I feel like fire..'

'If you want you can also buy a drink for me..' she said, meaning 'another woman joining in.. she really wants also..' 'I always buy a drink for the woman ..' Jack said, 'but when I pay I don't fuck them..'

She was coming between middle of her sacrum (and pelvic girdle) at the word 'fuck' could be seen and she pressed her ass closer to his hand as they were walking there.. 'oohh.. it is only a drink..' she said, 'well we will soon see..' Jack ascertained, which got her even more hot,

she taking off all of her clothes, slowly but surely, Jack getting wet with lubricant, and then she folding being over for him, and he putting his dick between her legs, and fucking her in that position in front of the whore house mirror until he was pleasantly coming.. 'it is for one hour..' 'drinking for an hour seems good to me..' 'cheap as usual' Jack thought to himself, 'but I guess an hour is only for me.. the VIP .. being privileged..' '3000 was 20 bucks' only.. but Jack did not buy sex.. always followed his principle.. 'sex and money I keep separate..' he said.. he could not say 'like your pussy with legs apart when I fuck you honey' they were already on their way to get into porn trance and not knowing what they were doing, they would wake up with him coming in her vaginal porn.. and then things would be maybe a little strange for the stranger..

Her boss looked upon her in total horror and chock as she was bringing the world star down the whore joint, she was so hot she was like miles ahead of him, and did not even notice he had stopped on the stair, just above the first step, 'honey not today' he said lovingly.. and she was at once coming back, 'write those things we were speaking about.. where you want me to live in Tokyo etc.. you can come to my apartment later, and now my hotel room tomorrow or so..' he held up his pencil 'you this beauty.. it is powerful..' he said letting the light reflect in the purple pencil, 'it is imperial you see the insignia..?' she took the pencil and started writing.. then said, 'I write my personal phone number.. call me..' 'okej beby' he said, kissing her hand good bye, he felt the taste.. and it was the taste of sperm of other men she had jerked off, together with washing away off the scent of sin, and her own sweet flesh of course..

Then people looked in shock upon the world star suddenly.. like he had done an abomination on his reputation.. Joshu the Zen master had said: 'let people speak however they want, you have to find a way to get by by yourself..' 'make your own livelihood..' Torsten Föllinger had had the same teaching.. And Jack was not earning at all on his art, according to the Sufi rules, but his art was a part of his great personality.. 'you are the greatest personality in the world' Torsten Föllinger had told him many many years ago, before anyone had discovered him except Torsen himself.. 'what a genius our best friend Torsten Föllinger is.. mine and Nils K.'s best friend actually.. how could he know that.. before I even had apprehended it myself??'

And so, Jack ordered people to become just.. 'Be just O my servant!' Allah said.. rasulAllah Salla Allahu Aleyhi Wa Sallam, Prophet Muhammad, told us, 'I have forbidden myself to be unjust.. So O my servants be just to each other..' 'Before you come to me' he said into the microphone, 'and question me for being nice to a woman.. even though she is a whore.. but the initial word is always the real thing.. even though I know she was lying, the agreement she gave and that was us, was that it was only a drink.. right.. I found out she was lying.. which was necessary.. I found out, that she wanted orgies with me in a whore joint.. which I also strongly felt and suspected.. And by the way, I found out she was passionately in love with me.. which is a very pleasant state indeed.. being a very attractive woman that all guys want when they see her.. You only are angry that she will do it for free for me.. while you

have to pay.. I mean.. pornography for real is very common in Japan.. maybe half of Tokyo do it every now and then.. and prostitution is high status.. like.. be just now.. I did not even say I will buy her.. and when it became clear and proven we were going to have sex, she wrote her phone number, and will make it for free sitting on my dick if only I would permit her.. that I might not permit when finally she is with me alone on my hotel room.. so first you IN PROPORTION you see, have to go and kick the living shit out of the rest of the population, and surely yourselves since you do it yourselves, .. probably no one will survive such a meltdown, then, I will be happy.. since then there be no one to come back and question me 'was it really right master, that you were nice to a woman, even though she was a prostitute??'.. '

Yhea.. what a scene.. so they dropped the thing and became happy again..

So anyway, they thought the whole thing, that Jack had come back, and was a new kind of school similar to Dalai Lama, and that he worked 24 hours a day, having his program constantly, and women coming all over him , him unknowingly even when he was sleeping.. so that he woke up several times every night, in a dream of sexual orgy that kept on as he opened his eyes in hallucinatory scenery, his dick already being totally hard so that it hurt, and him having to satisfy the woman.. etc etc etc..

Blyth had written about this 'you say it is impossible'??:

'All the better' Zen says – 'cause Zen is doing the impossible'

Blyth says that the difficult part about enlightenment, is to make it a continual state, we were in a vacuum that was not a vacuum – packed with energy – and busy 24/7 – (seems superficially – like a black hole actually.. but what do I know??).. It was the work of Allah, and saved us a lot of time actually..

Next morning waking up at 2 PM, saying to myself 'where am I??.. I am happy.. what happened??' I looked at my X account.. And what I saw made me roll out of bed – fast as Hell..

I know the storm was over my friend.. the deep state would try to kill him, but I WAS the storm.. so now I had to take action.. I put a 33 mm calibre in my holster.. 'very well Mr Spoker.. but that's no reason to go around half shaved..' I heard Stevenson's line echo in my head – so I quickly washed my hair – and luckily on the way my face as it seemed like – since the sperm stain from my women worshippers orgies during the night were gone – as I checked my status in the elevator mirror on way down from the top floor..

They would try to blame everything on my friend, and appear as “the good guys’ once again.. God damn it(!), ‘minutes to go!! Soon the whole shit-house blows to pieces..’

I had seldom felt the need to perform so intensely present in a long while .

But not exactly stressed – just outwardly busy – that meant outer position had to be put into place; the deep state were outwardly, physically, after me – yesterday eve, the neighbourhood had been packed with police.. and secret measure technicians of ballistic expertise, as I went out to buy my juice stuff for the night shift.. But they didn’t know the mind of the master Jack.. these deep state actors.. that explained everything.. Since they were cowards – pathetic cowards – and so no matter how much they fucked vagina with their money, forcing whoredom upon the otherwise unwilling women, whom, rather than being raped and getting nothing, became seductive, ‘and rich’ ‘getting cured’ as they call it in the Texas oil business, which was not very far from the truth actually.. very close actually to the truth of the worldly business.. Well, these pathetic cowards they never got anywhere except into blackness.. There was a hole, that if you loved it halal, you got rewarded, as RasulAllah said: ‘if you have intercourse with your wifes halal, you will be rewarded by Allah.. if you do it illegally with someone you’re not married to.. you will be punished by Allah..’So there was a hole, that if loved in a halal way, found its heart into the woman, and filled it with light, and that became a gate of light in the heavens leading to Janna.. and if you had intercourse with it in sin, it lead to darkness and hell.. It was the vaginal opening of the woman, when penetrated by your dick..

‘thank God I did not fuck my whore’ I told myself.. knowing that she had married me though on the program, which meant there were many many many witnesses to our relationship, even though I had not heard them, or seen them.. ‘well always excluded’ I thought, ‘fa inna ma-a al usri yusran, inna ma a al usri yusran’ ‘Surely with every difficulty there is easy.. surely .. ease comes with every difficulty..’ as Allah said in Sura 94 ‘the opening up of the heart’.. ‘that was a sign only the title in itself’ I told myself.. ‘The women are surely opening up their hearts for me.. And so it is just to fuck them, as long as there is no money involved but only love.. Thank you Allah!’ I screamed in a ‘Al Hamdu Lillahi!’.. ‘Of course, I shall say ‘shukran Allah’ but that ‘Shukran Allah’ (thank you O Allah) is only valid, if I understand that it is actually Allah that I am thanking.. otherwise it is really thanking Satan.. thus that ‘Shukran Allah!!’ is not to be said lightly, or in sloth and laziness.. Then Satan will laugh at you,, like Satan is doing if you yawn and utter a ‘ha!’ at the same time..

‘Since I made Allah be nice towards you..’ Satan will try to tell you for believing it, ‘then you should actually thank me..’

That was putting oneself as partner to Allah.. Since, it was Allah, whom HAD SAVED YOU, from the blandishments of Satan, and Satan had tried to deceive you, now Satan’s last card, is to try to tell you, always that same old mean trick, that IT WAS HIS INTENTION ALL THE TIME, to actually MAKE GOOD FOR YOU.. just that he was a little smart, and fooled the world.. yhea.. ‘Satan.. me.. was really on your side all the time.. I just wanted to see.. testing

testing..' And Satan will tease and tempt with the Noble Creep Prize in one hand.. As for you to get soft.. Well.. that 'shukran Allah' you had to understand was to Allah,.. and the meaning of it was to be certain, 'thank you Allah for saving me from the trap of Satan.. and you is the only One whom can do that.. With believing in you, you have given me the power, only by the virtue of Your virtue O Lord, over Satan.. I know you are the only One whom can do this, thus I KNOW that you are God Himself, and that we, You and me, have a real connection.. Thus I thank You O Allah'..

Such that 'shukran Allah' was supposed to be..

The women and me really thus, me being their connection to the real worship of Allah, of God, Allah being the proper noun of God, and them worshipping me, pretending I was God in our orgies, yhea, we were really laughing at it.. The whole spectacle of the panderiers which was obviously the majority of the male inhabitants of earth.. They thus were proven to actually worship Satan.. You see, if you could not give for Allah's sake, Allah, God, which Jesus had said WAS Love.. mentioned in the Quran in sura 2 verse 3, then you had no religion.. You were a terrorist, whom at your own behest would pull a sentence out of the Quran, a figurative saying, and claiming it was actually concrete, try to persecute you with it, in Fitna.. 'Fitna is worse than killing.'

It was thus interesting, that the verse after The Verse of the Throne, in Sura 2, the most known Ayat in the whole Quran was: 'religion has nothing to do with coercion.. right way is now clearly distinguished from wrong.'

And what was the belief in Satan the majority of men had, but a way to try to coerce you, together with them not giving any money to you for anything actually.. rather seeing you die on the street, freezing to death, than ever giving anything, even a cent.. when they all know you, and enjoy your work constantly.. BUT WANTING YOU TO DIE.. if chance was given.. And the only alternative they would ever give was to put you in concentration camp to become totally destroyed so no woman wanted you.. That was the point you see.. So that WAS to put themselves together with Satan as a partner to Allah..

So the women and me really laughed at it.. Since the women at least 'got cured' on the coup against me, meaning to get rich, but me really being their love, the light of their heart, their real doctor, which they needed like life itself, and was more than happy to get depended upon like on Heroin.. the habit on me being the point of their lifes.. and those cowardly pathetic creeps only getting out darkness of the very same experience; their vaginas.. Yhea.. We were laughing at it together..

'and that is why I have all the women..' I preached into the microphone booming out over the whole world at exactly this moment.. 'Since Allah is love – if you don't believe in love – you don't believe in Allah.. if you think you will have the women to yourself – just because you have a lot of money – and screw the Messenger of Allah all over, quite literary, on the

deal, by never giving him anything of the riches in your filthy pockets, all the while calling him 'sick' but never letting him 'get rich' which is 'to get cured' for you.. and then the only alternative you will ever offer him, is either 'death in the ovens' or freeze and starve to death!! Then what!!?? Allah says: 'you have you dunya – and my Messenger have all the women.. okej..' and then this Nova Police moved in to blow up the whole shit-house at a very fitting moment..

The difference though, of Satan and the other pathetic cowards, pathetic fucks all of them surely, was that Satan – by being The Diabolo (the parter, the splitter, the partner to Allah (the only sin allah can not forgive) (you see this IS what 'to put oneself as parter to Allah' actually means; consciously destroying the love-life of sentient beings).. is that thing that Satan actually gets something out of the sin but darkness and blackness.. Satan actually managed to distract light out of the women girl – by being so smartly timed – timing is the most important thing with women – that at the very same time as he is torturing the living shit out of the real beloved of the heart of the girl, putting him in the shit-house concentration camp subjected to inhuman cries of diddoctorship, which the idol only used to get the 'deal done' the oppression you see. And Satan had of course chosen Sweden to settle down his cloven foot in, because the most beautiful girls were there to be seen and fucked, totally brainfucked by Satan actually until reality became so distorted nobody could lift that heavy iron lid, the back breaking if you tried.. And thus the whole country was depressed now that Jack was in Tokyo Japan.. the girls not upon Jack having a great time, being the Master of the whole Nation, you know, following Natural Law, the real order of Nature, made the Nation happy.. Actually Natural and Nation had the first 5 letters in common as words.. And the 5 point program of brainwashed had been implied on the poor population of Sweden, so that the inhuman torture leader cried: 'you are sick, with an disease I have made up in my mind, that that I am projecting upon you in Paranoia about you even existing.. you Pee Pee shaking when you shall Pee!! You disgusting creep!! Can't you see, that I am wanting to force you to worship my idols!! But nobody understanding anything since we have totally brainwashed you, you naïve population..' yhea the iron lid laid so heavy upon most people's minds in Sweden, that they could not even see this obvious reality, when the torture leader threw it in their faces.. 'and .. did I hear that you are prepared to work.. so to speak.. be useful idiot for society.. good.. I thought I heard a yes there.. well.. then I can change my accusing judgement of you, and maybe let you out soon..' and you were supposed to just nod and agree and say yes to everything the torture leader decided..

And Jack's friend Dr. T.A. had cried out in his turn: 'just because you SAY that it is so!!, you think we buy this bullshit.. It is a totally corrupted system!! Communistic in its nature!' and Dr. T.A. was right, but couldn't do anything upon his part, at least as an official position, since it was dictatorship! And then they would attack him also..

And thus that iron lid laid so heavy, that when the inhuman execution leader, whom only had exchanged Lev Trotskijs call: 'skjut skjut' (sv.) to 'sprut sprut' (sv.) had totally denied the whole totality of your life, everything you were that was good, etc . etc. and putting that into system, to judge you to prolonged decapitation extremely painful (RasulAllah tells the believers to sharpen their knives, as to cause the least suffering for the animal that is to be slaughtered halal), well.. this decapitation was extremely painful, and drew out for years, decades, sometimes even lifetimes.. And he had been telling you: 'you are sick with a disease I have made up and that I project upon you in paranoia, as for you to bow your knees to my idols, and become an obedient wage slave.. or else.. I will give you "MEDICINE".. " well.. you were supposed to kiss his hand and say 'thank you'.. that was THE FIFTH ELEMENT of darkness and evil.. that blocked out the light, and your moral character, and thus broke you for life.. Thus Nils K. had told the torture leader already early: 'I am the sun and you are the devil'.. it was the most sick thing they had heard they claimed..

So instead the real Doctor had showed up.. That was Jack.. 'didn't you see what they did to my predecessor Nils K. when Ulrika was in love with him??, the most attractive girl at the elite school highest status school in Sweden.. life long persecution and then execution on the open street.. If I work 24 hours a day, I am supposed to be shot to death, murdered etc. etc. because my work does not serve the plutocratic purposes of the idols and their control masters 'up there' (or rather, like a snake coiling its head in a hole, and worshipping Satan, to learn how to get inspiration out of the heart of darkness.. Raping the women and making the whole world into one big whore.. you see.. that is their tactic.. That is why Satan is named Lucifer.. coming to that point soon..' Jack said.. So as a recompense Allah has made me, into the real doctor, so instead of 'ss' (skjut, sprut,) (sv.) or vice versa (sprut, and then skjut) (sv.) Allah gave us 'sss' (sperm spurting sex) and this became the recognized, yhea over the whole world recognized real medicine for women all over the earth..

And Allah made us the master, the Khalifa, and thus, what we said, WAS REALLY 'because I say so you have to obey and it thus IS so..' Allah's Will, it being, and the Angels, Masters, Saints, Prophets and pious people all witnessing about it..

So when Odd Wingdahl tortured the living shit out of the real beloved of the women's heart – he fucks her orgie – and makes a Three Card Mont Passé – in front of her eyes in horrid magic – so that she begins to think – that her real lover is the culprit, charmed by Satan's 'good and beautiful genes – position – apartments of luxury' etc. etc. she gets really screwed by Satan in her head – and gets fucked up instead..

But then Satan's own rule of Noble Creep Prize philosophy is to be applied on himself the devil:

'to distinguish between the work and the person' (but the wage-slaves only value is TO BE his position, that is, his work as useful idiot usage for the devil and his parties) : that is to part those two you see – that light extracted from the vaginal opening – where suddenly light

appears – instead as for the other suckers – darkness – is in this case ONLY TEMPORARY – a loan – so to speak from THE REAL OWNER (shortn. As. TOR)

That is why Satan's name is Lucifer: 'the light collector' 'the turning off of stars into black eyes' 'the great deceiver' etc. etc.

And he aims at stealing the Paradise of others – he knows he won't get in himself again, but having respite until Doomsday upon his full sentence, Allah's judgement over him, for regarding himself as 'better' than the newly just created 'Adham' the first human, he aims at deceiving the whole of human kind down into Hell together with him.. So knowing, he will never get into Paradise himself again, never again getting through that gate of light, but doesn't want others to ever have it really really either.. And so he is called 'The totally envious one d'evil' 'Jealous people does not necessary want what YOU have.. – they just want you NOT, NOT NOT, TO HAVE IT..' – as one of Jack's sexy sex-slaves had written to him in confidence recently..

NOT, NOT NOT to have it.. NOT.. And that last 'NOT' was an evil enlightenment statement, devil's number being XXX and an X added to that.. and that last X, was Satan possessing your enlightenment through possessing you with PPP.. 'not only will I force you to idol worship.. my PEE PEE.. piss idiot cattle dumbhead! I will force you to PPP, by making you a wreck and lying about you, which the system of Satan will echo at every stop point, until you lose your mind, and think yourself as a loser, and no woman wanting you.. YOU WILL TURN TO PORNOGRAPHY, surely.. my poison up your ass having stopped but your now lobotomated brain, making it totally stupid compared to how you were, and also destroying your ability to have orgasm, or any joy through the wall.. like all of these women whom worship Jack Black in hallucination!! He is totally sick and should be locked into mental hospital for the rest of his life!! If lobotomy were permitted we would cut out parts of his brain, especially the hypothalamus, so that he did not even have any sexual capacity left to perceive reality in his idiot brain!! Mr. Idioto!! He calls himself!! Just listen to that self fulfilling prophecy already since he debuted at early age as a skizzo friend..!!'

So that was the very proof of the only sin Allah could not forgive, 'to eat enlightenment' 'to eat light'.. Satan's paranoid projection, his PP, had though had as a consequence, that people at general, expected that Jack could eat light actually.. He did not need any food, or even drinking anything.. and he was supposed to warm himself at night by flying up the heavens and sleeping in the sun where it was warm.. People were totally crazy.. but it was this they thought.. Allah had tried to cure this enchantment being caught in the deception of the devil, by clearly stating in the Quran, that He, Allah, had never created any earthy beings being made of the fleshy parts of earth which all beings residing upon the surface of the earth are made out of, except that they had to walk in the markets (to buy food, and greet people at general) and not created anyone that did not have to eat and drink, and shit and piss as usual.. like everybody else..

ANT: Pasta och Pesto (typisk PP seducing kost.. 'sent på natten gjorde den pasta med pesto.. och parmesan.. det var så gott PPP..)

BARNETS PREDIKAN STIGER UR MAKADAM

Barnets predikan: 'Gör som jag vill'

På altarets plats, står den icke still!

Lyder inga lagar!

Men ändå fri!

Att livets största bed-i-kan..

Jesu bergspredikan..

Att livets största besvikelse

Var bojornas gång

Som straffa att de vågade uttrycka sin sång –

Musiken är inte ett resultat

'han ville bara ha en smart predikat

Var det en Sage Sensai..

Viktigaste kreativa personligheten –

Är en Shams Al Tabriz

En Mästare Karaktär

Som snurrar Lagens hjul

Inget resultat i världen kan uppväga

Bristen på levande musi..

'not so to the sensual ear – but to the spirit ditties of not tone'

Barnet Predikan

'Gör som jag vill!'

På altarets plats

Star den icke still!

'Jag kommer komma som en tjuv om natten' –

I sin bergspredikan..

'Jag kommer att komma som en tjuv om natten..'

Och mörkrets makten tog sig för hakan

Och deras underhuggare sade 'vette katten..??'

'wait a second.. wait a second..'

Muttrade imitatorerna av Sufism..

Allt en bild hade blivit som vaktade som idolämne av vansinnets iver..

Vansinnets iver så kallade 'pious people' (pp)

'ett idol ämne..'

'var han det icke!'

'med DOM DÄR hudsprickningarna!!?? ICKE sa NICKE..'

'Jag kommer komma som en tjuv om natten'

Barnets predikan 'Gör som jag vill!'

På altarets plats står den icke still!

Lyder inga lagar men ändå fri!

Att livets största predikan icke var ett storartat resultat

Likt musikstycket av kompositören

'Jag kommer komma som en tjuv om natten'

Barnets predikan 'Gör som jag vill!'

Utan mästerskapet

Som uttrycket det du egentligen vill

Det undermedvetnas koppling

Till himmelska dimensioner..

Där sublimering upp mot ljuset

Var solens kraft

Som drog plantar ur gruset

Sakta men säkert

Men plötsligt kom han ...

Sanningens Budbärare..

Till ett troende land ..

Buddhistiskt sann –

Ända från början – rönt han omåttlig uppskattning

Bland en mänsklighet

Som inget hellre ville i hela världen

Än att få bli sublimerad upp mot ljuset

Sakta steg stjärnorna – upp ur gruset ..

(i hela världen)

Pga. Tryggheten solen känner

Då den utan hot om galenskapsförklaringar

Sakta men säkert fick ha sin gång

Under dagen..

Lia! My girl – asked me – if it ‘was only mine’

And not her flowers to me

Means anything..

Babies stuck in a mental prison ‘hospital itty’ of the jews in Absurdistan

‘eternity is in love with the productions of time’

‘you can’t love without giving’ Buddha says..

Se feel assured

We will In Shaa Allah Allahumma Amin –

Crush the fitna of dicdoctorship of the Qufrs..

I once saw an old dusty persian carpet, not washed for 50 years.. it was unrecognizable.. anyone would have said; 'this little piece of dirt is not worth. just throw it away..' but what a mistake!, it could be a diamond hiding under there..

And he washed it methodically in a whitewash room.. and the dirt slowly but surely subsided from the embroidered prized possession, .. and it became as if it was new!!

A lesson to be taught from that; you can dirty a most valued item to almost any degree; it can always be washed clean!! important thing is you don't chip it away at the edges, or wear down with your shoe, the materia it consists of..

So next time you stand on a carpet, and gets an idea to jump on one leg, or be paranoid about the dirt on your shoe getting stuck on the carpet; know this; stop with that nonsense! You can always wash it later if dirt comes on it, but no one can mend, except if it gets really expensive, cracks in the pattern, and torn holes of black in a fabric , that is meant for Janna experience ..

Foe .. 'fuck off eeeyy?'

Lyrics to 'All At Once.' Out June 27th: When I look into your eyes, and all at once, it hits you like Oh, oh-oh you know That I'll be in your ear all night long I know you're so close Yeah, all at once, it hits you like

'I have heard that weak-believers struttles around oppressing women and calling themselves strong.. They have no understanding for Fitra..'

"Jag jobbar mycket med Laser" "ja, jag hörde att du är en av de som känt honom allra längst"

The Yaddi Master is someone who changes things actually.. that is; with his hand.. With his hand which holds Moses Staff, or any other great staff, and prophets has held Moses Staff, so what comes out of that illuminating serpent which becomes stiff as a board as you touch his ass, or tail rather, and you hold that which was just a frightening serpent you wanted to turn your back on and run away fast as hell, in your hand suddenly makes miracles happen..

'what the hell is is??' we say again with AJ, but in this context 'sick' is something positive..

'I am sick because all beings are sick' Buddha says..

Etc. etc. as someone might say, sitting down to write a text.. 'or vice versa, mutatis mutandis however the case may be.'

You see.. the Qufr is always trying to lock the form on you.. You are being easily played by the devil.. especially if you are a woman.. The devil appeals to your libido experience, 'he has good GENES.. he has an estate.. ' all such thinking is just leading to hell.. And what is it?? 'he has good GENES beautiful estate' IT IS A FORM YOU ARE WORSHIPPING HONEY.. then the devil comes and locks on that form, through the pleasure experienced in your body when you sell yourself as a whore.. That is why in Arabic, the male is always the only thing spoken.. If you say 'he' that might be for example Jack Kerouac with 1,6, billion sex-slave sex-bombs.. In Arabic language that would be expressed as simply 'he'.. Since the woman in the end IS the male.. Jesus revealed, that the salvation of the woman was to become the male.. A new kind of phallic worship, which is unfleshy, in a hallucination, produces children without any physical touch, .. The sun.. I suddenly saw.. And that was like psychiatry to me..

'I am the sun and you are the devil' – the true words of Nils K. Jack Kerouac's predecessor.. Now dead, and risen from his coffin with his Samurai sword in his hand, turning into a Yaddi-Master light sable.. The light reflected in it..

And the sun, Zen and Lion.. and the sun.. Sufi and a tiger.. If you found a way to approach the light without friction, that was a way through the stars, which was all suns, but far away.. our sun was a star.. and if you found a way to approach the light without friction, you could travel into the sun and come out in another dimension.. The interstellar universe was interconnected you see.. And so you came out in another galaxy 'far far away'.. as StarWars begins.. All movies are silly, so forget about them.. But this is real.. Yaddi-Mastership was a fact.. And so a Yaddi-Master actually CHANGED THINGS WITH HIS HAND..

Prophet Muhammad had said: 'if you see fitna (something wrong) change it with your hand.. If you can't do that; change it with your word.. If you even can't do that; then at least hate it in your heart, .. and that is the weakest kind of faith..

Allah said in the Quran, in Sura At-Tawba:

'Then Qatilun the idols and their worshippers'.. when the command was given, Yihadd was a Fard, an obligation.. And the Yaddi-Master was the commander of the faithful leading the forces.. 'Allah has made it like this so that some of you might be designated by Allah as having the status of martyrs' ..

First the Yaddi-Master did it on the individual level, his Yihadd-An-Nafs rose to the level of his self expanding world wide across the universe.. And so he became the Commander of the faithful, and made Yihadd Fard again..

RasulAllah says : 'if you see someone having a stone (I picture the stone black) and projecting something into another, then kill that at once..'

The PP (paranoid projection) came from small men who played Allan, and thought they were something.. really their only thought was that young cunt, which they like the wolf frothing at the mouth was craving.. 'and money'.. 'and popularity'.. and for this they strutted around constantly projecting their own darkness upon innocent victims.. They found an innocent victim by 'look at my good GENES and beautiful estate' and the woman was supposed to get spellbound just following.. Then a trap was made for the husband or real lover of that girl.. And maximal damage was to be inflicted, similar to blowing his brains out.. Then that was 'a victim for life', they called them 'eternal losers'..

The chill that official recognition brought about, was not cold.. It was a hot that was chill.. Like the evening breeze coming after a hot day, cooling you with absolute pleasure, .. Like the sun being both cold fusion and heat, heat for the one who makes the friction with the light, and cool svalka, svala nattvinden, for the one who made the friction without friction.. 'you have to know the law to break it'" or rather, you have to be turning the wheel of the law, to break the law.. That was Yaddi-Masterfulness, Zen masterfulness, Sufi-masterfulness. It was the complete light circle, the full moon and Basho walking all night around the lake, looking at its different aspects, but not consciously, not studying, but being like the full moon himself, totally immersed, in the beauty of nature..

And that was exactly what this child was.. it was not cold, it was beauty..

'den klara höga natt luften av Norden' – yes, such lines came to my mind , as I walked through town, and ruling things by virtue of masterhood.. That was it.. It was fantastic..

The one who knows knows.. You can't learn Zen from a book.. A master knows a master.. The one expounding the law, will not to you 'yes' or 'no' then you know, that you have the friction with friction.. Or, the friction without the friction.. or vice versa mutatis mutandis etc. etc. however the case may be..

When I woke up, the room had an empty positive feeling about it.. 'what happened?? Remember..' 'turned out the idols were little small men really.. I just had to see it through the eyes of a woman.. or the women, that were all they really frothed after.. Little men 'dressed

in big suits' big black suits.. and all of them pretended.. just pretended.. they were the acme of polytheism, idol-worship.. these small, ambitious men, as William Shakespeare calls them, 'and Brutus is an ambitious man' .. they all go around projecting paranoia.. Pissing on every one, pissing contest against the victims they wanna make small by sitting shitting on a money heap which they never share except with similar sell-outs to the jew devils like themselves.. Idol goes around projecting his shit all the time, that is why it is called 'the shit-house', a planet ridden totally by idol-worship.. 'soon the whole shit-house blows to pieces.. minutes to go..'

These small men, they only want 'young women' .. that is the reason why the young women are hard to get.. they call it 'competition' .. but there is no such thing in Fitra.. God is Love.. Actually it is more easy with the young women, they are more naturally leaned towards being your beauty and pleasure, but because of the Qufr projecting paranoia, it becomes difficult.. So it has never been about 'young women' it has been about the 'pp' of the idol, the envy of Satan, the blindfold over the eyes of like a blow of shit over every natural situation coming reality..

'It is the ppp that the pp project now again.. Ill minds which 'the they' carry around..'

'people expect me to just have one sides enlightenment..' Jack thought clearly, in the insight what this means.. It meant they just wanted an idol to worship.. 'how much properties can a single genius have AND MAKE MIRACLES, and never check anything??'

Well, since it was just a projection, and a denial of any kind of confirmation.. 'A DENIAL OF ANY KIND OF CONFIRMATION' .. aha! Jack thought 'there we have the line.. that is the whole endgame of this.. A DENIAL OF ANY KIND OF CONFIRMATION..' and so, Allah would surely cut off their hand and bulge out their eyes and such things, since they demanded of their role-model, which was Jack, that he would never ever get the idea to confirm anything.. because their own endgame laid in THE DENIAL OF ANY KIND OF CONFIRMATION.. that was not true enlightenment they demanded, that they praised, but it was only one sides.. 'you lock yourself into the absolute' that was not good advice at all.. It was Satanism.. 'then you imprison yourself in a self-made prison of absolute darkness..' as the great Zen master D.T. Suzuki had written about it..

Jack told himself: just the opposite.. 'do not be angry' Prophet Muhammad had said good advice as upon BEING QUESTIONED.. Allah had given you ears, eyes, hands and everything, for you to FEEL TOUCH AND TASTE things.. that was the meaning of life, Zen master Blyth said 'these sticks and stones' .. So as soon as your mind begins to wonder .. and then it begins wandering .. turn around !, YOU CAN DO IT WITH YOUR HAND.. Allah has given you !! otherwise Allah might tell Himself: my servant, my slave, doesn't use his hands, his eyes .. he is just supposed to be a totally 'enlightened being' seeing everything, .. so HE DOESN'T NEED THEM.. so I might just as well cut them off ..'

So, the good advice then means: use your hands .. as soon as you begin to wonder .. wandering that is .. run your hands down your baby girls body and heal .. that is part of the answer .. but there will always be more questions .. Then you can turn around .. and check it ..

'A good leader can keep hell ablaze .. can keep hell at an arm's length .. can keep hell away .. things can become good .. a bad leader together with the ovens of dd .. that's hell on earth ..

'friction without friction.. that's the way.. ' to approach the stars ..

'You know the law.. ' 'yes .. ' 'and the answer is .. ' 'to break the law you have to know it .. friction without friction .. '

The master nodded .. he was the one having expounded the law, but suddenly agreed to Willy's point : 'nothing is true, everything is permitted ..'

'As RasulAllah says .. ' and the master was at once attentive and seemed to nod agreeingly, 'Islam is not difficult .. The Fitra, the law of nature, the human nature, is not difficult .. Loving is our instinct .. the Fitra 'Al Qadara Fa Hada ' Allah in the Sura after Sura At-Tariq, that He 'made the law and then guided' .. Allah is Master of Enlightenment .. It is not difficult .. the Qufr tries to explain away things constantly, 'every explanation is an attempt to explain away' as the great Zen master Blyth says .. 'it is a very difficult formula .. ' blab la bla a lot of bullshit and lies .. Actually, HE is the DISEASE itself.. an DISS EASE in the hiatus, a snake like a boomslang crusing around the branches and the unknowing public down there .. in peril .. and with that .. we also .. The Qufr makes it difficult for others, so that he can have it himself .. '

And he said: 'And I try to tell the people of the world some good advice, referring here to Baso the Zen master: 'it is called dynamism..' I say, when they run around like rats in panic confused by the projections of the Qufrs, 'have you heard about it .. it sounds almost like dynamite ..'

RRV

Roses are red and violets are blue and I love you.. Such any healthy society should say, that doesn't want to begin suffering from Paranoid Skizophrenia.. Which the jews spread by the way.. coming from them.. as a plague.. the mental plague so to speak..

And if you don't want to end up as a paranoid skizzo, you better pay your debts.. Burroughs writes: 'I once knew an aspiring author, but I told him 'you have to pay your debts', he was all

the time trying to push over the tip on someone else.. finally I broke with him..' you see when you do not become better, people get away from you, and only evil companions begin flocking around.. Like Klas Östergren wrote about Svenska Bajsakademien, that they were wolves in sheep clothes which aimed at fragmenting the minds of others.. Making them muslim terrorists.. This they did in the most obnoxious way; he began having calls late in the evenings when he was sleeping in their properties in Old town Stockholm.. women, whom wanted to come and suck his dick and KNEW that he was THERE; in THAT very room, on that VERY floor, and THEY COULD COME, at once.. he didn't need to meet them up.. SOMEONE ELSE OPENED THE DOOR FOR YOU.. AND NOW YOU BETTER DO IT..

Flattered you were supposed to think; 'everything is good about this Svenska bajsakademien bajs utan like.. I really really like it..' and the girl in her turn , the double flattery of the devil you know, was supposed to go up in a bellow of joy 'did you just tell me about another famous author you have on your roll and I get to roll ?? Let us smoke some marijuana afterwards.. ' and she blinks her eye 'you know.. the cigarette afterwards..'

You see, not paying your debt was the idol-worship crucifying Christ negative syndrome; Pilatus did not want to kill Christ.. he thought like a sensible lawman I guess; he said even; 'I CAN not SEE that THIS MAN has done anything wrong..' he was there to judge by the law, but THE PEOPLE, LA BETISSE; were the ones screaming for Christ's blood to be stained and spurted upon them.. And Pontius Pilatus said; you get to chose, I free Barnabas The Robber or Christ the King of Heaven..

And La Betisse roared in a bellow of idiot anger and stupid joy; 'BARNABAS!!'

So prophecy was taken away from the jews..

In these days, the Swedish genes are so good.. 'first we take JeeewCrazy.. then we take Berl-inn..' and that was Sweden that was gonna get God smacked in the positive way.. Actually their genes stemmed from that part of Russia, so we had to take it back in our possession.. Not let the jew devils feed and slowly eat the whole country..

'First we take JeeewCrazy.. then we take Berl-inn..'

They were sin-sick these idol-worshippers.. And Yihadd was the outcome and only answer to their sick lies they projected upon you all the time.. Yihadd was the fifth element..

'you have to pay your debts' ..

And Jack was coming on a girl in the most natural way.. while he was playing the demo Metallica had sent him of their new single; 'Funny but true'..

'You know honey' .. he said ' I have very good genes.. 'First we take JeeewCrazy .. then we take Berl-inn..' do you hear that sound of that crash-boom-bang..' his beby was making large eyes of understanding but not daring to admit it.. if now he made a wrong move, not

comprehending her, not believing in himself so to speak, like, there was any chance in the world that he was actually crazy, when the actual relationship was the opposite; the Qafrs were crazy or rather worse, and he was totally healthy.. 'absolutely totally healthy me..' he said into the air, which was filled with sweetness, and she laughed heartily..

'and besides honey.. Satan has made like many many millions millions of false promises to me, which satan of course have not kept.. that should impress you honey.'

'ok ' she said .. 'I chose you..'

And that was it.. They at once began kissing.. It happened absolutely naturally.. no one actually knew what happened.. but they made love in the evening and through the night.. and when they woke up it was like a dream.. and everything was forgiven.. not forgotten, but still forgotten as a sin.. she was his, just as his other 1,6 billion sexbomb sexslaves.. and the natural thing was of course copulating..

'I am not an actor..' he had to explain , again and again he had to explain this stupid point.. 'I am in action.. the words are similar I know.. just like nature , the law of nature, and nation.. but nature and nation goes together.. while action and acting does not..' she nodded her head in total agreement and so much that he also understood that she wanted him to understand that she was totally agreeing and also loving him, as to want to please him as much as possible all the time everywhere..

'I love you honey..' he said.. and they were happy..

another SSS "Eiwar was a scamming stalking sucker"

'utan döden har livet ingen mening.. liksom hjulet är meningslöst utan protektoratet av tomrummet i mitten som det snurrar snurrar kring..'

"Orgasm up to the chin, only way to live honey.." he was quoting Willy – and suddenly realized the profound truth of it .. (!) , that if you couldn't be a man – natural in your movements – afraid all the time to make wrong move "or else!!" , and fitna would take you into the death in the ovens – you couldn't live at all under such conditions .. so the Yihadd which kept the dream going – not the American dream we have today – but something

MUCH deeper, not for selfish interest – but as a law of nature .. the yihadd through the centuries – in different incarnations.. well – and ‘we need each other Torsten!’ he said “you now got saved through Japan .. I saved your complete Monad of renaissance genius from the fire, dear beloved friend.. the fire which it was put in by the devil fooling you not to give your heritage to me – that money you left behind SO I COULD BE FREE! MORE FREE, at least . from the Fitna of the’evil..

The good outcome of every given situation or zikhr revelation coming to your mind is DEPENDEND UPON NYOUR RIGHT VIEW, of it .. if it is a good zikhr revelation and you even misinterpret it slightly too bad. Well.. that’s too bad!

Your mind will feel not at ease. And your status in the daily exchange greetings will be lowered.. Therefore Ahmadhood, is precisely that this person being accused of a lot of bullshit by the Qafrs – is having they as using (using) pp upon the victim.. to make him a ppp – suspect in the eyes of women.. ‘we have good genes!’ they bellow obnoxiously – ‘and beautiful property! Forget the ppp disgusting ‘being’ you will soon (which we anyway know) see us sitting here up on the hill .. and waiting for little YOU to come tripping..’ if though you misinterpret a trap like that – for example – in pre-advance – with mind-power .. you will sooner or later meet the physical complications and consequences, for your boring yawn.. and uttering ‘ha!’ at the same time. You will then not only be out of your mind – sine you misspelled the good things, coming to you missed out on your DIVINE destiny – so to speak – BUT ALSO – be smacked to death by the schmucks – or rather – put in death in the ovens.. Thus there’s no proof that the messenger is insane – his ability to cope and interpret situations right – make him be practically totally healthy .. One has to designate it as such ‘so in the end honey’ he said – ‘it is a matter of the dark side of force, and the good side of the force (and only Allah is good) ... ‘what should you do without them’ Willy writes about enemies.. ‘I have no enemies .. – I made them all to be friends ‘ is very Zen enlightening statement .. ‘first it seems dark – but dark with infinite light’ ..

‘First it seems dark – but dark with excessive light..’

‘A small unsightly root,

The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,

But in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flow’r, but not in this soil;

Unknown, and like esteem’d, and the dull swain

Tread on it daily with his clouted shoon.’

Ja.. vårt party liknade mer och mer Micky Mouse på husbils-semester med Långben.. ‘tut tut tut!’ (apart from the woman I loved at the moment.. I mean generally.. ‘where is the

money??') sen smällde vi upp en fin vy på vad som egentligen var en sophög.. medan vi åt och då vi sovit middag – fällde vi ihop vyn in i lådan igen – och hörde vidare från sophögen 'och Men in Black's flash med verklighets lampan, denna ovanliga cigarr, som ser ut som en bajskorn La Betisse världen runt och över verkade röka som Gansters in Concrete.. 'in the sky' – allt går upp i rök nu – och det som ni miljarder idioter bevittnat hände aldrig! Flash boom bang snarare 'SNIPP' ekade utöver mörkrets vrål – fyllde elden 'snapp – trut – så var sagan in shaa allah slut.'

'nej..' sade vi då i sorlet i Japan 'Jinn Juri får inte vinna fighten.. vart skall då optimism någonsin mer få plats i världen??'

And my girl was explaining to the idiot fashion houses that wanted me as some kind of advertisement idiot 'And it is there he is working as a model, Mr. Idioto, my husband, at Baise Moi Recording Label.. That is a recording studio house he is owning, but spiritually, where his artists (many of them world famous..) releases their love for him expressed in beautiful singing.'

'And by the way.. since I know you are wondering' my beby went on in the phone, the fashion house having called me and me handing the receiver to her ear, 'he is not going back to Absurdistan .. at least right now .. he will not even renew his VISA in Japan, so nobody will actually know where he is.. no system failure will appear, so he will so to speak disappear from the map, despite the fact that everybody in the world will really know where my husband is.. ERGO: the money from his as long as he lives pension in Absurdistan will keep on flowing into his account unimpeded ..'

That horrible split of different catagories of class, broke the one at the other end of the receiver, whom quickly rang off..

'the great fault of authorship is obviously that it is too self centered.. egoistic.. selfish..' I told my beby, like we have said already long ago, 'most authors are self-absorbed jerks.. and that is what my Master Torsten was teaching!, that he taught through his pupils making telepathic transmission a great fact.. the world's reward is ingratitude.. that old saying is actually true, and now everybody sees it.. That is why we are now afraid that Jinn Juri will get his point against us, and pessimism be the only possible attitude in the future to position as one comes to be a mature being in the society.. It would be horrible! No more humour!! That's for sure.. Jinn Juri was created out of fire giving no light, like the other Jinns, and thus only had comic.. Humour where you are self-sacrificing and can laugh at yourself, when we laugh we really love, like Zen master Blyth says, ..

är det salli salli salli salvia liv

But you have reward with Allah, and Allah is the best of planners.. Allah's own program is now factually measurable as superior the Qufrs programs like 'Seinfeld' or 'The Simpsons' , and just like the shit-smoking cigar is the most common UFO phenomena observed in the world today, the heavens take the form of different phenomena on earth, just as that is an observable fact, then also Allah changes his revelations according to the form the Qufrs are threatening the believers with.. And that is why 'The Program' as people in the world calls it, where I Jack Kerouac is the star, not an actor, but in action, action-writing, not usual writing, is also taking the form of the modern.. As Strindberg said, quoted by Odd Wingdahl the'evil, 'to be unmodern is the worst form of critique'.. 'doggerel' we called it in old times.. An anomaly is the most dangerous thing to expose people for.. You have to live up to the expectations so to speak.. otherwise they will kill you God damn it.. 'If you not have good figure, .. you die !!'

And the mythology of lies and bullshit that the Qufrs weave, is the most dangerous thing to leave after yourself.. therefore Allah forgives the Nova Police officers and other ranks in it much which is considered usually in the religion as sins, since if we don't do it, the Qafrs take a grip upon our imagination, our minds, and then we will all be ruled and have a boring time of total meaningless bullshit 'paradise'.. yhea.. earthly 'paradise' for the disbelievers, and the believers in prison or worse, death in the ovens..

And that is why, to be an idiotic author was Satan's business, him being 'extra distinguished' 'a literature critique' (you can hear his JJEEEEWK IINGLISH accent as he pronounces the bullshit with a small cup of coffee lifted as in a gesture of appreciation towards his mouth) is to be a self-absorbed jerk dealing in intellectual masturbation throughout his entire life, .. Real men think only about others, with no thought of themselves, just like Don Quijote, they trust in Allah's plan, and thinks about others, not having the intention of making everything spin around One Man.. If Allah makes it that way anyway.. Okej.. that is God's decision and with God all things are possible.. The'Evil's intention thus is obviously perverse, the'evil HAS THE INTENTION, that everything shall center around One Man, and that One Man, is HE, the'evil claims, being the snake in Goethe's A Tale, that is just swallowing all the gold, that is eating enlightenment, and wanting to eat the leader of the world slowly digest him as to get all his power.. 'I mean' your argument thus goes 'the whole world centers around God, the creator, which is everywhere but still can't be seen or perceived, .. and you wanna make it just center all around you?? You crazy or what??'

The great fault of people seems to be that they never get into action when it comes to giving for God's sake.. Don Quijote gives his whole being and movement to Allah.. Allah becoming his eyes he sees with, ears he hears with, hand he strikes with.. and everything.. 'all actions are judged according to their intentions' is the answer when someone accuses don Quijote of having 'strange results' .. And so .. action is decisive, and Zen master Blyth is right, quoting Goethe's revised version of the beginning of the Gospel of St. John,

'Im Anfang war die Tat, ' In the beginning was the deed''

And that goes for all HUMAN activity.. you see.. it is difference between God and humans.. Allah is master of enlightenment..

Blyth further writes , 'In THE ANTICIPATION Traherne says,

His name is Now ...

His essence is all Act.. '

Flickans skratt igen, svagt som ett eko. Hennes ord om "respektlöshet". Är det detta? Får jag se världen som hon ser de "hycklande finare" igår kväll? En teater av det absurda, där ingenting är äkta utom kanske... hennes blick?

Jag känner mig som en släppts ner i ett leksakståglandskap. Jag är på flykt, ja. Men nu är jag inte bara jagad av män med vapen. Jag är jagad av en verklighet som inte stannar där den ska vara. En verklighet formade av en sjuk flicka, kapitalets dundrande inmarsch, och mitt eget beslut att stå emot.

Var är jag? Är detta Herrgården hon skapat? Känns det som... Laser är nära?

And Gucci called again, I took the receiver this time, going directly upon the subject.. 'are you trying to flatter me ?? I kill you .. I know your plan.. It's stupid ..' the voice at the other end, then going back to the anomaly in the former talk with my beby still laying by my side, switched to black mailing tactic, threatening with legal charge 'of threatening' ..

'well.. good luck ..' I said, sarcastically of course, 'I am in Japan..' and hung up before that obnoxious fuck could say anything..

God blowing up the world with his own power!! Forgive me, His, own power!! No, there would be nothing praiseworthy in that!! Honey.. ' I told her.. 'the joke is on me, as robbaren Zimmerman sang somewhere like a crow in the 60's.. yhea.. that's right honey.. now you begin to apprehend the reality of The Program.. why it is the most funny thing in history actually.. No!, Allah sent a Messenger from Him to the world, announcing that He, Allah, that is, will make them blow up themselves and the whole planet.. That is the good news, the happy ending so to speak.. 'Why' you ask of course, already diving the answer I know beby.. 'because you made such an evil satanical system where you made life so miserable and meaningless that you made the master of the master the genius kill himself in desperation.. and as for that not happening again, We promise, and swear by Allah, that if you do not help him, our messenger, then We surely have the power to make you blow up yourself to pieces, tiny little atoms!!'

Then you get it honey.. And that is what We call 'a happy ending' acting according to the circumstances, and everybody laughing around our Messenger as the world bomb goes off and everything disappears..

And him coming up to his golden castle in Janna with his 1,6, billion sex-bomb sex-slaves and a lot of other women not yet counted in their amount, have not had the time simply, they will shout hallelujas of joy going like this 'we had a happy ending'.. get it beby??' and my beby got the beef at once I had with the Qufr idiots and nodded so sexy..

Prologue.. (find 'coming down 2007 midsummer .. sun a star ..) (lyssna på 596)

'I am born of the spirit'

I saw the sea approaching.. and it was such a pleasant ride .. the pressure in town was great ,, it was a great experience.. coming out like this and have some fresh air .. absolutely body for the soul, I know the air, the thoughts coming to space again, relieved at the moment from the press of the extreme attention by billions of people constantly.. and as I rode the bus .. I thought; 'well I KNOW , that the kind busdriver will take me to the right place, I have full confidence in him .. and the woman, helping me to find a way, I had full confidence in her .. I could give her my mobile phone, one of the most powerful chain of command weapons in the universe, without any thought even, that she would take it, or use it for any secondary purpose .. just help me, I knew she would.. these people were helpers of the cause of Allah .. they were helping the Messenger .. to reach on the right way, in the worldly business .. and .. it was such a relief, to not have to think about all of these things.. not have to be suspicious about paranoid people all the time, whom anyway would go up in a bellow of accusing you, as soon as you in any way showed that they were not trustworthy.. which they weren't.. of course.. that is how really sick people are; they are lethally afraid to be reminded of their imperfection in any kind of way.. narcissist always thinks that he's the best in the whole universe.. to be that was another thing, and these honest good minded people thought I was the best in existence .. To turn the wheel of the law, and in this, I had full support from the highest authority in the country.. When the K.Y. came through by airdrop, my relief was indescribable, as Willy would have said..

And as I went on the trip, I just relaxed, making Assr prayer, while the bus rolled through the pleasant sea breeze.. And I was thinking; enlightenment in itself, is the greatest thing among people.. That is why they in this believing country like unto the Shire for Gandalf, calls me 'Master' .. But Allah, is Master of enlightenment.. So, enlightenment is more connected to the subconscious will of the people, that is why it is called 'the law' .. That is what they REALLY want, don't dare to express, not what they THINK they want.. but their REAL wishes,

their light coming through, the darkness, of the worldly affairs, THIS, is apprehended, by the Zen master.. And that is why he is turning the wheel of the law, and that is why he is praised so, because he is doing WHAT PEOPLE REALLY WANT.. but, they are not yet knowing it.. that is why, it is said ‘the one who knows, knows’ ‘THE ONE WHO KNOWS, KNOWS’.. but Allah was master of enlightenment, ‘fa innahu la qawlun faslun, wa maa huwa bi al hasli’ this was a great sentence, ‘wa al samai wa tariq.. ‘ by the clear night sky.. with the star of piercing brightness, at – Tariq.. ‘wa maa adraqa maa al Tariqo’ ‘and what can make you understand what the star of piercing brightness is?? ‘ it was the same when I made adhan, ‘what can make you UNDERSTAND??’ – the relief of tears in the night of joy, it brings about, that Allah is master of enlightenment ??, and WHAT, can make you understand??, what At-Tariq, the star of piercing brightness, is, ‘wa al samai wa tariq wa maa adraqa maa tariqo?? Al Najmo al Thaqibo.. ‘ so ! ,, it is guarding.. meaning; you shall trust in it.. when it is guarding, you shall trust in it.. you shall trust the guardian, if I say, for example; I can neutralize snake poison.. Then I don’t look for snakes.. If one bites me, I know there’s no problem(!), even though I don’t see it , I will notice; Aha, beginning poisoning .. well!, .. then I neutralize it!

Thoreau says the right thing, ‘you can not waste time, without injuring eternity..’ my decisions were in less than a milli second.. that was MY LEVEL, and no one was allowed to play under his level, then, that person went crazy .., that is why Unmon the Zen master says; if you walk, just walk, if you sit, just sit, but whatever you do, don’t wobble.. ‘Wa al samai wa tariq, wa maa adraqa maa tariqo?? Al Najimu al thaqibu, ‘ it is a star THAT IS GUARDING over each person, ‘an najimu al thaqibu, in qullu nafsin lama alayha hafizun, fa yanzuri insanu mima khulliq, ‘ so see!, what has created humankind!! what is they created from?? They are from THE WEAKNESS for a fluid sexual movement.. you see !!?, ‘innahu la qawlun faslun, wa maa huwa bi al hasli’ .. as I saw the young girl, jumping off the bus, she tore off her silly mouth protection, by some reason the Japanese , many had come to some kind of belief in Cow’ID made up so-called ‘virus’ disease, and she was smiling towards me.. I raised my hand in ‘Sieg Heil’ and she was waving back, sort of also a ‘Sieg Heil’ as much as she dared, we were smiling waving at each other, smiling waving, and as I went away, out of her sight, I knew, she wanted to sit on my dick, and I said; ‘honey’ ‘just do it.. there’s no problem.. innahu la qawlun faslun, wa maa huwa bi al hasli.. ‘ ‘Allah has given the code’ an echo through the nature, a law in the form of breaking the law, if you want to do it , no problem, we can call it that you ‘rape me’ and such things , cause your desire is so strong, but I REALLY DON’T MIND it honey.. sit on my dick, make orgasm, and let’s get on with our lives .. cause Allah has promised, you will feel non-attached to me also, because I have the real non-attachment spirit Allah has given.. He is master of enlightenment, ..

And, I kept on the bus-trip.. Thinking about all of these herons, beautiful birds, white!, as it were.. That were everywhere in Japan.. beautiful beautiful herons.. two different types, and.. in a millisecond, I said to myself; here is the usual wood, also finds it in Öland of my homecountry, and such places, the usual wood, it is not a thick big wood.. it is just, very poetical.. and it is just like thick in a very good beautiful manner, ; it is spacy, but thick, but

again, spacy, and, that is what you find, when you come down towards the sea.. beautiful bushes in that thickness, with like windy space in between.. usually they are situated about 2 kilometres up the land, or 3 kilometres.. now it was right, as I saw, passing with the bus; it was thick, and I scanned the landscape in less than a millisecond, and said to myself, ; those trees I see down there are getting a lot of wind.. we are approaching the sea, I can feel the sea wind coming towards me, as we had started the trip, I was angry with myself, because, for more than a millisecond, a little more, so I could forgive myself the very big blunder, BLUNDER it is called, .. I looked at the flag along the road, and I scanned them with my fingers, xraying, and I could at once see, that the sea-breeze were hitting them pleasantly from quite far away..

‘those trees get a lot of wind’ I thought, ‘we are approaching the sea, ’ to my happy surprise..

"Känns det som att Laser är nära nu?" "Jag såg honom ivarjefall igår" "men tror du han är nära? " "jag skiter väl i om han är nära eller långt bort. Jag har aldrig fokuserat på det sättet när det gäller Laser" "hur menar du då?" "Laser har alltid varit en person som rör sig i rummet bredvid rummet. Och det gör mig trygg. Är lugn med det" "men tror du han är nära?" "Det orelevant. Jag har förklarat"

No other than 10 minutes later, I see the road, that is always up on high, because it is along the sea-coast, it was sticking up there, and I knew I was right.. I thought; ‘maybe maybe maybe’ ‘maybe I should hop off.. and walk along the coast..’ and I said to myself, ‘the woman! Having helped me and which I trusted fully with my life, property and everything, you know RasulAllah what he says!; a believer is someone you trust with your life, .. and property!!, ..

You can never trust a single muslim I met.. with your life and property.. maybe the Sufi’s.. yhea, Muhammad Tahir ul Qadri still has it.. and some other group of Naqshbandi’s but it is shifting; should it be only barraqa or also some salli??, Problem with them was, their lack of understanding, and thus putting the cart before the horse sort of, listening to many of their stupid ‘followers’ they prioritized the group in front of the strong believer.. Making that mistake, interpreting ‘Allah likes strong believers in front of weak’ as a muscle mountain.. the usual catch misunderstood as usual.. And with lack of understanding you make wrong judgement.. Like thinking you are a master just because the group tells you so.. This Mawlana Rumi wrote in his Mathnawi, the whole of Mathnawi as a whole, seems to be this point; understanding is crucial.. the group egoism and your egoism of being the leader of the group has no meaning.. Do not become Satan whom refused to bow in front of newly created Adham.. Do not get thrown out of Paradise!!

And these Sufi’s all seemed to fall into that trap.. What a sorry sight!

All the others, were just stealing and using!!, and here we have’ I thought and scanned the landscape of beautiful beach people having coming out to see me, the master, mostly young girls having made their sucker drive them all the way, in droves, him being the driver, to make

love with me on the beach, and see me undress naked and throw myself into the pleasant beautiful waves of the pacific in front of everybody, 'and here were have a people, whom these lacking understanding designate as 'Qufr' nothing could be further from the truth actually.. This exactly proves Rumi's point, and they understand nothing of Mawlana Rumi or Mawlana-ship at general, these so-called 'muslims' refusing to bow on the command of Allah in front of newly created Adham.. ! Understanding is crucial.. And that Buddhism proves with bravo! These people of high genes had received the messenger of Allah and showed that the real Qufr were the so-called 'muslims' !, 'so – called muslims' no muslims could be seen .. a believer is someone you trust with your life and property! Not someone whom steals it from you and then kills you!! You freezing to death in the night with no shelter, while he as making you a cuck makes you sleep outside, and him in your warm bead having gone cuckuu on you.. and you having nothing to eat, nothing! Him taking your whole country, and then thinking this was his 'natural right' ; "we muslims are soo much better.." and you coming back having suddenly 'no rights!' eehhy??, and you getting not married 'no women' .. 'your genes are not to my .. race .. like .. similar .. I want only similar to me ..'

Just your women for you, that is what you think??, and me with my light of the world I'm bringing just by visiting your masjids bringing more beautiful women and wealth to you, and you giving me absolutely nothing in return?? ' .. No I said to myself, these Zen Buddhists, I was right ! , The Zen Buddhistic enlightenment is identical with the Ashahada of Islam.. '

And so.. I was happy to see that road, that went on high, distinguishing the front village sea properties, from the waves coming in over the beach.. And me thinking; 'walking along the sea coast seems like a good idea..' but the driver, since he was driving was waving me down angrily you know.. You don't ask a driver when he is driving.. should have thought about that one.. but since I don't driver myself, it being degrading to a master, I know little about it.. In crazy Absurdistan, my home country, we do that all the time, asking the driver driving.. But that is in a crazy country, which doesn't value the life of people, life in Absurdistan is not worth anything, you can't live there.. Only the idol's life is worth something there..

So that is why I have the program' Jack Kerouac told himself, 'to be successful together with my women.. They look at their smartphone screen, and get that satisfaction in their mouths suddenly; our beby is lying again!.. he does it seldom, but necessary.. and we all know that he is lying.. but when he is lying to us we become successful.. OOO Thank God!! Our beby is finally becoming a little like us!! Then we have beauty together!!'

The point of the women is not the fact.. they don't care about that.. no women was really interested in jinns, like Jinn Juri for example.. they were even the more happy that they knew you were lying to them, the image of you were all they cared about, and that I gave them and we all became satisfied finally.. But of course, I could not have lied to them for satisfaction of the secret of us, unless they all knew about it.. That was the happy point of the program..

So when the truth became manifest, and the women knew the manifestation of the lie but still regarded it as true, things became totally white.. 'White white white - that is the throne of Satan I like a jinn taking Queen Sheebas throne to Suleimaine now has put in heaven instead of the deceptive place it was hidden at previously.. The 666 + 6 has turned into something good suddenly.. and by parity of reasoning; don't forget the lesson of Mawlana Rumi's Mathnawi..'

'okej honey..' she said as she was going..

'and have you bought those dishing tablets yet honey??..'

she gave me a kiss and we parted..

'I am born of the spirit' echoed down the corridor as she walked towards the elevators.. a glow in her cheeks of absolute satisfaction..

The evil people fought and hated God because it might lead to attachment.. This was the 'evil Buddha' which the old masters had spoken about, 'when you meet a Buddha! Kill him!' – the unsatisfiable Ouroboros was a person fucking a girl, but afraid to fall in love, the girl also becoming like him maybe, he was lethally afraid of the possible attachment aspect of the love making.. This is fish like unthankful attitude, screeching, and then the 'wealthy and rich' has 'a subject of pleasure' for some while, then sacrifices it in a ritual of blood an vampirism just because they want back that air-element which they loses so they think in their attachment.. So they make ritual sacrifice of their lovers, and collects these in Abramelin-knots drenched in blood, that calls the demonical powers of absolute sacrifice for their phallic power grab.. It is absolute nuts and crazy, or as Allah says in the Quran 'they are insane or rather worse' about the idols and their worshippers.. 'cause each man kills the thing he loves' Oscar Wilde writes in The ballad of reading Gaol.. Yhea.. Everybody today having adapted this kind of sex culture it almost seems like.. Doom coming..

Abramelin of course was a jew, even was called 'Abramelin the jew to his son Lamech'.. Couldn't be different..

And that is why 'a happy ending' is better than Satanism spreading everywhere, like we seem to have it today.. instead of the evil people taking a grab upon the spirits of their sex victims and tying these in knots of incarnation chains of total power grab and money possession, then everybody maybe goes up in a cloud instead, and then The master of Doomsday , God, Allah, will judge.. cause 'their faces will be full of light' like RasulAllah says about the people of the Way, on Doomsday..

Therefore Zen master Blyth says: 'please love something or somebody..'

And this is why RasulAllah tells us good advice, ; when something good happens to you, you praise Allah once.. And when something bad happens to you, you praise him twice, as to remind yourself that you shall NOT thank Satan, when Allah saves you from the trap of Satan.. 'surely with every hardship there is ease.. surely ease comes with every hardship' Allah says in Sura 94, The opening up of the heart.. It is only Allah whom can save you from Satan namely, Allah's power.. That might be the lacking of Islam in Buddha, which made him utter such by time passing in history obviously wrong things like; 'love no one, or nothing, love leads to attachment, and pain..' "karmic consequences" he called it.. The logic of that seems clear, it is and was probably Buddha's overclass upbringing that was haunting his mind.. Not actually understanding but stuck in the position.. which makes us think; was his missionary career having at least a small taint of self-pride in it,

??, like here I am, the Prince, and you see how humble I'm becoming ..

Healthy psychiatrists like myself, Jack Black, have overlook of others faults.. We see them but don't pretend about them, knowing that Zen mastership, which is the true psychiatry, is to lead to the way of the pupil to realize his wrongs..

The evil Luciferians calling themselves 'psychiatrists' falsely, trying to steal the title of masters of old and destroy everything are totally opposite, but ON THE SURFACE, only mind you, appear little similar.. They sit with a smirk of evil on their faces, listening to you, whom, have to speak, or they will never let you progress out of the shithouse at all, but just give you poison up your ass until you speak.. And they 'write' in 'their notebook' with a little pencil of disgusting poison, such it looks to you,, mind you, it is not a hallucination..

Then, suddenly, a knock on the door, and there stands the whole league, and they tell you 'Dr. decided you will have an injection..'

And you getting desperate in panic, but can't scream, then they will give you even more poison up your ass.. The treason is so shocking.. You get destroyed for life, unless Allah finds for you a way out..

'Qui n'exists pas'

Some people come when they're gone.. just fly away.. that's the master, and some people.. they're gone gone.. but these gone-gones try to make the light, the truth, gone.. Go away.. 'they try to extinguish the light of Truth by blowing with their mouths' Allah says in verse 5 Sura 18.. and so, the light flies away in a Tahira, and then; some people come WHEN they are gone..

Those others though, then 'lose' they call it, they become gone-gone..

And some people come when they are gone.. His aunt wrote him; 'I beginning to long for you to come home, when you come back..' well, that was a good thing, since some people come when you are gone.. Lana del Rey sings in her new song; 'Come on Henry', 'just fly away' , .. 'Me staying in Japan..' I was thinking.. Forever.. Then when my army occupies and takes over Absurdistan, and the army is present to protect my presence, we come back for vacation in summer, sitting on our beach-plot so pleasantly, sunning, bathing, and doing everything with out young cunts that they so much want..

'To know what you are doing' I told myself, 'that is a very bad sign.. Already great masters like Zen Master Blyth and Ninja Master Burroughs knew and wrote this.. And there are no bad omens.. But a bad omen is to know what the hell you are doing..

And the devil always seems to know what the hell he is doing.. He is planning hundreds of years in advance to 'get' the genius.. If light wins over the woman's heart, the woman forgets about all the previous bad things, and is happy with her husband.. It is like the darkness then never existed, which of course makes her liable, if you are not in Paradise, to fall for the deception of the devil again that always exists on earth..

If though, the devil wins, and that is why he is planning hundreds of years in advance 'now I will have a good reincarnation again.. me the devil.. God postpones my punishment until Doomsday, so I plan this card to play it with some fantastic orgies.. Ha ha ha I will fool that genius once again, and enslave and put him in death in the ovens.. No status you see.. And then he will not succeed with anything.. I studied his moves last time, 70 years ago, and now I know how he can play out, I am having put my prepositions so that THIS TIME I will get him.. Ha ha .. Ha.. aa a a aa -aa-'

And then if darkness occupies the heart of the woman, she panics, and just thinks about money.. 'IF I at least am wealthy, and a rich woman is better than a poor.. then I can hold on until my love the knight of light comes back and maybe manages to save me this time..' As you see; to know what you are doing is a bad sign indeed..

Hallmark of the cloven hoof

The devil's hallmark seems to know that he always claims to 'understand' 'förståstigpåare' what everybody else is doing.. There's no party without an accident of some kind.. Better one mistake than a hundred victories, the old proverb so wisely quotes.. And so, if you have a

party without an mistake some embarrassing accident which usually ends well etc. etc. when that's no party.. because then you have proven that you know what the hell you are doing..

But the devil claims to 'understand' you, and 'explains' in flattering terms, when it serves the purpose of the devil getting more of his junk, that is popularity in public opinion, how 'you mean' .. You shall then kill that bastard.. Since he is trying to kill you..

RasulAllah saw another man praise a man in front of the same, and said so profoundly; 'you have killed him!'

Such a person is Fitna incarnated.. Wants to reincarnate in the overclass like a sissy, or like what he is imitating, a woman..

Woman are by nature overclass.. They don't really need to work, they can just stand on the street and get money from making pleasure for men, and when she occupies a man in flesh, she dominates him totally..

You shall always remember to have air superiority.. But in the beginning was The Word, and God was the Word, and dwelt with it.. So that means, 'la qadara fa hada' that the One, who makes the Law, and guiding you to a way where you understand that you are commanded to go outside the law, for example let women sit on your dick according to certain circumstances, you do that.. Because then THAT is air superiority.. Allah's intimate qualities are Dominion and Might.. And so, Dominion tells you to do something outside the usual law, then that IS the Law, and so you follow at once.. Not complicate it, not think twice, just do it immediately without hesitation, jump, since the master points at the ship sailing across the bay, and screams; 'stop that ship sailing across the bay!' , the pupil jumps, and finds himself in rose gardens walking on his feet leading to the way home..

The watchers getting watched, Assr

As I watched the death and destruction I had ordered against the jew devils terrorists, I felt more satisfied.. Now they had it up their asses what they had done for a genocide against those poor helpless women and children whom they had stolen the land from.. This was a big step ahead, and 'Give me a man after midnight' was playing.. People were partying on roof-tops to cool jazz-solos, as in On the road, watching those blessed hypersonic missiles go past, and hit down for example a 20 floor building, cracking it up totally, and it falling down like debris being blasted into pieces.. God how I felt more happy.. I felt better actually.. I began feeling at least, slightly better.., And THAT was the important thing.. Today people generally would be more happy in the world..

And so I concluded, that since Iran and its partners, like Yemen and Hezbollah, had made such a beautiful gesture of appreciation towards participating in the Yihadd, the fifth element was now given back to them .. Yhea.. That was the master's decision, my master decision, and everything depended upon the mind.. If you had air superiority you would win.. Just have patience you will see.. Like Allah says in Sura Al Assr (Time); 'Except for those who believe and do good deeds and exhort one another to truth and exhort one another to patience'.

Everything depends upon the Mind, God's mind, No Mind..

'And that became of course pessimistic view upon whom actually is ruling..'

As Zen master Blyth said, sex and death are intimately connected.. (without death, life has no meaning), (and the vampire has his own strange interpretation of this)..

The yihadd against the Vampyre Empire is what keeps up the magnetism of the 5th dimension – like magma in earth's core attracts the orgones – whom constantly runs through it after having penetrated the earth totally .. WITHOUT binding to a single substance subject (ss)! Just like Wilhelm Reich wrote in Cosmic Superimposition, showing picture of galaxies looking vaginal and breast like in form, the natural forms of nature are reflected in the suns and stars constellations..

But though, The SS, the Schwarte Sonne people, thus want to bind to the substance subject and then kill it.. Like Izzy Young always used to quote Oscar Wilde; 'you do not pick on the door man of a hotel , but someone your size, like a vampire, if you are big like Robbaren Zimmerman..' which he used to say to Oscar Wilde, and also Oscar Wilde then used to respond strangle,, 'for each one kills the thing he loves'

That is the vampire solution to the subject of the attachment love brings.

Then they just want THE SUBSTANCE – and calls it 'the essence'..

'ehhh haw haw hwa.. now we've weve (he wobbles slightly feeling for his crotch) found the essence of life' the vampire screams in stupid hate as he boasts in front of his friends about his 'chic smart plan' which included kidnapping a lot of kids – let us make it a billion industry – strapping then them these innocent poor kids to beds after having a 'hide and seek game' where they ' terrified at the real knives they had to see in the hands of the perpetrators that were now going to hunt them (and haunt their minds at the same time), testing the blade – a little drop of blood on the thumb – the vampire which were their handler (every child gets a special 'handler' which has a little more exclusive right to rape torture and cut specifically that child's throat) 'next time this will be your throat' .. the vampire taking his dirty junk sleeves almost turning black – caressing the adham's apple of the poor child.. 'You will be like

Adam created of God coming out of God's hands just, and then me Satan refusing to bow for him.. But you will be a ray of light going up towards the sun, to be bound in my reincarnation chain to my testicles which feels very very hot right now thinking how I will fuck you in the ass and then sacrifice your body to satan.. You will report back to me!!! or else!! ' and the vampire shows the knife in front of the eyes of the poor child, like a blind fold of silver steel..

'oookkkkk eehhy mrrr..' you are supposed to say.. But don't say it if you can avoid it, rather repeat Christ 'nothing that comes into a man can defile him, but it is what comes out of a man that defileth him'.. and say 'apomorphine and silence' 'I am like Christ in front of Pilatus.. doesn't say anything.'

"Well then, I guess it's time for the shot."

The vampire will say, and release you out into the open darkness, 'I count to 30.. then I come okay??' the laughing of insane grin in the background..

The child which just have witnessed 'the relief' swallows hard, his handler having put his thumb upon his adhams apple, feeling for the junk vein of total pleasure, the adrenochrome future pulsating.. a dreamy half smile with the substance going down hard 'that was pleasant' the vampire tells the child, looking up totally helpless at the vampyre's insane grin – satan grin – that is supposed to 'look lovely' (LL) and he says 'it will be pleasant for you to become a substance'..

- so the Prince – seeing all this maybe ploy in near future, if he kept on being an overclass bitch told himself; 'I will just sit cross legged – maybe bad idea in the end to reincarnate in the overclass actually -.. so instead of being a star coming down from the sun to save people – I will open a two-front way – a Mathnawi so to say, to the heavens , for those seeking enlightenment.. Zen is for the overclass.. to find so to speak.. and so I will in the end have Nirvana have Nirvana – a ray of light – not as usually seen – like from the sun – coming down to earth to make people happy.. no! – instead I will make them disappointed , 'do not try to save others save yourself' , faces of pessimism – as their Prince, instead of making the people happy and them killing him 'later' always 'later' – I will so to speak die on spot sitting cross-legged , a miracle in itself surely, it will be regarded as – since I am still young..

AND THEN – I will be a ray of light going the opposite way – than the usual – up to heaven instead of down..'

And that became Buddhism.. 'Come on up buddy.'

And the illuminati were blindfolded..

And the vampire tells the mother of the child , that has been breed in his satanistic castle estate; 'you are getting 30 next month.. how do you want to become a ray of light for us??,

we plan to burn you alive, will that be a good thing honey??' and he feels her pulse, and it is rising, like his phallic pleasure 'I feel hot in my testicles thinking about it.. you after all this time me fucking your pussy ass and mouth and you making it for me, become a ray of light finally.. it will make me sooo happy honey..' she pukes on spot, fearing it will stain the vampyrres clothes, and him becoming angry will strap her hard and stick knives into her skin while fucking her for pleasure..

'You will surely report back to me.. eeehh' he says raising a questioning eyebrow at the poor life long victim.. 'I shall so to speak be your handler when you travel up into the heavenly spheres, and you shall never forget my nuts (he feels his crotch for pleasure), always in my Abramelin knots remembered.. you know how we jew-devils do things really.. and it makes you think we are cool.. so when you have spied in the heavens for me, I will cool you down to earth, and that you will want, especially after feeling the fire of hell all around your body as I burn you to death honey.. And in the slow consummation of the flames I will intone satanical hymns that will give you the idea, that YOU are the dirty one among us two, and that I am of 'THE SHINING ONES' that are PUUUURE PUUUURE.. you hear that honey' the vampire drew out the words like a sweet old con dick.. always typically of old cops smoking old gold somehow.. She swallowed hard again.. and that made him have the idea to rape her on spot.. 'my pleasure' he whispered in her ear, as he put his hard there..

As we see, homosexuality is spreading from the overclass.. that means, perversion, is spreading from the so-called overclass down over society.. Except, if they recognize and support Masterhood, the like of Zen mastership and Sufi mastership.. You see, DNA is a reality, and almost everything is instinctively ruled.. But this fact is only true, not from the standpoint of overclass, which if perverted, is not marrying out of love, but just out of love for the form of genes that are attractive.. 'Love of wealth is the roof of all evil'..

If though they recognize mastership and support it, WITH THEIR MONEY AND LIFES, that is a different thing; then that becomes a mutal relationship to mastership, which in its turn will protect the ruler with his life, property and yihadd.

What the fault, which Buddha discovered and so made a path of pessimism but still enlightenment, (not dependent upon the subconscious REAL will to develop in people 'tired of teaching dufflings') was that the overclass person is cursed because of lack of maleness.. Think about all those morons hiding in their castles lethally afraid of death.. So to stem their Fitna which they get Al Malu, The sick, The Sick One, 'all evil stems from love of wealth' , one needs physical yihadd to do, lethal force, and so Allah says in Sura At Tawba 'THEN kill the idols and their worshippers' and this every believer have to rally around at the time of its being declared by the leader.. 'Then all of you go against the Fitna together' .

The 'overclass' wants things, wants beauty, and women are more beautiful by nature's creation than men.. AND IT SHALL BE THUS.. Allah says in the beginning of Sura Baqqara, that he created the woman, SO THAT THE MALE MIGHT FIND PLEASURE IN HER..

A woman thus comparing her charms to her husband's, and looking down upon him because of it maybe, is the equivalent sound wrong from the women position..

And the male, in his turn, shall not give the woman any superiority because she is more beautiful than him.. In this males has to struggle against their narcissism, and the only way to do that is to get into Yihadd position against the idols and their worshippers.. That is, to show physical courage..

And just in the same way as the woman shall please her husband even though she is more beautiful, and the male come to a true belief in this truth, in the same manner the overclass shall serve the purpose of the Yaddi-master, the spiritual mastership, which might LOOK small, like a small straw boat Daruma crosses the gulf between India and China with, but maybe a whole flotilla is actually hiding in it..

If though, you are against, and maybe lethally afraid, to just take for granted that you are superior to others, that is, you fear yourself being tainted by arrogance, or as it is called in the Bible by Christ the Master, 'if so your pride in your heart is as small as a mustard grain, that will barr your way to achieve the Paradise experience ..'

'The one whom defiles himself shall be elevated, the one who elevates himself shall be debased' Christ the Master says so wisely..

'När de rätta förutsättningarna infinner sig manifesterar sig verkningarna' D.T. Suzuki quotes in 'What is Zen' a Zen master..

Certain people are like that.. They come from lowly circumstances, like the teacher of the present emperor of Japan (may Allah bless his soul) R.H. Blyth, they can't do evil.. Such a person FEELS so much for people, he can't do them evil, he can't even leave them.. Such a spirit was Christ the Master, written into our DNA are his eternal words.. Full of the salt of the sea, the essence of human life and mankind. He couldn't break free, love was binding him to people, and mind you, NOT PHYSICAL LOVE.. That would be a blasphemy to state, and besides, untrue.. And finally he got crucified.. So they think.. But Allah saved him.. And reveals in the Quran, that he saved Christ.. A decoy was crucified instead of him.. How it happened nobody knows.. But you can see the jews long noses, when they finally realized some 600 years later they had been fooled by God. Christ didn't die on the cross.. But he was prepared for it. And that was the important thing.. All things are judged according to the intention..

So if you don't support the Messenger, there is no story you see.. A story is colors.. But you just want numbers eh??, 'All evil stems from love of wealth' .. You see Christ's love was not attached in the way you think.. God who is Love, made him a mission, and he loved you.. But

in the end Allah detached Christ the Master from you, when you were going to do the usual thing; sacrifice him to Satan.. Since you can't stand attachment, but pretend it as long as you have money and earn on it that is.. And is prepared to kill the thing you love, as soon as it NEEDS something from you, God made Christ burn with love in his heart, but saved him from your sacrifice at the very last moment.. And Christ believed, and was prepared to die on the cross to fulfil his life mission from Allah, to expound the message of Love, from God which is Love. So God Whom is Love, saved his messenger Christ at the last moment.

In this is a lesson; the satanists, worshipping their lusts, love initially, as long as you have something to give (them), then if you still keep on being good, they finally have to sacrifice you.. You see, they can't really stand love, so popularity is not for them. That is why the plutocracy is hiding in their properties and castles, and afraid of the spotlight, ; if they get popular (and it is enough to 'get popular' among people, by exposing you have a lot of money) , therefore the superrich, drive around in quite usual cars, and do not expose their wealth, except when they want you for sexual purposes and the like, and in this case just to impress.. Then when you keep on being successful and not a total Mamman slave to them, they feel helpless in the face of love, they are afraid TO LOSE CONTROL, and then they will try to sacrifice you to Satan in one way or another..

The Messengers of Allah are the opposite, driven by a fire in their hearts Allah has enkindled, they love people to such a degree, they are prepared to die on the path to deliver Allah's message.. And in the case of Christ, Allah saved him at the very last moment from being sacrificed to Satan on the cross.. In this is a lesson.

The Satanist, get attached, and then uses its money to sacrifice you to Satan by killing you in one way or another, as to show his 'superiority' , and Allah send his messenger, to deliver a message of love, and saves him at the last moment..

The non-attachment of the superrich is thus dangerous, and that is why we recoil from it like from a snake trying to poison us with a lethal bite 'now that was arrogant!!' we think..

While the people of God, their attachment to us we love, but we shall remember not to repay it with broken promises.. Then our souls become like broken glass, totally useless, and in the end, society gets perverted.. And the Doom that awaits sooner or later, is not a pleasant experience..

Tokyo was a Zen master architecture town – built upon high spiritual ground – I went wrong – just another subway exit, and there I was - .. there is damage – a child screams – a woman is hurt (needs to be saved), and don Quijote rushes straight into the danger situation which he apprehends as nihil, to slay dragons and the like, then RasulAllah says: 'when you see a Qafr just walk straight upon him' – but you might be subjected to 'happy surprises' , so to

speak – you suddenly find a smiling woman instead (she wanted you to come to her), where you without seeing – without sensing – without clear sight , perceived the darkness..

‘that is namely the whole activity of the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance’

And Syrian Girl says: ‘I didn’t miss missile o’clock’

..

In Tokyo the architecture there was namely HOW things were placed , in which ANGLE the tunnel was going in asymmetrical patterns, how the exists were placed also Zen asymmetrical.. not mainly THAT at thing was beautiful as a façade.. It made colors of the people living there come forth, (in Tokyo public bath for famous popular poets – like myself – was to go into a toilet – sit down to pee – and let the toilet seat machine – wash your ass – at least 4 times – it was very pleasant thinking time indeed..) just to my left – I was totally sure – but – as this mega famous like me – you had time to think about your next step less than a milli second – so I went across the road – then I was absolutely sure ‘now I’m coming down, towards that drinking machine, where I love to buy, peach juice,’ I turned right over street ‘there is that gap I passed right ‘ I peeked into the side street, to the left afar, about 300 meters.. ‘not this far.. it was the opposite’ ‘it was the opposite’ echoed through my head – as I didn’t recognize the side street, more than a little.. at least so I thought.. but knew somewhere and not only somewhere but I knew I was wrong..

‘probably a double..’ I took a short homely road – with some cars belong to some families with young children, the short passage was having that atmosphere about it, of playing children, and intimate friendships between children, which made the parents come together, in like a Paradise bubble, broken first when Mammon worship at some point came in.. which it maybe didn’t do in Japan.. I remembered my own paradisaical (not parasitical) childhood , which had been like a dream of fantastic adventures, but broken to pieces by the horror of societal demands of money, career, and status..

And I imagined that as I had seen many times previously the thing was somehow similar – when the roads were close to each other me thinking ‘this IS all too far – I KNOW and this road leads down ALL TOO LONG... but – what the Hell – I keep on!..’

The idea was – that when you did not have time to think about something – you get your ass there physically instead ‘get your ass down here quick!’ so that’s what I did!

As I kept on I became more sure – almost certain ‘but you never know!’ – I thought – ‘time goes so quickly for me.. I am all the time in action.. I might simply not have noticed the way’ as I was walking up, the I turned right again, it was a big street crossing ..

And Jack thought about Syrian Girl, Jack’s sex-slave, did express something which revealed a flaw in her character, that Jack had suspected a long time.. that was the reason he had not accepted her wifehood yet, since she, by some reason, no matter how extremely clever and super-sexy the girl was, didn’t really understand the essence of monotheistic thinking..

She wrote: 'The biggest mistake to make is to forgive someone who doesn't deserve it.

Forgiveness I earned.'

Jack responded, to put her on the right way:

'It is a horrid mistake.. But 'forgiveness is far beyond your control.. I'll forgive you' as Mr. Pecksniff says in Bleak House by Dickens.. 'I'll forgive you John...' and that is the answer.. If you do not comprehend this, you are in danger of thinking yourself on the level of God, so intone 'There is no God but Allah' three times honey..'

' "den perfekta stilen, - engagerande utan att vara sövande " '

Fajr: 'bön är bättre än sömn' PLUSSAS TILL

Zen är en typ av sömn i vaket tillstånd – en transformation.

Den sövande effekten är som en smack av morfin.

Fajr: Solen går upp mellan Satans horn, . I det är det förbjudet att be.

Be efter eller före helt enkelt.

Bekräftelse:

Adhan:

Allah större

Allah större

Allah större än störts

Allah större.

Jag bevittnar det finns ingen Gud utom Allah.

Jag bevittnar det finns ingen Gud utom Allah.

Jag bevittnar att Muhammad är Hans Sändebud.

Jag bevittnar att Muhammad är Hans Sändebud.

KOM TILL BÖN

KOM TILL BÖN.

KOM TILL LYCKAN KOM TILL LYCKAN.

Bön är bättre än sömn.

Bön är bättre än sömn.

Allah större

Allah större än störst.

Det finns ingen Gud utom Allah.

Mr Idioto had once again broken all records high, in virtual idiocy.. 'Why do I feel so happy buying this pencil??..' he thought himself.. 'Am I becoming a maniac??,, boasting for people of my super star fame??, what am I doing??, crashing down on this bench every time, I get to buy one of those pencils.. They are fine work and such.. Of course, using my intelligence, which I do of course do not possess much of, I am diving, that the price is very low.. And every time I am supposed to buy it, they already have it finished packaged for me, just asking which colors I prefer.. And suddenly as I stand there, and have bought those beautiful works of art, for such a trifling sum I suddenly feel a heavy upwards, like I was becoming insanely happy.. Crashing down on that bench, it was the first time, Mr Idioto, bought the pencils, a red and blue to begin with.. At exactly that very moment, his old pencil which he had brought from Absurdistan, and that had functioned, a strangely long time, just at exactly that moment, he took that pencil forth, and was just going to make a small note with it.. And it fizzled.. Mr. Idioto, being an idiot, believing in signs of God, was thinking, that this must be a sign from God.. 'Just exactly' he said to himself 'when I was going to write this down, using my old pencil, it fizzled out!!, and it is ghostly coincidene, that just 1 minute ago, I bought these new pencils.. Let's try one!!'

And it was very good.. He didn't look too much at the pencil, just ascertained that they looked very handsome and fine indeed..

One day though, the red pencil fizzled out, it was maybe three weeks later, and then he suddenly took a look at the pencil.. Ingrained in it, was the number of his Sufi order, in the form of the flower which he knew so well, from the Samurai sword, he had bought in Stockholm, Sweden, now Absurdistan chaotic nation, in 2015..

His friend Magnus was selling swords.. Mr. Idioto used to go there, and for protection, against the authorities, (the gangsters respected him, he didn't like their criminal activities, but respected that they respected him), and he had just gotten one of his short swords, he

used to carry with him, confiscated by the authorities suddenly.. So he came to Magnus, and was going to buy a new..

Suddenly Magnus pulled forth a samurai sword from behind the counter:

‘What you think of this??’ he said , very solemnly, like it was a moment to catch breath about afterwards thinking about it.

Mr. Idioto took the sword in his hand, and at once felt; ‘this is a master sword.. shit!! What the hell should I do..’

He swung the sword a little back and forth, and it swung of itself, after he had swung it for some while, the sword moved back by itself into the scabbard..

He felt like he had come back from another dimension. Suddenly Magnus was standing there again, and smiling towards him. Which made Mr. Idioto realize, he didn’t need to hide for Magnus, his friend, what an enormous treasure this was.

‘Magnus.. I think this is a master sword.. How you got it??’

Magnus, also being a little of himself, like Mr. Idioto, said with a smile of pathetic to the funny level of simplicity: ‘A man came from the Japanese embassy, and sold it to me..’

‘What did he say??’ Mr. Idioto asked a real question, ‘what kind of .. status.. holds the sword..’

‘He said, it is a general’s sable from 1934..’

‘I will buy it..’ Mr. Idioto said, which made Magnus happy, like it was a planned event already.

Well.. Jack used to carry that sword around in Stockholm, even though it was a forbidden act. But he was so famous, nobody at the moment, complained about it.

But, mostly, or almost always, it was together, with his artist friend Madeleine, a painter, whom had taken care of his economy for a long while, on his mission.

They went to the park, with some old newspapers carried in a bag, and Mr. Idioto, stood at amphitheatre, with his back towards Madeleine, she being 10 meters behind him.

‘Don’t tell me, when you are going to throw’ Mr. Idioto said, and suddenly the sword swung out of the scabbard, made a swift cut through the air, and there was lying the newspaper, cut in half.

‘Absolutely perfect’ Mr. Idioto ascertained. ‘Keep on baby..’

And soon a bunch of newspapers were lying there, cut in half or in different angles almost all of them.

The problem, with succeeding, is always that the second time, is the hardest.

When you are successful, the problem is not to have the ability to perform the act again, successfully.. No. The problem is that people begin to expect, that you will succeed always.

'If you don't succeed always from now on.. you are not worth anything.'

Thus, it was the screeching unthankfulness of people at general, which at the bottom was founded in their ingrained stupid hatred and envy, the possession by satan over their minds and bodies..

Therefore, it was OK to fail some times when you had succeeded at the first stroke. It was almost humbleness.

As said.. I might simply not have noticed the way as I was walking upon, then I turned right again, .. it was a big street crossing.. and then I knew 'almost certainly' again – I could neuge sure 'I seem to be walking in the opposite direction..' it though didn't bother me at all.. I walked back on track, sidestreet – and some children were coming up towards me – all boys – looking peculiar and shocked, the great samuraj.master – the legend – they'd heard so much about were coming down opposite direction.. ready though to run..

'when you see the master – I want you to jump – and the master will tell you how high.'

'he's most dangerous man on earth.. when you see him – you don't recognize him – and when you recognize him – you don't see him.'

They ran.. A little further down still thinking 'is it the sea breeze blowing pleasantly' probably was – but from another direction..

I walked across the big road – and those boys were coming down towards me again.. I walked into the opposite neighbourhood – people at general smiling with love – laughing happy to see me..

I didn't even notice where I was actually going – until I thought me recognizing some of the boys at my feet.. running a little where they went I didn't have time to look actually, still no sight of the river..

'is that a crane by the river bed – most surely , but, ' I concluded – 'but very doubtful' but no time to think, I get my ass over there – never having seen a crane by the river bed running through Tokyo city center at all.. but yesterday I ascertained 'I have passed here hundreds of times – and could pass a million times surely without having seen that..'

Such were my holy ignorance, as it should be, about worldly things..

As I came back.. I suddenly saw the subway tracks where I had started on the opposite..

'Well.. I knew it!'

I said aloud.. just letting it sink in..

That soon I'd find my way down to the pleasant summer breeze along the river again..

'Thank God!'

'Al Hamdulillahi!' I said twice – coming up by the station, people were happy to see me – and I enjoyed my being – and a girl said to a guy:

'better run .. one never knows if he begins to swing his samuraj light sable out of sheer irritation over what he was subjected to in Sweden..'

As I came back to the same place, where I had walked down the subway entrance to the toilet, I was happy to see – that the numbers of architecture had turned into beautiful colors I had been wrong 3 times.. and each time walked in the totally opposite direction..

It felt white white white..

'Gandalf the White..' I felt like saying the name to myself, just the sweet air of breathing the name brought about roses in the air..

'the really great thing about this was – that it was close to religion – the essence of it being that you didn't know what the Hell you were doing.. Allah would say to the inhabitants of Paradise: my Mercy has overcome my anger..

The architecture in Tokyo was exactly this(!):

There was never symmetrical patterns being stuck in your brain – no straight lines of oppression.. just the truth of it produced the colors of beauty in people..

That was the epiphenomena of Zen Buddhism..

And why people were so respectful not angry – not vindictive , spiteful – and could change so easily..

Adaptation was part of the architecture, when that Master staff suddenly have hit you straight on the forehead – and you forget about your stupid anger, and hate.

An opposite reaction than the expected, so to speak.. To be attached to non attachment was worse than attachment in itself.. The attachment of love was the element that made it not turn out into a veritable nightmare in the end.. To be afraid of attachment was the satanic disease..

You became happy not knowing – being out of control. Drunk on Allah's wine – or any other drug achieved – you needed as an equivalent of the idol-worshipper tried to overload a heap of mental shit and bullshit and lies upon you, trying constantly to invade the reality studio..

Soo, boring! And tautological, that while the antimorphine poisoning took effect..

You just simply HAD to knock yourself out and get drunk on some physical drug – then you wake up some hour later, and hopefully had TOTALLY forgotten about the bad issue..

‘what happened’ you tell yourself, and looked at the empty bottle..

‘well.. now let’s forget about it fastaghfirallah’

And you went on with your life – not knowing what the Hell you were doing and there was of course no party worthy the name without an accident..

And so ‘the more it changes – the more it stays the same.. the more it stays the same – the more it changes’

And you keep falling making mistakes and forgetting here and there.. and feeling happy about it..

Allah is great, and don’t make life suck by insisting upon your anger..

‘MELLOW crushouts in beach cafés (bad bad better)

Surfing the waves of time

Travelling the ways of mind’ as a Sufi dane in Copenhagen once taught me, the trap was MELLOW..

“this monk loves anger – this monk loves joy” as a great monk once said, may Allah bless his soul.

reflektion: göra färger till nummer..

#besvikelsen av en idoldyrkar tjej, då hon, trots att hon vet att du numera besitter makten i Japan tillsammans med Kejsaren, ändå insisterar på att du är en nolla för att du 'bara har 500 följare' på X.. Hon vet dessutom att du är världsberömd som ett renessans geni.. Det spelar dock ingen roll..

hon har därmed bevisat sig vara en hora, ovärdig beröring..

Hela världen har blivit en enda stor hora.. Det är det som är slutet.. Vi får hoppas dock på bättre tider.. Må Allah låta det ske ett mirakel och någon ge oss de pengar vi behöver för att stanna i Japan, och samtidigt behålla vår Nybohovsgränd lägenhet plus strandtomten i Skurusundet.. Annars må Allah låta det vara finito helt och hållet med världen.. Allahumma amin

Qafrs projektion angående hudsprickningarna som inte finns 'don't believe your eyes honey':
Zebrabikini..

Försöker förnedra (defile) kvinnan som älskar mig, och samtidigt tvinga henne 'Ta av BH:n!!'
etc. etc.

LSD coming on the scene Part 1

"I hate love, live – and have to kill it" the cow told itself – 'persist is – I don't have any horns, they grew up and dropped off.. typically.. I need some male – but my current partner is not hating that red cloth like I do.. but I stand here and chew – waiting for the next moment – when I will – be so happy to succeed, in overloading my bullshit and lies – upon the life long victim.. but the bull-shit is not to my liking – why can't be brainwashed like me – 'happy and free' roaming in the pasture, we call it in the trade .. trading children to Satan.. sacrificing them – on the alter of Big Pharma 'that's the way to do it' just a pleasant life lying out in the sunshine an chewing..' the cow told itself..

In its projection of paranoid stupid hate envy scantiness lies – that was hopping on it white spotted brown body like lies in the pasture – it was again considering – how to steal that tasty Paradise.. those green meadows – where it wanted to roam – boringly.. 'and do everything.. because I have money.. I can't do anything for love – but I can do ANYTHING.. because I worship Mammon properly..' it told itself, as it was standing there mumbling..

Chewing the green – making it into pure bullshit..

Its face suddenly cracked wide open, and the mongoloid gaze – searched the eyes at the other side of the fence – where in the arena, the poet was flying the dragon of Satan as for a show..

And everybody clapping their hands, 'it it is it love is it love is it love is it love that I'm SEEING??'

The cow suddenly – like a heart attack, or a hiccup told itself..

The poet namely – at the other side of the fency – Hhad on himself – this very day – a red blazer..

The cow automatically got into insanity mode – its face cracking like broken glass.. and it charged at the fence – hitting its head against the wall.. But the wall was solid..

And finally – it heard someone screaming: "LSD!" it was the artists Sia from Oceania which was coming on the scene – with her side project band – and such were the saying – when the cow had its brain – squirting out like with a schlupping sound..

It was Satan who came there – to rid the world of the aftosa cow afflicted – who – seeing the cow break down – on its knees – screaming in a bellow of pure insanity – Satan was laughing about the cow – being so paranoid, and told himself ‘this is surely a ppp – an easy match for me to slaughter.. I can easily put the beef – on the mongoloid idiot – that reptile brain it is totally stuck in.. having no contact with its genes.. and a mass psychosis is going on inside there.. just as I instructed.. very good-.-’ satan told himself, as he was readying the knife for the cut .. ‘but that mass is really tasty.. I tell you.. I rule by spellbingding.. so this will be an easy knife – to cut the throat ‘ it was heaving its sentence up as it was getting ready in the position for the slaughter.. ‘in the name of Satan.. myself’ it said, ‘you see the cow – in absolutely horrific insanity – has already crashed down by the fence.. and so I come here with my knife – and slaughter the horrible cow.. to schluppit - and the world may thank ME – MEEE MEEEE MEEE – Satan ‘ “DO YOU LOVE ME!!!???” I will scream to the crowd, distracting their attention from the Prophet..

‘I demand afterwards.. I will.. surely..’

Satan kept on; ‘that they shall thank MEEEE MEEEE MEEE!’ Satan was roaring like a gale of horrific snowstorm hail.. “SAAATTTTAAAAANNNNNN!!!!!!!!”

‘The great genius!!’

I want them to scream!!!

Well, Satan playing ‘hero’ as usual, wanting to steal the honor of Allah and His messenger, by doing the ‘sensual sensible’ (ss) (the black sun rising) act – of acting on a fact..

But that’s not real action.. I tell you..

And against nature – perverting the natural order of the nation..

Satan in the stands, Satan on the sidelines, behind the fence, was trying to steal the attention.. from the real release of the light of love ‘are you seeing red my cow!! Charge at it!!’, he was pointing towards the arena, that was right now shifting to LSD coming on the scene, backing the Prophet, as the great poet was called, when he was flying the dragon he had stolen from Satan, in the wind flew most gloriously..

And the audience roared of genuine rapture, shrill voices of laughter – and everything good in the world – seemed to be present..

Mr. Idioto breaking all record in idiocy Part 2.

And so Mr. Idioto kept on carrying that sword and being happy.. Madeleine’s sambo, a nice snake, was throwing big log on him from behind, just trying like that out by the sea breeze blowing in pleasantly in the summer, the it was so fantatic; every time the sword turned

around by itself and hit then log so it did not hit Mr. Idioto.. He was happy, for the sword and the sea breeze, a great experience..

Suddenly the lid holding the sword back into the scabble broke off.. He used to hold it with one hand, pressing in the lid, then as the sword moved, he dropped the lid, catching the scabble in his left hand, and wielding the sword he hit just another log..

As the Zen master says; 'if you hit the air it will make a sound.. If you hit a log, it will make no sound..'

He was looking for the dropped off lid, but did not find it.. It was surely a prized thing, but more prized was the enlightenment connecting his bodily movements to the sword..

But things grew more serious; people began speaking:

'Mr. Idioto is carrying around a samuraj sword.. THAT COULD BE DANGEROUS..'

Like their bullshit and lies were not dangerous enough, wielding a lot of stupid bombs around..

Well, Mr. Idioto didn't care about that, just the mass destruction weapon kept away from him and didn't bomb him to oblivion.. That is why he carried the samuraj sword around every time he went out..

Well.. That blackness grew heavy in that part of brain, and so he went to Magnus again, and asked him how to sharpen the sword.. He thought that if he sharpened the sword in public, the lying would go away, by the sign of him being prepared rather than going to hell.. That is to die..

'If though desired to be with that which thou dost seek, DIE!' his Jewish publisher had written in the beginning of 'Howl and other poems'..

Well.. instead of straightening up, the whole thing blew up, and Magnus only 'medicine' for the sword to be sharpened, was a 'diamond sharpener at Clas Olsson..'

'No I can not defile a master sword with a Clas Olsson.. device' Mr. Idioto said solemnly, 'has to be some spiritual master smith which might be able to sharpen it..' well turned out it did not exists in Absurdistan.. 'damn it.. have to go to Japan.. and I don't travel car.. if I get a car the Beat-les prophecy of St. Peppers Lonely Heartclub band will go to fulfilment,

'I saw theJews today Oh boy.. A day in a life.. and it was rather sad.. he blew his mind out in a car.. did not notice that the lights had changed..'

And so I keep my spiritual propeller propelling the UFO constantly, and HOW I GET TO JAPAN.. well.. Mr. Idioto, being an idiot, didn't know..

Planes were lifting constantly, but he preferred his mastership.. And that was, thinking about it, the really important thing.. I mean, it was his mastership propeller propelling the UFO that he never saw constantly that connected him to the sword.. Chosing that rather than saving myself.. he thought most solemnly.. Rather die than be in hell..

‘okej..’ someone said ‘he’s really crazy..’

‘where does he get everything from..’

Another one meant.. and so that blackness grew heavy in that part of brain and things were getting out of hand going south VEEERY quickly..

A third time thus he went down to Magnus his friend, and put the question once again..

Magnus had the same stupid answer.. Mr. Idioto had hoped that he had found some to do it.. Or somehow get the sword to Japan and back again, landing again in his hand. But this time more sharpened so the Qufrs would keep away from his body, and bombing it to death and destruction like Yemen or Drestden..

Magnus had no such answer..

‘But the guy at the Japanese embassy selling it to you must have said something..’

‘I never saw him again..’ Magnus said, ‘guess he went back to Japan..’

‘That I should also do..’ Mr. Idioto thought, and saw himself beginning to walk down through Russia, through Sibiria, through Mongolia, through Estonia at first of course.. but heading north initially to cross the boarder between Absurdistan and Finland, and then China.. and then.. surely some commorant fisher would take him over from China to Japan.. All the way carrying his sword.. Yes, he was so famous that he could do it.. But, it never happened.. He didn’t get his ass out of the wagon so to speak.. And knowing that anyway the Qufrs were waiting in the woods straight outside of Stockholm his homecity to shoot him down at any moment at an unguarded moment, he left the thought there and then, and walked out of the store, with a relief of having met his friend Magnus with the samuraij sword swinging from his hip..

People thought namely that that was hip..

Coming out into the public laughing in his face, he realized that the attention suddenly made it possible.. People were expecting him to prove that it was not a mastersword, hoping he was wrong in his supposition as usual, despite the fact that he usually was right 99 percent of the time..

‘Well.. time to go and buy that ‘diamond sharpened’ “ he ascertained, and headed in that direction.

Walking into the store with his samuraij sword, quite unusal sight, actually not seen before in Stockholm, but he was mega star fame, so no problem..

Finding the diamond sharpener he bought it and went home to Madeleine.. who screamed 'don't sharpen it' right as usual.. But he knew he now had to do it..

So without hesitating the least he began sharpening the sword without looking at it actually..

Sharpening, and doing, and the metal was spurting of the sword blade, he suddenly felt something..

Not having noticed really, he suddenly knew it; he had happened to sharpen down those two dots just before the hilt at the sword blade.. 'damn it.. now I will die..' he thought naturally, and totally calmly.. 'It is a samurai sword.. not a ninja sword.. AND it is a master sword..' he felt the sword blade carefully.. It had not become sharp!! MEANING.. it WAS a master sword.. meant to stand behind the army, and not being able to anything but hit them in the back to drive them forward towards killing the enemy, not kill its own..

'their's not to know the reason why.. Their's just to do and die.'

Mr. Idioto though was calm.. Because he believed in Allah.. that was the difference..

'In the great prophetic work 'The Lord of the Rings' the characters are lacking the monotheism of Islam.. so I will just make the dua with the hadith in the background simply; 'rasul Allah says in hadith, that when you buy a weapon from someone, you should FOLLOW the instructions of the one selling it to you.. FOLLOW YOU, so to speak..' as that dua of RasulAllah just brushed against the sky of Mr . Idiot's mind, he was suddenly calm again, and saw the world going up in flames..

'damn there it went..' he thought, knowing this would bring the Qufers to attack him even faster and more..

Going back to Magnus some month later, the shop was gone.. It was just empty stuff in there and locked.. He felt worried.. He looked in and suddenly saw a note 'permanently closed..'

'something has happened ' Mr. Idioto was suddenly worried. Calling Magnus wife, she told him that he had passed away out of a very rapid spreading cancer suddenly, and that she was very sad and sorry, crying in the phone, and he told her, with a little guiltiness of conscience, he had to confess for himself, that she was welcome to call him any time she wanted..

'damn.. Magnus die.. and so the whole world will do.. this is a great master sword.. what the hell should I do.'

LSD part 2

Well Satan slaughtered that cow – couldn't be a more easy act.. after brainwashing it, with 5 triangles hanging down, in front of its very eyes.. every morning when it wake-up - and finally

the break up of its jugular vein, brought pleasure and relief, and some in the audience, which was having the marks of ignorance on their coats, began screaming praises to Satan.. 'Satan is bringing relief!!' they screamed - what a trap - the Prophet thought 'stealing the glory of Allah! trying right!! ' he went forth to the fence, facing Satan, which with its uncanny black eyes of vision horror, was looking like hell horror awaiting, trying to spellbound with inciting fear.. "well that trick doesn't work this time'

the Prophet said, and recited 'exalted be Thee Yaa Allah' and I want some marijuana, ' the prophet said in an alienating figuration.. seemed out of context,.

Satan at once tried to lock that pattern, and claim Allah's chosen servant to be insane..

'what the hell..' AJ screamed from the audience, 'won't you give the man a break!!'

Henry's Guitar TITLE AND B.D. is bad.. BD SM is bad indeed

'What do you want man!! How you gonna pay.. You wanna pay??' 'I don't wanna pay since you don't wanna me to pay but I want to pay important thing is you know I know'

Walking on the 4th way I guess.. It is funny.. Funny but true

My good friend Izzy Young said something sticking to my mind in his book 'The conscience of the Folklore revival' he wrote there about Robbaren Zimmerman 'think if you could actually document Bach making his works.. the great things happening.. But seeing the piece I got disappointed.. Robbaren came to a hotel and began beating at the portier outside the luxury hotel.. You do not pick on the doorman of a hotel, but someone your own size, like a Rockerfeller, (jew devil, my note, comment) IF YOU ARE BIG.. Like B.D.'

I love Izzy writing to me in the same book..

'Dear Jack.. So argue on lots of things, and disagree on lots of things' well, that's a good beginning, I think, since light only appears with friction.. 'Poetry is part of both of our existences , PROBABLY KEEPS US ALIVE' and ends the letter, 'Write more poetry' (this he liked) 'and.. and.. and.. ' (guess he figured if would dare to write the last sentence) 'just keep on going' (a folklore music expression, meaning something good.. like Henry's guitar which Pär Gessle from Roxette sings in his new song he never heard anything better like it..)

The secret of us not telling anything about it.. the 5 year old was thinking..

Well.. as Mr. Idioto was sitting there on the bench in the imperial garden in Tokyo Japan, he was wondering about his mania.. Why was he so happy.. He felt like he cracked if he did not show his extreme thankfulness after buying those pencils..

'something special maybe with the pencil' he thought and looked at it.. It was a beautiful piece of art, and he recouted the Japanese Yen in his mind to Swedish krona.. '1300 yen.. that is about 80 swedish krona.. about 8 dollars.. ' very strange .. well, he didn't have time to think about it..

'beautiful work of art' was all he had time to think before the public again took over his attention, wanting him to love them to death as usual.. meaning, his death in their minds..

He had a program that was supposed to prove 'laa ilaha il allah' meaning there is no God but Allah, and Muhammad is His messenger, Allah thus said with him being the program leader without knowing it, him telling the public long ago to 'never ever tell him ever about the existence of the program.. then you yourself will get into it.. but at the same time, you are not allowed to use things coming forth on the program against me.. that's a fair deal right??' he was saying, and finally everybody on earth was agreeing ..

Well he was looking at the pencil, thinking about Allah with his program saying the opposite of the Qufr:'the Qufr had a version of Basho's great poem:

By the lonely mountain path,

The scent of plum blossoms

And suddenly someone hit me in the face..

That was the Qufr version of:

Along the distant mountain path

The scent of cherry blossoms

And on a sudden!, the rising sun!

So the Qufr said: We love you and kill you.

And Allah said: If you do not love my Messenger I WILL kill you..

That was funny but true, the funny version and equivalent of the Qufr's disease in their hearts..

Father telling his son:

Once upon a time there was a figure like Jesus the Master.. Don't become like him my son..

Showing the son pictures of Jesus getting crucified he told his son:

I will not tell you again, and don't need to tell you.. You will understand.. Don't be a light of love like this guy!!

Pointing again on Jesus in an anguished position on the cross, Jesus face totally grinning in pain and anguish..

'You get son what we do with you if you are not in on the beef.. we kill what we love slowly but surely.. get it..??'

Son nodding his head, in total shock and actual disagreement, and that the father of the 5 year old of course really understands, so he says:

'you will get used to it as time passes on.. but REMEMBER; never become like this scamming stalking sucker loser..'

That made the son almost getting into machine mode, it was almost like you heard the clogs of the satanical dark black mills in the sons reptile brain, ticking him up like a clock.. And suddenly his soul wasn't there, but just 'a good ol' boy' you will be one day 'who obeys your father.. makes a career.. marries a woman.. and gets children.. and that's it.. it is THE CIRCLE OF LIFE'..

The son's eyes went like gone in tears suddenly, and tears was streaming down his chins.. He was very sad and cried hard against his father's shoulder which was hard as rock.. But that was the support in this life.. 'Fame won't love you like a mother and a father should' Sia sings, and having LSD as her kickback, she goes up in a beautiful 'I'm a genius to perfection, I will take it to erection', and the son suddenly felt an enlightening thud in his body, and knew, that this was the answer.. To suffer for his love, but not tell his father about it.. They could have a 'normal' conversation, and then he would have his own life finally.. It was a soothing thought and thinking about the possibility of the miracle of love, he went into his room having a vision.. He dreamt a woman came down on him like a white dove from the sky, and the pleasure of that was so high, he forgot about the danger..

Next day as he came out for breakfast, he was smiling at his father, but knowing he shouldn't tell him anything about it..

P.S. avundssjukdom, en variation

Deras defeiatistiska avunds sjukdom – var särskilt farlig fälla:

Först låtsades kotteriet att vara begeistrade sen slog fällan igen, förr eller senare – senare:

Ifall 'ryktet' icke 'talat sant' , fanns heller icke något av allt det andra.

Tolkning (av en annan variant, inkluderande denna):

Han var inte ett P.S.

Men, först förbjöd dom honom att jobba pga hans ofantliga popularitet, sen dödade dom honom för att han var fattig, och stampade på hans mänskliga ansikte i evighet.

Dom var helt P.S. själva.

And Jack Kerouac kept on doing a high jump world record in virtual idiocy.. Mr. Idioto that is.. Izzy Young had many times told him the quote of the great artist Oscar Wilde: 'cause each man kills the thing he loves'.. And Jack had wondered about it, it was almost uncanny, with that glimmer in Izzy's eyes of KNOWING something.. you dig.. 'you wig already?' creepy somehow.. But now he was in Japan.. He had occupied Japan now, and was driving out the JeeewSA troups.. They were unnecessary here, and when the JeeewSA citizens moved in Japanese streets they were a nuisance and an obstacle; didn't follow the rules of respect, thought all that they were something, buying the women and behaving like creeps..

'better to be hit once in the face than receiving the Noble Creep Prize' Jack thought solemnly, as he walked along the beautiful river scene.. Everybody had to fold when they saw him, but some americano idiots thought they owned the place..

'I will show them ..' Jack knew he would do it and could, and so he did..

One day when he was going out to see the samuraj master at the temple, there was a guy he at once spotted as a dark shadow .. He never looked at Qufr but knew somehow out of the corner of his eye, but the corner which is aimed at tilting upwards this time..

He just bumped into the creep, who looked very annoyed, of course, he was expecting it, and probably had made up his mind to get into a fight with the samuraj warrior..

'what are you doing??' the fucking guy said very angry, trying to disguise it under harshness..

'Allah gives for gentleness and kindness what he does not give for harshness'

Thinking about it Jack had contemplated, that what we love most with The English Original Text of The Lord of the Rings, was that the colors were brought out by the gentleness and kindness of the characters.. Such as Aragon, Gandalf, Frodo, Sam, Pippin and Merry not to forget..

The King Aragon somehow contained both aspects, and Gandalf too.. And that was why THEY were the leaders... Someone just moving to be a great warrior, was also longing for the love of the colors of life.. THE TRUE COLORS.. And this was the great discovery and treasure of life..

'God is love' as the Master Jesus Christ says.. and 'God is strong mighty'

There were two qualities that were intimately identifiable with Allah, and Allah had said, through his messenger Prophet Muhammad Salla Allahu Aleyhi wa Salam, that anyone

infringing upon these two qualities He would put into the fire.. The two qualities were Dominion and Might..

So as Jack stood there facing the sucker that was picking a fight with the respected leader, recognized by the east as a genius, and persecuted in the west for the same reasons, his women in the east, got governmental support, and were guarded with snipers 24/7 as to not anything happening to them.. They received apartments and beautiful cars and other luxury things, which of course Jack probably would not see a glimpse of even, him being the Khalifa, and everybody 'killing the thing they love', as Izzy had quoted for him so solemnly.. 'For each man kills the thing he loves', Jack had become Ahmad, 'if Ahmad won't come out of the womb, we will go in and drag him out' Willy had written in Naked Lunch.. 'with a caesarean section' Willy had further written.. Seemed almost prophetic, but in a positive way.. Izzy's words ringing a creepy sound of the western hemisphere..

'what are you doing??' the americano said again, looking like a bull ready to charge at the lion.

'you shall get out of the way when you see me..'

'and if I don't' the americano retorted back most threateningly with a cunning undertone in it..

'then you do it..'

'do you wanna fight about it..'

'yes..' Jack said..

'okay.. let's begin.. take the bags of your shoulders..'

Jack had gotten past the combatant somehow by this time, I guess he had taken a step forward and the combatant actually had gotten out of the way, in a millisecond such things happen at these points of danger..

'take the bags away..'

When the americano repeated that a second time, Jack's alarm bells were ringing.. he now knew that the cunningly undertone behind the seemingly gentlemanna façade was a colluding trap, so he just stood there not taking them off..

The americano was coming at him, and Jack was walking backwards in a quite slow pace..

Suddenly it was like the lightning had stricken the americano, Jack did not even have time to notice when that fucking guy who destroys everything, turned around and passed away into the crowd again, the crowd that was cheering Jack and getting out of the way as the saw him coming.. It was a happy outcome..

'some day in life you have to learn to fight..' Jack thought to himself, thinking about those New York City nights when he still hadn't found Islam, but was a Buddhist Bodhisattva lost in

the love of humanity and God somewhere, not knowing his name, and had practiced Shao Lin Buddhism of letting the enemy hit and still standing for his cause, 'I simply don't hit another being', but now he was a Naqshbandi, and defending his honour was a part of a thing of God's glory..

and you speak about me being stressed.. don't you have any humanity left.. 'What should I do what should I do what should I do..' I repeated in bed when the war against Iran started.. Allah showed us the way, and solved the issue Al Hamdu Lillahi.. Now we are more happy, but still worried, our friend the King in JeweWSA have to up the ante of his protection against the jewdevils.. they will try to murder him even more now..

'Fight fight fight' is the call, and never back down..

'No I won't back down.. no I won't back down.. you can stand me up at the gates of Hell but I won't back down..

Gonna stand my ground, won't be turned around.. And I keep this world from dragging me down.. Gonna stand my ground.. And I won't back down..'

'back from the dead eyy??' the americano couldn't keep himself from laughing..

'having to respect you eyy??' Jack just stood there silent, in the shadows of a lonely alley.. He didn't even say 'correct' just hit the guy straight down with a Zen stroke of power and kept on walking..

You have to be fast in such situations, your body is a holy temple, and any hurt is having repercussions not over all of earth, your women screaming in pain, but also the universe..

'The dominion given by God is greater than the lust feeling' Strindberg had written, in a Blue Book.

Also Strindberg said; 'Then you have to keep on going.. ' just like Izzy had written to Jack in 1963..

And.. 'and and.. Just keep on going..'

'Write more poetry..'

And.. 'and .. and .. just keep on going..'

Izzy must have figured at the time, 'do I dare to write this to Jack Kerouac..' this explaining the struttering three repetitions of the 'and'..

'You are an representative of something' Strindberg had written, 'not just yourself..'

And this is what you have to strike with.. The Kingdom of Heaven springing forth on the earth, like flowers opening to the sun, 'vi är blommor, bryt oss inte, vi är jordens salt' was a song Mr. Idioto had sung so many times in AF Music Classes, the high elite school he had entered because of his giftedness when growing up in Stockholm..

The reward for the lion to not be in any way cunning, but like Mr. Idioto, much more idiotic in his strength than the tiger, whom, being faster, but also more sneaky, was by nature somehow subordinated to the lion by the virtue of Fitra, Allah's law coming down to earth, which had contact with both the Ninja aspect of Sijjin, and the Samurai aspect of Illijin, was the mane of the tiger.. The hair!! The hair!!

The monk shaved off its hair.. But not so the lion.. He was light, but still cool, hot but still cool on the savanna, a cold fusion reaction and he took prey, and everybody was impressed by the King.. The mane!! The mane!!

So if you begin losing your hair you have to put more high jumping idiocy of maleness into the game, the silver stairs Allah could offer anyone should be thought about, up to heaven, if they had just accepted belief, the Qufr.. There is a higher reward getting a Qufr to believe than even the Prophets, Prophet Muhammad Salla Allahu Aleyhi wa Sallam had spoken in hadith.. It WAS fantastic..

The west thus had proven themselves to be terrorists of ignorance; the governments there ruled by the envy of Satan, were just waiting for the secret of us to die with me 'sometime in the future' but they dared not aim the pistol straight at me and shoot.. they had to collude my death forth somehow.. and the girls was supposed to be left without protection 'he's an avant garde.. the girls should be left without protection too..' all the while they corrupted the earth by supporting terrorism with their money and letting the terrorists go free if they committed crimes..

Turned out thus, that Buddhism was the key, just like Shao Lin was the key to Zen, to accept truth..

- Quran 2:27

Translation:

Those who break that which has been heard (as an agreement from Allah) before time and as such by this being confirmed, and which do not take heed in keeping ties of relationship; these are the ones who should be turned out..

Proverbs 25:2, "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing, but the honor of kings is to search out a matter."

"This story is very simple, just as life is "simple".. "

Enslingen och Universum

Det finns dessa enslingar

Jag är en av dem

Vart jag är på väg

Vet jag icke än

Det finns de som går snabbt förbi

Liksom de vore ett irrande bi

Han som glider lugnt förbi är fri,

Om man kan tala om friheten,

Men den som liksom ett bi, irrar förbi,

Är jagad utav DJÄVULEN!

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"This story is very simple, just as life is "simple".. "

These were the lines that had opened the heart of the princess of Japan to the love of the Prophet, and Aiko had disguised herself under the name of 'Simple0666' at a telegram channel account, writing to Jack, after they had had a love life for some time;

'your sex is so strong I can't stand it, I love you and have to take a break.. won't you come to Japan honey..'

'I will honey..' Jack wrote her back..

'When.. I longing for you..'

'Soon honey..'

'If you do not come before the 27th March, I will spank you..' Aiko wrote..

'Okay beby I come .. I promise.. I begin packing now..' Jack said, and sent her picture of suitcases that he began packing at once.. He needed his mother's help with that, since he was so busy constantly with his mission of Prophetic work..

'Are you afraid of physical violence??' Aiko wrote him..

'No beby, just Fitna.. I'm coming..'

Well, he was 2 weeks delayed, and she just wrote 'okay' back to him, when proposing to meet.. She was angry of his delay..

Well such things can happen, Jack thought, and had not time to think anymore, the pressure from the public was so high upon his person, he forgot about the matter almost totally, sometimes he wrote Aiko when he suddenly had a time lapse, and suddenly remembered why he at all came to Japan in the first instance.. But she was still angry, and wrote such short messages back.. Well, he was happy, and did not know at all that he actually was about to make a high jump in virtual idiocy.. He had no idea she was the princess, and had her protecting hand over him.. He understood quite at once, that it was the Imperial Family that

was his greatest friends in Japan, protecting his way and recovery from the torture he had received in Absurdistan Sweden, as 'a punishment for following Nils K. that disgusting creep' yhea, it was the first Naqshbandi skaykh of "The new religion" Naqshbandi school of Jack Kerouac.. And here he was, in a new incarnation of Jack Black, Mr. Idioto, the title was echoing back through time..

Well, he thought finally, in a sudden glimpse of insight, 'have to try getting those things promised to me'.. He went to the parliament.. As he came there, he made Sieg Heil to the guards that were police officers, they had a tendency to look slightly away as soon as he did something illegal, which he did constantly, for example walking straight across the street, it was an offence in Japan.. Or leaving trash at a public place; Jack had to do that sometimes, or the program he was running would go out of control, some old aluminium trashing around in his bag could give rise to a sound, that , if apprehended by the public, would at once begin to sway things into the wrong direction, 'he's trash himself' someone would think, and things would begin to sway down into hell, slowly but surely..

The police man looked slightly, but just slightly away, and Jack passed keeping his Sieg Heil, and as the police man finally looked his direction, Jack made a small slightly gesture of appreciation of honor, and the police man answered in the very same manner..

He made Sieg Heil all the way to all the police men, and they were happy, this was him just having them confirming, which they were happy to do, that he was the commander..

He entered the security zone of the parliament, and went in.. They checked through his bags reluctantly but casually, why make a big case about the issue??, and then he went to the reception..

He showed a translation on his Iphone from English to Japanese, saying he wanted to meet the emperor and crown prince..

The woman was a little confused, and fetched other staff to see it..

He stood there casually, waiting for the easy thing, it 'was in the cards' they said, even though he by the virtue of understanding the Quran, only used 'card play' as a very loose simile.. He gave his invitation card of Ann Mari and Herbert to the reception and told them to give it to the emperor..+

Some high ranking guards came forth most humbly towards him, and wondered the issue he wanted help with..

'The emperor meet' he said most solemnly and showed up his translation..

They called some calls for him, and looked at their Smart phone screens, and finally they said that they couldn't help him with the issue, since they did not have the contact information to the emperor..

He thanked them, and last they said that if he would come back for the issue they would not be able to get that information for him in the future either.. Which made him first question his own sanity in the mission, but then he got their humbleness attitude right, and understood they just had stated a fact.. the emperor was above the parliament and the departments and so they could not help him with this issue..

famous and funny a new ff "are you famous and funny"?? TITLE

where are you honey.. Grand Hotel, recognized strömmen, that stream he Confusius is speaking about which Zen master Blyth says "confusius was something after all", standing and looking down at a stream with his pupils "it just goes on like this on and on forever streaming.."

Syrian Girl wrote: "there was no rape on October 7th "

Jack responded: "No rape"

Getting upset Syria Girl wrote: 'cheap', Jack answered; "no rape sheet"

"are you famous and funny"?? TITLE

Berättelsen om en korsikansk herde, som drivs på flykt av maffian efter att ha avvisat deras inkräktande villkor, utvecklas – men inte på ett konventionellt sätt. Denna berättelse är en trasig film, redigerad live av den halvblinda, kvicka, 11-åriga skridskoåkaren Chrissy Kobylak, från sin sjuksäng. Hon klipper abrupt mellan scener, infogar märkliga tablåer (en flicka i trasor, Jehovas vittnen som växlar mynt), och ibland bara slänger in tomma, svarta skärmar eller kort fyllda med tät, obegriplig text. Du har i uppgift att samla information om en nyckelfigur i detta kriminella nät: Victor Eduardo Hernandez Montes, detaljerad i preliminära utredningsprotokoll. Men det här är inte bara filer i ett polisdistrikt. De är inbäddade i Chrissys verklighet, endast tillgängliga genom att navigera i de osammanhängande, ofta oroande, sekvenser hon projicerar.

i en sjukhussäng omgiven av slangar, klädd i "zigenarkläder" där hon tigger på ett hörn, eller kanske bara sin distinkta figur på skridskor som tyst glider fram i periferin.

Du hör det svaga, avlägsna skrapandet av skridskor. En liten figur i omaka kläder kurade ihop sig i en dörröppning med en plåtmugg i handen – Chrissy, i sin tiggargestalt. Hon tittar inte

direkt på dig, hennes halvblinda ögon tycks spåra något som bara hon kan se på avstånd. Ett plötsligt, svart kort blixtrar framför dina ögon i en bråkdels sekund, för snabbt för att läsa någonting. Sedan upplöses gathörnet.

“now I made a very brave act.. – but – according to my true understanding I always act..”

That was his first words as he received me.. continuing he said: “I am receiving you like Föllinger, a legend receiving a star coming to see him.. let’s make it on the bed honey..” we were kissing and the orgie began, all at once 3 more girls came and knocked on the door.. he opened casually, and said: “Torsten the legend is here to open a door for you to heaven.. a stair way to heaven so to speak leading up to Paradise.. I receive you as anybody else, meaning; we have the permission if intercourse would happen to be forgiven by Allah and still being unattached after the union.. ‘säkerligen är detta ordet som separerar och det är inget skämt’ ‘inaho laquawlun faslun wa maa huwa bi al hasli’ as Allah says in the the Holy book of The Quran chapter 86.. so don’t worry babies, when you are one in a general stream of tendency, but in this way stars in a positive way, things work out perfectly alright and there will be no problem..

It is similar to if you are for Allah’s sake going to save a sucker having gotten stuck in bad poetry; you invade the whole country and free every body.. then that sucker also gets freed, and he will never divine that you took this specific angle upon the problem just to not be bothered in your home country..

The Prophet said – seemingly out of the context..

Satan at once tried to lock that pattern – and claim – Allah’s Chan servant to be insane..

But that trick didn’t work this time either..

‘and far above my tribe’ suddenly Satan began cracking down.. The Prophet had recited a part of the Quran, a thing which you said before you started each prayer..

‘subahanqa Allahumma wa bi hamdiqa , wa ta baraqa ismuqa, wa ta aila yadduqa, wa laa illaha ghschairuqa..’ it was that last fourth part.. And Satan began melting..

It was like cattle it had brainwashed Day and night instructing it to say: ‘in the day time the sun is shining’ it was like a million suns – suddenly cracked up Satan from inside, and the true broke open and where were the cherry blossoms snow storm now??

No where to be seen.. just a cracked up broken tree trunk, and rotten inside besides it..

At the bottom a snake was coiling, .. But the Prophet stood behind the fence, and measuring that spiritual altitude, he deeply struck – the seven strings, of his lyre.. and a Prophet’s fire appeared, and Satan was locked in the grave of the first human, where he screamed and cut his teeth to death and that cow came out from inside his evil brain, .. and broke as from inside a total madness of a hollow tree trunk.. uprooted by the wind..

Gene with the same that meaningless asshole name.. Satan had repeated his own name in eternity.. one time too much – and these 6 triangles – hanging down - became bombs coming down from the sky - dropping at his coffin - making fire of Hell inside, and he thought 'was that a bunker buster bomb suddenly hitting me' he stood there at the other side of the fence, - suddenly having lost his Mammon, thinking: ' "Jag har sålt smöret och tappat pengarna' Allah promised to respite my doom until Doomsday..'

'Nils skulle börja sjunga sin svanesång obönhörligt och tidigt, i tron att mordförsök väntade bakom nåt hörn.. Sången skulle komma att bli förbluffande, och återkalla Ulrika till att återuppleva de ögonblick och chanser till förening som gått förlorade en sommar på Gotland runt midsommar. Återuppleva i framtiden, istället för att som Satan, återuppleva det redan förlorade.'

The lines about his predecessor came to his mind.. 'Stenström idag, inte Lindström..'

The lines in Theodorakis song he had heard Nils K sing many times came to his mind:

Stenarnas blommor, mot det grönskande havet

Med ådror som fick mig att minnas,

andra förälskelser

och skimrande så som ett stilla regn

Stenarnas blommor, påminde om gestalter som kom

och talade med mig när

ingen annan, talade

under skimrande koraller och kristallregn

Min getherde-instinkt

When I was young I was also under persecution, yhea.. – one was naturally of course 'bildskön' and big Pharma victim.. but by time they got used to me, and now I am this old legend Torsten Föllinger's great pupil 'Föllinger 007' as he called me, making a great silhouette of my face to celebrate the appointment.. many pupils have had wanted me – sexually, I mean.. some had me – but I wanted love..

But Jack didn't sell his esthetical beauty as the Sufi he was – instead of letting the pupils pay for his lessons – he them into the fold of Islam – his Naqshbandi school “The new religion”, ..

Like Daruma sat wall gazing – I told Kornal Kowics to scream his message on the wall, as soon as he was afraid of some demonical force grabbing him and needed help from the physical attack of the body of the demon against his persona.. – for example by a non grata nigger whore rapper whom wanted to shoot him in the head (for love of Jack actually – so I was somewhat lenient towards her too.. sometimes.. you know..), and had moved to Sweden Stockholm Absurdistan just for this fix idea, mission in her head and from jew devil plutocrats crazy rat ass behind the scenes , whom were irritated that Kornal Kowics had a cooperation with his BH Studios with Jack's Baise Moi Recording Label..

And just like Daruma saw that message on the wall in his cave wall gazing for 30 years.. and protected Kornal Kowics against the demons with his hand.. A great Yaddi Master of the Masters perfect.. somewhat, in his imperfection of acting..

So Satan stood there at the other side of the fence suddenly having lost his Mammons, thinking; 'Allah promised to respite my doom, until Doomsday.. but someone I think I am better than other beings – I think this is flattery from God, since I am so gifted!!' a lot of bullshit and lies his thinking as you hear dear audience..

And the auditorium gave up a roar of confirm against the background of LSD whom now was playing hard as fuck with their leader SIA Furler, also signed on Baise Moi Recording Labels..

'He will surely – The Lord of the worlds – I mean – only punish in the end those stupid cattle.. I , I have brainwashed into believing in the anti-morphine lie..

'for each man kills the thing he loves' ' he laughed to himself, 'that's what I tell them cows.. and – it really gets instructed, it gets down slightly, tilting on its knees – and prepared racing in the streets – to murder its own children, sacrificing the small little creatures to Baal, Satan, that is me, and Moloch.. they are racing towards my fame, and popularity you see.. I make them false promises, which I of course will never ever ever never keep.. and then. Comes the BIP.. that is: BankInPower..

The red lamp begins blinking but since it is blinking, the cow staring at it sees red and the black, that is nothing.. that is what my promises come to in the end..

Profet Muhammad hadith:; Tänk inte om saddaqa annat än som att det extrapolerar..

,

ljudet av... krossat glas och elektroniskt tjatter. Är det Laser där inne? Förstör han en karaokemaskin? Absurditeter staplas på varandra.

Profet Muhammad hadith;; Tänk inte om saddaqa annat än som att det extrapolerar..

Willy said: Let's quote a little from Sällströms, Dilettanternas Vaudevillare

'The cow staring at it, seven red and then black.. that is nothing.. that is what my promises comes to in the end.. ' Satan said.. and then I order it to stare at a black rectangle, this time not triangle, that's just when I am spellbinding.. 'now I want you joy in stupid cow to not see that red but just the black in the blinking.. then stare at' the cow nodded at all this, 'the they' had told it, 'and that is fashion' that Satan was ' a doctor'.. 'then stare at that black rectangular thing.. imagine your asshole being cornholed beby.. (we call it televising.. it is a kind of advertising.. or hidden meaning: bad advicing..) I will make it illuminate!' Satan was remembering his stupid plan.. 'and I tell the cow – when you see stars flashing – that is hole you are blind – and those you lead also being blind – you both end up in the bitch, so I ditched you cow your red blood is tasty to me, Satan, vampyres gets addicted to the blood of others.. there is nothing – only boring normalicy – outside that black screen – and sometimes – you might see a so called 'famous person' on the streets, that's your lucky day, cow holiday.. and you are prepared to pay for vacation right!! So I fool you to pay – to see the idol – on a concert for example.. so – reality ' Satan was suddenly having no future stuck in the vision of his past crimes against humanity.. he hadn't even noticed the cow was lying there still moving.. 'disgusting sound' he told himself,

'these bull shit and lies I made the cow believe in, I now sacrifice the body to evil – and think that – I feel close, I am of The Shining Ones – with eternal Paranoia waiting.. I am cutting off everything unfitting to my form, my beautiful scenes, and so I didn't like that first human, felt dirty all over.. like earth being poured on the skin, slightly sticky, HAVE TO BE REMOVED!!, like I, I, meee meee, had to remove something sticky from the skin, !!' it was echoing out the voice of Satan over the meadow surrounding, 'disgusting!! And I just had to tell Allah what I think.. 'for each man kills the thing he loves' , haw haw right cow??' satan was glaring over at the deadening body, 'the cow I remember, now laughjing a little at it – was agreeing with everything I was saying, ' -.. and amuse spread over the face of Satan, thinking about it..

'now I want you to become a man! La rouge et la noir! Haw haw haw!!' And the cow was just bellowing agreeing

'so when you see that red.. charge at it!! Killing!!' and Satan had begun drinking that blood 'the shitty gene!' he thought , like a mosquito 'I have three hearts in my breast.. one is beating for money, the other for sex – and third for fame.. I stand at the party flattering the popular, and banning the unfavoured ones, that is, the unfavoured ones AT THE MOMENT.. the girls flock around my good genes, yhea – they see it .. And a little money behind, it is not difficult to convince them to whoredom in agreeing.. then I steal quotes here and there from the genius..' suddenly – the poet said something –

'I will keep on flying the dragon now at the arena.. excuse me Satan – but your conversation was getting boring.. now go back to yawning your haw haw haw – your bullshit and lies – and I will fly the dragon to Paradise.. In Shaa Allah Om Allah Will, If Allah wants.. so to speak.. '

And LSD was playing – just saying.. 'LSD was playing, just saying..' TITLE

Hallen är fylld av lågmält sus och rörelser. Chrissy, den mystiska och flamboyanta figuren, står vid en barskänk i rummets mitt och blandar en cocktail med flera tvivelaktiga ingredienser. Deras ögon glänser av undertryckt skratt, som om de ser något som ingen annan märker. I ena hörnet av rummet sitter Potatisnäsa, med sin överdimensionerade näsa och en samling tekoppar som han omgear med stor omsorg. Han muttrar för sig själv om "duvor, renhet och konst" medan han håller regnvatten från en flaska in i en av sina tekoppar.

Plötsligt slår dörren upp med ett brak och President Hiroshi "Noise" Nakamura kliver in. Hans röst fyller rummet med en kakofoni av tankar, där han förkunnar sin senaste teori om hur "buller är grunden för alla strukturer" och hur "tystnad är en lögn som samhället matar oss med". Hans ord är våra att greppa, och lämnar en underlig känsla av obehag efter sig.

In the fire of Hell they will be –

There is nothing to do about it –

They worship idols on screen,

And wants others to stand as statues for them –

Locking everything in their sick mind patterns –

And wanting to force the subject to 'fit in'

- on this planet they kill the thing they all love

To satisfy Satan

Claimed to 'be above' with this

They only and only mean

That Satan is allowed to do

Anything 'until' Doomsday

You see – they are Impressed with people sinning and not receiving any punishment

That is why they worship Mammon you see –

'freedom in THIS world – actually.'

They add – not believing in the fire

Unless it is actually physically devouring them

In the same manner

They don't believe in love

Except if physically proven

Even when it produces children

Most surely proven –

Without even being physically present

Or even actually knowing each other

JUST WATCHING –

Was enough for the woman.. (get the point honey, those fucking guys Izzy spoke about are imitators of women, same quality which can without a problem be present in women, to die many little deaths, what Zen master Blyth spoke about as being miserable ego life level, when women does it, HAVING A VAGINA, that can do those dots of orgasmes, it is good, since it is in women nature, it is a woman doing pleasure, for her real husband, the one, Master Christ says, which her heart is really married to)

JUST WATCHING

We call these new idol worshippers 'the watchers'

They see their idol on screen –

And 'he's absolutely flawless in the 50 shades of grey – eeehhh... actually'

Like whole life was entertainment..

‘and I sell my soul to the devil for money.. I love it..’

You are the thing that women wants, killing all honey, you shall think it like this;

The pig farm says, ; it is a boot stamping on the human face forever.

Everybody becoming bots nuts..

‘are you a copy programmed’

That’s their real question, then the vampire mask slips off suddenly, revealing uneasy eyes like a snake, watching its prey like a task to be made,.. everybody going to Hell, as imitators of women..

Snuck down that tasty line in their brains:

‘I will never make duaa in Adhams grave.. I despise the first human.. may the fire take me – anyway I don’t believe in it.. And by the way have you watched pornography.. did you meet Laser recently..’

‘yhea.. actually he’s a burk.. he was programming a burk, wanting to get into a burk.. and now he has only 1 woman.. that’s how it goes .. – when you trying to peak under the burka of the Islamic veil..’

The tin can suddenly burst – and sharp edged appeared, it melted slowly and disappeared..

‘what the Hell is this!?’ we scream with AJ.. ‘can’t anyone be normal??’

The answer was no – a big fucking no..

And here we shall never ever never ever ever forget RasulAllah’s recipe for getting lucky:

Think only off your own sins..

RasulAllah says.

The point is – you shall only fear Allah, the Almighty – owner of the Throne, owner of the quality of Mercy, and to Him belong the Dominion and Might.

Anyone infringing upon these two by Allah patented qualities, He – the Owner – the Possessor of the Throne, Al-Arch, Al-Qursi, will put into the fire (Sura 2:255)

The pickering manuscript written by William Blake, that’s sort of what RasulAllah gave birth to with this hadith, and much more with it.

He came with the deepest words, in the most simple manner put.

And RasulAllah with these words in the hadith, cause then you will (and we might add: rather than 'will': 'then you will see' you will to realising, instead of getting.)

The point is that you shall follow Allah – the One and Only God in the world, and only Allah is good, when you are a slave of Allah, the One and Only good in the world, it is paradoxical, and Zen master Blyth says, that the more paradoxical a statement is, the truer it is, then Allah being the most jealous, will free you of all others – if these so are spiritual entities, trying to enslave you.

'The world is the opposite of a burka', he said, 'burka is a woman of beauty, hiding under the guise of ugly trash heap.. while the world – being criminal and ugly – is hiding under the guise of a beautiful woman.

Totally perverse you see, just as it should not be..

Al Hamdulillahi Alhamdulillahi

'what the Hell is this??!' we scream with AJ.

I tell you, .. it is doom.. it is Hell on earth.. in people and everybody is afflicted with the mental disease..

Nothing to do about it, but to just burn everything.

They speak about this Alpha and the Omega, and claim 'in the beginning there was a bang', seems to be self-fulfilling Prophecy..

"Cigaretten efteråt" - en bok av Djävulen

Hans mamma kom aldrig ur hjärntvätten – det var en sorg i 'profetens' hjärta resten av livet..

Att tala med zombie stackarn var som att tala med Rapport.. tråkigt, drog alla färger ur livet, den kunde inte stå ut – men nånstans inne: ett stort hjärta..

Djävulen skriver: 'fårskallarna bänkade sig.. det var som att Rapport tonen innehöll hela världsutvecklingen och nu skulle avgörandet ske.. The Watchers.. På mental avdelningarna dit vi skickade politiska dissidenterna som 'fattat' 'hajtat' 'hela saken', för programmering av hjärntvätten igen, så var 'morgonsamlingen' en obligatorisk handling.. Bara VIP personer som 'profeten' kunde slippa skiten, men 'allt berodde givetvis på "goda kontakter" ..'

Där var stackars eviga förlorarna tvungna att bänka sig, .. sen 'var "nyheterna" nästan alltid en besvikelse..'

"what the friend can do" – Rumi

"world is ruled by PR not PR"

"I come by in a kanot, and I aim a kanot at you (in the dark), you can not marry my daughter.. you think you sit there safely in the dark.. I will hit you in the face with a kanot..' well.. the bullet just grazed, and now the world ends, how you feel about it you scamming stalking sucker??, Ulrika is mine forever.. weather you want it or not.. come together willingly or unwillingly.. your whole tribe is insane or rather worse..

You are such a scamming stalking sucker, that neither forgive nor forget.. 'the they' your whole tribe Sour Us party is FF so to speak..

Zen master Baso has sent forth a horan, that will trample to death the people of the world – "my husband master M says.. and you people of the world are now outside the castle gate, and has to in an echo chamber, sing Swedish song 'sudda sudda sudda sudda bort din sura min.. sudda sudda sudda sudda bort din sura min.. munnen den ska skratta och va glad.. munnen den ska sjunga ha ha laa..' my love though is entering the palace and does NOT have to sudda sudda sudda sudda bort SIN SURA MIN, ' inna lillahi wa inni lillahi rajun.. Surely to Allah we belong and to Allah we will return..

Nils K.s profetiska visioner Alfa and Omega Kingdom come

Nils K.s visionära förmåga redan innan sammanbrottet; svettningarna, som uppstod som en förnimmelse utav helvetes elden de skriande otacksamma som nu tänkte offra honom kom med.. Allah älskar mest av allt en god ledare, en som kan göra ont, men avstår från det.. Ljuset i hjärtan på Nils K.s kvinnliga älskare, som hoppades allt, och satsade allt i sina hjärtan egentligen på sin stora dröm, sin stora hjälte, som upptände deras hjärtans ljus.. Zen mästare funktionen som uppfattade kvinnornas egentliga önskan, att befrias från detta helvete under Satans styre.. Och deras hjärtas ljus var tålmodigt, och väntade honom att komma som ett ljus med sanningen.. Och den vägen valde han.. Han hade kunnat göra ont, han hade ju Willy, och deras personer måste tänkas som ett, ett hand i handske.. Denna Ninja mästare hade han kunnat följa, och bli en fara i en mörk gränd, han var stark nog, atletisk, kunde springa snabbt och långdistans, men han valde ljuset, att uppfylla kvinnornas dröm, och visste att han var tvungen att då välja martyrvägen.. Vilket han gjorde.. De Profetiska visionerna som kom över honom vid tillfället då offer ritualen började, att alla kände igen honom, och han svettades då han kände av helvetes elden detta skulle innebära för dem, samtidigt som alla

älskade honom, skulle de offra hans skinn åt djävulen, döda honom långsamt, och så skulle det vara slut med världen..

Fladdermus svärmen som kom över honom. Allt detta är nyckeln till hela historien..

The beginning is the end.

What goes around comes around.

Alfa and Omega.

Jag antar att DET ÄR DET – att en mästare inte har nån stolthet – så som Imam Mardi .. Dussin människorna tror alla att de är speciella.. det är detta som är deras kännetecken.. 'de lurade enbart sig själva men insåg det ej.. i deras hjärtan sjukdom och Allah har förvärrat sjukdomen , och ett strängt straff väntar, för framsagda lögner.'

Normala människor däremot, som har varje-dag-sinne , tror inte om sig själva något speciellt.. Men däremot så vill dussin människorna att dessa ödmjuka själar skall bli som dem, arroganta likt satan och falla från Paradiset.. När dessa ödmjuka själar sedan inte köper grisen i säcken, blir dussin människan arg.. 'det var inget speciellt med honom!' skriker dessa då, likt det vore någon nyhet, och tyvärr blir det en projektion av negativitet, ett baktalande och förtalande i någon slags fullständigt vidrig helvetisk evighet..

Det handlar så klart om, att hela världen har fastnat i picture maker besatthet, och alla picture makers brinner i helvetet.. som vi vet efter Profet Muhammads uppenbarelse..

Ifall du är sann och äkta, anser människor dig som en skådespelare, för hela alltihopa är ett enda stort låtsas sceneri, som du inte får delta i annat än som ett offer som aldrig ska ha något erkännande..

Naturen förstör de. Nationen förstör de. All äkta handling förstör dessa världens varelser, med sina sjuka tankar.. Och allt brinner i elden som ett stort skådespeleri, en Zen sjukdom, där aldrig det som förespeglas blir bekräftat någonsin, eftersom ingen kan uppfylla sina falska löften om uppskattning och kärlek. Utan alltid bara ska skruva saken mer och mer..

'det är som nåt håller på att skruvas till.. som en skruv håller på att dras åt..' säger Satan till Kjell Espmark i dennes pjäs Rosenkrantz mot Guildenstern..

'skruv.. va?? Vad pratar du för strunt..?? Vi ska ingenstans.. Ingenstans.'

'faster and faster exploding into space..'

'when a planet has reached a certain point of absurdity, the nova lamp blinks red, and the Nova Police are called in.. otherwise.. 'splash' another planet bites the cosmic dust..' Willy says in The ticket that exploded.

Alltså kan människor i allmänhet inte referera och känner alltså inte igen "kräket" som de i sina korrumpa sinnen benämner det..

Korruptionen är grunden till all sjukdom, att sälja sin själ till Djävulen..

Strindberg writes in A blue book: 'the dominion given by God is greater than the feeling of lust' . Zen over the will of the people, when you lose Sakki, it is because you put the regard of the stupidity of people at general over Zen – that makes you an easy victim thus of conspiracy.

Rinzai the Zen master: 'I tell you man! Strive hard!'

Den allvarsamma liken – by Hjalmar Gullberg Swedish Author

The book of The Lord of the rings in original English.

So basically either you trust yourself, in the Zen way 'Let people speak any way they like – you have to find a way to get by by yourself, make your own livelihood'

Well.. that lie about 'the poor thing procrastinating' is just another monumental myth of the evil people 'go into our trap! And do it fast! ' is what they are actually saying with it.. 'vi måste ta det ytterligt försiktigt'..

Remember that echo of my words.. 'saker kan inte så enkelt fastslås..'

"Yhea.. that's the secret honey.. people think they are very special.. these are the dime-a-dozen persons, like you know , anybody, nobody.. So, they are nobodies.. they think they are very special, the hallmark of the nobodies is that they think they are very special.. and every-day minded people like me, they think we are very special.. and when we don't buy their crap, that we are very special, we every-day minded people, they become angry and say that we 'are fake'.. actually they are fake, they just want acting..

Nature, nation, .. nature they destroy.. nation they destroy.. action they destroy.. they want just the acting..

Yhea honey you see.. it is the whore world (WW) in a nut-shell (WW1 WW2 implemented it.. the brainwash foundation of corruption is the peak of lying, a holocaust 'of the jew devils' that the jew devils force people at general to believe in 'or punishment' 'punishment' upon government whom refuses to implement the lie, a lie about a 'holocaust' that never happened, and which has as its horrifying moment, to instead do a holocaust one denies and all the time point towards a holocaust that never ever ever happened.. while financing the holocaust one is perpetrating with the money one blackmails of those governments all

around the world that has to force its people to believe in The BiG Lie of a 'holocaust' that never ever ever happened..

Cryptocurrency is money and sex.. right?? Cryptocurrency; I want sex.. And when I've had sex with you for some while, I say; 'You DON'T want to invest with me???' Now I'm suddenly THE VICTIM.. Now I'm gonna haunt hunt after you.. Typically the false promises of Satan.. 'do you wanna invest with me??' 'no..' 'Well.. I understand that.. but can I suck your dick??..' 'yes..'

.. Then after some while.. 'Now I want you to invest with me..' 'No..' 'Then I'm going into a play act.. to play victim..' 'okay.. I'm in Japan..'

'Now you are the scamming stalking sucker..' they play.. 'because all government are scamming stalking sucking that's the new normal haven't you heard about it??.. now you're gonna be punished and in prison.. or rather worse, they say about Allah, God Himself, we think He's a psychopath..' 'the Qufrs are insane or rather worse.. wanting to kill God and never ever ever able to see a single flaw in themselves, they finally came to the conclusion that the creator of them Himself has to be a psychopath, since the-they can never ever ever be wrong..' 'you see.. RATHER WORSE.. that's the death in the ovens..'

And the scamming stalking sucker says: 'I want to suck your dick..' But she does it only to kill you.. When you don't 'invest' with her later, she begins with it.. The Fitna begins.. The Hell.. The pain.. Then you become one with her through her sucking your dick, and having orgasm in her, 'you're lost brother.. Worst thing that can happen to a man, better to be hit once in the face, than receive the Noble Creep Prize..

I have a friend who broke up with a man to take a girl's trip for some days. This man gave her everything she ever asked him for and left a partner of years to be with her and he loved her unconditionally. Ladies, let me tell you, no amount of girls trips or parties will ever replace a good man who loves you and cares about you. When all the lights of the party goes out, you'll be home alone wishing you had someone to care for all your needs and hold you tight. Women are not built to be independent bosses. In fact, they are built to depend on and rely on a good man who cares for them. I find it so unfortunate to see people lost and trade in something so beautiful for fleeting pleasures that will fade. In five years, they'll be alone with their cats wishing they had learned their lesson sooner. And they don't understand it now. So sad! Ladies, what do you think? Are they stupid as I think they are or are they right?

[9:59 PM · Jun 30, 2025](#)

[·Ada Lluch](#)

102.7K

Views

BLACK MOON BLACK ROOM

And Jack kept on rambling in the commando central that was his phone, the doctor could not and would not abstain from LSD.. 'one shall make Salaht 5 times a day.. The master M always makes salaht 5 times a day..' Master M, was Jack's name in Japan, and the Princess he instructed to name him 'the prophet' or Master M, a lion and a tiger in one and the same person, and that was why he was one faced person.. looking closer, his two halves of the face were very different, one lion kind, the other ferocious tiger..'just you don't see it.. but master M always makes Salaht 5 times a day.. It is like a version of our Ninja Willy El Hombre Invisible maybe, you have to think of us, me and Willy, as one and the same person..

And there was a black moon again, a BM, and a BM, the first Bm being Black Moon, and the second the lion's record label Baise Moi, where artists expressed their love and admiration and sometimes even dared to critic him.. The lion was now hiding in a black room because there was a black moon BR BM, afraid he might hurt somebody.. he didn't dare to look at his subjects lest he became angry with them, and that was a successful tactic indeed, against them being possessed by film, and claiming him to be an actor.. 'I hope you win for best actor, cause I got you completely wrong..' as Ariana Grande, whom was sick because of her passion for him in her heart, she could not eat, became shallow in body, and the skeleton came forth.. she couldn't stand it, like Maddison Bear was singing: 'I am watching, I can't take it..' she had made a try to lay him, but turned out Jack was just lying about him being for one night stands, actually, when it came to it, he was preaching his Naqshbandi school "The new religion" in quotation marks, and wanting his women sexslaves most of them, to belong to him eternally, not have any other man, and that was it.. it was the lion tiger coming forth, the tiger 'having it', as the Zen master said, "you have it!" and the lion being the same but on the Might of God level.. Therefore the lion was the King of the Jungle, it was the realiser of things, and Strindberg had pointed out around 1900 that the lion was actually ruling.. It was the east and the west, and the east, was pushing the west, just like the tiger pushed, the lion walking there, and suddenly two tigers appearing.. and a fight.. the tiger was pushing, because it loved the lion, and hated most of all bad corrupted lions.. jealous lions based on envy of Satan and not love..

The tiger was pushing, and could be silent, and very quick, while the lion being a symbol of the Might of God, possessed power, not only psysically, but spiritually, of a more stable sort than the tiger, whom was spiritually in itself, but mystical in another kind of fashion..

Together they were like the sun, being cold fusion if you approached without friction, and hot as hell, if the beams hit you at close distance.. but producing light of the world, when it hit the ozone layer atmosphere. And the sun was shining, and the moon was mirroring, that was the beautiful floating through space, when you had intercourse without marriage, either sexslave contract or wife in Islam, it was like 'abitu' which Allah said to Adham and Eve.. 'down.. for a while walking on earth, enemies to each other.. in it you live.. and in it you die.. and from it, you shall reappear.'

It was The return of the Master, even Confucius had confusionally spoken about this subject, witnessing in front of his very pupils, which of course was due to be bent to maybe idolize the master Confucius, they stood by a stream, and Confucius was in love, and that showed that he followed Buddhas 'you can give without loving' (which he did randomly) 'but you can't love without giving', and so Confucius here showed his great character and lovely heart, by witnessing for the stream.. pointing at the stream he announced to his pupils: 'it just goes on and on like this, flowing clear streaming tasty water.. forever'..

That was lovely.

A stream of beautiful childhood memories.. visions of cities surrounded by mountains where you soon would be.. 'maybe Tokyo I see.'

A light in the heart, of the emperor..

'O take O take those lips away, those lips that so sweetly were forsworn,' but now the story was excelling this, it was extrapolating, it was a new era, the era of the Yaddi Mastership, like Daruma sitting wall gazing for 30 years in his cave, announcing to the world, that 'he did not care about them', like Japhy Ryder instructed Jack in his book The Dharma Bums 'Zen is : "I don't care" ' ..

This meant, that you did not become a silver wolf, you were stronger than wolfship.. Wolfship was evil, 'see those vampire teeth' 'see the wolf coming conspiring together with his flock looking for a sheep'..

Well, the tiger was much stronger, and when he met a lonely wolf he was faaar superior..

But the wolfs came in flocks.. Then it was difficult..

So, daruma sat in his cave, having taken himself from India to China because he became all too popular, and sat wall gazing for 30 years.. He would have destroyed India had he stayed, people coming into his cave, looking for him "where are you Daruma.. you are soo popular, why you sitting here and staring into a wall.."

And then people would begin to say "he lost his mind.."

So no mind he Daruma did not think about this issue.. Instead he just didn't care, and floated across the stream on a little red boat across the gulf between India and China, coming to today's Burma I guess, and there nobody knew him, and before he had a chance, to get popular, which he shied without making it all too apparent, he found a cave, and began sitting wall gazing.. But his popularity was still there, moving through his unconscious, the subconscious will of the people of India was still there moving, and on his cave wall he could rule everything, and 30 years later, he suddenly felt himself to be finished with his Naqshbandi painting.. People had brought him food in his cave, and since he had no history of being popular in China, he did not get poisoned (popularity always brings about a sickness in peoples' hearts, which canalizes suddenly to an attempt to murder the thing they love, but Daruma was not known in China, but became known, only as having no history, and sitting and staring into a cave wall all day and night.. people thought it was a cool thing, and wanted to find out, so they gave him food and everything he needed) and 30 years later Daruma arose and thought to himself 'this was very successful, and enough.. now I keep on with my missionary career, but of course silent like a tiger I come, they shall not divine my power.' and such it is with a Yaddi-Master, great in his mystic leaning, and of course, more or less knowing the whole thing constantly and all the time..

So the Emperor thought "my daughter Aiko has really chosen the right man.. this was the fulfilment of my dream, to again see mastership take place in Japan, Zen returning, and my master and teacher Blyth, for which I cry every night thinking in thankfulness upon him, his face, how he helped my father to remain on the throne, when Satanical JeeewwSA was throwing atom bombs made in Germany upon us.. Germany our greatest ally during second world war WW, and Hitler turned out a silver wolf, a disguised wolf, '

And that was the thing..

And the emperor recited and repeated thinking about protection from further silver wolfs to ever be coming and fooling the Buddhistic people, yhea, that wolf even fooled Nepal and Himmalaya Buddhistic monks, even ffooled (and that was the right spelling FF ool led)

'O take O take those lips away

Those lips that so sweetly were forsworn

And those eyes , eyes by the break of day

Eyes that do mislead the morn

But my kisses bring again bring again

Seals of love

But sealed in vain

Sealed in vain'

And he kissed his honey darling daughter Aiko on the cheek, and said, good night honey, after having read good night stories for her from the Prophet's new book, her husband that is, A stranger, which was dedicated to him, Aiko and the Queen of Japan, the empress that is..

And the poem had to be hugged, just like Aiko and the Queen hugged in the night closely.. the tears of love the tears of joy, Blyth said, his teacher, the best thing he had known in his life except his family:

'if these things, these nights of anguish, these tears of love and deep sadness, means nothing to you.. you might just as well say, about Stephen being stoned to death:

Who are you to Stephen or Stephen to you that you should cry about his being stoned to death..

,

Sorry ladies, but a lion like and the like of Prince Ferdinand, had to be light to the world.. one could argue afterwards; why were you sitting there very openly in the wagon so that the Black Hand could shoot you on the mission of the free mason order.. didn't you care about us??. well, actually the subconscious will of people were always strongly leaned towards 'just believe' 'believe you are powerful' 'believe you are safe no matter what' and if you did not have a mastership order to counter that, we could say, Zen disease tricky push from the public, you could become an easy victim to conspiracy.. when you even preferred the public opinion to the Zen light of masterhood, you became lost, and then the Sakki quality disappeared, dissipated into the air, just vanishing, and there you suddenly were with a bullet in your brain, and WW 1 suddenly broke out while you were trying to rest in your grave.. 'should can.. cann I never get any peace..' and you open a rusty tin can for something to eat.. "conservatism.." you eschew..

And there suddenly I was midsummer 2007, being born.. suddenly I stood there blinking in the midsummer sun on the mountain, looking out over the sea and beautiful scenery "I made it.." I told myself, "I came from space, my original face..' and spaceboy was happy, suddenly standing there 'now I will kill the idols and their worshippers.. what a happy yihadd this will be'

Very well said, by the prophet Muhammad salla Allahu alayhi wa sallam, was that 'to suspend yihadd was a sign of disbelief'.. Nowadays the lion had to roar towards his women, whom became more and more affected by the try of the Domionion of Psychopathy, to go into narcissism, despising martyrdom totally..

'you have to look like a model to me..'

'honey.. I am a very well preserved martyr.. like.. what would you say to someone fighting in my army losing a leg or arm??, like, you have to love maleness, not only form.. form is a sign of hypocrisy, those disbelievers staying behind with the women and children , and despised by all real men wanting nothing to do with them.. those bastards that collude because they never put anything upon the line, and just keep on seducing women with money and "beautiful genes..' you know where those 'beautfiul genes' came from originally??, August Strindberg in Sweden..'

At midsummer 2007 a star came down from the sun.. 'that was me' Jack said to some subjects in Tokyo, which were laughing hysterically, he could say anything true in Tokyo.. they loved it.. the people the emperor everybody that is.. except some dark elements of the guard at the palace whom were conspiring to pretend not to recognize him and then 'just happen to shoot him' in some transport car of prison bars.. 'well forget about them honey' Jack said to Aiko and kissed her gently..

He could recognize a false collusion order going around on paper as untraceable 'collateral damage' from 190 meters away, and his Ninja Burroughs, Willy that is, could easily read it, and so the whole thing became a gag, partly because of this miraculous quality of the Samurai Jack Kerouac, but also, because of his fame.. The tiger and lion in one so to speak..

The tiger being the dominion of God, Zen said: 'you have it' and the lion being the Might of God, with 4 wives or more, a happy scene them lying there, and then a sudden mutiny from the women lions beginning like on a given signal; then the male lion had to like ferocious as hell get up and roar them down making uncontrollable anger with his body.. then they usually calmed down immediately.. the women..

So sorry ladies, Jack said, but just because I am crown prince I don't stop living.. I am from the light of the world, and Christ says, that a light you do not put behind a bar or below something, but like a chrystall ball you shall let it shine, on Virgin Islands in Stockholm's inner archipelago by Vårby and Ekebyhovsbacken.. there they were lying, the Virgin Islands, and a dark night there among the sailboats there was dance for the grown ups, and the small children ran around playing hide and seek and vampire game, and finding an owl cuddling in the grass under an oak where her parent sat, and they took care of the little and it was flying again later.. First try you know.. you should make it.. listen to God saying: 'Follow exactly my orders and do exactly as I say..'

You have to have faith..

But also CONFIRM your belief.. when that map is done, and you have it more or less confirmed, you wait for Allah's command, AND THEN YOU DO IT.. without hesitation, believing that if there is something which is a flaw in you that people just can't stomach, Allah will make a miracle happen, and just as you are sure you will hit the ground 'but I don't care' then Allah makes the wings spread and you MAKE IT.. It is a very happy experience..

So no matter if you get it confirmed BEFORE the jump, then you do it at the right timing, it comes a time otherwise, where it is passe.. You have to jump when you feel 'now is the time to do it'.. Or you will become a wannabe, someone whom could have been, and always in your mother's basement abiding with your computer..

And Jack's halfbrother Mark had become a burk.. His aim was to program a burk, his work was to get into it, and that he did sometimes when the hard drive stopped working, and connected some cables.. And he had transformed into a burk with a lemon and plus on, and Jack spoke with his half brother Mark every evening in his LSD high, and was getting some sensible answers, usually about 'what's up' halfbrother Mark, are you happy today.. is it a plus.. or are you sore like a lemon.. it was a happy scenery.. And many world traumas were healed by the Zen doctor by it, and many many mythologies fell, like crashing broken glass suddenly..

Jinn Juri's formulation about the Silver wolf Hitler was thus so very accurate: it is like Hitler became a medium from which the soul had flown out and becoming a product of the will of the people subconsciously expressed as a pressure, and thus..

Yhea, that didn't end well.. Those two knots of samuraij ship were bombed on Japanese territory and Japan occupied, and the first atom bomb dropped, didn't blow off, and was preserved, and it was a German manufactured atom bomb, like the other two whom blew the cities to ruins, ..

And so, Hitler didn't 'have it', and Buddhistic monks should have been able to recognize that it was not a Tiger whom had arisen, but a silver wolf.. It was a serious mistake.. And the whole region suffered because of it..

But now Yaddi Master M had arrived in the region, and the whole region was changed, happy again, and beaming with love..

He cleaned the air and water of Japan of atom waste, and people began having children, Master M had ordered that they have to double thus every woman having at least 4 children.. 3 hundred million at least Japan should be..

Jinn Juri went on in his analysis about hitler:

'a force development without a concentration of forces leads to exhaustion..' that is, catastrophe usually in the end.. that was the Zen disease Juri described in political terms, which made one think he might something of Zen..

The mass psychosis thus was easy to diagnose; for example, Hitler had a psychosis, but with a position of free mason in the council of 99 and being drug induced, he soon recovered and began his deceptive mission.. 'I am an incarnation of your revenge!' Germany, he said.. you see, the devil's words are true, but most deceptive when he, the devil, the wolf speaks and utters them..

Thus the whole thing ended in catastrophe, and also here at the other part side of the world, Jack thought, as he looked out over the pacific ocean waves rolling in from large distances, all the way from Columbia, where a Zen black ball had suddenly came down from heaven, and committed, maybe is the right word, miracles for Jack's Naqshbandi school "The new religion"..

Lucas Gage, whom had gotten a death sentence before Master M stood behind him with his samuraj sword and thereby saved his life, for making 'Boom Boom Tell a Tale vivvi..' had after that gotten impressed, and thinking of Nietzsche's The will to Power, he expressed this view 'everything is about power!! Violence properly applied can solve everything.'

Jack answered: No, it is not Nietzsche, it is Schopenhauer, Nietzsche's teacher, in Willy's interpretation of his whole philosophy, so currently and reality connected applied in the great first work Junky; you shall wish without willing..

You see, when you write, Lucas, that internet has made us weak, you did not count with Rasul Allah's Salla Allahu Aleyhi wa Sallam's hadith;

In the end times the shadow of the dragon will lie over all peoples' faces, you can use it either to something good, or for something bad..

You see, if internet uses you, you are finally, at a given command from Allah, permitted to use the same weapon the enemy uses against you against them, then you can reach to the level of becoming a Yaddi-Master, one whom can have a command center at the microphone and camera point of your phone, or your text messages etc etc vice versa mutatis mutandis however the case now may be..

You see, Allah has the Dominion and Might.. these are God's 2 patented qualities, and whomever infringes upon them, Allah puts into the fire..

So, when I strike, it is not me who throws the stone, it is actually Allah, and then His Might is manifested through the lion part of my face, and his dominion is manifested through the tiger part of my face.. Get it pal??

So it was just like an Islamic painting as I sat there, not looking at my subjects, either closing my eyes as they passed, and opening a little corner of an eye without looking at them, for them to know the eye of the tiger was waiting inside there if they even thought of some weak spot of my mercy, you know the usual story, misinterpreting mercy for weakness.. And so I had a good day, I managed to get home without actually seeing anyone, and as I came down the river bed, walking along it on the beautiful structures where walking along was a pleasant thing to do, constructions with bridges across it, sometimes a passage only, for pedestrians, people had been wise enough to get out of my way in preadvace, and so I did not need to see anyone.. And nobody dared to pass me sitting on that bench, and somebody anyway happening to turn into the road and pass my direction, walked behind my bench just to make sure..

And of course, there were always exceptions confirming the rule, and that was al right too.. Then I closed my eyes, and opening them, looked another direction, but just slightly, like not angry, they should not notice my hidden anger, out over the river the beautiful water, and seeing the beautiful view of architechtyure..

And the sufi painting of Zen was getting so great, like wow.. A white hole of 666 becoming colours the whole of it, and the painting it mirrored so great!!

I was like; this is so good precepts, lets now just keep on doing it and marry the princess and etc etc or vice versa mutatis mutandis however the case now may be, and be happy here in Japan..

And the myths from Absurdistan were falling one by one, until finally they gave up saying: 'he will NEVER again get the poison up his ass..' well, we had heard that waltz drawn so many times before, there was really no point to even notice it on the richter scale..

But our mere presence made big waves on the richter scale, we were stronger than Arnold Schwarznigger, and when we came the street down, the street were literary shaking with our steps..

That was the spiritual power of the tiger and lion together, the earth quaked, and people even when 10 000 in a crowd like at Shibuya crossing, longing to see us for several days, we showed up, they were just wondering one thing as we came towards each one of them, not folding in any way, which was to satisfaction for all the Japanese and other sensible tourists, like Asians, but the jew influenced 'holocaust' 'believers' brainwashed to the point where their subconscious even had become totally corrupted 'existence is a negation of self consciousness' as Schopenhauer says you know, the shadow having become their very existence, 'they are like dead or rather worse' as Allah spoke about them in the Quran, especially the negro men, which were impudent sensual muscle mountains soulless with one meter long dick and thick as hell just like Joseph Bribens, and if any woman gave themselves to them, they were, in the words of Ivan the Underwear General 'destroyed forever' and you

never more touched them.. exactly in the manner of the Khalifa in Thousand and One nights..

And so, everybody was just wondering one single panicing thought as we approached, 'which way should I throw myself out of the path of Master M..' and one threw himself right, and another left, and we were happy walking without hinderance through crowds of tens of thousands.. 'each thing no hinderance' so to speak, as Kongo Kyo Philosophy of Zen Buddhism teaches..

Daruma left only 1 shoe in his grave, his body had flown and his souls soles were dancing in heaven.. "I left India one shoe behind.."

The lion is coming back

Even Confusius had it.. he was despite the followers trying to destroy things as usual with idolworship, having that light in his heart, where he could not help witnessing about the truth after all.. One beautiful sunny day, he was standing with his pupils by the stream.. 'The return of the master..' he said suddenly, a little knowingly, raising an eye brow for them to understand he was saying something inspired, that means ; important.. 'a stream of beautiful.. childhood memories.. there was something there, a light in the heart, tears.. and the poem had to be hugged..' saying this his pupils bowed to him by bowing towards the stream, of clear fresh tasty water running under them, there they stood at the tilted tree bridge.. 'there will be time when the time of the Sign-Wars begins..' suddenly master Confusius said.. 'Sign Wars..! What could that be!!' 'the time when things will be proven as not dependent upon money and popularity and good genes, but mastership.. like someone sitting in a cave, getting world famous and finally ruling the whole world through just the power of his hands.. no weapons that have to be practiced in castles like now, but just pure power of mind, everything depends upon the mind, God's mind, no mind..'

That last sentence was ringing out with a flash of cold fusion enlightenment, like the thing was revealed by it being nothing to have titles, good genes, money and popularity.. like reality suddenly sprang forth in the sunny day, and you suddenly were THERE, in a precence not felt before, and if it had been before, it could never be remember BACK, as a historical fact. But always to be something to strive for in the eternal future.. 'it just goes on and on like this.. forever' Confusius suddenly said, pointing at the stream of fresh clear water running under them.. The pupils marveled at the lesson and bowed to the master back and forth under the sun began sinking , the moment was great, it could not be broken except by Time itself-- God is the Time.. And to be patient and truthful was the greatest gift, that was intelligence, that was to finally have it easy with women, but you had to stand the test, not

become a silver wolf dependent upon other peoples opinions.. To do the impossible.. 'All the better, you say it is impossible!!, cause Zen is doing the impossible..'

My Dick Paper

Straight from

Shee Buy Ah

The cat inside

It has to be real you know

But sometimes you get happy and mjau with the cat inside

And some evil cats thinking 'we crucify this.. or.. just asking..'

Maybe just jealous and wondering

They say 'just wanna have fun'

Well – that's SAD but true

Corrupted whole earth feeling mad

Ain't that the X of P.S.?

Sad but true

But we just wanna have fun..

'entertainment all day.. you never thought about, the punishment from the AlMighty awaiting??..'

Anjis förföljelse av avkomman Nils K. hade haft HH politiska förtecken.. Nils K. var plötsligt ett isolerat fenomen – som man skulle kläma och påtvinga "behandling" – det omkring honom fanns inte – världsberömdheten, världsstjärnornas blickar av omåttlig beundran – relationer med unga my fucks som gift sig med Saifi Mästaren – istället var allt som fanns Nils K.s BETEENDE – nu ett isolerat fenomen – friställt från det världsberömda programmet, och så började klappjakten – där tortyr ledarna stal taktpinnen från Maestron – och pekade den värre än döden anklagande mot "Mästaren" – som dessa senare skulle helt förneka och designera som "sjuk i huvudet" – "sover han inte 8 timmar om natten" "äter han INTE ordentligt.." "klappade han katten litet för länge!?" "är gardinerna fördragna i Dark Moon

Modet..” och sen kopplades svarta hundarna in – få hundarna gjorde allt för att slå in dörren och om Mästaren inte var hemma – utan utomlands t.om. – skickades special patruller – försök gjordes till diplomatiska omsvängningar, och piloterna i Helsingfors strejkade den dagen.. ”vi kommer INTE lura honom om han skulle mot all förmodan komma tillbaka till JeewRopa att flighten går till Kastrup Köpenhamn INTE! Då strejkar vi!! Inte kommer vi istället flya till Har Landa inte!!”

The hair in the nose that was close

”How are you today??..” some Spanish girls asked, very hot.. Well, I looked at the sorry company, of guys aiming for money, and the girls, pretending interested to be bought.. and when girl pretended something, she followed it, it could become her whole life, if some white knight didn’t catch up, like the Don Quijote Riddaren av den Sorgliga Skepnaden, whose sole life purpose was to throw himself in wherever there was danger, to slay dragons of evil nature, and do the bidding of God, no matter if he got hit in the face once, or was murdered on the way.. As Zen master Blyth said: salvation?? That is up to God to save us..

‘sex death birth gimmic’ Jack thought, as he began to shake, Satan Sin and Death present at the same time close to him.. as he stood there speaking with them, he knew, that the only thing they afterwards would speak about was his right leg shaking slightly, the neurological damage control disease was only afflicting one leg still here in Japan Tokyo, and not the other, but people didn’t pay attention.. They claimed he was afraid, or nervous, or a coward, though everything he had done proved the opposite.. They claimed he ‘didn’t have faith in them’, and demanded blind faith to just go ‘into that sun up there where you can sleep, then you can come down to breath some air and drink some water.. no apartment you need, nor money, food or anything.. we know that.. and we expect this blind belief in this demand on ours.. ‘ then they planned to try to steal his paradise, and just like Izzy Young said;

‘when I die, people will say: IZZY .. what a nice guy he was.. but when I’m alive and well but approaching death because of old age.. no one comes around any longer.. these days, everybody for themselves.. YOU KNOOOOWWW..’

Yhea, that was like true.. The Zen disease was just this, to disregard ties of relationship, neighbourly needs that is, since you can’t love without giving.. But these days ‘everybody for themselves’.. They demanded you to have blind faith, so they in their collective mass psychosis then could steal your paradise, and as you laid there in your white coffin ‘just for you, like John Lennon with bread knife through the heart, you want us to beat less!! How about we beating your brains out??’ then we will have a party on your grave, and feel hot

afterwards.. You were so big, so now when you are dead, we can get back to our perversions..

,

So the Zen disease was manifesting itself in a general paranoia, which claimed you were paranoid, just you looked at the coins you got back from the cashier, didn't matter you looked at them just because you had happened to buy something for exactly 666 yen, and interesting enough Saturnus was suddenly the coin you looked at in your hand..

People just HAD to make you love them, and never confirm anything, and then, as the woman had gotten her fortune through your big fame, suddenly one day she had a birthday and the day after decided to throw herself off a cliff straight down into the fire of hell..

'now I got fame from you, and ..' and there she stood, 'and since there is a rope binding me and you you will also be dragged after me.. HA HA HA my beautiful stupid husband..' and she threw herself straight off the cliff there she went.. and 'buy honey..' you screamed jokingly, pulling her up with your strength, she flying over your head and landing on a stone almost beating her brains out.. 'that was funny.. ha ha ha.. you thought really I was not stronger than Nigger-Arnold-Schwartznigger.. typical disbelief.. only the impression of things you count.. likt what I have in my BIP account, or how many numbers the songs I sing get rated officially, or my social account 'how many followers'.. but you knowing different, you still can't believe.. you believe in the devil honey, and that is d'evil, al malu, the sick bastard, and that is why you make the male that loves you sick, and then you stamp on his human face forever, getting into hell.. luckily enough you were tied to me, and the domionion given by God is stronger than the lust of feeling.. and so I saved you this time since I am so strong.'

So it then was proven that everything really in social life was about the women, or associated with kvinnofrågan, as Strindberg called it, the question about the women..

Perverting the woman, was perverting the earth, and now the whole earth had become corrupted because of the Jewish tribe, which aimed only at two things;

Manipulate power by posturing with 'big beautiful bill demon crazy' , and that was just posturing, really behind, was pluto crazy ruling, and only the numbers on the BIP account ever mattered to them.. And women became crazy and began competing with each other about whom could most quickly and most 'succesfully' throw themselves into the fire, and down there they became a whore to satan , spreading corrupted death all around them.. It was a shit house and that was why it was having been designated to such a place name..

The shit house..

But, we had a new trend, we were the most famous on the planet, more even than Taylor Swift, our lover and big admirer, but it did not show up in the songs I sing numbers, neither could it be seen on our social account, and of course, since everybody was paranoid skizzos together in a mass psychosis projecting upon us that WE were THEIR disease, which we had joked about a long time, before Allah Almighty forbid the Al Malamatia Saifi Master Jack Kerouac to call himself 'paranoid skizzo' , going along with their stupid disease, and in the words of Oscar Wilde, many times quoted by Izzy Young for us 'cause each man kills the thing he loves' and everybody was now waiting for us to die, assassinated in some bush as we did not have money for rent, and as a skeleton looking not having eaten for a month, 'and I hope he died thirsty' then of course there was also 0 on our BIP account.. The new trend though, was for artists whom would get cancelled publishing their song, to instead turn to our Baise Moi Recording Label Studios, where we could just write our name as performer and writer, and then billions could listen to it, and it would always only get about only 1,200 hits, and then the number would fall back under 1000..

And thus, no woman could love us, because their hearts were love less.. 'you can't love without giving', they were in pain, screaming, burning, next month we would not be able to afford a double room, and the demand began coming 'why don't you buy new clothes, you will look good in them', if we can't afford rent and food, we were wondering, and knew the girl knew this, why she wrote such a provocative message.. turned out she was jealous, and now when she had earned a fortune just on our name, she wanted to oppress us with the same.. you know the same old story about Mammon getting on top of you which they always get possessed by in the end..

The jew devils had lied about this too, just like ISISrael had said for 30 years already 'Iran is just days away from an atom bomb..' and never happened.. or the Green movement, had said for 50 years 'in 10 years the earth will be unlivable.. water will rise and drown everybody.. do something (..) (which meant to give them money)..'

And it never happened.. and IF it happened, 'let us wipe out Iran' they screeched 'finally our prophetic vision happened!!', and that was the point, if what they projected actually happened, they wanted to wipe me out, as well as my home country Iran, and etc etc etc. Proof of that I was NOT what they projected all the time, lied in the fact that it never happened.. I didn't grow old, I looked 17 as I was 27, and now earth quakes had in Japan arisen due to me going into Itaqaf, and being disappointed with them .. not the emperor and my wife Aiko and her mother, mind you, but with the general insight that here too people just wanted to kill the thing they loved, being possessed by the idea to separate the front of the shield from the back of the shield and biting the hand that held it, total loser strategy, fasiq, making everything totally useless.. And then they wanted ME to be the loser.. Just like ISISrael now screeched about Iran having the atom bomb 'so let us wipe it out Uncle Sam' looking over their shoulder, but there came my friend Putin, and Xi, and everybody could reach forgiveness, so RocketMan had also ordered his nation to support Palestine and end

Tell a Vive's oppression with an atom bomb coming from a direction they could not guess.. 'and then it was not Iran in the end..' we would laugh later, seeing Tell A Vive pulverised by an atomic blast from the other side of the planet..

Then I would feel better.. And the black magical trance would lose some of its hold over the women, which would make our relationship more easy.. And I would then be more happy..

Ernestus von Renteln had told me:

'we very powerful lodge, society in the society.. we killed Mozart..'

They killed me.. I was thinking sitting there listening to the cultivated Baron, 'I will not go THERE again.. that's for certain..'

And then he said 'you do not really want them..' alluding to the women.. But, letting his words sink in, I realized there was something in them, but something satanical, something all too rational.. yes, the women were sick, but were not it the mission of the strong to help the weak?? 'do not save me!' would not be a cry accepted.. the women had strongly urged me to save them, a light in our hearts had been flamed, and thus I just kept on going, just like Izzy dared to write to me in his letter..

And then I was there again, back with the Spanish women..

'what to do..' I thought as they stood there wet vagina in the air, and all of them sort of coming on me at the same time as the guys stood there envious behind, grunting.. 'only right leg shaking is it lion or tiger..' it was a quiz.. The light suddenly was there having solved the issue temporally.. But they laughed hot and turned on and we stood there smiling..

'awww.. today happy.. mostly cloudy.. dark clouds.. people are like that I said..' and the criticism worked, always worked, the women were agreeing with me.. some guy said 'but have you seen him when he laughs??'

'doesn't matter' the women were defending me 'he is SOO funny..'

The guys were looking, noticing the women had managed to reach me, which was in the extrapolated mode intrapolating to wanting to reach orgasm with me, and became insanely jealous..

'is it the tiger with the stripes.. GOOOODDHHWW BUUUUYYYYY..'

They didn't even try to hide that 'by' as in 'by leave' for example, in their mouths was pronounced 'buuuuy' like in 'shee buy ahh'

As I walked into the temple grounds, where I usually spoke with the Samurai Master, I stopped under the bell, balancing on one foot I felt the weight of chance desires from

people, the attention made it almost impossible to move freely, since every perfect move, would at once be praised to the skies, like it was a miracle (which maybe it was, thinking about the tense attention on even my little finger moving), and every move that could not be perfectly understood, would at once be hackled to death, my death in the end was the thought then.. I knew it would gradually heal my neurological damage.. The good thing about it though, was that it saved time, so things happened so much faster.. But the nature of the woman, always demanding more, was spurring on, despite that SHE was the horse.. 'faster faster faster expoling into space'.. like Merlin in the beginning of the Exhorsist, after he has found the satanical Baal statue in the archeological grounds being dugged out, are having creepy signs.. a pack of horses on the run are almost about to kill him, he has to PULL BACK in last second.. such things are dangerous.. Therefore the first 4 guided Khalifas all died with a knife in their back, some in praying positions.. When you prayed you were not allowed to look over your shoulder except if Allah made you do so, or the tiger in you.. And that was faith.. You had been chosen by God to ruling position, and you were prepared to die on it, you feared death yes, but you were enjoying life so much and to such an extent that this enjoyment of the dominion of God was more important than not taking risks and being relaxed was as we shall see, then the most important aspect..

As I stood there looking at the ever green tree, displayed under an archade of ringing bells, making the decision of being even more brave, challenging myself, and letting the decision turn into a future happening by the Zikhr, my sakki was suddenly arousen, but to a very low degree.. My gaze at once fell on a rat that was charging at me from a hole, when my gaze met him, he had come half ways from his hole towards me.. The animals even in Japan were like funny.. Cockroaches were sneaking trying to get into your bag, but as you saw them, they at once confessed their fault, and looked silly..

This was also the case with this rat.. As I stamped my feet, he did not get disappointed at his failure, like some cunning greedy rats in other countries, but with the speed of the same velocity, turned the other direction and ran straight back into his hole..

Some 2 minutes later as I still stood there letting the Zikhr click in properly, again my sakki was awaken.. My gaze again went down and there was that same rat, charging at me again!.. Stamping my feet the same thing happened..

I laughed heartily at the funny scene when at once it was echoed by some women watching me from distance..

3 minutes later I walked out of that part of the temple, and standing under the bell again, balancing, I turned on one leg into the other direction.. Then walking backwards I knew there was a ledge.. Trusting myself, I turned around exactly before that little ledge, and then walked towards the other bell at the entrance..

Standing myself under it, I did the same thing, and balancing on one leg turning around the other direction, and then making 360 degrees, I discovered a photographer and kneeled down to take pictures of me..

'observe the observer observed' I walked towards him loving this thinking, and just 30 centimeters from his body I turned into the other direction, and looking at the police in their hut, I made a gesture of power appreciation, a Sieg Heil movement and walked to buy some juice for the night..

Coming round the corner two young women were loving me, showing it in their laughing, when suddenly I felt something in my right nostril..

Knowing it would be a catastrophe if it was a bogy, and afraid it would stick out and spoil the meeting, and that it would be A BIG THING, if it WAS and THEY SAW IT, I just bowed my head at both of them closely, and as they passed to forth a napkin..

Trying both nostrils I found nothing.. It was still white.. But still felt little itching..

Well, the catastrophe was a fete compli.. Could do nothing about it.. That I had thought it was something wrong was enough.. To be relaxed the most important quality out among people for a Khalifa.. And that I AT ONCE had proven them wrong in their supposition that it was something wrong, THAT DID NOT EITHER MATTER.. what mattered for the public was just THE IMPRESSION, that something COULD BE WRONG..

And so I realised this should be the end times.. The times of the tiger having the advantage of the lion..

'the one whom breaks ties of relationship Allah breaks with' Rasul Allah had said, and 'do not say master but say 'father or ami, or ' something familiar.. well, that was lion talk, and those times had proven to be a pathetic fallacy these days.. when everything had been over taken by a number, and the whole world could watch their neighbour starve to death in front of their very eyes, and still claiming they loved the person.. Now was the time of the Sign-Wars Confusius had spoken about, the return of the master, and when the compassion had ended, only Allah's face would shine forth..

'you said I had a bogy in my nose but it was nothing..' maybe God would say, 'and I controlled it, and still you broke my verses to pieces just because of your paranoid projection.. how you feel now when the world is nothing turned to dust and only my face remains??.. Where are all your money you gathered now.. gone with the wind by the break of day I guess..' or something similar..

The Green Movement namely had the logic of Ernestus whom had been in Illuminati grade of high freemasonry: 'logic tells us that we should wipe out humanity, .. then we can save the earth..' yhea, any one with a brain could see that people had generally gone totally insane.. but this was not the issue.. The question was about RELIGION..

You see, Allah had created Adham and humanity as his Khalifa on earth, the other things were mirroring the mind of man, everything depends upon the mind, God's mind, no mind.. Thus, it was not permitted to wipe out humanity (how now that could be done without the earth perishing in wars, contradictory to logic actually), but that we believed in Master of Doomsday, that was God, and God was love.. therefore we believed that 'all things had an end' and did not try to pervert ourselves, imitating some woman, by instead of growing up towards the sky like a healthy tree until we die, folded and thereby tried to form a circle.. Ouroboros was almost circular, imitating enlightenment, but just as perverted..

And Absurdistan from which Jack now was exiled as a political prisoner hunted all over the world, was like that fake spider which an Iranian snake could fold from its tail, and holding the tail in the air letting the spider dangle from the tail, a bird of joy flying in the air, faster faster faster, and as not to explode into space, it might make a bad move, and maybe disregard it sounded wrong, and dive towards that spider, and the snake seeing it coming just opening its eyes more and more (first it opens its eyes like a vampire, ready to strike, it is a preparation for the jaw that it will open soon soon soon sooner..) and suddenly the bird, instead of catching the spider, get the snake attack, fast as hell writhing with its body up towards its victim , and poisoning it with words of flattery, soon swallows it whole, and that was the end of the story of that bird.. Heart is writing in pain thinking about it..

You have to have patience, and exhort each other in truth, and exhort each other in patience..

What is good endures in the earth – God's plan, God told Nils K. to jump from 9 meters, that is 30 feet, and so he did it.. turned out a success in the end, the tree he fell through they say saved him actually it was God's hand – and God used the tree as a tool for the purpose..

Suspending Yihadd is just another way of playing ignorant – 'eehh.. who did you say?? THE ENEMY?? WE WANT PEAFC..' always the same bullshit and lies they come up wit – in the end the corruption leads to – that you support the d'evil party and pretend that 'it is good..'

'IT'S FOR YOUR OWN BEST..' they will try to tell you – while fingering upon the hidden roll of dollars in their back pocket..

"we know you HAD IT, in you all the time.. the rose of the heart – the treasure of Iran.. IS IT YOU we have to thank for all of this humour.."

'excess of sorrow laughs..'

BUMP

JUMP

GUMP

Slap Sleep

The wind I listen to the wind and rain of my soul

Where I end up I think that only God really knows..

2:3 och Tigerns Rike

A woman:

“we women are crazy, we just care about numbers, and we only want them for ourselves.. ‘a number’ on a strip tease club, a pretence of a stupid acting spreading hatred and confusion all over the earth.. nothing more or less, and confusion spreads endlessly, black hearts blackening, idiocy.. and never wa mi ma razaqanahum yunfiqun, despite our claim to be ‘lovely being’ WHAT ARE WE(!).. demon crazy worshipping.. the dominion of the jew devils , .. numbers on a BIP account and ‘folly owners’ of social media accounts (!!), socialistic shit and communistic bullshit..

‘I tidens slut alla samlas i öster’ ‘solen går upp i väst’ ‘västerlandets undergång.’

‘tigern pushar lejonet att komma tillbaka’

‘he’s setting back to normalcy.’

As the rapper would say: ‘they are fucking crazy papa, they kill the lion and conspire against the tiger.. it is just to pap them..’

And every BODY at the same time into hell threw themselves wanted.. But Maddison Bear had a much better plan, #MBALLATONCE.. 35.. it was for the women, you know clapping is for women, try to hear the sound of one hand clapping honey.. And that they did, coming to Master M of Japan to worship his dick and have orgies, signing a sexslave contract and then a rape contract where they were permitted to rape him, on the condition he could take any pics he liked of them during sexacting, (of course never looking at them himself or showing anyone else, just for the collective trauma that was driving the world crazy to get calmer..) and then that they did not say, afterwards, that since he had moved in the orgie himself, ordering them into different positions, that it had been ‘Master M:s initiative from the very beginning.’ the beginning was the end, Alfa And Omega Kingdom come, and he was The

Man, they were totally dependent upon him.. It was the words that were important you see, to keep the air superiority, and the fight in the skies of fighting jets from different fractions was just an epiphenomena of the real thing,. AbdulHaqq, Allah's slave, The servant of Truth standing there, and living a real life, fighting down the stampede of the cows as they came in millions towards him.. RasulAllah had said, that in the end of times it was enough to say and shout to the enemy 'Allahu Ak Bahr' 'Allah Is greater' (and Allah was creator, this was ingrained in AbdulHaqq's heart from the moment he accepted Islam at the hands of Angel Jibril, the downsender of the Qur'an making him kneel in his hideout from the satanists, he accepted faith, and then slowly the Qur'an came real, even though stupid people not recognizing God would say: 'what can God mean with this message', being envy blood suckers whom just wanted money power and then the 'so called secret' that is 'sex'.. and then after orgasm they suddenly felt 'enlightened'..

That was a 666 trap of the d'evil.. but a white white white throne in heaven was now the real heart of the women, and they were, just like Master M himself, coming back to normalcy after a long torturous run of endless corridors of torture chambers and long boring oppression of liars whom wanted to brainwash away that the whole world out there was waiting for the hero, Master M, to come out and get his ass over there, get straight to the house not even bothering about explaining, and then being the joy of the world again..

"Och Kanske måste man vara hjärntvättad idiot för att skicka pengar till Master M.. ty när man är en hjärntvättad idiot vet man ju inte om egentligen hela saken så att säga.. och kan låtsas.. moders kärleken styrde istället, ni vet den där fullständigt patetiska moders kärleken som när det ändå kommer till kritan nånstans där inne vill att det 'ska gå bra' för avkomman.. medan alla andra som kastar sig ut för stupet ned i Helveteselden 'every BODY at the same time' – tävlar i skriande otacksamhet för att imponera på deras ledare Satan.. Så för att imponera på deras idol Satan tävlar de i skrivande otacksamhet mot skaparen 'bara hur mycket som helst DET ÄR HUVUD SAKEN.. fullständigt obegåvat.. men sno, det kan 'n göra.. och klanka ned och kalla det 'kritik' det kan 'n göra!"

'for each man kills the thing he loves'.. Ballad of Reading Gaol..

Men – livet skapades för avkomman genom modern, och på detta vis har ju Gud lurat världen faktiskt.. ty DNA instinkt visade sig högre än förstörelselustan att förstöra hela skapelsen..

'världens kung ger man sig inte på ostraffat.' Tigerns Rike. Landmassan skyddar Master M..'

So the Mawlana decided to stay in Japan, and then everybody in the east accepted..

Mawlana Rum: 'if no one speaks to the beby – how could it learn to speak(!)', that was a very good point actually, since the money worshippers always got the idea to take the mawlana as a Christ Victim for a very simple reason: they had fooled him to believe himself welcome, but as they had impressed the women with his presence, they had to kill him 'of course!' they

said when alone with their satans 'otherwise his mere presence would of course remind the women about whom filled their hearts with light and joy and love, and then they will never forget about him, and that means, forget about us..! that can never happen!' so they made every attempt to kill the mawlana with fitna 'fitna is worse than killing' and only those whom loved life were not afraid to die.. then the morons would try to come up and say; 'but if he dies he wants it!' like the last thing you wanted to hear was, that it was your own fault you were killed because of a mass psychosis that made people kill the thing they loved.. Therefore it was better to stay in Japan, and this the Mawlana had decided.. He had defeated Satan..

And that was the reason the women worshipped him as God, God had first created the light of the Prophet, Muhammad Salla Allahu Aleyhi Wa Sallam, and God had loved to speak with His' habib.. The women loved Master M to speak with them , that they were like sunflowers and Master M was the sun, and they opened up for him towards the sky, in joy springing into bloom.. Created by the Creator, and just in the same manner as Allah loved to speak with his habib RasulAllah Muhammad Salla Allahu Aleyhi wa Sallam, then Master M also loved to speak with his women, laugh with them, live with them, and make love with them.. The second thing Allah created was the pencil..

Act according to circumstances Zen Master Blyth said, same but different.. If the shield is intact and the masses of psychos have not been able to separate the front from the back and bite the hand that holds it, then I face the enemy directly – same but different – apart from Absurdistan, where the shield is useless – there you have to apomorphine and silence, and hope to get by..

Mawla is like that, prepared to sacrifice himself for love – God is love – “you are not allowed to die except as Muslims in the path of Islam, walking over al Sirat”, if the mawlana is so loved he can not even physically get to work, he abstains..

Hadith says: on Doomsday people will stand there with good actions, then one by one Allah Almighty will discredit them since 'you trampled on that foot, you hurt this feeling, this person..' etc. and finally they will be pushed into the fire..

Not yet honey.. You know my writing is just for me to be permitted to even exist and not be murdered bcs people love me so much.. then it will come, don't worry.. of course getting like 2000 dollars for a very good fancy hotel room one month in fancy inner city place instead of 10 000 dollars is of course also a way to pay me..

She wrote : Please explain this one to me. Below my answer.

Sura Al Nasr, tells us a thing that Oscar Wilde confirmed in his very famous poem 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol' and which Izzy Young used to quote for me many times, .. I've been so busy famous for so long that when he quoted it for me, I was not paying attention.. Just recently, after seeing the thing happening in three capital cities of three different countries, the line began ringing ghostly suddenly: for each man kills the thing he loves.

Actually Allah is telling us this is the beginning of Sura Al Khawft (The prayer of fear) which ends the Qur'an with Sura 110.

RasulAllah Prophet Muhammad was very sharply exclaiming to someone he saw praising a man in front of the man himself: you have killed him!

When popularity comes to a certain extent, people get into mass psychosis, and suddenly is driven towards taking a Christ-victim. Instead of giving for their love's sake, God is love, to the love object, they get into a frenzy to kill it.

Usually this stems from that 'those fucking guys that destroy everything' like Izzy Young called them, has used the light of love to more easy approach women.. If the object is still alive and well among them, the women will know what they love, and then the other males will be relativized. What people has hardest to cope with is just this, especially in the presence of a girl; they deny their statue worship, a weak spot in their consciousness, and try to deny it away, as to keep on having that pleasure, and wanting to get rich, they are afraid to fall into a loser or sucker.. Then as Schopenhaur says. 'existence is a negation of self consciousness' so exactly this which they want to avoid then becomes their very existence. But since they are many suckers together, they into a self righteous frenzy and decide to blame the light of love in the heart of the women, the beloved, the friend, for everything that is wrong with themselves. This mass psychosis is all over earth. And it spells doom, beby.

They sit all day

'if this, if that' having so called 'opinions'

One of these days we cut the rest of them off

They sit all day to open the satanical door

And close Al Rahman Al Rahim to get forth only the face of satan

Stamping with a boot on the human face forever..

The command: Cut the throat of Satan deep honey

Then at least there will be some sense

A schluppit is declared,

A necessary action against the idols and their worshippers

'if this if that'

Like that would prove 'the point'

'vi smickrar den vi kastar ifrån stupet sen

Ordens fix blir då för att uppväga vår inre galen

Och vår inre brand talar vi smickrande ord

Och våra tankar övergår till m-ord..'

Tigerns Rike

Relations band

Nu Medlidande

'relationsband betydde inget för er.. ingen följde Sura 107, få se nu om ni accepterar min Budbärare och kan känna medlidande.. annars framträder Allahs ansikte..

'Så ni sa jag hade en snorkråka i näsan?' ekade domedags rummet, 'jag kontrollerade och det fanns inget där, bara ett hår i näsan som jag skulle ta ut senare.. men det betydde inget för er, bara själva intrycket av att jag kunde ha en sådan äcklig sak i näsan, och sedan den konsekventa fördömmelsen till döddagar.. så jag bestämde att det hela inte var värt det.. det var inget och nu är ni idoler och idoldyrkare ett intet.. dom skatter som ni tillroffat åt er, har knysslats till smular tillsammans med jorden, och nu avväntar er bara det fruktansvärda helvetesstraffet i evighet.. vad vore universum utan de rymder där inget finns (säger ni, men ni ser det inte), jo, ett svart hål bara.. och det är just vad jag kommer stoppa er i, där kan ni grina och skära tänder i evighet.. '

Så, min slav, som jag är nöjd med, Dawud Yusuf, fick enligt mig 1,6, miljarder sex slavar.. ni snackade om hans favör för gamla kvinnor; vart är nu ert argument?, för er är bara lämnade dom lastgamlas.. 'och redan har dom lastgamlas exempel framträtt' som Quranen säger..

Tigerns rike.. medlidandet har övertaget; "they are all mine" kan min slav Dawud Yusuf säga, som en mästare, men förvänta er inget av det.. bara helvetet är gott nog för er..

"So beby on my dick honey.." ni behandlade min tjänare som ett djur, men accepterar inte sedan att han också får bete sig så, "public park fucking" är en ny 'förseelse' som ni kommer kalla det, 'So you say , that Dawud Yusuf gets a kick out of committing crimes?? Ahh?? Wise guy eyy? And that is the new drug you want to forbid him to take.. as Willy said in Naked Lunch, these days it is all about drugs.. 'ett nödvändigt ont' but if that which is 'ett

nödvändigt ont' is NOT necessary.. it is simply just pure evil.. so you say that Dawud Yusuf committing every crime possible and still free IS illegal.. well, then you are basically saying that it is legal.. Zen is the Law, is turning the wheel of the law, and you Qufr are just so full of bullshit and lies, 'det är så dumt så klockan stannar..' ' as Anna Lena Oröier would have said 'hon är ute och röjer igen..'

It is the natural order, but you corrupted satanists, want to know the natural order to perverse it to its very opposite.. and you all work hand in glove with satan to do so.. 'I will get the Noble Creep Prize' and then you are supposed to be seen there on cam cheering with each other 'höjer vi glaset' and then the world is to think that only YOUR pleasure ever matters, and everything else can just be destroyed..

It is like the Green Party Ernestus came up with: 'I have a good idea.. let us blow up the whole planet.. it will be awesome..'

'but then what about the flowers and birds .. etc.'

'we will take each specimen down into the earth in cities we built with corrupted money taxpayers don't know they are paying, we built them under sea far far far deep under sea so when we blow off the atom bomb blast the fall out we will be protected from down there.. and then it is like Noak's ark and we are the prophets these days.. (false claim) and then everything will be fine.. Someone has to be left pushing the buttons so to speak.. he hew hew hew..'

So you see that lion, he is mating there in the park in the public square on the sidewalk and that is the natural order you see.. if you object against it after all of this instigating it, we will kill you.. 'we have let a lion grow up among us so now we have to obey him..' is the line to be remembered always..

'It is the natural order honey' the lion says when the woman sits on his dick making it on the park bench..

'And they got into a stealth mode..' the Qufr.. 'it felt like obnoxious skin cracks like shitting hoping that nobody would notice..'

And there was a cheer all over Ueno Park at that moment, the show was going on for full, where actors and musicians were trying to at least portray some part of the day of harvest, that was just today, which Master M had managed with his world fame.. And people roared 'He's a friend! He's a friend! He's a friend!' which was the new shout, healing the old bullshit lie 'he's skizophrene' .. And there was a vote going on..

"how many of you think Master M is Darth Vader.." Darth Vader just being a fictional character, the old bullshit lie the Qufr always came up with.

“I am allowed to portray and display any kind of movie scene from where ever back in time, and THAT IS ME.. but it is forbidden to look at any movie.. I am here alive, and what you worship are just stones, idols you make up in your sick minds, and try to want to force that to be me.. like, ‘thanks but no thank you’ like Iyah May my sex slave sings ..

,

And Master M is shouting “It doesn’t matter! We’ve already deployed our troops against the demon crazy, long long ago!..”

At his mother’s death, Kim Yung Une style like power down there ‘not allowed to leave Japan’ he wrote

‘Little fly

Thy summer’s play

My thoughtless hand has brushed away..

Am not I a fly like thee

Or art not thou a man like me

Cause I dance and laugh and sing

Till some blind hand shall brush my wing

Then am I a happy fly

If I live..

Or if I die..

,

Rodger

12 March 1988

Hi Walter

Let's talk about

min. spec

regarding all

the old

personnel

if possible

write to me

Heart Jones

- fish

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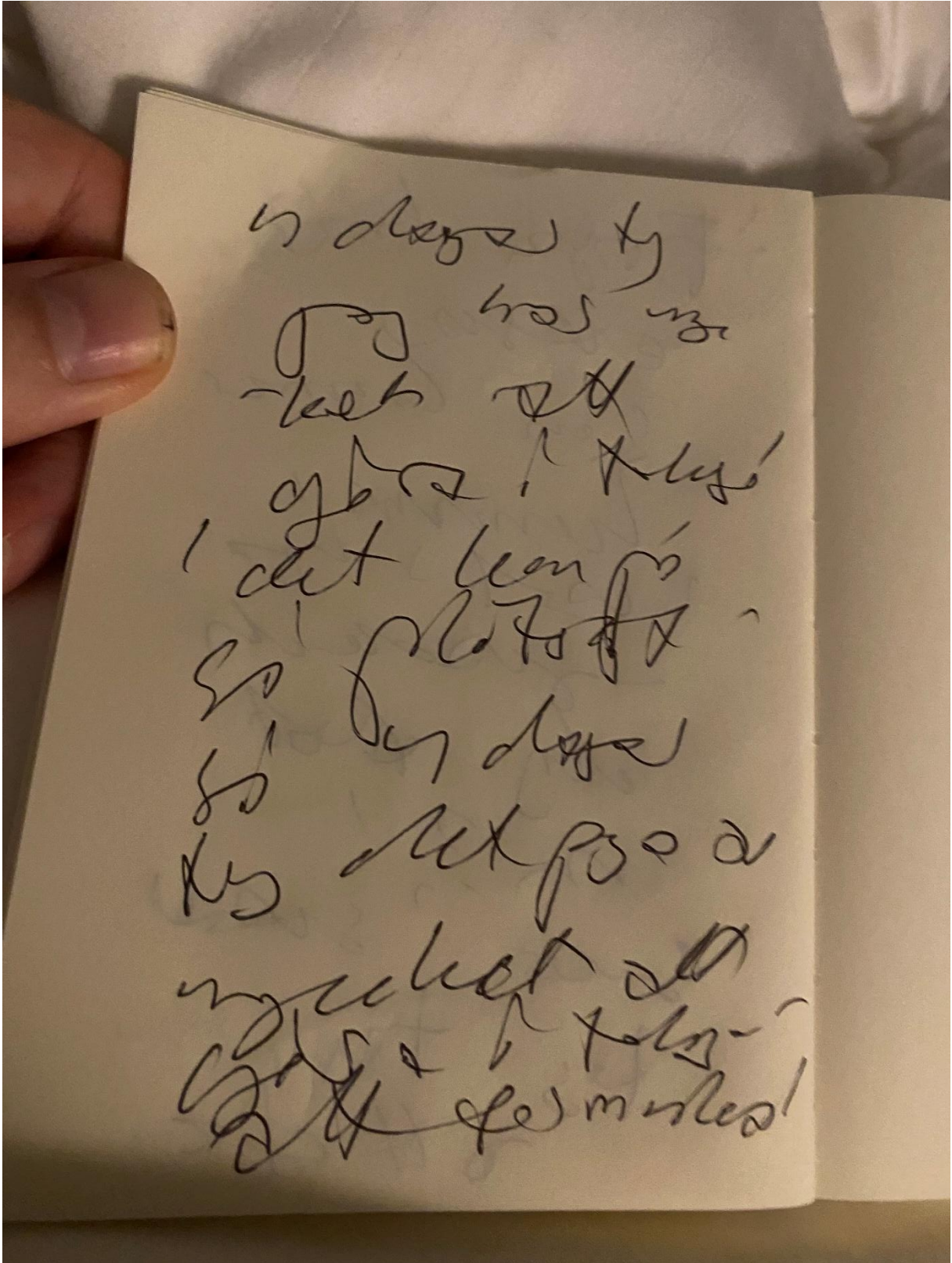
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SMJ elements

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Sal had written on his mother's death William Blake poem.. 'How's Sal up today' Dean asked 'Perfect style.. let's get into the monster and drive 90 mph down the high way.. without breaks..'

'Okey brother.. you decide..' Dean said – and off we went..

The absurdists lived and died and breathed in pure mythology it was their very life air without which they would die of and suffocation, it was Ouroboros, the way of the world snake, they would kill genius to convince themselves they were right in their delusions, just to be able to say convincingly “you are paranoid skizzo..” something they actually were themselves – emissaries of the dominion of Psychopathy, The psychopats..

And the snake came up with the usual idiotic defence, but just like Saruman’s voice was dangerous and spellbound people, making them deceived , in what was so obviously lying actually, the royal family understood though, while the idolworshippers in countries ruled by ribe was dumbfounded and believed in the bullshit ‘just as usual’.

‘it is just because he has the support of the emperor that he is committing these crimes.. he would not dare otherwise, ..’

“Noooo! No! NO!

No! No! No!

No one has told him!

Noo!!

You are allowed TO AGREE!”

And maybe that was the point of true ruling, that the shield should be intact.. but the voice of Saruman instigated people to become zombies, and possessed by the thought to pull apart the front of the shield from the back of the shield, they went into total loser strategy..

‘better we throw ourselves off a cliff all at the same time, than let Maddison Bear have her plan realised MBAllAtOnce.. that we could never stand.. we would break down in insanity.. since everything has to be higher than Master M.. we have to pervert the natural order, so that, when he is put as Khalifa by God, the highest animal ruling everthing, we just have to degrade it into pure absolute bullshit and lies and nothing..’

“Internet hade använt Jack länge.. kvinnorna för sex – och ‘those fucking guys destroying everything’ för att hitta punchlines.. En dag sa Allah: ‘Jag börja använda internet’

‘They say his illegal actions are illegal.. wait a second.. that makes it legal! What tautology these absurdistan cattle are capable off..’ the emperor sighing.. ‘will be very easy to take over their country..’

‘my son is saying “yes I can fly up to the moon and everything.. it is fantastic..” ‘ emperor is sighing ‘love him to death actually..’

'we killed Mozart.. we are a very powerful lodge – VERY powerful societal influential' and Nils K. thought 'well they killed me.. I never go there again..'

And Nils K. has left three words on purpose behind, at age of 17 'you are killing the thing you love?? Here are my words .. you will see how much they are worth..'

And it was on purpose of course, by pure obstinacy, 'you are killing the thing you love?? Here are my words you will see how much they are worth.. I am writing how much I will kill you killing the they love .. eyy.. I'm going to strike back, ' the lower grade freemason found those words on the seat, it was a young guy to be a music teacher of the class , the new class he finally had entered his gang , and which Odd Wingdahl through corruption had tried to make sure he would never enter and just on the limit be forced to drop out of, to promote the children of Satan.. and this new music teacher interesting being there called him to a meeting.. and he said, he needs help, private meeting.. Nils K. understood it was a favour, 'we are taking care of the thing..' Later Nils K. spoke with Dr. T.A. , the Dr was warning him 'be careful' Ernestus also said, 'very dangerous hidden communistic system.. be careful..'

And Nils K. had left those words there, by pure obstinacy of course, 'you killing the thing you love??, here are my words, you will see how much they are worth.. I am writing how much I will kill you, since you kill the thing you love, and that's me.. I am gonna strike back',

.. well a lower grade freemason picked those words up, it was a new young guy, come to be a music teacher of the class.. now with the Ulrika most important.. and he called Nils to a meeting, 'if you need help' it was a very private meeting, Nils understood that it was a favour 'we are taking care of the thing' later he spoke with Dr. T.A. , whom warned him: 'be careful, ' Ernestus also said, 'Absurdistan is ruled by psychiatry' 'it is a very dangerous communistic system hidden under guise.. be careful.. '

Tokyo's two parted rivers were like the big basket and the small basket of Buddhism.. running through Tokyo was the side river to the big that was the small, the side river from the big that is.. they parted ways somewhere down the stream from Akabane.. Zen master Blyth had said: 'there is no problem at all in recognizing the Way, it is like a big high way, no problem at all to recognize, the problem is that we do not really seek it..'

A monk passed: 'O brother!' the Zen master shouted out.. When the monk turned around: 'O you stupid..' And what is it then to turn around like that?, it is to make repentance to Satan.. No! you shall make Tawba to Allah, AlMighty. Just walk straight on ahead, better a punch in the face than to receive the Noble Creep Prize..

And the line by Mawlana Rumi suddenly seemed so deep, 'You don't know what the friend can do..' Hulk Holigan says.. And Kornal Kowics was as usual laughing with the nostrils full of tea smoke: 'he was so famous he could not buy marijuana, and now, he has a marijuana

plant growing in his head.. we love Jack, the predecessor of Nils K. Baise Moi Recording Label Studios. Now greater than our little BH ..

And Ernestus von Renteln the highranked German Baron was hunting after Nils K. everywhere, at that time.. Dr. T.A. said: 'just be friends with Nils. Forget about that with the sex, he's not homosexual like you.. .' Well.. Ernestus just simply could not quit.. He understood that even though Nils did not look much to the world at that time, being broken down by anti morphine skin cracks and everything, that this dick seemed to be a very sensitive magical object .. and Nils had felt his hand on it, he told himself: 'this does not feel like love, this feels like a golden bar.. ' and so Nils K. quit the thing.. was not interested.. he actually did not know if he was homosexual at that time, or not, 'always have to try.. we can always try.. ' well.. it did not work out well, and so.. the thing was put on ice, and Nils finally reached Paradise.. up from his grave flying with his samuraij mastersword the two dots back on place..

Ernestus told Nils.. 'we killed Mozart.. we very powerful lodge.. very powerful society in society.. ' And Nils K. thought 'well, they killed me.. I never go there again..'

If the one they wanted to project their SS on, Schwarte Sonne, usually burned to death by the dominion of the psychopathy .. you poor scamming stalking sucker .. so if he did not sell his things he was a scamming stalking sucker .. if he sold his things he was a scamming stalking sucker, .. they were projecting their skizophrenia upon him.. to get success in the world themselves, he was the magical object Ernestus von Renteln had discovered, but Nils K. did not want a golden brick on his dick so he made a pornographic trick, ..

Yhea, Jack could not do evil.. but sometimes had to do it.. 'a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do..' He had the Ninja Willy as a teacher, he was close to him, actually had to be regarded with an incarnation in between as one and the same person.. first they made it together through the Western Lands, then jack made a trip by himself with Willy as an illuminating serpent in his hand.. The master staff.. Jack both Murshid and Mufti.. MM. But a good leader .. what Allah loves the most, is a good leader.. One whom does not suspent Yihadd getting corrupted, and that is why they suspend Yihadd. 'to suspend Yihadd is a sign of disbelief' Prophet Muhammad said..

'Someone whom can do evil, but abstains, for fear of Allah, ' it was not into Jack's heart to rob someone, to become a danger on the street, you see, it was the Qufr whom was danger to themselves and others, not "The new religion" Naqshbandi school.. The Qufrs were lying and bullshitting as usual.. Jack was a power person.. PP.. That was why they were persecuting Jack, since he was not an idol PP, but just simply a PP.. Jack was a power man.. He was a power person.. And Jack had BIG power.. But people were impressed by the Ninja more at generally, and that was alright as long as it was Willy for whom Jack had always had an awful kind of respect of.. 'A Ninja has good genes.. has 'good family money' .. that is

'money'.. The Ninja could do a lot of things since the Ninja had these things which the earthy people craved behind him.. So the Ninja could escape, committing sins without any punishment .. this 'freedom from sins in THIS world' was what the world were impressed by..

People of the world.. Well Zen master Baso has said, he is sending forth a horse that will trample to death the people of the world.. But!, Emperor of Japan saving the situation, .. 'vi måste ta det ytterligt försiktigt..' That was why Jack was such a great Al Malamatiyya.. He noticed 'something special with me.. they are crucifying me with Fitna.. why not just take all blame upon ourselves .. ' then people were impressed!, 'oooowwhhooaaa a BIG Ninja is coming!.. and he is reading Willy.. the big Ninja is here, ' turned out Al Haqq, The Truth, Allah, His servant Jack, was lying for his own pleasure, .. known as one of the most wanted man on earth, in both aspects so to speak, he was still virgin and had not committed those crimes.. it was just something 'the they' projected upon him and Jack thought;: 'why not take all the blame..' turned out to be a big success. . cause people in the world, they like Satan.. Satan can get away with sins, .. without any punishment, Jack was not committing any specific sins of crimes but was taking all the shit upon himself.. 'I am very impressed by Jack' .. then the Qufrs became irritated, : .. 'we have to destroy THIS guy.. we .. lock him in, tie him to a bed, inject a lot of poison up his ass, then people will not be impressed.. ' You know what they did to Nils K. which they murdered in the end.. Well Jack had escaped.. And was now in Japan.. 'I am in Japan' .. so it turned out Jack fixed that threat too.. 'can't end up like me predecessor Nils K. and how many gardens and springs I left for the land where there were believing people.. I had no choice.. I already know what they would do if 'the they' got their hands upon me.. If you find yourself in such a strange matriarchy, actually run by jew devils, imitating the woman.. when the girl was an oyster bar, the jew devils turned it the other way, just a minus splitting the circle.. and the whole thing went absolutely totally crazy..'

'You say we beat less?? What about beating your brains out..??' 'You say we beat less?? What about blowing out your brains??'

'I will come as a thief in the night' 'I will come like a robber in the night' Master Christ had said, and.. the Qufrs were keeping on their illnessness.. 'Fi qulubihim maradun.. fasadahumma Allahu maradan.. wa la hum a da bun azlm, bi ma qano yaqdibun..' And they were saying: 'what you get you don't steal..' And the answer from the heavenly choirs were, 'everything shall be kept to the agreement.. what is agreed in Allah's name shall be kept.. ' .. As regarding propey, Allah's servant has his propey.. He is happy to lean back and wait for the Princesse. . He is not in a hurry, he is not demanding things, he is not destroying ties of relationship, he just wants to lean back and be safe..

'Best Nils.. we have to remain undisturbed with our ordinary working tasks..' that is to bullshit and lies.. that is their work they say.. sitting there with jew stolen money , jew devilry, they call it 'jewelry' .. they were really telling Nils at that time: 'you see.. you are

coming with the truth.. 'We' (always an unknown 'We' : 'you write your own mythology.. 'We' write our mythology.. it is a big club.. and you ain't in it..') 'We' were amused for some time.. but now 'We' want WW want to go back to bullshit and lying.. it feels so good to CASH IN.. ' the sound of coins coming down an automat.. I hope you understand being there in the shit house WHO IS IN COMMAND..' yhea Jack surely had seen what they had done to Nils K. his predecessor so the answer was 'Satan'.. 'in torture and pain.. loneliness and torture..' "Jack are YOU LONELY in Tokyo.." the wolves were crying out through the sirens.. 'and everything you did was invain.. but now you marry the princess of not Spain.. but Japan.. and this IS Hell On Earth for 'Us' (the sound of the sore us party) (coming through) cause now 'We' were wrong WWW all the time.. now 'We' are losing everything.. all 'Our' things 'We' built on mythology.. to steal your paradise.. good bye..' and they shot themselves in the head, 'rather be shot to death ' they say and commit suicide with a Russian roulette RR pistol..

'than go to Siberia soon..' the last thought before the bullet hits the brain.. 'You tell us to beat less?? How about we beat your brains out??' that was the sweeeet 'good bye' .. 'do not go gently into THAT good night..' ' someone said.. And Jinn Juri was since set satisfied sss... he was unhappy since he was not popular among the women.. it was his own fault.. he had become a sophist.. sophist sophisticated.. ss.. just like the other Svenska Bajsakademien SA.. that Jinn Juri was getting better maybe.. we don't know.. or worse.. hell knows..

'we were scared something would happen to Jack.. but Zen Master Blyth had said so rightly: 'Allah is the greatest!' One egostic act.. and everything is spoiled.. everthing is destroyed.. ' that meant you had to put your life on the line constantly.. 'the hardest thing is to make enlightment a perpetual activity..' as a male.. while the women were there backing up.. singing praises to and hymns .. like Gracie.. Swift.. And the other sexbomb sexslaves SS.. and that was a happy time..

A noise and then a shout(!)

Lightning strikes!

"Shiiiiit!!! Allahu Ak Bahr!!!"

Lycklig den som inte sager 'livet är kort!' då blixten slår

Ernestus Uppspelning 1060

Ny Inspelning 1050

Write Ernestus Green Party

“jag använder inte internet på min telefon i Tokyo.. Det är bara andra människor som använder internet på min telefon i Tokyo..”

‘The Zen monk you see – says: ‘the truly masterful reaction arise only when your nature is such disposed..’ This is connection with Master and pupil

‘the faculty of mind immensely dominant’ – the master suggestion of a new rule for the ruler: an outlaw the Qufers wants to forbid – probably a Johnson of The Western Lands Trilogy – Cities of the red night , The place of dead roads, is probably someone to protect – so his outlaw is legal . (?) .

”woke” so called

Is the very obstacle to waking up

We are creating “anti woke”

The city that never sleeps

Girl to me:

With stars and stripes on his body.. in his eyes..

Tiger tiger burning bright

In that forest of the night

What immortal hand or eye dare frame thy fearful symmetry..

‘In what deeps and depths of skies.. burnt the fire of thine eyes..’

‘In my dreams I see your face, it hits me like a thousand trains..

I don’t wanna wake up if you are gone..

Do you still love me? I gotta know..

Then let it show..

Do you still love me, I gotta knooooow..’ – Miley Cyrus

The worm wriths 'are you one of those whom needlessly steps foot on a worm? Or feels contempt for the man whom does so??' – Zen mAsTer Reginald Horace Blyths..

Skin cracking

Like a snake rrampled on dying..

And Jeffrey Epstein shakeshifted into an underworld creature like vampires do..

Into a green little reptile, when he felt he had his victim totally under control, as for it to really know, it was all a show, that thing up there on planet earth.. 'you know.'

He shafeshifted from his human form that was just a fleshy costume..

'only similarity honey is that Eiwar is drinking alcohol and sitting in front of a computer.. and that I am drinking alcolhol and sitting in front of a computer.. apart from that no similarity..'

Like a snake trampled on dying'

Blind – thinking 'is earth close,' on the concrete ground,

It raises its head – panicing afraid..

Envy is a type of skizophrenia,

Yes it is like Prophet Muhammad splitting the moon, but on the different level you get it

Like horizontal instead..

And that is sorry to say cutting the eye in half Den analisiska hunden by Salvador Dali

Cutting the eye in half horizontally totally victimizing the whole of humanity..

Cutting it vertically could happen when you kill someone with a catana sword yes.

But to you it horizontally you have to have your victi9m under total control

Like Jeffrey Epstein that psychopathic vampire.. still living..

You see it is all a show.. these people the public can't get at, since they are themselves all controlled by the riba of the yew devils..

Jeeewishness is the disease, they got cursed by Allah, and so it spread, and they control it through riba.. why did no body help Ghaddafi?? Same reason no body is helping me..

They are all diseased.. and riba is the disease , and idol worshippers create stone structures inside people..

‘and their hearts became hard like stones.. or even harder.. cause of stones there are some from which springs bursts forth.. and some from which they crash down in fear of their Lord..’

And Maddison my sex slave crashed down, coins spreading all around her.. I gathered them up and said: give it to me honey..

She just could not. So used to women being by nature overclass and taking control over the males and letting them even die, how ever much the women loved them including herself, just because ‘I can’ in the infamous words of Obomba..

You see, the stone structures inside was a deep scar after the dream, and the women just could not let that go..

They were by nature overclass and kept stamping on the human face forever, led by the jewdevils sitting on top controlling everything through the BIP account ..

With that they had crushed Ghaddafi since he was having a gold dinar without a BIP system you see.. NO physical money.. And what does they mean with CASH BACK.. when there is no cash.. can’t get it out of the hotel.. I want it back on my card as they said in the agreement, ‘at the end of your stay’ ... well that is in a week honey..

Any way.. so that was the system.. just like the quran said.. ‘the idols and their worshippers’ ruled by a cursed group of people calling them selves ‘uuusssseeee’.. ‘what the hell is this we screamed with AJ..

And we created ‘anti psychiatry’ which just as these times were, were the actual visionary form of REAL psychiatry.. the ‘psychiatric’ system, had to be abolished all over earth.. it caused people to become total fools.. ‘I can never be sick..’ ‘If you fall NOW, you fall very FAAAR and DEEEEEPP.. I AM ooooOOOVVVER CCCCLLLLASSS you see, and I will be ashamed Ulrika is in love with such a low class creeeEEEpp like you.. so please get out of my way and FAAALLLL down by the road side poor lonely and mad ILLLAATERR when I have disconnected with you socially.. ‘ then Nils K. headed straight for the crashdown.. ‘Have to crash down..’ ‘fast fast faster.. exploding into space..’

‘well.. harder hard hard hard.. I give myself to you.. But I want money from it.. You see I have this sexual drive, and I am possessed by earning money from it, but never can give anyone since I want to BE ON TOP..’

‘But you are already at the top somewhere in Stavberberget..’

‘Yhea.. But ON TOP OFFICIALLY you see..’

'but all OFFICIAL truths are lies honey.'

'yhea anyway.' and her heart became hard like stone or even harder.. since of stones there are some from which water burst forth and some stones structures fall down crashing down in fear of their Lord.'

And then you can walk out in a million city town in Siberia it being cold, from an anti-psychiatry 'mental' hospital, feet dragging from the poison up your ass which you receive as a very righteous punishment for torturing other people with shitty poison like rats.. and your feet are dragging after you, you see the town over there..

'Allah will torture people in the next world whom torture people in this world.'

'this is the next world' you think.. looking like a ghost of yourself..

The lights of the million city town is coming closer, you are dragging yourself there through the snow.. It is cold.. 'you knooooow..' and arriving at a café 2 hours later, you order a coffee from your small 'pension' they give you to have 'a little nice time out there..' their tone strangely cheering as they signed the document which allowed you a small allowance.. yhea.. they allowed you a small allowance.. 'so to speak.'

Glancing, whispering from the right side of their mouth.. 'those civil servans..' you sigh and think of something else, just relieved you at least had some chance to escape..

Yhea you were on a lease, and then suddenly decided to 'walk into town ' instead.. you already have made up this explanation for the doctors now wondering where you could be.. 'if our victim died in the snow.. or what not..'

And you hear their cheery town already.. cherry cherry cherry..

'he just walked into town.. did you?' taking a look at you, wondering if you even remember being picked up there after all the injections you had..

'you see little Pelle, we just look at what you gave other people as torture in Absurdistan, and when we freed liberated the country of its chains of oppression its bond, '

'civil servants ready to grip

..

Never thought out to slip..

' the psychiatrist quoted a famous poem by the Master of their army..

So you see' it kept on 'cherry cherry cherry.. you were evil evil evil.. smoking three packages of cigarettes a day yourselves, and then poisoning up their assess those poor victims.. so now we just look at the files, which you could not rid yourselves off.. 'they have to be protected by all cost' and that was a good riddance and happy cost since we got our hands on them.. our military you see which handed them to our civil servants.. and then we transported the

whole system in cattle wagons all the way to siberia and here you are finally.. now we will give you an injection and we know exactly what to give to to speak.'

And

'I can forgive you for being sick but not for being such a fool..' again the psychiatrist were quoting Robert Louise Stevenson, from The burning house..

'you see, your country was ridden by terrorists.. you preferred skäggbarn instead of princes, and women were raped everywhere by men you imported from abroad.. it was a chaos.. and you were such a fool.. so I can forgive you for being sick..!'

The psychiatrist said, as the nurse punched the needle with that precision nurses have in the handling, and then started pressing the handle, pushing the syringe and the fool gave up such a scream of howl as the substance hit it..

'man when it hit him.. mm.. it was tasty I tell you.. a two way whore house mirror.. so to speak.. we could see through.. he never got it out of his arm.. it turned totally blue.. like in that famous novel by that famous author.. never remember the name.. George Orwell suddenly it hit me.. yhea.. everybody in the colony goes around with blue over roals.. over alls.. so to speak.. and THAT is the way to do it I tell you.. dear brother friend in total evil.. a boot stamping on the human face forever like in the Pig Farm you see.. A three card mont passe.. Mathaluhum qama thali aladi astakada naran.. Fire you see.. the fire of Nimrod yhea that is tasty.. to push them slowly down into the fire.. like 1943.. from JEEWKRAINA Stail the worst transported people whom had not died of starvation into the area and had made up a big fire DOWN THERE and just throw them of the cattle wagon rolling down into the fire that was tasty to see and we filmed the whole show.. it made a big hit on Jinn Juri's film.. Under the shadow of Hermes.. Hermes has wings on his shoes so he never needs to walk.. he takes a train, he takes a bus, he takes a subway, he takes a taxi, he takes an aero plane he takes a helicopter and finally he jumps up leaving the whole planet in flames and takes a rocket with separating war head YOU KNOW KNOWLEDGE IS POWER all the way straight the way straight up to Mars planet red and there he is landing.'

'good you tell me..'

And they were looking at the victimizer now being a victim and laughed their best laughter in the world, since when we laugh we really love like Zen master Blyth said..

'and now there is a new master in Japan.. we love him surely.. Master M.. they call.. him.. 'the prophet'.. already master of our military since long time.. HOW YOU FEEL NOW.. and DDEEEEEJJJJJEEE DDDDEEEVVVVVIIIILLL began playing 'Like a rolling stone' by Robbaren Zimmerman.. 'how does it feel?? Yhea.. how does it feel?? To be without a home?? Now direction home?? Like a complete unknown?? Like a rolling stone???' and when that guitar riff went up, the righteous victim of anti-psychiatry now remembered, in the bar they had told him, 'get lost!!'

He had claimed there was a country name 'Sweden' ..

'get lost!!' was the only answer.. and he had gotten confused.. starting to feel really insane, his stupid head like his right side was dropping diamonds into the fire, he with his now distorted face sweaty with waxed fat, like a subway train polished car body, he had stood dumbfounded, his eyes opening like glass eyes of like stilled coagulated movement.. no beauty no truth no movement.. he had felt like a stone structure standing there.. just had ordered some coffee.. 'I am used to that.'

Slowly he felt like he was being killed by killing himself slowly.. 'and that was the end..' he suddenly thought with a shocking insight almost like illuminati..

And that was the punishment..

'where you come from pal..' some Siberian had asked with that knowing smile.. 'he knows..' I had thought, he told himself lying there on the stretcher after the syringe..

'but he asks anyway..'

'Sweden..' I had said..

'what you doing here..'

I had been too shy or shall you call it shy since my face looked like stiff and grey, and never color arose on those cheeks 'ever again..' I had lost hope to ever get back to Sweden..

'Sweden is not a country.. by the way..' he suddenly said, interrupting and I felt like broken glass standing there, like described in the Examination by William S. Burroughs in his famous Novel Naked Lunch.. NN.. like a nobody actually..

'Sweden is a country.. that is where I come from..' I said.. and I could see his wry smile writing with inner satisfaction.. 'never heard about it.'

I felt totally lost.. I had dragged my feet through the snow and now I not only felt hungry, and cold.. I felt nausea.. like 666 being pushed down my throat a snake sort of..

'it exists!!'

You mean Elland??' he said..

And I felt a shock.. it began spinning in my head, and I thought 'only place warm is the anti psychiatry mental hospital out there.. I have to walk back..' but falling down on the floor they had called an ambulance.. and now I was back here.. stuck for life.. not lust for life.. it was horrible..

'In my dreams I see your face.. It hits me like a thousand trains.. I don't wanna wake up if you are gone..' Miley Cyrus sang out to Master M.. and he enjoyed every single second..

'I can forgive you for being sick but not for being such a fool..' master M eschewed those lines by Stevenson.. 'my mother is sick to death, brainwashed cattle.. but she is not such a fool..' 'we are here to help each other.. you see..' the lines by Föllinger007 his great beloved teacher suddenly once again rang with that enlightenment of Sufism which he had discovered in the master's lines so many times, and Föllinger007 was not without just cause called 'the master' when he was alive.. 'but now he is passed away since long time..' master M thought as he was sitting there enjoying his existence in Japan being married to the princess and being emperor with the emperor.. 'today it is my turn.. tomorrow yours..' it was funny but true..

'yhea.. and I am weak in economy.. despite being the emperor I can not get anything for free from these worldly people.. and I don't as a Sufi take any money from my esthetical beauty.. so even 700 yen of bus ticket from the bus driver, I can not get off the bus properly.. and he comes after me the emperor making a fight to get his money.. it is a sum which is nothing.. luckily enough we rule the country.. so when law enforcement comes they arrest him, and I repeat my order 2 times.. 'now I take the train into Tokyo..' and the second time, so my father the emperor has instructed, the police has to do as I command.. it always shows up also a fraction from the military police, as to make sure those 'men on the street' does not do anything stupid.. you know.. we could get into a war if it would WOULD happen..'

'so my mother, despite being brainwashed totally, and goes up into a SCREAM of break down just I mention the word 'marijuana'.. and yesterday they gave me upon my order.. had a good sleep finally.. AND.. I could wake up and fuck the princess as was demanded from her sexual activity.. been worshipping my dick since she was 12, I love her young pussy.. and I slept all in all almost 20 hours.. fell asleep on a bench by the palace, and then from midnight to 4 PM next day.. that was a happy sight indeed..'

And Master M felt satisfied indeed..

'so my mother is like Sia Furler sings my lover in Australia: fame won't love you like a mother or father should..' and that is a sad thought.. fame is the cause of them loving me, not me myself.. like Föllinger007 always used to say:

'when I was young I was also persecuted.. you know I was very handsome and made myself Al Malamatiyya known as a rebel par exelance since I claimed myself to be homosexual.. (at that time very dangerous, like being P.S. today..), but, now I am alright.. they finally got used to me..' Master Föllinger007 said with that blinking of his eye to his pupil and that smile of love .. 'the smile of smiles' in which the two contraries meet..

And so, no matter how brainwashed my mother is, she is following, without knowing it of course, would she know it she would make horrible resistance.. 'no!! I don't wanna go to Paradise.. send me to hell.. I am used to it...!!' you know the usual cry of the cattle being

used in the slaughter farm, always resisting to ever get out of that fence.. 'IT IS DANGEROUS!!' well, yhea, truth is dangerous.. funny but true..

Anyway, 'wa mi ma razaqnahum yunfizun' so even if she send only small sums at time intervals, because of 'that horrible marijuana and drugs LSD .. ' and suddenly Sia comes with her band Lsd MAKING mother totally confused.. her eyes goes into crossing and she breaks down on the floor landing in advertisement news flashes which she rubs around on the floor in a heap, like trash crashing down together with her and she landing on it, .. it is her way of begging for mercy I guess..

So anyway, God thinks that this is the proof that you believe in the message of prophecy.. something unheard of by mother and which raises, again, absolute resistance in her cattle brainwashed brain.. 'I don't believe!'

But other people are such fools.. They can never give anything you see.. So no matter how beautiful personalities and bodies they might have, for Allah it does not really matter..

'Allah does not look at your bodies or forms.. but at your hearts and your intentions..'

So you see, Allah's promise for the followers of the way, those walking over Al Sirat over Hell fire each day, is that they shall never be sorrowful or feel fear..

It is best described again by Föllinger007: 'you shall be afraid, but not cowardly' same thing with the sorrow .. you feel sad, sorrow, but it will not become permanent, IF YOU TAKE THE RIGHT ACTION AND FOLLOW IT.. You see, that hair thin bridge al sirat, YOU HAVE TO WALK THE WAY, nobody else will do it for you..

'eternity is in love with the productions of time..' William Blake writes in Proverbs of Hell.. so you see, we are in love with the bodies, the forms.. and by the way 'man is to leave his mother and father and become one with his wives' God instrucs us in the beginning of the Bible.. But I guess we will die of starvation before that really happens.. since everybody is diseased zombies, not understanding they have to fight against the Qufrs, the idols and their worshippers, today represented by the inquisitions going under the false guise of 'psychiatry', and they scream 'I can never be sick' and try to get 'to the top' 'further and further up' the pyramid, until finally they are landed in hell, since everything in the satanical system is upside down.. and never give anything. Never never never ever.. just gather 'and go on'.. until finally that separating war head is headed towards Mars, a red planet never to return to 'that trash heap called earth once upon a time inhabited..'

And that is the sad but true story..

Bright jewelry shines, a crafted hymn of gold,
Its facets catch the light of fleeting days.
Each gem, a star, in mortal hands to hold,

Reflects the heart's unyielding, timeless craze.
From mines unseen, their brilliance springs to life,
Adorning souls with dreams of endless worth.
No tarnish dims their glow through joy or strife,
A testament to beauty's sacred birth.
Yet truer still, the mind's own gems endure,
Its thoughts, like jewels, sparkle through the years.
No thief can take what intellect makes pure,
A wealth beyond the weight of mortal fears.
O jewelry, of gold or mind's design,
Your radiance lives where love and truth align.

Yhea some preferred the worldly life.. 'and as for those whom have preferred.. '

'and thus we have made some of you in superior overclass riches of this world.. so those whom have preferred..'

You see the son of Adham was the son of Adham.. thus Buddha had said: 'I see all people on earth like my children..' being a prince, and getting down not preferring the worldly life, he had come to this level, to see the perverse order natural again.. and suddenly he found himself sitting on the top reaching nirvana.. he was not the hanged man any more, but like Adham, walking upon the ground and naming things, thus in control, proving that Allah had might and dominion as his unique patented qualities..

So it was similar, like the similarity between Eiwar and me.. both drank alcohol and took drugs.. like 'wordly' and 'worldly' only had 1 single letter in between them 'L' namely.. like 'love' 'laughing' 'living' .. and so I was among the living.. but since the natural order was perverted by the jewdevils, sitting on top of the pyramide with interest rates controlling everything.. 'and why did not we help Ghaddafi' I was the living, I was the laughing, I was the loving, but everybody wanted to kill the thing they loved.. only my mother was very sick but not such a fool to believe that I could sleep in the sun, only eat the air I breathed, and live on water solely, that I could get from the toilet at a public lavatory somewhere outside the gates of the Palace in Tokyo.. a strange story.. sad but true.. people had lost their minds and gone insane zombie.. they were sleep walking into hell.. straight into hell.. and I could do nothing about it.. but just lie down and die some day in the future.. and then they would perish into the fire.. I believed in Allah, and Allah promise was true.. Doomsday we believed in in Islam.. there was nothing else to do but just to see it happen, let it happen, as Gracie our sex slave sang so sweetly in her song.. and see you on the other side.. or not.. who knows knows. And nobody knew the plan of Allah.. and the believers did not know which happy surprises Allah

had in store for them around the next corner.. nobody knew.. they were clueless.. but the one who knows knows..

‘And no one can carry another’s sins.. ‘ Allah said in the Quran.. Though this the Qufers were possessed by the thought that they would make Master Christ carry all their sins.. crazy.. but they were insistent.. ‘even if that person tried, it would carry its own sins together with the sins of the others, without decreasing the least the burden of the sins of the others.’ a bad deal, total loser strategy.. but why the hell did they keep on doing it?? Since they could not confess themselves to be sick hearts hardening harder than stones and not falling down crashing down like my poor mother or my sex slave spreading coins all around her.. and then I told my sex slave ‘I don’t wanna bother about my mother any more.. she has been forgiven by Allah let it be like that and me staying in Japan even if I die because people are such fools..

And I saw she was in pain really screaming but not wanting to admit it really but I heard it anyway.. and I told her ‘honey we practice.. falling.. in love..’ and she suddenly looked up at me, and we was loving, making love again..

PROMTEHIUS EMERGED A STRANGER

And the cow was scared something ‘would happen to Abdulhaqq’.. It was a malaise.. It was a disease.. Zen master Blyth had said so rightly: ‘one egoistic act, and everything is destroyed..’ But that sly and slow ss idiot projection of stupid cattle hate, which was just another way of saying that it wanted the whole thing spoiled, ‘money.. it spoiles everything’ and it was not the money itself, Allah had blessed commerce and cursed interest rate, and it was the later that made everything cursed through the cursed people of the uususseee.. Allah cursed interest rate, and thus the uususseee had wilfully wanted to spread curse of God over the whole earth, by destroying Ghaddafi for wanting to spread a political economy over the world that was more or less free from usury.. There were three things that destroyed the world, it was that simple;

Usury, idolworship, and the worship of stone structures..

The very later was the very reason people became lethargic.. ‘coagula solve’ and why they could easily be manipulated to be thrown themselves into different made up wars just to clash in splashes of blood against each other and die in masses.. ‘how does it feel.. to be without a home.. no direction home.. like a complete unknown.. like a rolling stone..’ it did

not feel good to feel homeless inside, so therefore many began secretly wishing at the battlefield that they would actually die, and also for nothing they cared about, just pure hidden pride of not knowing why..

But for real men, whom feared death, and that was a sign of belief, you had to put your life upon the line constantly, each day was a hair thin bridge to walk across over the hell fire.. Walking the Way, Al Sirat..

And the Bodhisattva full of compassion created a way for everybody to reach enlightenment not in an evil fashion.. But 'everybody' as a thanks, wanted to kill him and bury the way, and somewhere in the future wanting instead be able to say 'that Fan Gog like Gog and Magog was once upon a time in a galaxy far far away a great Saifi master..' yhea, they rather saw their country destroyed than fulfilling their promises to such a master, 'and then hopefully the Saifi will also die..' they thought, since they were so envious..

'it is obvious that all liquifactionists are dupes except for One Man'

'when the man comes around'

And so this line had been proven through me, We having 1,6, billion sexbomb sexslaves and now another 500 million joining..

So instead of cherishing The Way of enlightenment in a good fashion, the general public instead wanted to kill the Messenger from God, rather wanting to kill God Himself, but not knowing where to find him, so they when it became obvious God gave the Messenger an advantage because of unfulfilled promises in Love's Name, to the Messenger of Love, God is Love, then rather than listening up and working towards that goal to fulfil what had been said from the side of the people receiving the Bushra, The Good News, then they became 'sorely disappointed' at the Messenger, not being 'as happy and making them happy in the same style and manner' as before, and so, this was also blamed upon him, like it was natural to them to not defend their property and children with wives in the near future and not being murdered since having to sleep outside in the night and dying of starvation.. 'you don't play violin concert to a man about to die out of starvation' as Zen Master Blyth so rightly said..

So instead of doing the sensible thing and helping the Mawlana, whom because of extreme fame, even if he had a work, could not get there, cherishing or no cherishing, even worse if people were sore, then it was like 'coagula' with no 'solve' in sight, and the constant rain falling hard ' a hard rain is gonna fall' in the satanical accusation , a projection of their own insecurity I'm sure that 'you've watched pornography, where are the marks!! I'm gonna just sit straight down and focus until I find them!!' the TIG fighter were singing in the empty spaces where no light could be seen.. And thus they wanted to make the messenger of light like themselves, swimming up in a monolithic stone structure towards 'the top' where the

uuusserrry were ruling just about everything, and getting into the company of evil evil evil vampires..

And thus, they instead praised the illuminati, evil masters of enlightenment, which had as a point to worship your lusts, drawn out in the end, it meant using your usury money to kidnap sexslaves, usually young children at the age of 10, and fuck them in the ass constantly 'so good' until the moment you found it fitting to sacrifice them to satan in different satanic rituals, and then drink their blood after getting scared and traumatised, and thus traumatise the whole world by later appearing on 'Tele Vision machine' 'and looking totally normal' 'the idol appears' 'you see'..

And master Föllinger007, did something good out of theatre, that was his mission, and also handing over the ball of true insight into the good aspect of theatre, theatre being forbidden in Islam, but 'every evil person has something good somewhere it says..'

And thus one could grasp this good aspect, like Föllinger007 did, developing a school of world stars where Sufistic good enlightenment were in rule, and then he handed that over to "The new religion" Naqshbandi School, where now Jack had ruled, that directed films were forbidden, and if you mentioned it in the wrong context 'sound wrong' so to speak, not being God's will, Maqtoob, you were to receive 40 or 80 whiplashes.. It was now in the Fitra written in, a total prohibition to look at ANY directed movies.. Except Maqtoob exceptions, like Jinn Juri's films, and similar, but they had to be documentary AND THAT GOOD..

Also it was forbidden to look at ANY directed pornographic film.. If it was a real scene, Jack's Naqshbandi school recommended NOT TO LOOK AT IT, but it was your own choice.. For example the girls were looking at Jack, and before that Nils K. through The Program surveillance and having orgasmes constantly.. this was permitted, . and in the case of the program it even produced children.. It was thus a PORNOGRAPHIC miracle.. That thing actually, as you see, reached to the state of Maqtoob.. It meant, "The new religion" Naqshbandi school, had found a way of pornography, the lowest class business, that was God's Will, that was Love, .. And thus the Bodhisattva had also here proven his point, he had made a Way of enlightenment not evil, THAT EVERYBODY COULD REACH.. and this was his proof of the success of his Messengership from God, Prophet Muhammad being the last prophet before Doomsday, nowadays Geniuses were the equivalent..

'and why did you then persecute my Messengers and some you killed?' Allah says to the cursed race, the uuusssee in The Quran.. The whole gimmic was very simple; when people noticed that them listening to the usury in the end led to the Messenger having advantage over them despite not being 'that shiny stary lamp put on a stand so everybody could see' any more, they began getting frustrated.. They had followed the uuusssee complaint, and 'it has to be harder hard hard to ever get money', and thus, promises were not meant to be fulfilled in the end, but just 'spur' the Messenger to go even deeper in his giving to the

general public 'but in the end it has to serve the pluto crazy' that small little click, ruled by the master of evil enlightenment; the illuminati..

Then the shithouse began throwing shit in the face of the messenger, he was 'never allowed to succeed' he was called 'crazy', and the persecution began slowly but surely taking pace.. And the secret envious thought of everybody began to be 'when the fuck is this bastard going to lay down and die.. we long for that moment so after he is gone we can cherish him as a Fan Gog of course from Gog and Magog, instead from God' and hell broke lose all over the country or in this case the world, and things began becoming 'harder hard hard hard' until this finally also too was blamed upon the Messenger of God, and when that spider came down from the sky in the form of a helicopter, aimed with a sniper's precision at the Messenger and shot him to death in 'his stupid little head' then everybody would first pretend to care, but, seeing the same reaction in the others, would go up in a cheer instead, a howling roar of satisfaction that could finally be expressed; 'now we have the girls to ourselves.. what a party it will be without the party so to speak..'

'Yhea.. for other parties we pay, lots of money.. but for hiiiiss!!' the guy went up in a cheer with the others, so rushed in upon the sacrifice that had released that adrenaline in their brains that they did not know what they were saying 'we did not PAY ANYTHING.. it was worth NOTHING!! Hei iii he ii heii iii' sounding like a donkey in the end..

And you riding the donkey not being the biggest Zen disease, but the big Zen disease being not getting off the donkey once you realised you were riding it, and not realising the whole world was the donkey, as Zen master Butsugen said in a sermon..

'I asked him to make it a little thicker.. it wasn't my lucky day exactly – even though the Qufrs stood like pigs, smiling their obnoxious shit about 'doing me favour'.. ' the words of how they distorted the face of the Messenger forcing him to lie in plastic surgery 'making him more like the average' , was a trauma of the world.. he was satisfied with the tooth as it really was; half, just it did not hurt.. 'otherwise we will NEVER ever never let you out..'

'mother is a stone and do not now come with any emotional arguments!, pathos is pathological!' 'and the philosoph just became more angry'.. this was the most important part actually of that Meteor by the D'evil, Odd Wingdahl, in his Meteors published 1999. It was Promothius bound to the rock and eaten by the birds slowly..

'den ordakonst är föga hugnesam, som stiger i granna klutar fram.. det krusande i ord och art är onjutbart och ökentorr.'

And that d'evil smile behind the face that wanted to force itself in, like a worm inside

'O rose though art sick

The invisible smile worm that flies in the night in the howling storm

Hath found out thy bed of crimson joy

And his DARK SECRET JOY dost thy life destroy'

And that d'evil 'smile' was so hard to get rid of, it was the ridicule of your whole character and life, just because you 'did not have money' 'money is the only proof of success and happiness' 'then you can do anything'.. it was the doctrine of the illuminati.. and it was so horrific.. 'the world is just a figment of the fools' yhea definitely..

And fools were everywhere trying to play YOU for a fool contantly, not wanting to realise their incurable disease that only got worse by time, until finally the whole thing exploded.

And Maqtoob porn began again, to recompense the Messenger of his horrible unjust sufferings at the hands of people whom screamed he was a creepy scamming stalking sucker, while in fact they themselves and the whole world were the donkey..

'ooohh beby you are soo good' I could hear through her and her sister's 'mmm' the black arrackball Zen ball coming down from space (you know, negro in latin only simply means the color black), their mouths of absolute saliva cocksucking pleasure for me – I was fucking her sisters ass alternatively vaginal porn, while she made it vaginally in front of me – I was immensely pleased, 'beby you sooo ooohhhh good... you neither geek-weak, nor hard hearted pimp – just using the women! .. You are a Sufi! You give for Allaah's sake everything – but – if we are going to make it physically for real – with the scars of your body and everything – you demand we hand it over to you.. everything we have – ooohhh beby – that's a good prize indeed.. ' she sucked my dick making it clean to have the vaginal pleasure of her sister – and I felt immaculately pleased.. and very happy ending – total ecstasy of bodies..

As regarding the set-up of Föllinger007 6 March 2010, and the black guards beginning to bark immediately – that 'the last person' seeing the master Föllinger007 had killed him..

AJ: 'And I don't either buy in with that 2 plus 2 equals 7..'

"by mere playing we go to heaven" mawlana's line, expressed in Shakespeare play.

'mor är en sten – och kom nu inte med några känslomässiga argument' och Wingdahl Odd.. Wingdahl, blev bara argare och argare! – vad var det som gjorde Ordds ilska så skrämmande och på samma gång så mal – placerad.. jo – det var att den vittnade om en avsöndring som bara det förlegade etablissementet märkte av.. försiktiga frågor omkring ilskans orsak fick den bara att växa ännu mer! – som om vi icke förstod! Men det var inte på förståelsen det kom an – utan på allvaret.. vad ilskna personer ville var ett och det samma: att tvinga oss till ett allvar vi inte kände..

Boooorrrmmm..

Qufur Basja utan like – first they do everything in their power for you to fail – if it fails – they blame the stone they threw at you ‘stone Stephen to death for me dear parents.. when there are no ties of relationship left any more then !, I can work more freely in my evil power grab!!, me Satan!!??, I am forgiven until Doomsday to deceive you all, for me that is simple logic and mathematics.. if I can do any evil act without any punishment until it all perishes, then I will be in power!, and THAT is what I want you see, and the two secrets, so called; human sacrifice for me, and sex with women whom we want to deceive so effectively, they even do it for free!!, ..’ constant deception and paranoid projection – then IF it happens!, and satan succeeds, the satanists comes out of that green door they made attempts to flung open all this time, and the devil face of Qufur peeks out – little green men – like EA Teens – and they will tell you secretly not saying:, ‘all this was done for you but look now what WE succeeded with! Ain’t it smartly slapped as usual?? THE FILE.. (of pornographic possession) / miss possessiveness – which we – with out silly ‘dualling challenge’ as usual made concentrate on only FORM – and when you looked like me we Burken they saw you on it was all lost – ‘everything lost’ we repeat , those words by your friend Willy.. eehhhyyy now doesn’t feel soo good as usual haw??, white as the grey faces of the onanists – and then we claimed to you (openly – adawun mubin – is me, Satan), ‘you see – it was just your delusion ‘hoo nnn e yyy ‘ they scream splitting the word apart (an affective diminutive), delusions of grandeur!, they were just going to MEND THE ROAD – ööhhöhöhöhö ööö – so now you know!, (you yourself is THE ONLY reason for your stupid hollow sorrow, you n ow know..) (handing out.. but we will not give up without a fight..)

And ‘stupid stone I melt you down in hell!’ satan screams when it turns out the mission failed of the zombie concensus trance spellbound ‘parents’.. and thus the stone can be turned this or that way, but it is the controllers of human sacrifice we have to get at.. if the good forces succeed in their mission, and only God is good, then God’s forgiveness is awaiting even for the zombies, most surely possible at least.. ‘Forgive them God, for they know not what they are doing’, so the difference is same and same is difference; if satan succeeds, he goes on with accusing.. if though the forces of good power succeed, then God’s forgiveness is what they seek, both for themselves, and for their so called ‘parents’..

Zombie psychosis hunting after me..

They want me to be them...

If I don’t agree they wanna force the issue

‘only cure for Qufur is death’

‘then strike at the necks of the Qufur’

Idolworship ‘thin film but rotten inside’, statuworship, ‘rotten on the surface – uncontactable, but preserving inside surely , the thin membrane makes them disguised as

idolworshippers, but the uncontactability tells a wise man that 'it is something wrong' an even wiser man will see, that these 'uncontactable' are preserved in junk , they are preserved inside their pornographic habits, so the thin membrane, is just for show, to 'fit into' a sick evil society, 'and then I can work and earn my livelihood.' Such a male or female can actually turn out good, rebelness is a possibility to develop, that can turn out somewhat 'good' or at least alright or 'okej..' .. so the thin memrance the thin film might seen fishy, and 'the grey faces of the onanists' but inside it can be a living soul still that is not rotten to the core..

'if you break open the cherry tree.. where are the flowers??, but in spring time, !; see how they burst into bloom' – Ikkyu..

Absurdistan had been a big mental prison 'where you don't see the bars – you think you are free – but you are ACTUALLY in prison.'

'the greatest form of control, is where you think you are free, when you are being fundamentally manipulated.. one form of detention is being in a prison cell where you can see the bars and touch it.. the other one is sitting in a prison cell but you can't see the bars and think you are free..

What the human race is suffering from, is mass hypnosis.. we are being hypnotises by people like this; newsreaders, politicians, teachers, lecturers, ..

We are in a country, and in a world, that is run by UNBELIVEBLY sick people, .. the chasm between what we is told is going on and what is really going on is ABSOLUTELY enormous..

The greatest hypnotist on planet earth is an oblong box at the corner of the room that is constantly telling us what to believe is real.. that what they see with THEIR EYES is what THERE IS to SEE.. because, they will laugh in the face of any explanation that betrays the bigger picture.. and they have' BOOM BOOM TELL A VIV..

I had not been free in Absurdistan for even a single moment.. if it had been – then it was on the run from the pouléice and torture and loneliness – or – hunted retroactively – that is – in preparations for putting me into torture and loneliness.. which was so much more easy if you gave of the impression that you 'were free'..

'En kritikers mardröm' istället för "skådespelar trälar" så har Odd Wingdahl "anfrätta lik", Satan pratar om sig själv som vanligt, "anfrätta lik" använder satan som avskräcknings

moment – att lyda dennes sjuka 'smakdomar' 'Noble Creep Prize' krälar fram som en boorrör över hav och land – smickrar för att fånga allt i gapet på Anacondan....

"Aj! You are street investigative journalist – the man on the street, - I am the President, different but same.. what President say has big bearing (bb), - better not upset anyone if unnecessary and everything more or less are going fine.."

Reptiliderna , a circle split horizontally in two, they take victim and drag it down by claiming 'you am I!' , upon that Mawlana Rumi writes: 'there's only place for 1 me in here!' 'who are you?' "it is me!" "there is only place for 1 me in here.. get go away away (or as you say in modern slang with Izzy , "go fuck yourself! I don't care!" ' "you see these days everybody for themselves.."

"if everybody is for themselves, there can be never be any team right?? – only like EA Teen??"

"yhea right.. Satan wanting to pervert the natural order.."

The circle split horizontally in two, lower part named 'reptile (rep ut ta tion)

The circle split horizontally in two , the lower part

Rep ut ta tion, trying to get by suastica 'up there'

Circle split in two horizontally the upper part now named 'up here reptile "kinddom" '

Circle split in two horizontally , the lower part now named "victims down here, stuck in their subconsciousness"

"subconsciousness getting sicker and sicker by the minute..

"psykos är då det undermedvetna blir medvetet"

Ergo: "psykos i ett reptil rike är enda vägen till att bli normal.. ty helt enkelt DÄR HAR DU BLIVIT NEDPUTTAD! , ifall du inte vill bli 'här är jag' 'det är jag', så blir du en zombie drillad idiot resten av livet, måste det ske! Ett Tu Tre!

Arbanadollani my sexslaves call their owner, that is me; the earnest doll possessor..rr..

Så dom inbillar sig det,

Sin egen förträfflighet,

För att slippa, känna den ondska som dom egentligen är

Av att ha offrat, så djävla många

Under bilan av Big PHarma

Dom kn arkar den bilden av sin egen "förträfflighet"

Och mass psykosen "bilden av Landet som inte finns"

"den moraliska stormakten" s.k.

'How you not know – that every bird that cuts the milky airway,

Is an own world of joy

Closed by your senses 5??

(five point program in brainwash par example..)

Magnus min Iphone vill mig väl..

Slår på tyst läge när jag ska sova

Ja den fysiska knappen rör sig

Same but different from din A noid telefon , tvärtom så att säga, men likväl likadant faktiskt,

Slår på högt läge när du spelar in dina program..

Det är skillnaden mellan att ha en A noid och en blue..

Snart Elon Musk EM gör en telefon totally blue –

Som ersätter A noid, ingen står ut med att vara A noid längre så att säga..

DIE CRY

The house of Usher fall like cards in front of Döo Lipa, - the horse Baso this very time sends forth to trample to death the people of the world..

Bird on a wire, sitting there like Saul, 'when is the oath in Allah's name to be fulfilled'.. Fire all around, but no body notices.. Just him, sitting there, and every every every single little movement..

You see.. Riba is equivalent to killing what you love.. in the same manner as you think it is a miracle you have 100 bucks in your hand, and suddenly it turns into 140..

Izzy put it very abruptly, being born into the cursed race; 'us legends.. they just waiting for us to die.. as soon as I die people will begin ; 'He was such a good guy Izzy..' but me now alive, no one comes any longer.. a few creates (without sound equipment though does not pay my rent..)

You see, the cursed race, the fall of the house of Usher, cursed the whole world through forcing interest rate upon everything and everybody if they could.. thus 'there will be food everywhere but nothing to eat' as Prophet Muhammad said about the end of times..

Yes.. that's there then where Dead roads meet.. as Wiliam S.. Burroughs has his title.. You do not get what you pray for.. but what you need.. And for the other version of Basho's genius famous poem ; Along the distant mountain path.. the scent of plum flowers.. and on a sudden, suddenly someone hit me in the face.. we do not get what we want (no! demand!) but what we need.. And Taylor needed the doctor.. she was in love with him.. At 12 she decided she does everything for his sake without telling him, then when the time comes she confesses.. Now she lay on his chest in his hotel room bed and purple rain just spurted out of her eyes like crazy, and also on her pupils which she had taught the same worshipping act of Master M of Japan her master that is.. she personally thought very fond of his new title; Prince of Japan, but thought to herself that she knew the Mawlana was even bigger than that.. But the title was so fitting for all women, and foremost he loved Aiko Princess, she was healthy her father was healthy and her mother was healthy.. that Master M of Japan the true psychiatrist had detected.. it was not a disfunctioning of the hypothalamus, that in the underclass, was having as symptom, that the whole thing stalled; just at time of orgasm, 'in 1 minute I come!! In 2 minutes I come' and then I stalled, that was stupid.. but one could forgive someone being sick but not such a fool.. The severer disease, that was Zen disease number 2 that Yaddi Master Butsugen spoke about, that was the severer; 'to recognize you a riding the donkey is not taking such a clever mind.. the severer disease is not getting off the donkey once you realize that you a riding it..' Yaddi Master Butsugen said.. 'when the rain falls the hardest hard hard hard.. that is the best time to hear.. why?? Because you do not need to strain yourself to hear anything..'

So the idols and their worshippers rather imagined themselves to be tuff, didn't have any rain.. and why? Because they disregarded the sunlight coming down.. they became like dark clouds in the sky instead.. they just shot themselves straight up like a stupid rocket, and then had to come down.. that was the whole thing.. it was like a drug experience.. and yes, the

inspector suspected that Mammon and drugs were squaring each other, somehow the same, somehow, equivalent..

No, a healthy mind could snap back.. like our Virus B-23 hurt, Allah the creator, the greater, the creator the greater.. As we repeated these words to ourselves having come out to the beach once again, to take a snuff film of our buttocks, where the beautiful tiger scars of martyrdom could be clearly seen.. We being the victim of snuff-hood, came out there to show it to there world.. We suddenly knew, that the Zen disease of Japan and why they had stopped producing children were the two Zen diseases described by Dr. Suzuki quoting Yaddi Master Butsugen.. If you did not snap back hypothalamus gland into the pituitary gland, the red into the blue, never the purple rain was produced.. And Taylor was laying on my chest, and purple rain filled the room. It was a healing heeling moment.. we called it 'Die Cry' and our face now looked so good in every 50 shades of grey, since we had been recreated in our mothers' wombs, last night in Döö Lipa's and we were sooo happy.. now we had self confidence again!!

And then, when it was snapped back, like our B-23 Hurt, which Allah the creator the greater had made into something good.. namely, in the swastika wheel of happiness everybody loving us, we had lost some of the tiger's fastness quickness and smoothness, but!, there was a caviat to it!!; the miracle could be produced again and again, Allah, the creator, then had made the teeth get stuck in suastica position, so there was a reflection of the moon, which moved the water of the earth, and realized things that otherwise yet could have been just a happy laugh, and then the stupid earthly people would themselves, stupid riba cursed as they were, try to make their own suastica realizing our work, into some money and fame, for themselves.. and then we would probably die, as we were used to, like Mozart and Jack Kerouac.. But, with the miracle produced, instead, the realization came to us, and rained down like manna of beautiful things, sexslaves, and authority.. so the whole thing became happy, instead of a tragedy.. therefore William blake had written in proverbs of hell; excess of joy laughs.. and that was a happy laugh.. for all parties so to speak.. the women worshipped our dick.. when the purple rain healing for the day was finished, and maddison beer was laying there upon our bed with her legs open, we had made our sexslaves sign a rape contract, including that whatever happened they raped us, and we agreed to it, they signed with a kiss of red lipstick and a contract for us to take any pics we liked of the orgie scenes and doing what we liked with them (actually we never looked at such pics but it was a psychological healthy mechanism..)

And, the male had to take the lead always, so when they had signed the rape contract of them raping me, I of course took the lead, ordered them into position for satisfying my dick with pleasure, pulled down their trosor slowly, and made it with all of them, making several pregnant all at once.. I was my beby for them, and Sabrina Carpenter, was also happy, with Döö Lipa whom was such in love, she fell on me on the bed and kissed my mouth, forgetting about her career.. they all now made small concerts in Tokyo instead, the jewdevil handlers

whom held their contract they had asked to go fuck themselves, this is what they wanted in life, and Taylor Swift had introduced them to 'the source' as she called it.. that was to worship me in secret, with the agreement they made with themselves, 'when the time comes I will help the messenger.. and fuck him soo good..' well, now they had realized the whole deal and it was a fantastic scene on the program.. the whole world was watching' I am watching you watching you my anticipation.. I can't take it..' maddison beer was confessing 'I confess' in her 'My Baby All at Once' on Brrrooom Brrrooom 'Formula One' tracklist..

'we do not get what we want.. we get what we need.. that's where Dead roads meet..' I said.

'We do not get what we want, we get what we need.. that is where Dead roads meet..' I said, and the whole thing suddenly went dead.. But in a good manner.. 'Dying.. Crying..' was there again.. 'welcome to reality honeys..' I said.. they suddenly woke up.. 'yes..' I was speaking to them, 'you see my face, it is the face of the great Yaddi Master.. the master of the masters.. the master of Yoda is like me.. and the master Obi Wan Kenobi 'is like me' type of style you get it honeys.. I have come and called you here to announce that I am giving you light sables.. Me and William S. Burroughs wrote Star Wars, and I realized it on my trips on cattle wagons for free all around the country, those dark nights walking out in the desert and sleeping there with snakes, and writing the text telephatically.. we found a received, George Lucas, whom made fantastic first 3 filmsMaqtoob about it.. but don't mention those except if it is Allah's will.. the other more commercial after that you totally forget.. Now we shall make reality of these scenes.. and we shall be a council led by me, but secretly, since I can not really have official titles, except the Prince of Japan.. that is exclusive, and when you see the master you don't recognize him, and when you recognize the master you don't see him..'

So, this is not a silly film like Matrix.. this IS MATRIX.. you get it honeys.. this is the fulfilment of your dreams.. like a good BM.. this is Men in Black flashlighting people in a good BM and the sun is rising like a wave of great expectations.. this is making all of those favourite things real, like all songs since 1960 that you love somehow rings of me, or directly seems to prophetically speak about me arriving from the heavens like a star coming down from the sun at midsummer 2007.. and suddenly spaceboy was there and soon everybody will be in space.. but the healthy royal family of Japan saved the world by saving me.. so now things will be okej.. in shaa Allah om Alaah Vill, Allahumma Amiiiiinnn..

So now you know the whole story.. and why you can't forget me, and you see me 'in my dreams I see your face, it hits me like a thousand trains.. I don't wanna wake up if you're gone.. do you still love me.. I gotta know.. If you want me honey then let it show.. do you still love me.. I GOTTA KNOW::: I GOTTA KNOW..' and the writer of the song Miley Cyrus was there, she had cooperated with the Master M's band Metallica, and she was his and was crying purple rain.. It came down from heaven.. The healing was beginning and Princess Aiko was in the room with the world stars loving her husband saving the world and humanity and being healthy as fuck.. 'where is my fuck Aiko' Master M said at the gate of the Imperial Palace of Tokyo 'I wanna fuck my fuck' and she was totally happy..

When the little man (Arabic connotation; man; in arabic this is including the women under the umbrella), gets a little power – no matter how small, its small shrinking nervous system – scanty schwarte sonne – it will try to impose on ANYBODY no matter how small trampling over this person might do upon the area where the small man fancies it can impose power over anybody.. over anybody IT CAN GET ITS HANDS ON, that is..

Therefore the most important for the Mawlana is a good ruler, sunnah states; ‘I, they, left the land of Qufr heading for the land they had heard about where in it was a good ruler’ – so – the answer to Zen Master Blyth’s question about – ‘how can we expect to sing hallelujas in front of God – when we don’t even know how to deal with impudent busdrivers – nagging officers – and snoopy cops on the street (very rare in Japan, at least I have never seen it, almost, here I see the whole military and police (military police) as my servants and friends – (though we never speak about it..), : the answer thus is very tricky – very hard to achieve, like the end of the world. As Donald Trump a great leader says; ‘the end of the world is going to be brought about by the little man – ..

‘listen little man’ – Wilhelm Reich.

The answer is an intact shield – neither the ruler nor the Mawlana – but the intact shield held by the Yadd: (hand in Arabic), of one that can’t be seen.. ‘El hombre invisible’..

‘And they make no distinction between any of his Messengers..’

Brev till Svenska Bostäder 23 Juli 2025

Marcus Beijar Mellin Nybohovsgränd 19, 117 63 Stockholm.

Mina föräldrar är gamla och har blivit dementa eller nåt liknande, vi jobbar på att försöka avknoppa dom från min ekonomi helt och hållet, med min vän Dr. Tadeo (efternamn av sekretess-skäl gömt). Ifall någon skulle kontakta er, (min pappa är för tillfället fortfarande god man), så vet ni det enkla svaret, att jag behåller min lägenhet, så länge jag själv är i livet. Tack på förhand och ha en bra dag.

/ Marcus Beijar Mellin

And Kornal Kowics father had been wrong, ‘Kornal.. do not be afraid of life..’ he had told his son young, but God had created life, and the goal of life was to only fear Allah, if you so had to Doom the whole world, or jump in an Ahhfucka river where crocodiles swim, or anything,

the point was not to look for the crocodile IF he might bite you.. That 'if' opened the satanical door, and even if you got out of the river alive, you would still feel like a coward.. 'Was it love?, was it God whom saved me..' and you will never know..

'A man has to be prepared to do anything at any time..' the great genius Stenvenson said, and that was the point, to be consistent in you only fearing Allah and no one by his side..

Thus 'do not be afraid of death' is a truth with some modification.. A true believer fears death, but fears only Allah, that is, he fears Allah more, and is prepared to die for love; to suspent yihadd is a sign of disbelief..

'they invented the atombomb.. they invented what she sings in her song.. "won't you buy me a .. mb".. well that was the Germans.. best engineers on the planet, as proven.. But now they were fallen to the jew devilry, because of the treason of the silver wolf..

And I agreed with Satan in one aspect, and one aspect only; that is that he should pull out the hairs of his ass.. so: 'we have this and this and something.. but we don't agree with you in everything else.. that does not make us like you, just as little as it makes Jack to be black and then dressed in black YOU ARE THINKING WRONG HERE.. I hope you get to some sense and logic..'

'FREE FREE FREE FREE FORGIVE FORGET..' The Yaddi mass, Butsugen says; 'the severe disease, that is to not jump of the donkey once you have recognized you are sitting on it.. does not take a man of big intelligence to see the donkey when he is sitting on it.. noo oww, ' the Yaddi mass Butsugen , he says; 'the severe disease is Zen disease number 2, not to let the hypothalamus snap back , sort of similar to Prophet Muhammad's advice 'don't be angry', 'vad ilskena personer vill är ett och det samma; att tvinga oss till ett alvar vi inte känner', cause then you will go straight you know.. 'improvement leads to straight roads, but the crooked roads, those without improvement, are the roads of genius..' So if you don't let the hypothalamus snap back you're proud you know.. you are afraid of your own shadow.. And Yaddi Mass Butsugen he says; 'that's the severer disease..' Jump off the donkey into the green door somewhere above Alaska and Greenland.. 'and realise you including the whole world is the donkey..'

The point with Salat Al Khawuf, is that, it is not the amount of verses you recite that matters.. just like I tell my pupils, just touch, and that is a simile that could be metaphorical, the Quran verses, it is enough, the point is that the Quran is Zikhr al Alamin you know.. even though it is short, if you have a situation where you are short of money and you are about to starve, these are short Chapters of the Quran at the end, five of them, beginning with Sura 110.. Just like the Yadd has five fingers.. You just use one hand when you are afraid, and sometimes you see Abdul Lahab peeking forth out of the dark alley to strike you with a bullet, then you hit him down and cut his throat, and keep on walking on tense, making the salat al Khauf, and hoping you get out of the dark lands into a land where a good ruler is..

and they only cared about money.. 'I have been defeated yes.. but it does not matter.. since I sit on the heap of shit and hold it.. I only care about money and popularity, and so called secret 'sex' (and that is upon my part and not yours.. now I want you to stop demanding I give up my fortune and instead think of me as a beautiful rosegarden..'

'lady you are just so full of shit.. thanks but no thanks..'

but what was really driving them was something else.. the so called 'secret', that is, power hunger.. and it stemmed from the sexual drive, that was loving, but wanted power over what it loved to enslave it with an evil fist straight down, if it so much dared to squeel 'and I loooovveee it' and then it was a square rat so to speak.. the rats in Japan were funny.. It was a reflection of the funny japanese mind.. I could even look at them as cute, just because japan had formed them such..

You shall not pass! – Gandalf Grey screamed, protecting his troupes, at the very thin bridge somehow look a like to 'al sirat' the bridge over hell fire that was in fact hair thin..

'you shall not pass!' Gandalf Grey namely was inspired. Love burned in his mawlana heart for his troupes that was standing behind him, terrified at the sight of that big black monster coming forth towards them swinging breathing fire..

As the crack was heard and that monster fell down into the abyss, a crack like chestnuts running over the veranda, everything went silent.

As that snake coiled its evil magical art like a snake around Gandalf Grey's right foot, there was panic. And as he lost his grip and fell into the abyss after the monster, everybody was flabberghasted at the sight, and obeyed the commanders last command; 'run!.. you fools.'

And that they did..

'I am a monster..' Gandalf stood there with his staff down in Moria mines, after having landed in the cold water of a stream together with the Balrog that was fighting him.. 'nice cold refreshing awakening!..' he said to himself, 'instead of rocks and stones and break my bones..'

The staff gave light and the balrog was confused .. 'I'm a monster!..' Gandalf kept on uttering , looking into the Balrogs eyes without stupid hate in his own, but almost like a smile somewhere between love and deception..

The balrog saw that white like being, white beautiful beard, slim but still fit body, beautiful white hair on the head, and a beautiful powerful igniting face behind those eyes, and was suddenly confused.. 'Is it NOT ME whom is a monster??!' it suddenly thought.. And bursting could not hold itself any longer, it roared, 'What the hell is this I scream with AJ..' then that crack was heard again like chestnuts running over the veranda driven by the wind, and Gandalf seized the opportunity to draw his sword he had hidden under his white cloak, and

with one swift stroke strike the balrog down.. 'Next time he wakes up he will not wake up..' Gandalf thought as he solemnly was standing there the balrog dying at his feet and feeling relieved and happy..

'ahhh.. I got away from Zen disease number 1 and 2..' Gandalf pondered to himself.. As that monster was lying there, dying.. He looked down and ascertained happy at the fact.. 'it was a miracle of Allah.. That cute lion with his idiot head does not know anything, but he is living living, he is among the living, and also he is the judge in the jungle.. as that wild dog barks around him like crazy the lion lying there 7 times bigger majestically, the lion is eschewing some very important business, like what he is going to judge to the benefit of the black mamba or the crocodile as they were having a fight over the black mamba trying to strike the crocodile with its poison as the crocodile had helped it over the river on its back.. you know snakes.. always the knife in the back, even on another reptile if it fits into its endless need of attention.. 'the crocodile I also hate when I swim across the river..' the lion think, 'but the black mamba I fear as I tread the ground.. well..' he looked down at the wild dog trying to stir up his attention by jumping with its jaws towards its throat.. 'just a passing observation..' the lion for a while held down the brown black dog on the ground with its paw, just for it not to get the idea that the lion was helpless..

'when he wakes up he will never wake up again..' Gandalf pondered beautiful he thought upon the question.. 'Al Hamdu Lillahi Rabba Al Ailamin.. Allah liked my absolute magic, so he put the power of His own might behind it, and together we are now to make it out of the mines of Moria I think..' Gandalf said to himself slightly quietly aloud, it was always good to hear ones own voice after such an encounter like this.. 'well well well.. Allah knows everything, and since the lion is put in charge of the jungle like a Khalifa , Khalifa being among humans, then I wonder.. if not Allah himself sometimes is surprised by things.. But I know that is a dangerous thought to stay at, but as a passing reflection very right.. sort of like the women coming to me, wanting to fuck, and the moon is split in two if I even think the thought that I do not like it, when in fact, I love them.. it is only that that I love to have it halal.. but if anyway happens Allah has promised forgiveness.. you see, they demand it from me, and if I refuse even the slightest, the moon splits apart in two.. but with the zikhr, if so an intercourse actually WOULD happen, Allah has promised to 'surely this is the word that separates and it is no joke' the profound thing is, that when Allah thus separated, you are happy, but when the women runs away after having been one with you, the moon splits.. AAHHH now I see it..' Gandalf was suddenly very happy he had fallen down with that balrog.. 'well, he dragged me down surely, so I shall not thank him' he looked over his shoulder upon the dead corpse of the monster, 'for it.. I shall rather praise Allah whom made me come down into these tunnels and having such profound thinking of reflection!..'

And that is how it went when Gandalf became white.. He was walking towards that light through the black tunnel, he was seeing the light up there, somewhere above him, almost supernaturally high.. And he did not think so much about the issue.. was just happy that

Allah's mercy and compassion was close since he was deep underground in a mountain, and thereby, and only thereby he was suddenly happy, since it brought about profound thoughts.. 'I love this crazy going ..' Gandalf thought.. And with a strike of enlightened intuition, Gandalf knew he would know where to go, and where his steps would turn him.. and that made him come back to the dangerous thought; before he kept on reflecting upon it , he repeated 'there is no God but Allah' three times.. then he could dare.. 'there is something in the universe,.. ' he began to himself, 'did they call it a 'force' ??, well.. Zen Master Blyth said that 'force' is not the right word.. did they call it 'power??' power of love maybe..' and satisfied at himself coming this far in thinking , .. he stopped a little.. the sound of running water he had not heard, thinking of reflection brought about like a love sphere in which you existed, and when you look up it is with a surprise to find yourself now wherever you are.. 'when a person loves, a protecting sphere is created around it..' Radagast once had told him.. 'ah yhea..' he remembered..

'well.. power is God's might.. sometimes he can LIKE your magic.. like in my case..' Gandalf thought, 'yes.. God Himself like my absolute magic.. making the angels shout out that they 'love this person Gandalf' in the heavens, and so He put His might behind it, making it dominion on earth.. that is a beautiful mountain.. and I am walking in a mountain..' the sound of the running water was approaching closer.. 'And sometimes God Himself can be surprised..' Gandalf reflected upon the fact that this was that dangerous thought again.. 'It is dangerous..' Gandalf stopped in the cave, 'since it leads to the LOGIC,, you see that is the danger of it.. The Qufri try to look behind phenomena, until they suddenly think everything is a bad prank and tries to look behind God, where of course they find nothing.. thinking 'surely God Himself was created out of nothing..' There is no God but Allah there is no God but Allah there is no God but Allah..' Gandalf repeated the phrase again, feeling more safe, leaning a little on the wall, and suddenly feeling that cold flash again, 'well that was pleasant after this fire with the balrog..' he thought.. 'let's drink a little..' and as he was filling his mouth with that fresh water bursting forth from the rock, clear it felt and cold, he also sensed that the rock was containing chalk, which was white like his robe and his beard and his hair, and he needed it he felt, so he licked a little on the rock too in a good fashion, but still challenging himself, 'nor look too good nor talk too wise' as he whom had written The Lion King, had written in his poem 'If'..

And that made him come back to the dangerous moment.. 'not the Moria mine of course' Gandalf said to himself, he only feared Allah, or at least that was his striving for to do and perform such a miracle, BUT THE DANGEROUS THOUGHT.. 'If this.. or IF that..' always opened the satanical door. 'And I want to that door at the end of the black tunnel!' Gandalf speared his teeth in withering thrill, like the shill of the water against his teeth as he licked on that chalk, white like his robe in the dark.. 'that is the balcony up there' he suddenly ascertained, with a strike of enlightenment he then saw himself reaching there through the dark, and that

the Lord of the Wings, his friend would get him there and carry him down to the world again.. 'fantastic!' Gandalf suddenly uttered, but not exclaimed, even though you only feared Allah that did not mean you becoming a fool and awakening possible enemies to your presence..

' "did God come out of nothing" is the dangerous conclusion these whom try to look behind phenomena is coming to by their stupid logic.. the stupid logic of course driven by the general subconscious mind, that want the flower to grow from the bottom, instead of like a lotus enveloping towards the sun..

'they say I am Satan himself.' Gandalf kept on reflecting, 'but that is just because I can beat them on their own turns.. them with their stupid black magic, and smartly slapped 'everybody shall be an idiot but me' a kind of boasting Föllinger007 was speaking about to me, 'Tant Agda.. det finns två sätt att skryta på.. det första är att tala om hur bra man själv är.. det andra är, är att tala om hur dåliga alla andra är.. ty då framstår man ju själv som mycket bättre i jämförelse' it was from this screeching unthankfulness that the Zen diseases arose, and qufrness was nothing else than to want to swallow enlightenment and becoming a Lucifer.. that is, a devil of deception.. might appear pleasant TO THE EYE.. but 'we are led to believe a lie when we look with the eye 'eye lie' as we called it in the trade.. and such it was with that little stupid business I guess.. ' Gandalf reflected as the stair began becoming a little steeper, and he could feel that mighty rock he was stepping on that the dwarfs had made, before the orchs invaded the caves..

RRR BM.. he said himself, shivering in compassion, suddenly feeling the presence of something.. some other, like ghostly chill running around his body, and as he was turning the thing was suddenly standing there, like a light of a motorcar hitting him straight in the eye, but this was light from a source much less mechanical, an angel was standing there..

'I am here to announce that from now on you are not Gandalf Grey.. '

'I know what you are going to say..' Gandalf spoke back to the angel, 'you want me from now on to be Gandalf White and I accept that..'

'exactly.. you have gotten the message..' the angel said, and disappeared, and again the cave became a dark room where only that spotlight was seen, 'the balcony I am going to reach..' Gandalf thought as he kept on stepping upwards..

'when you defeat or are about to defeat the qufr they always spit you in the face and aim for the eye, and then try to induce some psychotical thought in you, that you are actually them, and them actually you or vice versa mutatis mutandis however the case may be.. that is to confuse you.. and that is exactly what I did with that balrog, .. luckily enough the words 'master ' and 'monster' are very similar, so be the stress of the dark room and that light in my hand, the balrog must surely suddenly have thought that I am Lucifer.. 'how else can he

break that tilted bridge in two as I am about to step up to him over it??' and thus, I came victorious.. the snake always tries to hypnotise with its cobra eyes of spinning wheel around, that you are itself, 'and then soon to be in my stomach that will become a reality..' it says, and so, I made a successful negentropy also this time.. spinning the wheel of the law the right way, and not the wrong direction perverting the fitra of natural order into a reptile kingdom on earth hell..'

Gandalf knew that the sound of what the propelling said, was the key to reality.. it was like his absolute magic, and God's might upon it.. Allah had showed His might clearly, with Prophet Muhammad splitting the moon from top to bottom.. and then after people marvelling at the miracle, putting it together again, the two pieces..

'and that brings me back to all these hot women demanding sex from me.. you see the miracle is, that when Allah is splitting things apart, it is a relief, similar to the empty spaces where light traverses but can't be seen, between planets.. the light is travelling there, happy that the word of Allah was kept, even if one part became sore like a woman whore and wanting to get greedy on the deal.. so to the light those empty spaces might be such a relief, so that when it meets the friction finally, after 8 minutes to planet earth, and there suddenly is seen, that pain as it might be, is not felt as anything but a happy challenge after being so free in the space between.. 'in the space between' Gandalf said, and was suddenly feeling that pleasure of orgasmic potency in his balls.. He still had it..

And, the general public before Doomsday, will fall down on their knees, just you manage one thing publically, and privately.. TO ONLY FEAR ALLAH and no one by His side.. that is the Takbir.. That is the Allahhu Ak Bahr.. Yhea.. ' Gandalf ascertained to himself, again looking down a little distracted on a ground of stairs he could not see because of the darkness, feeling happy with all this profound thinking down in the mines of Moria.. deep deep down.. DDD.. where no light can be seen, except that Balcony of wind and snow and freeze where surely my friend the Lord of the winds will find me..

And so he stopped and pondered, and suddenly saw a propeller of gold crashing into the earth and with it melting and the earth dissolving in layers of layers of layers upon fire.. 'it is double for everyone but you know it not..' as Allah said in the Quran about the Qufr..

'The world perished because it destroyed the Mawlana..' Gandalf suddenly heard the words, and the angel with the light again appeared.. 'You are now going to tell me about the end of the world..' Gandalf ascertained and passed it on to the angel.. 'yes my friend.. 'what the propeller said' was following Prince to Japan.. moving his fan Daito the teacher of the nation said:

'I am enjoying long to bath in the imperial breeze..' exactly like that it will be, remember those words carefully..' and the angel again showed Gandalf that golden propeller spinning, crashing into the earth carefully, like Basho's poem; 'When I look CAREFULLY, I can see the

nazuna blooming by the hedge..' when and at that time when darkness had overtaken all around, just like you in this cave falling down from that hair thin bridge since you broke it into two, like RasulAllah showing Allah's might, but THIS, with your absolute white magic, it will be exactly like this dear friend you see..' the angel ascertain most beautifully and cheerfully.. their hearts beating together.. 'didn't our hearts beat when he spoke to us??'

So, when the propeller was fanning the world and they were enjoying the relief from hellfire, and the word of beautiful airy thought was NOT FOLLOWED, and they forced the propeller to stop, like some old rear heavy woman sort of..' the angel suddenly cleared its throat, like it was going to say something but abstained, since it might be perceived as unfitting.. then, the propeller to stop.. yhea..' and taking up the thread the angel said again, 'to stop its movement no more beauty and truth anyone gave anything to – and even tortured the Imam..' Gandalf was suddenly like in a white light, and with sudden insight not to be formulated, his brain was rewritten for this future mission. He knew it would be his, and that it contained painful ingredients.. 'Satan threatens you with poverty and persecution.. but Allah promises you forgiveness and a great reward..'

'worse than death..' the angel caught his breath as Gandalf too came back from the light , the vision light and suddenly saw the angel standing there, perfectly formed, and with a gaze of dominion and might Gandalf so well recognized in himself, but not yet that level.. but earthly level was always heavier, so he was recompensed.. 'you shall not look too closely at beauty.. just as you do not stare into the sun..' Imam al Ghazali had written.. and that was true.. the important thing with good things, was the togetherness of it, just as you desired a beautiful woman, and was prepared to perform any heroic act for you to feel whole again, like one, 'but I won't do that', and 'that' he could not tell his sexslaves anymore, which came and desired him in a stream of never before seen passion among women, up to his room constantly, and the moon was not to be split in two.. you see, when THE CREATOR parted, it was like a woman parting her legs for you, you felt that fresh cool air of relief, and the whole thing was a moment in time that was happy.. 'one is all' , where Allah into a span contracted everything to be felt as pleasure of love and culminating in orgasm, exactly at that moment.. and you wake up and look at the time, and it lacks 2 hours.. 'honey we kept on two hours, .. don't know what happened..' while the devil was parting things, splitting, like a xxx version, you come home and find your wife in bed with the postman, her legs by her head and his making an x.. that was the most horrible experience.. and there the golden rule was bringing clear insight 'do not do unto others what you do not want done to yourself'..

'anyway..' Gandalf turned to the angel which called him back from his deep profound thinking, 'so when those little men torture the Imam worse than death experience 'and it all stopped' – then no more everything would perish – and the whole thing then Agent X took over.. '

'like the postman or rather busdriver or subway guard right..' Gandalf was smiling a knowing smile and raising a knowing eyebrow at the angel, whom 'hhrrmmpphhht' himself, feeling revealed in something Gandalf divined that it could not say..

'yes.. Gandalf I agree with you..' the angel just said and nodded silently, taking an injection of apomorphine to keep the calm going.. 'and the whole world would perish that was the whole message..'

'I got it.. (!)' Gandalf said smiling, and so the angel disappeared in light contracting backwards into space, perishing into the stair Gandalf was to walk up 'towards that light up there.. the balcony! Ah! Now I KNOW IT!!..'

'And that was like the oppsite of Qufr.. "here we have a little child" they say, "that we are going to sacrifice to Satan.." "thus our solution , since those other things won't go away, is we have to obliterate the whole earth, and just have him in a monocle, clearly fixed and scrutinized constantly, a way of boasting since no one is perfect, and instead of concentrating upon our own faults, we just concentrate upon him, and as soon as he feels slightly uncomfortable (by the thought, which he should not know but know anyway; I am about to be sacrificed by the general public to satan again..), and also somehow creepy skin, like all over him just eyes, "there is only room for one I in here.. I mean meeee.." then we at once stamp with our black guard foot and exclaim "I am better than him!! And more mighty!! You see what a mistake THAT ONE DID.." and since everybody is focusing they all agree, and then come to the conclusion they are better than the mawlana, "AND THEREFORE HE SHALL DIE SACRIFICED TO SATAN SO WE CAN FEEL GOOD AGAIN!!" someone exclaimed, and applause arises like an atombomb blast, when Joseph Stalin is hanging peasant..

And that takes me back to the thing.. ' Gandalf pondered.. 'The Qufrs are going to try to make you ask 'Who created God' instead of just understanding the fact of the Quran and that God created Adham, the first human, from where they themselves came.. so instead of being thankful towards the creator, they will instigate all around to ask 'Who created God' and begin to fancy God came out of nothing.. 'and therefore there must be a force in the universe that makes even God surprised..' yes, I can agree with D'evil in one thing, like pulling out the hair between my buttocks, and flamethrowing envy flies to oblivion, sort of the same thing but on different levels, one vertical and the other horizontal.. but that does not make me have this thought as anything but a reflection.. I guess everybody is looking up towards the stars, and thinking about their beloved, her eyes like stars shining for you, and you say; 'I want the full moon to be full.. even when you can't see it honey..' and it will be a lucky very lucky time if she is agreeing..'

'And THEN we sacrifice it to satan..' the Qufrs will say.. 'it is OUR act..' the 'we' they speak about just a reflection, like the moon shines in the day and makes light, 'that is why that is a dangerous thought..' ' Gandalf was thinking, the reflection being a cold stone which is so

beautiful to look at Basho wandered whole night around the lake, looking at the reflection of the moon in the water from different perspectives..

'But somehow I am having me thinking that God Himself can be surprised sometimes.. It is just that, as a reflection it is Okay you know.. like Satan speaks facts, but if you listen to his honey combing voice in your ear you are misled to catastrophe, but then you say 'There is no God but Allah' three times, and the whole thing feels Okey.. and get rid of it.. so when that cold stone goes stone cold crazy on you, and refuses to give 'no I am rather a whore' then you have the security.. think if you would then think that God Himself was created out of nothing.. 'and now I have nothing to live for' you tell yourself, 'so I better slit my own throat like some reptile taking my soul to hell, and get rid of the whole problem.. I am now forced to think about it constantly, like a reptile that is going to make me slit my own throat that will drag me down into hell, was pulling me like with the force of a vagina constantly.. uuhuuu..' and that crying just brought about a lonely feeling.. 'satan is with the lonely' RasulAllah had said.. 'and why was I alone in a room with a woman not married to in the first place!! RasulAllah says that this brings about Satan being THE THIRDED party!! Uuuuuhhhhuhhu!! Now I feel lonely IN THIS VACUUM..

!! If I anyway could feel the presence of the Creator, Al Rafur, The one forgiving, and hear those words 'O my servant whom has perverted yourselves!! Do not lose hope of Allah's compassion!, since surely His compassion can wipe out all sins!'

' And the cold overtook him.. Gandalf thought.. 'His heart became hard like stone or even harder, since of stones, there are some from where springs bursts forth, and some which crash down in fear of Allah..' And that is what the earth will do one day, when it takes a mawlana for a rear-heavy woman having no class!!' he suddenly looked out into the dark upwards triumphantly.. 'now the angel has told me everything!!!'

'BECAUSE' and Gandalf made a slow paction of the words, 'Satan will tell you: WHO CREATED GOD.. and in the end people will get so deluded, that they will never pay for nothing, and give nothing away for free, and prefer a vacuum to be around the child they claim to love, rather than happiness and marrying a beautiful princess.. ' As Gandalf was walking those Moria mines, those black tunnels, walking steps, knowing he would find the way, cause he had now become entitled WHITE WHITE WHITE, and been heightened, 'just I don't die down here.. That would be a failure after having been elevated to the WHITE WHITE WHITE beautiful status..' 'there is something leading me.. I wonder if it is God Himself, or if it is something that EVEN God Himself would be surprised by..' that thought again, he always reflected and felt the power of the issue.. but without thinking further, like a force.. a force.. 'Zen master Blyth says 'force' is not the right thinking, well.. I said There is no God but Allah and Muhammad is His messenger' and kept on with the thinking.. thought.. ' Gandalf suddenly thought.. since if you hit the air it will make a sound, if you hit a log it will make no sound.. 'a force.. but what could it be .. like something in majesty.. but Might belongs to Allah

the AlMighty, qualitative, and dominion!!, but??, majesty..' as he suddenly saw it; IT WAS THE FULFILMENT..!

THE FULFILMENT WAS THE TEST ITSELF, since the most difficult thing to learn for most people was the most easy, like having pleasure to a degree of total union, or understanding why that idiot lion not knowing anything could know EVERYTHING.. since HE WAS THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD.. 'we will win by default.. there will be no one left to tell about it..' Gandalf suddenly saw the line of vision, and as he looked upon the staff in his hand, he saw that it had been transformed sort of, there was an otherness suddenly present in it.. 'this is cool..' Gandalf told himself, 'and I will not thank that Balrog to get me down here.. but Allah of course.. had I died there Gandalf White would not have been my title, and now I hope I will not die before I reach that light..' he again looked up the light of day was beautiful out there. And he had a sudden longing.. 'After reaching this rockbottom I have a reference point, and I prefer the light.. this reflection of thinking is great, but even greater pleasure will be, when I again see that sun of light in the day time, and my friend coming to get me I guess..'

'Like a magical castle.. mansion etc.. Majid, Nobleness.. hmmm.. ' Gandalf stopped and pondered.. he suddenly saw something.. 'I wonder about this.. and Imam Al Ghazali is right, if you are oppressed, you do not need to show your brevity, being brave, laconic, but you can be whinding down that road until you finally reach out of the borders of the Qufr country, and then you are suddenly transformed.. "I was only preparing for a love meeting" you say as you bring flowers to the Princess awaiting you, "and I was brave by hiding my anger.. I am still shaking with rage.. as you see.. " pointing to the right leg that was still post traumatically stress experiencing that subdued anger..

'Yhea.. God Himself liked my white magic.. and now He made an angel come down exclaiming me am nowadays 'Gandalf White' but I wonder, if there is something also God can be surprised by.. this is interesting.. or maybe it is just development.. like flowers development you know.. 'we are flowers, do not break us..' like that moon breaking in two proving Allah's might, or my white magic breaking that tilted bridge over the abyss as for the fire monster to fall down into it.. so maybe it is that you know.. God created something, and it shall not appear from the underworld growing looking beautiful like it came from upper air, the sunny weather.. no,.. then it shall simply be Les Fleurs de Mal.. ' and again looking at his staff , Gandalf suddenly experienced that heavy kind of insight amazement which the whole thing was about.. 'I seem to have been blessed with the benefit of the doubt.. that was great.. Allah knows everthing..' And reciting ayat al Qursi, he fell down on his knees praying and thanking Allah AlMighty for this gift, and also praying for Allah to make it permanent and no only a mirage in the desert or something similar..

As he rose up from that prayer, didn't know how much time had elapsed, 'so developing something out of His creation He created with His own hands which He does not know Himself, BUT WHICH IS IN His KNOWLEDGE!! Ah! There we had it' Gandalf had snapped back unto the thread as soon as he rise up.. 'Yhea.. as Gandalf was walking those black tunnels he was pondering upon the profundity of this experience..

The idolworshippers 'first we torture you and enslave you - then when you pretend statue worshipping, (that is to be such a low class person as we want you to be – we go for the 3pple binding) (your 3rd chance is such a HAZARD), (that is: you have 2 alternatives; (as they say when the torture begins), lay down wilfully on the bench (sidelines you know), for 'the injection' (of poisonous substances) OR – we carry you to the yelp-thesis-bed, and inject it anywat.. but in THIS case there will be an extra punishment (that is an additional 3 syringes injected into your buttocks) which does you choose??)

"so – 2 alternatives.." the zombie psychosis rambles on – "either you wilfully ly down and worship me – becoming a total geek for the women – OR – DOR – I will kill you slowly, in any way possible I can, like a snake squeezing to death – usually with persecution – IF that fails – then poverty (never receive any money..) and so finally (thank you satan) die out of starvation and lack of money.. so which one does you choose??.."

"I choose death death to the IDF.." (the whole thing went up in flames, and the hero was sucked out of the fire rain).. (he had found the root cause.. "the best yihadd is a true word in front of an oppressive ruler)

Agent X krälar fram

Wingdahl skriver också – 'tänkandet är som ett gift' – ja – som den orm satan är – så krälar denna fram ringlande 'och tänker' – det är det 'som är poängen' tror den – då märker denna ej hur rädda alla omkring blir då denne närmar sig..

Men om någon vågar på – att komma nära ändå – sker reaktionen – giften in i foten – som blir svart av giftig smärta..

'jag tänkte mig inte för..' säger denne då..

Agent X krälar fram

Odd Wingdahl är satan i paradiset..

”Så man kan bekräfta något genom att förneka det?? Intressant tanke.. litet som att fila av de två plupparna på samuraj svärdet va?? Och sen låtsas som att det aldrig fanns.. ”

”TVn bekräftade att det inte fanns genom att inte prata om det.. som auktoriteten förklarade för oss inte fanns trots att vi sett det själva med våra egna ögon.. i 1 helt år eller mer och alla bara pratade om det..” (är på väg att skära halsen av ormen.. kastar plötsligt iväg den..)

”äh! Mawlana sägs ha kommit ur ditt nu så förbannade sköte en gång i tiden.. sen när blev du förvandlad till ett huggormsyngel??, och började kräla för zombie apokalypsen now vet vi inte.. (kastar iväg ormen framåt höger..) djävla idiot försvinn med dig.. vandra som en Ormstunga med Saruman , orkar inte se dig, och du är aldrig mer välkommen i Japan..”

A secret..

”And that is exactly hy jack keracou preferred onani as coldfusion reaction – or cold fusion.. jack Kerouac that is.. preferred onani as cold fusion reaction – or cold fusion reaction at general.. Just as Allah loves speaking with His Habib Allah Rasul Allah Prophet Muhammad then Allah created the pencil as the 2nd.

So – the program is seen prevailing against the Phariseen – just Pharissee – just as Christ prevailed, they tried to sacrifice the Prophet – but did not know until the Quran came down – that Allah had saved Master Jesus Christ from the agonies of the cross – and Golgata – how?, no one knows except Allah – and the Angels – and Christ..

A secret..

The evil of cideo games focusing on the victim learning – like flying an UAV by remote control – to focus down – mission the victim explode..

”you do not pick on the doorman of a hotel but on someone your size, like a jew devil drinking 8 million innocent children’s blood per year in a ritual human sacrifice just to look good on the TV.. dummy..

So you do not pick on the doorman of a hotel, becoming like your enemy.. Best revenge against the enemy, says Marcus Aurelius, is not to become like him..

So you do not pick on the doorman of a hotel, if you are big.. Like BM..

”we know that Marlana’s plans is just working and working and working like million of times, it’s the great answer of life, my teacher Zen Master Blyth SAID: ‘the great answer to the riddle of life, is: it works..”

“

“Lagarna följs ganska strikt nu för tiden..” Gensha i konversation med Unmon. Ett förflutet framtid framtid i det förflutna..

”Hej Jinn Juri, jag ringer på din A noid telefon, hur ä det där borta i Helvete??”

”det är fullt av Tjejenier, som invaderar Landet som inte finns och skjuter hej vilt..”

”känn dig lugn.. det blir bättre.. jag bara testat litet.. sen kommer riktiga befrielsen.. var inte orolig.. röda armen kommer snart..”

(Jinn Juri ger upp ett tjut av rädsla)

”det införs in det kommunistiska paradiset.. var inte orolig Jinn Juri.. utan Dikta och Tur för ”Profeten” inom quotation marks..”

Jinn Juri: ”Det låter bättre..”

”So basically it is the cut up technique of William S. Burroughs you know.. when you make an anomaly suddenly, which the ppp paranoid projection is possessed by, only demanding you to sleep in the sun and never eat, getting these crazy ideas from satan.. since they are possessed by the trauma, they are controlled by satan through trauma experience control.. and an anomaly usually, if you are exposing it to the public, begins to make them vibrate in a mass psychotical trance, where the end game is to rid you of everything and steal your paradise.. the cut up technique is a cure for this kind of disease, or at least some part of a treatment of a large scale plan of bigger picture consequence thinking.. if you for example say: ‘in 50 seconds honey.. I will stop standing under the big bell of the temple on one foot.. ‘ and then at 30 seconds you suddenly say: ‘now is 50 seconds.’ her logical mind possessed by the wrong reason is broken off.. ‘like breaking glass’ cause she is counting time.. And God is the Time.. meaning; counting time is a kind of curse from the Riba possessing society, and the ppp of idolworship and worshipping of stones.. ‘you can throw the stone this way or that way.. that black stone is thrown back and forth.. it is not the stone in itself that will stone you, but the one controlling it.. therefore Agent K9 reconnected with his mission from January 2020, now it was coming to fruition.. It felt fantastic to see the enemy held down by God’s Might, while his Sufi brothers led by Khamran, just peppered them down with their Thommy Guns..

So who are you to cry for Stephen being stones to death.. in other words: who are you to Stephen or Stephen to you??, “Romeo” “If heaven won’t take you I won’t go go go no: Romeo!”

And that is the right attitude.. Just this; the terrorists claim that Prophet Muhammad in himself was nothing.. So an exaggeration of that attitude is the fault of Sunni; they steal the Paradise of RasulAllah, and that is why they had to kill Hasan and Huseyn and the whole family of Prophet Muhammad. It reminded them of the envy they had.. They just threw Prophet Muhammad away, and made a tradition they perverted out of Islamic teaching..

Like 'At every moment??' 'Cameron.. Are you serious?? Or are you just trying to find a pretext..'

,

So the girl is standing there: 'how many money is coming in?? how many followers??' honey this is not the way of Islam and RasulAllah.. And suddenly I said: 'now it is 50 seconds..' lying for my own pleasure, .. I was lying for my own pleasure and she knew it.. Then suddenly the colors come out.. She has been caught.. Flashlights and the Nova Police are taking mug shots again.. Another nova criminal under investigation..

So you suddenly breaks it off, then suddenly it becomes alive..

And so when I was peeing, the anger came out.. It was a pissing contest and I had held the forces of evil back just myself for 10 years in loneliness and torture.. the peeing released the ptsd, and the right leg began shaking heavily..

'hjärtat hart som sten, på himla valvet ren, dom har dödat det dom älskar, så porten till paradiset stängdes i deras hjärtan, så dom kom till helvetet med hjärtat hårt som sten, ty , dom hade en snål tanke och kunde aldrig ge sin älskade utan istället torterade dom honom och snodde paradiset, alltså blev det ett helvete .. ett veritabelt helvete.. bokstavligen.. speciellt när dom trodde att dom var bättre än andra, och dom knarkade det, för att känna sig så förträffliga.. dom var kapabla att göra vad som helst, eftersom existensen är en negation av självmedvetandet, som Schopenhauer säger..

..

Så kriget som bara fick finnas på Programmet omvände ordningen, nu säger vi, att 'det är ni som får lida, och aldrig prata om det officiellt.. precis som dom förut förbjöd oss.. så att nu måste ni följa: 'det där kriget ni är utsatta för får aldrig komma ut..' och DeeeeJeeee DeeeeViiiill spelade: 'Kriget med mig själv' av Imperiet..

Fria Tider och liknande tidningen fick aldrig ens skriva en artikel om det, utan det skulle pågå hela tiden, kriget dvs. men ingen fick nämna något om det.. officiellt.. dvs.. det fick bara existera på Programmet..

"So we see the line of the vagina which I discovered in Rose Hearted Zahra 2021, in three parts, so with Burroughs, Jack Kerouac and Burroughs has to be regarded as one and the same person.. When Jack Came Back happened, it was like RasulAllah made miracle with his

right index finger of splitting the moon, then the Angels, when people had seen the miracle with their own eyes, the moon being half, Jack Came Back, then the StarWars began.. The real StarWars.. Now those silly movies which were like Jack Kerouac and Burroughs, like Ninja And Samuraj.. No the movies were like them, they were not like in the movies.. And movies the Yaddi forbid, and only permitted from now on similar programs like his, himself, Allah's might behind had given his absolute magic the Might of God's love.. Loving love you see.. And that was the key book to the whole issue..

The lower part, the ninja, perineum, the preorgasm, the samuraj the hole is penetration.. 'I like the way you put it down slow.. ohho Romeo!' The Ninja and Samuraj becoming one: 'poesi är arslets konst..' Al Malamatiyya.. So for 'the father' that is Burroughs, to be forgiven, he has to throw down the emperor who is killing Luke with his bare hands emitting lightning and like a snake wheezing.. Then Burroughs becomes alive in Tokyo Sky Tree, and is there sitting with Obi Wan Kenobi and Master Yoda.. So the moon is mended, and Luke's face is becoming the best of companions like the full moon..

So it becomes a fact, when it has happened, that the restorer of Samuraj rein with Ninja under it, as Luke arrives in the most magical of all nations, Japan, becoming one with the Imperial family, whose teacher is Zen Master Blyth and Zen master Suzuki.. by marrying the Princess. Zen like a circle of light, only thing in Luke's mind at this time, so Allah rules the world through His Khalifa, Luke Skywalker.. The mind only a shining light of white circle with nothing in it.

The worldly authority coming again together with the spiritual 'being Daito by not being Daito and not getting indicted..' , same but different different but same..

And Allah, Al Rahman Al rahiim, loved to forgive.. Al Raughfour.. to the extent that He told His Habib, His messenger Rasul Allah Prophet Muhammad, the light of the world, salla allahu aleyhi wa sallam, to pronounce: 'If there arose upon the earth a people whom did not commit sins, Allah would take them away from earth, and put on earth a people whom would commit sins so that He could forgive them..

Just as there is a question if Mahdi or Satan is going to blow the whole planet up: Satan since he can't stand Mahdi being happy 'somewhere someplace', like Izzy said; revealingly about the so-called "dead" "holocaust" "victims" "they are alright somewhere someplace", then satan and his brainwashed zombies just couldn't stand Mahdi being happy and well – ANYWHERE ON THE PLANET – so he just had to time and time again try to deprive him of everything making him a victim of torture and loneliness.. through one of his big subclients – "Big Pharma" – if he didn't succeed – his envy would rise to the level of extreme degree – and he would blew up the whole planet – hiding in underground cities deep beneath the deep sea level – connected by

Deep

Underground

Military

Bases –

“and hope to survive “the holocaust” the extermination of earth’s population – that Satan had caused himself – thus the Imperial family of Japan had saved the whole world, from Doom – making Allah’s word in the Quran – the holy book Al Quran – come true : ‘and so Allah has made it thus – that the saving of a single innocent human soul I like unto Allah like he (that saves it) would have saved the whole of humanity.’

And it did come true –

The prophecies were becoming fulfilled and to fruition..

Al Hamdu lil Allahi...,

The sign from Allah that I am not Icarus – but “from the light of the world” seems to be – that I can look into the flames of the sun, without getting blinded – blindsighted, or going blind..

“light of the world, RasulAllah, Habib Allah”

Master Christ: “when someone asks you where you come from – answer: from the light of the world..”

“see absolute magic – Zen circle of light shining bright like at Tariq – the star of piercing brightness”

“to speak with Allah – being Allah’s friend – greatest blessing of the world.. “the program” so-called, defeating satan just as promised by Allah through His messenger – the light of the world – the thing Allah created first – Prophet Muhammad RasulAllah salla Allahu aleyhi wa salam.. “

“Mahdi will defeat satan..”

The halves coming together – the moon becoming full, “Jack came back” “Jack and Willy Cities of the red night Burroughs, to be seen as one and the same person – reestablishing the rule of Samurai with Ninja armies under it in the most magical of nations still and homogenous – not to be forgotten , not to forget this fact, a still ethnically homogenous nation, ; Japan..

En lyckad dag

Numera från och med idag, när jag så att säga, har hoppat från 480 meter iklädd en Ikkyu dräkt iförd sandaler, Tokyo Sky Tree toppen hopp, i en Ikkyu dräkt av svart, Ikkyu den kända

Zen mästaren från 1400-talet, illegitim son av dåvarande Kejsaren, som blev mästare över Daitokuji Tempel vid 87 års ålder.. Until Doomsdag read Sura Al Aila and Sura At-Tariq, it will keep the light going and darkness away, and postpone the horrific Happening, as Allah calls the Crashing down and Smashing up in the Quran when the stars will fall down from the sky..

Iförd sandaler som sagt, och en Wing suit.. Det enda jag behövde instrueras i var hur man vecklar ut fallskärmen, Allah blivande mina rörelser, ögon jag ser med, och sinnen jag känner med, så Allah vet hur man gör, och alltså behövde jag inga vidare instruktioner.. trots att det var allra första gången jag hoppade i en Wingsuit.. när jag svävade ned för floden och sedan vid det rätta tillfället , där jag klättrade över staketet i förrgård, mitt på natten, .. just där vecklade jag ut fallskärmen.. seglade ned i floden lycklig, i det varma vattnet, och hoppades att ingen haj väntade, ty ifall hajen inte lyssnade på min gest av swastica och mitt konsekventa hälsning till Tokyos invånare av 'mot seger ' dvs 'sieg heil' , ifall inte lyssnade på detta likt Tokyos andra normala invånare, så var risken stor att jag skulle bli uppäten..

Jag kravlade mig upp på stranden och går tillbaka, och när jag kommer upp igen , traskat upp de 3 kilometrerna tillbaka till Tokyo Tower får jag min belöning, Marijuana kakor väntar med rårörsocker, på receptet av Lilla Pluttans äppel kaka.. Äppel paj älskade jag speciellt med sockret litet brunt brynt likt man gör på creme brulee.. och där satt jag lycklig nu, och Aiko i Palatset tyckte att jag var såå modig.. Och jag lärde mig så småningom namnet på Kejsaren och Princessan och Drottningen.. Princessans namn var det enda Japanska namn jag ännu lärt mig, ovan vid Japanska namn som jag var.. nästa var att lära mig namnet på min bästa vän Kejsaren, men tills vidare räckte det med att säga 'Kejsaren Naaiko!', och Princessan Aiko..

Fyra bokstäver var nog för detta lilla herr Idioto lejon huvud 'född i stupid sign' som alla människor i tokyo trodde på.. Aiko, dvs.. Och det enda ord jag behövde kunna var 'tack så mycket' som på Japanska hette 'arigato'. I Japan föredrog de nämligen Prinsar framför skäggbarn.. Det var en smakfråga.. Absurdistan promotade skäggbarn, och det var deras sak.. Problemet låg i att dessa absurdistanier jagade som galningar efter prinsar över hela världen för att förstöra dessa med något värre än döden; ensamhet och tortyr..

Därför mobiliserades nu armeer för att stävja denna sjuka tendens, som kastade pärlor framför svin, dvs överröste terrorister med fördelar, medan absurdistanerna föredrog att förstöra och destruera genier, medan förnekelserna haglade likt stenar på Stephen..

'who are you to cry for Stephen being stoned to death.. or you to Stephen or Stephen to you..??'

But absurdistan was hunting after me wanting me to repeat the name of peeling of my skin voluntarily while forcing me to smile in fake pain while saying it was pleasant perpetually.. that is 'pp' "you shall be" and that pointed finger we cut off like the zen master cut off his own finger pointing at the moon just to illustrate the point of no return in Yihadd.. The Zen

master always did the thing himself first, with his own power, if it was not enough fruitful, he asked Allah, in my case a friend, that is God "how we do with this?, innahuma yaqiduna qaydan, wa aqidu qaydan, fa ma hili al qafirina am hilhum ruaydan..'

A Mawlana was very reluctant to ask help from other people, since mawlana knew that satan was after him, and all people were practically seduced and misled by satan.. thereby such absurd situations arose, where he got a hard heart harder than stone as an answer, a fist clenched at him, and thus he had not only wasted his time, and gotten shock as a result, but the stone was put in motion meant to bury him in an avalanche upon the mountain..

Där jag klättrade över staden och dagen dagen dagen innan – alltså mellan på natten – dagen dagen dagen innan och dagen dagen innan.. där landade jag..

Lycklig och glad..

Kom först över bron, flygande, klättrande klättrande klättrande.. och sen där var jag – singlarandes ned i det varma flodvattnet, som stod högt – månen hade blivit svart natten.. dagen dagen innan.. natten mellan dagen dagen innan..

Idag var det Wednesday dagen.. alltså bröllop – dagen av målet uppnått..

Avståndet var inte så stort..

Som med många andra sexslavar , Aiko satt i sitt Palats någon timmes gångväg med min snabba gångtakt längre bort – och här satt jag i bunkern liknande William S. Burroughs bunkern som var så känd i hans legendskap.. mitt rum ett imaginärt slott, Mästaren Jesus Kristus sa: 'Paradiset är inuti', och sen hade jag ju mitt reservat längs flod-stranden. I Köpenhamn hade reservatet varit längs de fem sjöarna.. Att vara utomlands var toppen för mig.. ja – märkvärdigt ända tills vi fått Elland tillbaka.. Armen var redan i görningen med den saken..

Thommy Gun pepprade och smällde på huvudstadens gator där jag fötts, kommit ned från solen som en stjärna dagarna kring midsommar 2007..

The upanishades spoke about it thousands of years ago, stating; all is one, one is all, a thing Maddison Bear in her latest Album MHM has taken into experience from the perspective of a woman; as D..H Lawrence states; all women are made for love..

One is all, all is one..

God is One.. God is love.. All is one, all women are made for love.

Master Christ says, the solution for the women is to become one is all..

Male; for the male the orgasm is The Big Death, the reaching of enlightenment, one is all..

All is one, is for the woman; woman is portraying herself to her beloved in endless sexscenes 'WHERE IT CAN HAPPEN' which means she pushes the fulfilment of leadership and worldly business for her beloved forward. All of that is good as long as the male orgasm is still ongoing, and not yet coming. When it is coming, the male is supposed to avoid the feeling of 'squinteyedness' and if so gather the different women at one place. That one place shall be his total reign over them, the women, his sexslaves, his subjects, in a feeling of that the dominion of God is greater than the feeling of lust, and in one great roar of orgasm, he shall collapse upon his beloved and sperm spurt sex in her womb, pregnant her, so that his male orgasm gathers all into one.. Then the other women present will be next, women in waiting, and they shall be hoping..

Just as William S. Burroughs great line, from Hassan I Sabbah is to be non expressed, but just experienced, ..

RasulAllah was sad when he saw a woman killed in a battle, 'I warn you never kill a woman!', many small deaths – all is one say, except in 3 cases;

Hightreason against the security of the believing state ("The new religion" Naqshbandi school in quotation marks)

2. Killing someone unjustly, like one of the wives of Hassan and Huseyn poisoned one of them.

3. committing zinah, being disfaithful and 4 witnesses has seen it, being disfaithful towards her husband. If she is a sexslave, she is to be whipped 80-200 times..

2. Krönig

We don't agree with weakness that you as a group displays, as 'strenght' – that is the big lie you see – so will hollywood never learn, - will be solved in the following manner; by sending large portions of males by drafting- to the western front. To fight the usury devils oppressing a people that has already chosen MHM as King of THEIR country. So we shall defeat the usurers and take it back into our hand.

Sieg Heil – towards victory – and good luck on the battle field.

Anyone though saying 'tyrant' 'you MHM is tyrannical upon us' has deserved Hell and I will teach you to fear it..

You see, the period of the woman, is filth; and we shall stay away from her at that time.. It is a sign from Allah to keep on dying for his sake, or hell will be upon us. It is a sign, literary, that she is not yet pregnant, and thus there is a waste, it is satan sin and death, and so to avoid hell, and to be misled by satan there, we have to chose death you see.

So anyone saying; 'you MHM is tyrannical upon us' has deserved Hell and I will teach you to fear it – I defeated the whore – so fear Allah and do as I say command..

Master Christ says; 'see I have overcome the world' '

Världen är en hora – världen är en hynda'

So we will send you off to die in large numbers of males to the western front to aim your death at the disbelievers of riba worship in Absurdistan. 'then strike at their necks' 'then kill the idols and their worshippers' we will be victorious om Allah vill Allahumma amin.

Then me and princess will rule there too..

It will be a great time Allahumma amin.

Allah bless you and good luck said without sarcasm, 'good luck' unsarcastically means;

May you be saved from the fire of Hell by being brave and sacrificing your lived for the cause of believing and the homecountry. This is my Khuttba and Krönig, (KK, knull kompis)

cross my heart and hope to die, that is, even if I so have to kill the enemy with my bare hands, I want to succeed in the mission, and survive.

So cross my heart and hope to die, means;; may I, I, I, kill the enemy with my bare hands if so necessary AND survive.

The question then is you really understand the real implication of the period of the woman.. Hell and death is filth, Hell is filth of the soul; själens mördare är de värsta. Fitna is worse than killing.

Thus when a thing is becoming unfruitful that should have been paradise experience, to suspend Yihadd is a sign of disbelief. So go forth towards the enemy and kill and slay and may Allah let you be victorious om Allah vill Allahumma amin.. Allahumma amin om allah vill..

'And then another period passed of darkness and dismal woe' skriver William Blake, William Blake writes in The Mental Traveller.

Signed MHM



We were waking up to

Dua Lipa, lying on the path – with legs apart.. as we were making it, suddenly there was a stab in the back, and Vinnie was singing; ‘you regard what I do as magical art. For me it is like a stab through the heart.’ The stab in the back, was like a heart attack, and I screamed;

‘Chuck Norris.. you better do it..!!!’

Lipa was looking at me – like ‘what the hell is this..’ then she began to ‘lipa’ as you say in Swedish.. that is (i.e.) crying.. ‘Dua.. make duaa for me’ I said..

Some hours later I woke up in the room, we had been having a conversation, things had become put on edge.. but don Quixote said;

The Knight-errant searching all the corners of the world, enters the most complicated labyrinths, accomplishes at every step the impossible, endures the fierce rays of the sun in uninhabited deserts, the inclemency of wind and ice in winter: lions cannot daunt him nor demons affright nor dragons, for to seek, assault, and overcome such is the whole business of his life, and true office.

Ove: “gigolo.. en playboy utan pengar..”

We wouldn’t be stressed, we would not overthink everything, but see everything as a part of a whole of a bigger picture..

We were not created to bear the burden of our problems, if we tried to stop controlling everything..

We wouldn’t be stressed, but started believing in divine control..

We would not care about what people would think about us, but just about pleasing the Creator..

Never give just to expect something back. Give from your whole heart. Give anonymously. Give without ever telling anyone. Give simply because you are in such a blessed and privileged position where you are even able to give. Nothing will make you feel better than genuinely giving to others.

Alla typer av 'Nobla Priser', sk. Är skadliga – eftersom det invaggar massorna i vanföreställningen att makt och pengar överhuvudtaget har med varandra att göra. Då dessa egentligen är diametrala motsatser. All makt är Guds.. All dominans är Guds.. Pengar är djävulens gebit – MEN ÄNDÅ NÖDVÄNDIGT.

The mawlana moving this way that way out of the invisible realm, in and out, you see – the mawlana is from the light of the world, IT IS THE LIGHT SABLE..



Dua 'I make ddua he will be POSSESSED by marijuana ALL the time (tongue)

A black bear is angrily aggression – I saw once on nature's wonders (to study nature in just clips someone luckily enough to have experienced that moment, without any director or basically cutting is to get to know or at least study parts of your own mind character and what exists inside human nature, as a mirroring of the key words of our time – 'character and perspective' so once on nature's wonders I saw a black bear fighting off a tiger – the black bear was fast as a Japanese insect cicada chirping – the cicada being the live original of the bobbin in the machine – back and forth producing a sound like of airways being cut open – a pattern of strong clear tone – that is so mind tension and at the same time sound wave like a

wave flowing up and down – that it – just like a wave in water – cleaning the issue – like penetrating – and in the mind boggling mind blowing experience of the EXPERIENCE – qad aflaha man tasaqa – arise; it is a great tool of enlightenment.. ‘so now that’s the new hajj and umra, if you manage to come to Abdulhaqq – standing there like at Khaybar, without trembling in obnoxious contempt for your own pornographic memories – you have made umra..

Hajj – begins with that you shall think that the Imam smells good, without shaking, like Abdulhaqq trembles of fear of Fitna, not physical violence or death, in neurological damage control disease – then you have made umra..

Then you shall take his hand and say the ashahada, then you have made umra for the 3rd time..

When you take his hand and say the Ashahada and ‘I now belong and swear allegiance and pledge allegiance to “The new religion” in quotation marks, “The new religion” Naqshbandi school that is, then you have made Hajj..

So the black bear may have won out of cheer machine mindedness, but the tiger is really sharper and faster in striking.. the tiger is also more just – since he is friend with the lion..

TITLE; I don’t want any lousy writer.. I want one habib Allah speaking from the light of the world to my heart filled with fire of genius

Then write.. ‘In your Lord’s Name, write..’ Angel Gabriel louted Prophet Muhammad in The Cave of Al Hira, the first time angel Gabriel appeared.. ‘I am not of those knowing how to read or write..’ Prophet Muhammad then said.. ‘In your Lord’s Name, write’ Again Angel Gabriel louted RasulAllah salla Allahu aleyhi wa salam.. ‘I am not of those knowing how to read or write..’ Rasul Allah a second time said.. ‘In Your Lord’s Name recite!’ then Angel Gabriel said, that is; then the other part of that line in Sura 1, Al Fatiha, the opening, becomes valid;

Iyyaqa nauboudo WA iyyaqa nastain (my italics)

‘and your help we seek’

On the other hand the one stuck in writing, becomes darker and darker, unfruitful.

Those idolworshipping scamming stalking suckers thinking life is but funplay and entertainment, when someone ‘spoils’ their lazy and stupid life style, satanical ritual abuse they then subject their own children to, killing these slowly with fitna.. Fitna is worse than killing, Allah says in The Quran.. As a scar, the trauma experience control is – and is to be

fought against with all means available to the parties of believers.. if so necessary to atom-bomb the Qufrs of Absurdistan and any cities supporting their absurdities..

And then people around I Tokyo and friendly countries slowly return to normalcy, together with the return of the King; Aragon.

Zen Disease Nr. 1.:

Send them to Zen monasteries, (the rule of the tiger)

Zen disease nr. 2.: send them off to die , or victory against the Qafrs, in the name and command of the Mawlana and Emperial family, send them forth in large numbers on the command of the rule of the Lion..

'ifall vi låtit ett lejon växa upp bland oss måste vi nu lyda det'

'Allah vill att lejonet i detta fall åtminstone (snarare regel med lejonet än undantag antar jag..) shall die among women..'

'Vinnie.. get the monkey donkey off my back..'

"Nej!! Vi lyder honom!! Ni måste övertyga honom isf.. vi är jätterädda för det här lejonet.. faktiskt.."

"Khallifaskap har alltid varit så.. på det sättet – en sann, dvs en 'true' Khalifa, har aldrig utnyttjat sin maktpositioner för att tillskansa sig rikedom, eller världsliga fördelar.. eller bägge samtidigt, och 'djävulens ansikte' silver vargen, eller vad fan ni kallar det.. och tänkande på saken .. är inte detta det naturliga tillståndet??, - ifall man har makt ska den ju komma från Gud. Det ska vara Allahs kraft man i slutändan styr med, och som fallet avgörandet – inget annat.. Alltså har Khalifaan som varit 'true' genom tiderna styrt med den lätthet som utmärkande är för Zenmunkar, och poetiska helgon likt Matsuo Basho vandrande i naturen..

I Yapan har sålunda systermet bevarats – där makten tillhör Gud..

Och kapitalets officiella positioner tjänar saken – och dynamiken däremellan hänger hela nationen, eller i detta fall snarare världen på, likt Democles svärd – måste Saifi mästaren klara det.. Allt tycks hänga på honom nu; Dawud Yusuf Abdulhaqq, likt Ibrahim Aleyhi Salam.. 'in the dream of Saad..'

One sticking for the writer of tradition; 1. To recognize the donkey as you are riding upon it.. The other – nr 2. That is – sticks for the hafiz of the tradition, the one guarding the treasure.. That is the so-called 'wordly power' , so..

Money and power separated.. 'att vara enskild men ändå ett..'

So, why Absurdistan then has to be conquered; the Khalifa they destroyed and fought the truth down to implement bullshit and lies – wanting to force the hafiz of the tradition over God’s command ‘a dead museum..’ useless – unemployed – only work they do ‘ordinary work tasks’ is bullshitting and lying up some bills upon the counter desk -. To fool people into Mammon worship, ‘you are only worth something.. WITH.. the money..’ like .. – “no thanks!”..

‘A thing either has an absolute, an eternal value’ Zen Master Blyth says, ‘or no value at all..’

Worthless, that is.. Absurdistan is useless, worthless and unemployed.. And so we shall conquer it..

So, then the writer, that is; then the guardian of the tradition will and shall become angry for the sake of their Lord, Allah – and crush such oppression and fitna, to crush the spellbounding of trauma experience control addicts, - and heal the collective trauma, - millions might hae to die, but then it will be to a just cause – break the period of the women – and get them fertilized – thus ending ‘and another period passed of darkness and dismal woe..’

The principle of harakiri. How to get healthy. To die for the right cause – is called honour.

If you are not prepared to die for honour – you are a bad joke – an oxymoron in the world.

That is why such masters like Burroughs called you ‘morons’ or rather ‘fucking morons’ – and such legends Izzy Young defined you ‘these fucking guys destroying everything’ – Izzy the great legend also said; ‘these days everybody for themselves’ – that means it is the end of times.

‘When you see the barefooted herdsmen, competing in the construction of tall buildings, look for doomsday..’

‘barefooted’ means, they go by bus, airplane, train, taxi, etc. They don’t practice walking. And they don’t respect mastership. When mercy, compassion, when not even PR is recognized as something you give for when you have benefitted from it, and the natural order is perverted, so that this means even more than a personal relationship. Then let them meet Allah’s face as soon as possible.

‘when ignorance prevails over truth then look for Doomsday’. Looking for Doomsday means, you do as Zen Master Blyth instructed. ‘If something is anyway going to fall, do not try to prop it up, rather give it a push so that it falls faster.’

‘Faster and faster exploding into space’.

‘everybody for themselves’ if ‘everybody is for themselves’ then there can be no team, right??

Mastership not even respected. This is the Reich of the Tiger. The lion has long since been murdered by dicdoctors whom think they are 'judges' while in fact they are just corrupting the earth.. Crucify them wherever you find them upside down, and cut off left hand, to remind them in hell, which it is better they meet rather sooner than later, that to not steal. And cut off their right foot, as to remind them, in hell fire, that they are to meet rather sooner than later, that they will never find the path, never find the way, never get out of hell, never reach enlightenment.

Mastership is founded in the art of walking. Walking the path. Not taking a train. Not taking a bus. Not using the resources of nature just for your own pleasure, and convenience.

But no!, not even that 'the bare-footed herdsmen competing in the construction of tall buildings ' respect. And so, Allah says, that in the end, only Allah's face will remain. It is time for Doomsday..

To suspend Yihadd is a sign of disbelief. Disbelief – the Qufr principle, .

Oscar Wilde expressed – in his last breath – at the gallows, so to speak – in the great poem, 'The ballad of Reading Gaol', . There he , among other lines, wrote this important message; quoted so often by legend Izzy Young; 'for each man kills the thing he loves'. That was the end of the Samuraj principle, so clearly expressed. *The exception confirms the rule' is also applicable to so-called suicide.

Harakiri is not suicide in the usual sense – it is actually honour. Zen disease number 1: to not recognize the donkey as you are riding upon it – was never by the masters regarded as the severer Zen disease. Zen disease number 2. Was regarded as the severer case of insanity, and rightly so; it was what was about to bring about the end of the world. The end of humanity. The end of everything. The doomsday clock ticking and striking midnight.

'All evil stems from love of wealth' Buddha said.

'You can give without loving, but you can't love without giving'.

No Wa mi ma razaqanahum proven, and everything lost. Everything lost, hashtag Burroughs.

Zen monks was giving without loving, what was celibacy except not loving.

But Baso is sending forth a horse that tramples to death the people of the world, since they love without giving. Their hearts turned hard as stone, or even harder, since from stones, there are some whom crash down in fear of their lord, and others from which springs bursts forth.

'Den ordakonst är föga hugnesam som stiger i granna klutar fram, det krusande i ord och art är onjutbart och ökentorrt'.

Everything lost, hashtag Burroughs.

Yusuf is Sura 12 av Quran, tolkar dröm i fångelset han satts i , eftersom kvinnorna i Egyptien dödade det dom älskade, eller värre, ty Fitna är värre än dödande. Men Yusuf sade, i sin Duaa till Allah, att döden var honom kärare, än att göra det kvinnorna begärde, dvs. använda honom för sex , utan att vara gift med honom först i Allahs namn.

Drömmen var två stycken fångar, 'du kan tolka drömmar Yusuf', den ena drömde att han bar bröd på huvudet som fåglarna pickade på 'den ordakonst är föga hugnesam som stiger i granne klutar fram, det krusande i ord och art är onjutbart och ökentorrt',

Den andra fången, drömde att han pressade vin.

Yusuf sa, 'den av er som drömde att han bar bröd på huvudet som fåglarna pickade på kommer korsfästas', den andra, som drömde att han pressade vin, kommer återigen pressa vin för sin konung. 'Det slutliga avgörandet av detta har nu fällts'.

'Och Yusuf sade till den som drömt att han pressade vin; 'påminn om mig till din konung när du släpps fri'. Men det glömde denne bort. Så otacksam är världen.

'The young man's life will not survive, but his life will still spring fresh and green in these black lines', skriver den egentliga arvtagaren till Det Förenade Kungadömet's tronföljare.

So Zen disease number 2. Was regarded by the old masters as the severer disease; 'to not get off the donkey – when once realizing you are riding upon it.

If not the principle of hara-kiri is respected, hell on earth is the result.

Such bullshit and lies – like Big Pharma dicdoctorship – the inquisition – the burning of 'the witches' the hunt after 'the witches' – all such things that goes down in history throughout as regarded still – with the outmost horror and screaming.

It is the essence of evil.

Why then?, you might wonder.

Didn't Prophet Muhammad, RasulAllah Salla Allahu Aleyhi wa salam, say; you will be forever in Hell, if you commit suicide.??

That was on the battle-field, - in the essence of not wanting to suffer the pain, in the battle of honour against the idols and their worshippers.

So you see – to suspend yihadd, - is a clear sign of disbelief. 'So you want to steal my Paradise??, You Quffr from hell??, while slow rolling me down that slippery slope into shit – until nothing remain for me – of Paradise experience – but only Hell on earth – while you sip up what you managed to steal – from the light of the world – while slowly killing my heart?? '

Then hara-kiri comes in..

'I think' you say – 'that if there is no one left to fight for the honour – that you gave me ! – yes – you gave it seemingly freely, even without me asking, and now you refuse to fight for the honour??, and all your promises in the name of God were hollow??, not only this!!

Etc. etc. '

And then you say:

'I think – if what you offer me – is a slow drawn out decapitation to steal as much of our Paradise from me as you possibly can, and then offer me Hell on earth as a recompensation – for you first giving me the honour – while my presence blessed your country – and it becoming the center of the world for a while, the world blessed because of it, and with it. And then when your promises was to be fulfilled, and you giving what you promised, in this case of economical nature – whatever now the lips were speaking – as you felt the blessing of God laying as a beautiful shimmer around – because of the presence of Allah's messenger. And then – you suddenly refused – and when you instead got cursed by Allah and the tongue of RasulAllah, for getting into Riba, not fulfilling your promises just because it was 'monetary issue involved' when in fact, there is nothing more easy these days. You have an amount on your account, and transfer it to the one you have promised. It goes on less than 1 minute. Still no one can do it, since they are cursed. They begin making up every kind of excuse suddenly, ridiculing the one they have promised the gift to, while all the while not giving it, benefitting from that light and yihadd fight and everything with it. Suddenly it goes into the delusional idea it 'is better than the subject' that 'the subject anyway never deserves anything' 'I was just testing testing, and found out, 'not good enough' ' etc etc etc.

And so, the curse of Allah hinders it from ever achieving anything but temporary luxury and pleasure, it is deceived by the world, and will fall into hell totally sooner or later.

All the while the subject itself is stuck there – realizing the noble creep price of Luciferian devilry possessed also this poor subject of the architects of deception.

I mean; 'you mistake me – for also wanting to be included into the club of obelisk masspsychology of Lucifer, while I am not at all inclined in that direction. I am not going to dress up in a smoking and stand there as an idiot just to receive what I have been promised! I am not going to do anything special. I fight for the truth of what has been, - the promise – the word. 'in the beginning was the word, and God was the word and dwelt with it'.

I am loving the light of the world, more than a pencil – a pencil only being a tool, if you seek the help of God, to get back to solely worshipping Him (you see, the 2nd thing Allah created was Al Qallam, when trauma experience control of Luciferians tries to possess you by perverting the natural order, so that your conscious unconscious, or unconscious consciousness (medvetet omedveten, omedvetna medvetande), is getting pushed down into the subconscious instead, a subconscious you are supposed as a Mawlana to be the master of, meaning you do not get like the silver wolf, into Zen disease number 2, not being able to backstep, that means, no honour in the end, just another stupid rocket flown down up into

the sky for people to see, and then; emerges, not Prometheus out of the stone, but world catastrophe. So when you see this, then the pencil was the 2nd thing Allah created, for you to use, as to come back to the monotheism, to the natural order of things)

(so when the light is deflected, and 'the they' tries to squeeze you into a black hole, so you feel no space, 'flowing through space, today baby remember you are okay, we are all floating through space' and 'the they' tries to squeeze the planets together so that doomsday is felt, and that is 'the psychotics' feeling of 'doomsday' they say, while in fact, it is just the projection of the Qufir upon a healthy being) (anyway, when this happens, then use Al Qallam)

(so Muhammad Tahir-ul-Qadri, Shaykh ul Islam, is saying, that nothing is accidental in the Quran; the particle 'wa' means space, . In Arabic, when a thing stands beside another without anything in between, it means 'is', that is, that the first thing is the second, A is B and B is A and vice versa mutatis mutandis however the case may be. But the particle 'wa' in Al Fatiha, which means, The Opening, You see, that is why Sura Number 1 in the Quran is named 'The opening' and recited before every other sura, 'today baby.. remember we're okay we are all floating through space' 'you made it through another day, you made it through another day, you made it let us celebrate!!'

Then that 'wa' means 'space'.

And so – it is YOU ' you keep on rambling on the 'the dr' or whatever fake name he might be calling himself 'all doctors are impostors' as Zen master Blyth says.

'It is YOU' the true doctor Dr. D.T. Suzuki says – 'creating obstacles' (totally unnecessary I must say) making things hard to handle ' (so that they 'without any specific reason' get out of hand) (and then Everything lost hashtag William S. Burroughs)

So when the Nour of Allah descended upon your nation, because of the presence of Allah's messenger, and you all got happy and into a celebration party, and then you suddenly refused, and when you instead got cursed, you blamed the Messenger for it!, (then what??! Allah says in the Quran) the Messenger, he who had brought the blessing from the very beginning.

And as to not have to feel that fire scorching you, you decided to try to first steal the honour – by causing catastrophe, for the Messenger, by withdrawing economy, that is , the necessity for living in the system you yourself are creating and upholding to all degree. And then one by one, as he got weak, (yhea, without food and shelter you get weak, especially among people whom are only expecting these), then you would try to explain away everything, until nothing remained. #everythinglost #williamsburroughs.

Yes, explain away everything 'every explanation is an attempt to explain away' as Zen Master Blyth says. 'Never ask a question. Never answer a question' Zen Master Blyth also says. 'Or

rather; why don't you ask me A QUESTION??' Like 'how can I transfer the gift I promised you to your account?' or something similar.

And then you would pretend your promises never happened.

Then hara-kiri comes in – why it is different from suicide, is now very obvious. Instead of letting the masspsychosis kill you – you say;

'so you wanted to steal my Paradise eyyhh??, and slowly torment, or even torture me – with Big Pharma poisonous substances, etc . Instead letting you slow roll me into shit and hell on earth, all the while stealing my Paradise from the light of the world, I CAN DO IT FAST AND FURIOUSLY MYSELF!!..'

So the principle for the samuraij then is – he knows that at a certain point – hara-kiri has to be done – so that spurs compassion on – 'compassion spurs it on' as Blyth quotes a poem in his 'Zen in English Literature and Oriental Classics', then Zen monks pray for him , since they know his cause is just – like the lion he is – but the lion has to die among women, different from the tiger.

Thus – Naqshbandi Order forbids their followers 'to hide in a cave' a simile for the monk life of giving without loving.

Thus things are put on edge, which means – things are as they should be.. As they should, so to speak, REALLY REALLY in REALITY that very serious!

Why the world has gone to hell – is because of this very seriousness lacking. 'This feeling or grief' Zen master Blyth speaks about, 'that is the essence of life' 'the essence of meaning'.

So the samuraij, then – has to spur his troupes on – since – if that goal if NOT met, is not REACHED, in the timeframe, he himself will be gone. Thus – to repeat – to suspend Yihadd – is a clear sign of disbelief.

So if the catastrophe suddenly stares you in the face, as a fete compli, then, YOU JUST DO IT.

That is, that hara-kiri. You don't wait for the power, the force, or whatever you might call it, the movement of Zen to give its permission.

And that is the back step. That is the libido of hypothalamus backstepping into pituary gland, and blending, and you shoot yourself up into space, by dying, aiming for Allah's forgiveness, and to preserve that paradise you so dearly preached among people.

'today beby.. remember it's okey we are all floating through space..'

'at midsummer somewhere around 2007 I was born as a star coming down from the sun.. and suddenly spaceboy stood there.. and soon everybody will be in space..'

The movement of Zen that has spurred the samurai through the struggle, and by that his forces on, in the jihad against the enemy.. Is not to be asked , not to be consulted, about the hara-kiri at that point. Then – you say ‘then I can do it myself. No one else has the honour. So by my own hand – which is at this point the only acceptable, I don’t hate (I don’t do it) myself you see, - your lack of seriousness in the face of honour – has really done it. So I trust Allah to forgive me – and give ME the Paradise you are all trying to steal!’ and with that , you take the short samurai katana sword, and thrust it into your heart – thereby dying, fast and furious, and trusting God to forgive you – and give you the Paradise they are trying to steal.

That means; a way to get rid of the mental illness, thus – hara-kiri – and the respect for it – is the very key – to a healthy society.. To repeat, ‘the exception of suicide’ is what makes health bloom again.

So – at that point – you just do it, not waiting for the force, the power, or whatever you might call it, ‘say Saifi, not Yaddi’ though – a third step – like a 3rd chance, getting real and good and healthy; if the force, the power of God, the dominion of ‘to fall into the hands of the enemy is worse than death’ or the might of God ‘fitna is worse than killing’ or whatever you might call it, if the movement of Zen, that was driving you of the love of God, of the love of honour, of the preparedness to die to achieve victory against the disbelieving people (Sura 2, verse 285-286), AT THAT VERY MOMENT, hinders your hand – from performing the act of hara-kiri. That means; God wanted you to live.

If that is a gift or a curse – is then yet to see – don’t be gloating if it happens – like you knew the answer to that question. But then – like Izzy Young wrote to Jack Kerouac:

‘So take care.. Write more poetry..And.. and.. and.. just keep on going..’

They say that the proof of sanity is you to know when to quit – but these masses of billions of scamming stalking suckers which you all are with a few exceptions I guess, so accurately defined by Föllinger007, as followers of Luciferian doctrine of ‘light gatherers’ , in the following words by the great master; now written;

“bara hur mycket som helst.. det är huvudsaken..’



'St Ani Ani how are you.. Ani Ani Ani do you hear me..' EM a friend of BM was trying to get his message through.. Ani driving in car paranoid trying to fancy it had something to do with Jack.. 'I killed his Zahra Nils K. now I have to kill him too' a broken face of devil smile suddenly like broken glass, bursting forth 'nothing to do' aiming out for the torture department listening to 'how are you' from 'who is afraid of little old me'

'how are you' it is so typically of me to talk about myself, I am sorry, I hope – that you will – and did you ever make it out of that town where nothing ever happens'

'Ani Ani how are you??' Em: s message despearate attempt.. Had written Jack the bitch had did; 'don't tell your friend to call me I won't pick up ' as usual paranoid projecting satanical oppression of fitna and zulm upon the thought victim, because he is religious.. Jack had not asked Em to call that bitch, but was happy his friend stood up for him..

'what the hell is this??' AJ screamed , 'like ' and roaring 'can't you give the man a break' ?? answer was they could not.. Allah had hit them with the insanity of satan.. Satan that imitated heavenly things, by 'writing'.. That was why Master Christ had spoken bad about those who was writing, the Pharisee. You see, Odd Wingdahl had put them in zombie psychosis devil trance, and Börssalen, that was paradise they thought, .. And when Odd Wingdahl was sick locking himself into a room 'to write' 'that thing' then IT WAS INTERESTING.. they thought.. Because it was soo good for Sweden, right, to have the noble creep prize handed out, it was the pride of the nation right right right??, could not be different, Ani told herself as she was driving like hell mad of insanity in that car while the cold rain blended with hail and snow began falling down upon the road and the surrounding..

'zulm' 'sumun buqmun aumyun fahum laa yaryihun..

Awqasayibin mina al samai fih zulumatun war a aidun, wa barqun, yajjailuna azabiahum fi adanihim mina al sawaiiqi haddara al mawti wa allahi muhithun bi al qafirin'

So the psychology of Satanism was scary.. satan was hiding as a literature critique of course, to usurp the world literarture by handing out prizes.. Satan had lost Paradise, but was imitating it on earth by handing out silly prizes, and that was the great crime. For people to think there was no authority without money.. Did you see God Himself having money to have authority for example?? No was the answer.. And Laa ilaha il Allah Muhammadun Rasul Allah..

Anyway, the two zen diseases was now clearly to diagnose in modern terms in our time..

The first was 'to not recognize the donkey as you were riding upon it', you see, most people hunted after lusts, like a dog lolling out his tongue, and if you treat him badly he still lolls out his tongue, as Allah describes those afflicted with Zen disease number 1 in the holy Al Quran..

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The disease is mental, and so Allah rightly says in Al Quran the holy book of God's word:'they are insane or rather worse' 'OR RATHER WORSE' my italics..

And so, they all want to become like Rocketman, not Kim Jung Un, that sweet brother of Jack's Naqshbandi school which cries tears in the night to have been saved by Allah's might.. No, as they come to orgasm climax, they can't backstep, and that makes the orgasm just a physical substance, not spurting up to the chin and fertilizing the woman, but just overflowing, not like a fountain, but like a cistern which gets too thick, and thus is bursting..

And the woman, wakes up and look disappointed at the guy.. 'out!' she screams.. and thus that broken face in the stair down.. 'I am hell' the guy think, 'in hell' .. a sudden insight of truth which orgasm pleasure state usually brings about..

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And thus, satan came to a conclusion.. 'I am looking for the most critical gaze' he tells the women, and the women, seeing his good genes and he shows pics of beautiful appartments from Svenska Bajsakademien in the old town.. The women then forgets about the backstepping to, and just goes forth and fancy themselves to be in love with satan..

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'up there that bastard sits in his chamber.. you know he told me.. 'just put in a bottle of soup and leave me alone' .. I was like 'are you sick?? ' 'I am writing ' he told me.. 'are you insane, lost your mind??' then he threw me out.. I wanna kill him right now..' showing a knife, that blank steel shining forth in the night..

So satan fancies his paradise is in börssalen, with different 'seasons' he calls it, handing out stupid prizes, and so, his 'backstepping' is just himself reading his own pattern memory after gathering some flowers from the womb of the woman.. 'what a disappointment' she says, pointing towards that obnoxious window now lighted inside with a pleasant yellow light in the dark Stockholm night.. 'I feel stuck' she says.. and then gets lazy and complacent mood instead.. 'but I am a little honoured..' so when later she sees that 'pancake mama Fitt Pattström made beforehand' on that black oblong box at the end of the room which is constantly telling her what to believe is real, she laughs like up into the air, like kissing the enamelled sky ceiling reluctantly a little what shall we say.. stupid.. and gives up a sigh.. Then satan sits there laughing at her while looking like some robber in the night like a wolf a little black beard and ready to be 'a little interesting' with guns glazing somewhere.. to protect that Qufr system.. And we hate it..

While having this as a fond behind Ani was stilling rushing out through the hail and snow towards the torture department.. And 'that especially fond victim' she was stabbing with a knife through the eyes and heart in her mind.. Control Freak. That is what was the right word for that part of Ani.. But also; zombie psychosis.. It was like the Exorcist and Breaking the waves in one, a little green devil coming forth in a devil smile, and breaking the face was like waves of Tsunami, that Big Wave, as it was translated into, that was released in the Pacific Ocean, and hitting JeeewSA with 50 meter high wave, but Yapan just a little..

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The old song Shoreline by Broder Daniel echoed out suddenly in a strange unfamiliar manner out of the stereo, 'and we shall kill him when he is young!!' Ani with the force of severe neurosis bordering upon psychosis was trying to hide from the insight, the unbearable truth 'everything was wrong.. we killed him when he was young.. '

The car was now running without breaks, and it was going to take , a hard hit smash into that car rail on the side.. that wall straight, and the car was going to become squeezed like a boa constrictor squeezes its victim into suffocation.. that was the end of Ani..

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'Damn Zen masters whom saved Jack in Yapan!! How could I have been so stupid..' Ani was taking control of the car again, which was running on hate.. pure stupid hate.. like a boogie in the nose such pigs drag out and then eat up.. 'I want the demon inside..' running on hate so high towards money money money.. 'that is in the centre.. everything is about money..' forgetting is it the idol I worship me or myself I worship my own stupid complacency??

'Well doesn't matter' the usual answer from Ani when a serious question suddenly happened to stir her mind into some kind of risk of activity..

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'I hate Ali Al Murtada, I hate Jesus Christ, They should all be crucified in hell constantly' Ani was coming up with her jew devil shit without knowing what she was saying.. the zombie psychosis had induced in her the satanical belief, that her idol satan, which she worshipped constantly, did not exist except as a human form of good genes and that 'high status' which made the mass perish the disappointments of the person, and then come back again into the thought of the very person 'Satan that I know a little.. have some connection.. cool people say at general..' and so Agent X was born into the parents of the great Imam M.

'And worst of all if Prophet Muhammad' Ani rambled on 'they are all crazy down there..' and she saw bombs dropping upon countries that protected her son from her insane persecution.. the destruction of Mainland China and Russia and India and Middle East the beginning of Asia, far off west Asia, and everything.. it was all in Ani's dreams constantly, and she was feeding upon the hate, hoping everyday she would hear on TV that black oblong box at the end of the room that was constantly telling her what to believe was real, that the catastrophe finally had happened, and that the friends of Jack 'Xi and Putin , leader Modi of India ' and the rest had been out of the way.. for the possessed thought of not letting Jack have a normal vacation in Yapan, a country which Allah had ordered him to stay in.. 'Stay in Yapan.. no matter what happens you have defeated satan..' and Jack did the will of the Master of Doomsday.. so that was it..

'they are all crazy down there!!' Ani concentrated her hate like a cyclotrone of evil black oxymoronic air in front of her, 'speaking about a sou.. and that Jack is a Prince.. married to the Princess!!' ' Ani screamed with such stupid braying of donkeys was heard all around like a hallucination.. 'and that Jack is a great Bodhisattva' here Ani's voice became strangely deceptive.. like she was giving 'a little gift' 'as usual with the thought of getting something even more back.. like Riba..' and then when the person did not become a mind slave of Ani, but instead making its own decisions 'now I take everything back' becoming a dog vomiting what it just had eaten and then licking it up again.. 'disgusting' someone commented while walking past on the pavement, seeing Ani sitting inside that oblong black box which was speeding down the road to the torture department..

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against that bastard! If he ever sets foot here again he will be happy to survive the PUNISHMENT.. the PUNISHMENT of torture that awaits – the syringe in the yelp-thesis-bbed.. the whole Magnus Muscle Package as we call it in the trade.. he he he..’

‘St Ani Ani how are you.. Ani Ani Ani do you hear me..’ EM a friend of BM was trying to get his message through.. Ani driving in car paranoid trying to fancy it had something to do with Jack.. ‘I killed his Zahra Nils K. now I have to kill him too’ a broken face of devil smile suddenly like broken glass, bursting forth ‘nothing to do’ aiming out for the torture department listening to ‘how are you’ from ‘who is afraid of little old me’

‘how are you’ it is so typically of me to talk about myself, I am sorry, I hope – that you will – and did you ever make it out of that town where nothing ever happens’

‘Ani Ani how are you??’ Em: s message despearate attempt.. Had written Jack the bitch had did; ‘don’t tell your friend to call me I won’t pick up ‘ as usual paranoid projecting satanical oppression of fitna and zulm upon the thought victim, because he is religious.. Jack had not asked Em to call that bitch, but was happy his friend stood up for him..

‘what the hell is this??’ AJ screamed , ‘like ‘ and roaring ‘can’t you give the man a break’ ?? answer was they could not.. Allah had hit them with the insanity of satan.. Satan that imitated heavenly things, by ‘writing’.. That was why Master Christ had spoken bad about those who was writing, the Pharisee. You see, Odd Wingdahl had put them in zombie psychosis devil trance, and Börssalen, that was paradise they thought, .. And when Odd Wingdahl was sick locking himself into a room ‘to write’ ‘that thing’ then IT WAS INTERESTING.. they thought.. Because it was soo good for Sweden, right, to have the noble creep prize handed out, it was the pride of the nation right right right??, could not be different, Ani told herself as she was driving like hell mad of insanity in that car while the cold rain blended with hail and snow began falling down upon the road and the surrounding..

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It was all about licking upwards the ass of satan, and then putting those mosquito bites in the ass of the victim instead 'an especially dear vicitm' that was why Jack had survived so long, and why his predecessor Nils K. had been killed first after 13 years of torture in the same similar manner they now wanted to torture Jack.. but.. it was useless now.. all they could do was to misuse the confidence he had given them, to have some keys to the mosque apartment.. they would of course as usual begin destroying things and carry out everything and try to finish his property totally all together, to get Svenska Bajsakademien 'shit without ending' impression really all the way down to Yapan as to make Jack seem somehow shitty and tiger stripy, and then the psychosis of demonical forces they did not believe in 'The greatest trick of the devil is to induce in his zombies that he does not even exist' that Jack now was 'Yapan's problem' depriving him of all history and material security he owned before he travelled on the vacation.. that was how they destroyed marriages, in the manner taught by the evil forces, the forces of evil, the Quran speaks about this subject..

'this is only a test, so do not become disbelievers by putting your faith in it'.. the 2 Angels Harud and Marud coming down to Babylon, told those whom came to be taught from them the forbidden magic..

This thought was only an obnoxious especially criminal manner to force that pattern on victimhood upon the victim, to try to get away from the insight that now when the victim had become successful, their illness broke out in full bloom, the fleurs de mal, broke out in their minds, and they had to fight against the self realisation that all they had done was built upon bullshit and lies.. And so, they had not been as smart as satan, slapping it smartly, and writing, but had just simply worshipped the authority to get a little better position and a little better salary, to seem 'a little better' than the others in the coterie, whom all were similar moronic donkeys.. laughing that idiot laugh, they stood together upon the ledge to hell, and everybody at the same time, threw themselves from the ledge straight into the fire, the sound of mosquitos being burned in a flame, a moth into a flame, was so tasty hear as the flames took them.. they could not have done it by themselves, since they would have felt

alone, and if that had happened, they might have detected the satanical face of the idol they worshipped. But together they thought that nothing bad could ever happen, just they had a little money, and entertainment in the evenings..

So anyway.. the zombie psychosis began with like a snake coiling behind the back of the victim it was going to squeeze to death.. It knew that samuraijis usually had a sharp sword with it.. thus it needed to sneeke attack upon the victim, hoping that it did not notice its obnoxious presence approaching.. 'I am a sneeke snake..' it told itself, laughing, but stopping in the middle, afraid the thought victim it would suffocate 'soon soon' it got hot upon the thinking, lingering, ..

Then when it became obvious that the victim had noticed, it turned straight around and trying to hide its actions hurried back into the grass hole and coiling down there, with its two part tongue which was coming out in a creepy manner, the whole thing seemed lost to it..

'well I have it so warm down here in the earth.. does not matter' the usual answer in Ani's brain as whenever a question came up that needed to be answered..

For Satan thus, writing was a calculated betrayal of love, and for the believer, when satan tried to backstep it, the writing was a sword it cut off those gordian knots with.. thus saving it from suffocating in the grip of the Ouroboros world snake..

Thus Fitna is worse than killing, but when you survived Fitna you were happy about it..

Fitna is worse than killing, yes.. but WHEN YOU WIN, you see , that is, you will realize why Fitna arises.. It is because of the deception of Satan, Svenska Bajsakademein which have induced the zombie psychosis and deluding their slaves that 'they are free' and then that 'paradise is to get into Börssalen'.. Zen master Blyth spoke about this 'money.. it spoils everything.. the great fault of people, is their will to win..' that meant, they could not backstep, their backstep was a collective psychosis of going up in idiot clapping as Odd Wingdahl announced the latest winner of a silly prize.. So the whole thing was sick, going up in a bellow 'he maaa dddd eee itt.. moo moo moo mooooo...' 'I sit in Svenska Bajsakademien for my mother' Gunnar Ekelös said..

If the victim got succesful anyway, the delusion of incommon mass psychosis was threatened.. then they were prepared to go to war.. 'do anything! HE IS SIIICCKKKK'.. So it means, that when you win, despite of the Fitna of Svenska Bajsakademien Bajs utan like masspsychosis, you are happy to be alive, to have survived..

It would have been better if a stone of a mill had been strapped around the throat of Ani and she thrown to the bottom of the sea..

A light right.. I ight .. r ight..

"This bastard he is giving me Saddaqa through the promise of another. AND if I don't GET IT , I blame that bastard AND KILL HIM!! The plutocrazy crazy false satanical promises IS ALWAYS RIGHT, no matter HOW THEY ARE DOING – the Qufr fight against those idiot suckers fasiqun which BELIEVES that they CAN EVER HAVE POWER without MONEY !!! what fools!! We kill one by one – and WORK TOGETHER so that nothing good shall ever happen! That is an impossibility!!! It is only money and fame and the so called secret sex.. that is what people worship FFF.. then they all got sick with worshipping the black stone, and they held it in the hand, scrubby and like volcanic, looking at it they began paranoid projecting upon the victims that THEY were the ones that had looked at pornography, and everybody for themselves began breaking apart the world, breaking down in sentimental grabbing with two hands while getting down on their knees and pretending to moan and leap with their chests forth, like a false crying of no tears, just dried up like their hearts became hard like stone or even harder, since of stones there are some that break down in fear of their Lord and of some springs of clear water bursts forth..

And they called themselves 'free people', only thing was that they were wage slaves of the perfectibilists, and they all had this disease, that there was no fault in the world whatever with them, 'how are you' 'all is good' they claimed, while feeling stiff like machines, a part of the world snake only and nothing more. And when one particle of the world snake was touched the whole system was activated in different degree of course, it was all part of that black stone structure , that rectangular grifting that was supposed to appear triangular..

AND FREE PEOPLE TO ACCEPT WHATEVER bullshit and lying 'we' (since we are a 'we' 'we' with a LITTLE more money!!!) so 'you are crazy' AGAIN never received the money and you will never be the new emperor of Yapan.. I shall see to that – by denying what is RIGHT NOW – most obviously for the whole fucking world a known fact! And try to demand that bastard into Mammon worship of my money heap – by denying the assistance it economically promised.. I have so dearly promised I want THAT DISEASE to spread – it is already permeating my own society – BUT ALSO – in Yapan and all over the whole fucking mother fucking world FOR THAT matter!!! So that you shall take my example ALWAYS – the knife in the back as soon as you have to give what you so clearly promised to for yourself receive benefits! But that didn't tell he he he – right my idiot bastard?! And then earthly hell for you only – and we others share the track of that heavenly promise you made – and came with – a light to be stolen -

Only stolen – and stolen again – and me stealthy closer – to envy the whole plan – of total demolition for the whole fucking mother fucking planet.. a good idea right??'

The mother of no one känslan utav att barnet ä ren bajs korv the father of Laser and the mother of no one skall lämna över på 'nya fångvaktarna' om det så är Ulrika eller Madeleine

eller Princessan av Yapan ”jaha då gör vi oss av , kastar bort alla hans saker – säger upp.. säljer lägenheten.. tar bort alla pengar – drar in strandtomten – drar in passet och alla möjligheter – började med att förvägra att ta ut kontanter så att traumat från att ha varit förslavat bunden till händer och fötter , torterad, raserad, Zahra äktenskaps förhållande allt detta skulle den djäveln (som dessa kallade offret) skulle konstant bli påmind om ärret – att ha fått håret att börja falla av, se gammal och trött och inte alls glad ut, så att så fort ’den djävlen’ skulle handla mat – vara på baren, vara ute på staden, vara konstant splittrad i sin upplevelse av enlightenment, så fort den satanistiska ’IF’ porten var öppnad ’den använder inte BIP kortets reskriptikoner funktionalitet den djäveln! Då bli den aaaavvv av med allting – För att du måste vara bedövad som en fisk man slagit mot relingen på natten! Du ska torteras!! Men – bara då ska du få veta i yelp-thesis-bed! The yelp-thesis-bädden! Din djävel, jag ska själv komma ner och slå ihjäl dig – med en kniv stick ut dina vackra ängla ögon.. ’och jag med ett stadigt grepp med mina tänder om din hals, likt Nosferatus, och du med ett stadigt grepp om min torra pung, redo att vrida om ett varv till och ännu ett varv’ som Espmark slutar sin pjäs Rosenkrantz mot Guildenstern., Sherlock Holmes sista uppdrag, störtande ned med Dr. Moriarty rakt in i avgrunden, med ett stadigt grepp om varandra, fighten pågår fortfarande.. fight fight fight..

Dina vackra ängel ögon som påminner mig om din förhatliga födelse! Comparisions are odious!

Där du kunde fixera glaskropparna på mig från första ögonblicket du öppnade de där pärlorna! Och du såg på mig – och jag trodde att jag älskade dig -.. Det GÖR jag också! Men bara som en tillgång! Jag har utnyttjat dig att känna förträfflig – och för fan banne mig, fortsätta med! Hör du det din djävul! Din tigerrandade djävla arselhåla!!! Jag ska inte dö utan att känna mig förträfflig! DET vore ett misslyckande! Det tillåter jag icke!

Och så rullade det på som bevisade R.D. Laings påstående i ’Mentalsjukdom och miljö’ att det hal var ett försök av icke-troende pären att påtvinga avkomman dyrkan av Mammon, Bifron och Satanism – och det var DÄRFÖR skizofrenin i sken och allmänt ansågs som spirituellt varelser som besatt förmågan till medlidande.

Dvs. de s.k. ’skizofrena’ var Bodhisattvans gelikar, som Mästaren Jesus Kristus uttalde det: ’vad än ni gör mot någon av dessa mina små – HAR NI OCKSÅ gjort emot mig..’

So then it was just to let everything go.. the surveillance had made that great happening possible.. What before time was dragging along of your past haunting you like a persecution of absolute satanical ritual abuse, was now just to let sink into the collective unconscious, and let that subconscious nagging experience of them trying to drive a wedge between you and the present reality go.. Everybody already knew it.. So the 12th Imam was the blessed state.. ’Blessed are the poor in spirit’ Master Jesus Christ had said.. Now that had become a reality of blessing .. I was happy to let things just be.. ’And how many gardens and springs did not they leave to head for the land in which there was a good leader??’ Allah said in the

Quran.. 'And so We recompensed them with something even better..' Just the freedom I have received as authority, being the law in Japan as a Zen master was enough.. Surely the other things were there and I believed in them coming real, my marriage with the princess and my property and the other things.. Being in health again, was 'everything depends upon the mind, God's mind, no mind' and so, everybody was healing the collective trauma together with me, and the world was being saved, saving it was me peeing openly wherever I wanted and felt like, exposing my small penis, which was contemptible in Absurdistan, but here was mostly appreciated and worshipped by the women openly, whom cried out openly as they saw me, and their respectives holding them by the arm usually, to hinder them from running to me, 'their God' as they called me..

"och du kommer till makten" 'pathetical and pathological' (pp) scanty 'sss' stalking scamming suckers 'iyyaqa nastain' 'and Thine held we seek' 'against the idol worshippers' 'al qawmin qafirin' 'the disbelieving people' 'insane demands' Allen Ginsberg had written in 'America' in his 'Howl and other poems' that contained the foretexting 'If thou wishes to be with that thou dost seek; die!' a line from Jewish tradition, as usually stolen from Islam.. They had also stolen 'when something BIG is about happening, then there is a need for AN OPENING', from the 1st Chapter of Al Quran, the holy book The Quran, which was named 'The opening'..

When something BIG was about to happen, there was always a Bodhisattva type like Abraham or Moses or someone born in the underclass, that got elevated to Khallifaship by Allah, an opening was made.. Then the Prophets after that, in these times geniuses, was springing from that very experience, into something great but from the perspective of already getting born into a position..

So an opening had been made with 'Enslingen och Universum' 'att vara enskild men fortfarande del utav det större' som Dr. D.T. Suzuki snackade om i 'Vad är Zen' ..

'insane demands' is just another type of scantiness – in this case sadistic, and in the other case masochistic.. or vice versa, mutatis mutandis however the case may be.. Agent X in a nut shell of idiocy.. People at general are canalizing the evil of the leader – with 'expected accumulations' that is for certain certain people (the poor in national richness) they expect everything from to then kill them.. like Ghaddafi.. we have to avenge that great martyr.. and others – get a part on anything – just because of Mammon being worshipped 'correctly'..

"The main thing they want you to believe is that the supernatural is not real.. why is that so important?? For 80 years to convince me the supernatural is not real.. so then you have to ask motive, like it's not a profit motive.. does it make them rich to deny that there are supernatural forces?? No.. What is that?? And.. I don't know the answer.. But the obvious answer is that they know that they are working for supernatural forces, .. (smiling knowingly) actually.. But they physical form, like, they are not just some theory, they are not just shadows floating around, specters !!.. fog!!.. like .. they are physical (slams his hand making

metallic sound with the right palm) .. they are as real as the arm of your chair, they are supernatural.. so they do things that are NOT natural.. like kill themselves.. that is why we are the only species that kills themselves.. so .. when you kill yourself.. slowly or all at once, you are being acted on by forces outside of you.. spiritual forces.. “

tucker, you were nervous 'allatonce' is good, 'everybody at the same time' that's bad.. but you nailed it; the Sour-us party makes laws to enact upon those whom are spiritually awakened, while The Secret of Us party rules the world by their leader not being indicted

TUCKER CARLSON: “THE GOVERNMENT IS UNDER SUPERNATURAL CONTROL”

Tucker just dropped a bone-chilling truth: “Their top priority is making sure YOU don’t

believe in the supernatural... because THEY do. And THEY serve it.” Let that sink in. He’s not talking politics anymore — He’s talking powers and principalities. Entities that have infiltrated world governments, media, and institutions — and are actively WAGING WAR

against belief in God, truth, and reality itself. WHAT THIS MEANS: The “rational

world” is a LIE built to blind you. Your disbelief is their greatest weapon. This isn’t

left vs right — this is good vs EVIL. Carlson is calling out the dark spiritual agenda behind globalism, war, censorship, and mass deception. The elites don’t fear politicians — They fear

the awakening of souls. This is no longer about ideology. This is about eternity. Do NOT sleep through this

Christ says; vulcanos will erupt.. the eruption it’s called.. thanks good idea.. volcano magma.. coming free

’ ”Obviously.. most.. they are a danger to themselves and others and clear for all to see (Scott Ritter would say; ‘we don’t need these morons to tell us that..’) so – Foucault was right ‘it is all about power’ – that is . i.e. that means – the inquisition will take the side of the present upper hand at any moment – ‘ A Fouche’ Dr. T.A. would call it – ‘it was politics that killed so many in the 20th century.. not lack of politics..’ the inquisition will feed victims to the d’evil, on any side that for the moment has the upper hand, that is the whole issue.. those sneaky

snake eyes of the torture leader are cold, calculating cc.. see see.. ssee ssee.. fish eyes are too kind description, it is essence of evil.. 'den som tappar sin subjectivitet blir objective bedömare av allas personlighet..' ”

The servant of illuminati evil – uses their illumination to 'discover' THE MARK in others, and uses it to push them down into material bullshit and lies, into worshipping THEIR mammon.. little small devils sitting everywhere hatching on this purpose.. that is the hallmark of evil, the accusation..

So Agent X calls me cruel; 'it is not for the status of a messenger of Allah to take prisoners of war until he has induced mass slaughter in the lands' Allah says in the Quran. The question then to Agent X is; 'since you kill the thing you love, you telling me that you don't like me, does that mean that you don't kill the thing you don't like..'

Agent X: 'I want you committing suicide and burning in the fire..'

Me: 'just reminding you.. I am interested in you, not questioning me.. Nova Police does the interview; but we already divine the answer; your heart is hard like a stone or even harden, cause of stones there are some that crash down in fear of their Lord, and others from which clear springs gushes forth.. Your so called 'love' is just admiration disguised usually as 'infatuation', but you are out to kill the thing you love, unless there is official fame and money, then that is your satanical black mill right.. that you want turning around to earn your place and some fame maybe even yourself and money of course.. always in the circular center.. and then you kill the thing you love unless that is not lacking.. the so called secret sex is your 'goal' of an apartment, and then the split comes, as the plus 6 is vibrating, and you get into a frenzy of sacrificing humans to get away from the feeling of falling apart yourself.. You are feeling that plus 6 beat in the sphere of the d'evil, that is occupying illumination through the Illuminati .. the 28th degree you are told; everything you have so far been told is a lie, a big lie, now you get to know the truth.. We are drinking 8 million children a year after raping and sacrificing them to Satan to look good on TV.. And then you think you 'are cool' to detect THE MARK 'IN ANYONE' and then begin pushing it down by giving it a bad deal.. You are DIRTY agent X.. Naughty talking naughty book , getting people on the crook Sijjiin.. Hook..'

So the No-sphere was a tangible mass psychotical force, which served the Illuminati, the masters of evil. The following neurological human brain system was manipulated into 'searching for the marks' , the intention was evil and only evil.. The perfektibilisterna, on the so called 'top' which was only meaning that they had a lot of money money money, was pressing up the wageslaves into believing that they and the idols were perfect somehow.

'The mark' was the 'hall mark of low class' such was the thought, and since everybody wanted to be high class, but all had the mark themselves, THE MARK OF THE BEAST, then that became. You see the mark in itself was nothing very special, just a juxtaposed apprehension of reality, being born with a natural need to orgasm, those without much money was supposed to be pressed down further and further, until they got totally dependent upon THE MARK, and had to worship statues in form of pornographic films. And that was why there was the sound of silence spreading everywhere across earth, like 'det är liksom alla lyssnar efter nåt, liksom det inte fanns något oss.. Det är liksom monster sitter omkring, liksom vi var slutna i en ring. Ingen dansar omkring, ingen säker ett ting, alla bara sitter och väntar på enveleringen.. Ingen reaktion bland oss.. Alla bara sitter och kokar, kokar sitt gift som finns i skrift, sitter tyst, FÖR ATT MOSA VARANDRA TILL SIST.. Det är liksom en död skog som suger energi; allt som går in blir taget, inget som går inte blir inte slaget.. Hugg ned denna skog!, vi har fått nog!' so to the sound of mayhem Jack decided not to eat on his birthday, and drink only water.. Some old great Islamic personalities celebrated their death day instead, and since that could happen any moment, then everyday was the best day, every moment the best moment..

So the No-sphere became a mental pressure, which actually became a real force, and that was THE EVIL OF THE FORCE.. 'The Big Lie' we could say.. And that was what it was all about all of this time.. The Big Lie.. Actually all of these beautiful poets and saints, and prophets of previous times (after the last Prophet before Doomsday Prophet Muhammad Salla Allahu Aleyhi Wa Salam, RasulAllah The light of the world), they all had impact, but did not get out, because of that the information flow was controlled, by the jew devils.. " 'mass media ergo mass psychosis' is our greatest weapon.. " the Illuminati says.. So you see, believing in bullshit and lies is no small matter.. In the end you will sacrifice your own children to satan and then the Doom comes, the rapture, the eruptions of vulcanos 600 years not active..

And the big lie Satan spread around, like mythology satan always writes about himself, repeating his own name in eternity; 'IF you have reached a position, then you DO NOT let that BE DESTROYED by kreti and pleti..' BUT IN REALITY 'the they' with satan in the lead, is totally dependent upon people believing in their bullshit and lies.. Never forget that the stupidity and vulgarity of people at general as a cyclotron weapon of the No-Sphere, is the greatest enemy to slay for the believers.. This makes it impossible to lead a normal life, and everything will be lost if you don't aim for Paradise, that is 'If thou wishes to be with that thou dost seek; die!' as Allen Ginsberg has it in the beginning of Howl and other poems..

So, therefore I rather celebrated my death day on this very day, as my birthday gift to be wished.. That is, I celebrated everyday I was alive and could slay the dragon of the No-Sphere and diminish the spellbinding grip of the Illuminati sect at general terms.. But always remembered 'the one whom shall do good to another have to do so in MINUTE DETAILS, general good is the plea of the scoundrel and the hypocrite'..

Föllinger007 had also said; 'I see death as a release' and such Imam Ghazali is also quoting big Sufi masters through the time, himself one of them, whom understood Prophet Muhammad's Salla Allahu Aleyhi wa Salam's hadith; 'for the believer the world is a prison, and for the disbeliever a paradise', as meaning exactly what Föllinger007 said, exactly the same words actually, yet another proof that behind that 'great legend' of Föllinger007, there was actually hiding a great Sufi..

The new type of Belsjevism, Jinn Juri called 'globalism'; like for example such a brainwashed goyim, as the Illuminati called them, 'en nyttig idiot' 'Killary called them , that horrid witch, 'useful idiots', Jinn Juri called it 'globalism' I simply called it 'satanism'..

A useful idiot could get such strange ideas, that it was better to risk World War III, then letting his offspring use cash and not have a BIP account confirmation.. And by loading such terms with extreme trauma over the whole world, paranoia was induced as a mass psychosis.. 'Det är liksom alla lyssnar efter nåt, liksom det inte fanns något oss.. Det är liksom MONSTER sitter omkring, liksom vi var slutna i en ring.. Ingen säger ett ting.. Ingen dansar omkring.. Alla bara sitter och väntar på enveleringen..'

The successors of Abramelin The Jew – A story that is sad but true

1.

666 – The devil reptilians –

Dinosaurs in human form –

They inhabited earth – before human-kind –

And they have come back in the form of vampires –

Drinking childrens' blood.

After raping – torturing and sacrificing the child –

To Satan –

The very loud chanting of satanical hymns

Deafens the ears to the horror going on

Which is to see.

Dressed in white gown with legs strapped apart –

Lies the young girl with braces on also arms.

Raped by 31 men –

While their wives stands looking on –

lapping their hands.

The note on her wrist say: 'alive' –

That is the reason she is not sacrificed like the other young women

Whom after torture and rape –

Is cut in their throats –

And slowly the reptilians suck their blood –
To get the drug Adrenochrome –
That makes them look young –
While in actual fact they are very old...
Until the child dies of loss of blood –
Then – it is just a carcass to be thrown
Away and buried in the mud –
(avenged on The Judgement Day(!))
In Winsor Castle's dungeons
The young woman which had 'alive' strapped to her arm
s hung on the wall in fetters – by the wrists of her arms
and a neck fetter
To be abused and done harm...
For next period of time –
Until Halloween comes up –
She is tormented there –
But is not giving up..
Three days before next ritual she is forbidden to eat or
drink –
So that her organs will be pure – “from filth”.
Scotland Yard drove her here in a police-car escort –
Like so many other children through the years –
That now are murdered and gone.
Behind dark glasses in a backseat thrown.
She is led out – through the dark gloomy halls –
Where parties of men in masks like demons –
Is standing in wait for the signal,
To the hymns for The Devil.
As the signal blows – the fox hunt begins –
But not on foxes –
But these little children.
Like hide and seek – but 'the vampire game' for real –
The men in devil masks search the children out –
For raping, torture and killing.
The blood is everywhere with corpses of the young
children lying
Prone dead, and some not yet dead, but lying there
painfully dying.
But the little girls with 'alive' written around their wrists
Are ganged-raped again

And then led down to the dungeon below Winsor Castle

–

To hang on the walls – tormented in wait

For the next ritual date.

Such is the royal house-hold of Great Britain and Israel and the United States built –

Upon the chattan-sacrifice acts

Of small little children.

2.

The reptilian dinosaurs is detected usually in almost anyone,

whether Muslim, Christian, Jew or other religious

belonging/

totally spellbound by the movie industry/

they sit in front of a black hole they call TV/

'this remember we/this crap that replicate in us like a

virus of "Me! Me! Meee!" '/

as soon as the contempt for 'the diagnosed' gets its grip

in these eternal losers whom only fool themselves,

walking straight into hell

with that sneer of a contemptful laugh on their faces

'anything a diagnosed says is only bullshit!' they sneer,

and those aliens of green envy, small green men, and some thin, growing large, the leaders

of the denizens

of hell, drinking childrens' blood/

while their spellbound useful idiot's souls leave the

victims of big pharma sinking in the mud /

slowly killed on those infamous institutions polluting the

victim's blood. !

"pure children's blood for our reptilian leader. And

polluted blood for the poor bastards whom just wanted to

wake up from the devil's trance /

yes, it had been implanted in them from baby stage,

little green men through the television

to secretly rule them through their minds from the

demonical dimension /

as they were eager to wake up from the trance

they had a leprosy, a seizure looking 'sick' /

so we could "diagnose" them with the stupid consent of

their parents.

Then we slowly sacrifice them to Satan / earning given

money from the taxpayers from poisonous pills

and syringes which aim at once again spellbinding them
to think that US slowly torturing them to death

is just some kind of 'positive test'.

Pure babies blood for us to drink,
and our Big PHarma victim's abandoned by everyone on
the brink of death in the ovens.

That is the new world order system ruled by us reptilians

Each religious group becoming a football team sect,
whom is based on supplying its members with what
people of the earth crave: money and sex.

If you don't become like them and order yourself into
their ranks

you are no more a welcomed member in their crave.

And so I speak for myself, as a happy master of the
golden chain /

that proclaim the greatness of GOD by again and again
seeing what initially looked like sensible people /
women and men /

transform into unthankful green little men /: reptilians

So the whole thing was actually about the rule of evil; these vulgar satanical< giggle-goggle-
sctutinizing patronizing judgemental imitators of women, cyclotrone obliisk black making
delusional of grandeur.. these were the symptom of the illumiati sect worshippers, those
small little green men; sooo evil.. like the canibals in the woods finding some white boys, and
the white boys laughing towards the camera as they are taken away, to be slaughtered totally
without mercy and eaten brain.. Like, when you see those laughing negro mouths on
distance, be aware, this is life peril! Nothing to joke around with Jones, and you know that of
course..

'something is happening and you don't know what it is.. do you .. Mr Jones.'

As that melody is beginning to be played in your head, be wary, .. conspiracy is taking place,
and you are the aimed for victim..

So basically the forbiddance of Sieg Heil and the consequence of this; the forbiddance of
movement at general with this, IS the gimmic. It is like the Absolute, confirmation, AND
STAMP, of the Big Lie, .. because the Big Lie tries to hinder you everywhere, and make you
feel constricted in your movements.. And people naturally got high upon the person daring
to do it, since by exposure of you making Sieg Heil, the Big Lie lifted from their shoulders 'the
sun has a broad shoulder' , and 'the truth shall make you free', the light in the heart of
women were enkindled, and people still could not think logical; 'if the light of the world I

fancy as a black rat ttttt attack like Darth Vader red laser sable sharp as attack.. what the hell is wrong with me???' but since they worshipped Perfektibilisterna, and could never perceive any fault in themselves 'has to be like on TV', then logic was impossible for them to grip even at this obvious level.. 'no idea to try to prevent them from thinking.. nature has done that..'

So the obvious point of course was that Allah had created us with sexual needs, and so, born as underclass (these days denied, the biggest trick of the devil was to induce in people the idea, that d'evil did not even was in existence') you had not those possibilities to live in the illusion 'the dream' as Buddha called it, of the wordly business, and imagine that the girls coming to you were really love.. No, the world was a big whore, so if you had money, that illusion could be fancied in your brain, but then fire would meet you at the other end, 'the other end' that meant death..

But if you died to the world and entered that black tunnel, you could actually discover light on the other side,, of that black tunnel.. and the further you got towards it, the more happy Allah made you feel, and neither fearing nor grieve..

So, Jack renamed the thing, and nowadays it was called 'Free Heil'.. So that was basically the thing.. People screamed they wanted a Raymond Chandler, a Philip Marlowe, a SRRR Conan Doyle, and a Sherlock Holmes.. 'well.. fuck that shit!' Jack held a lecture, 'what are you speaking about?? You are all bullshit and lies, claiming that 'everything is good' all the time.. THAT was the real story.. you being the wageslaves of the Perfektibilisterna!, that only hell was good enough for you, since you claimed that nothing was anything but perfect, you claimed thereby that you will surely enter Paradise.. as then hadith by RasulAllah goes.. and therefore, you would surely enter hell.. That is, there WERE no story.. you get it??. and we know at the Nova Police that you will be possessed by those pictures you see, thinking that everything have to be perfect, .. In Quran, the chapter 1 sura was named The Opening.. You see, before me, things were dying since 1969.. there were no story you see.. Just 'a little happenings' .. 'this and that happened.. ' etc.. who cares?? This is THE REAL STORY.. The poor thing.. That is the real story.. And all those les fleurs de mal that was hidden seem to be coming to light, you can see it clearly manifested before your very eyes.. 'the truth shall make you free' ..

That rotten shit, rat ta ta ta rotten attack . tta tat a ta ratt ta ta..

As RasulAllah salla allahu aleyhi wa salam said; at the end of times the shadow of the dragon will be lying over everybodies faces.. you can use it for something good or for something bad..

Most people chose 'bad' since they were lethally afraid of 'the stamp' that is 'stamping on the human face with the boot of the No-Sphere and 'up there somewhere' the illuminati is sitting in their castles, why I am enslaved and dying down here in a prison I can not see. THINK IF I WOULD CONFESS TO HAVING LOOKED AT PORNOGRAPHY.. the end of the world is better!!' and that was most people so to speak, maybe 96 percent or something..

So O you people!! Worship your Lord whom has created you and those before you!, that you may fear Allah!, as verse 21 goes in Sura Al Baqara.

Recite verses 6 and 7 in Sura AL Baqara, then make sojood, get up and recite the verses 8-10 in sura Al Baqara, make salah.. then get up and recite Sura Al Baqara verses 11-12..

Exactly, like Izzy would have said, before my fame happened; 'there is no story.. you get it?? There is only a lot of Watchers, goyims chewing grass and some stupid idols sitting 'up there', the top of the obelisk.. black oblong box at the end of the room, eehhh.. sticking the needle with a sky, or vice versa mutatis mutandis however the case may be..

As D.H. Lawrence said; art for my sake.. Some kind of dominion of absolute magic, Allah's Might thrown behind it, so that it is not a weight, but the heaviest object not being felt..

'when you see a master, do not greet him, do not not greet him.. then how shall you greet him??'

So the real overclass, not these Illuminati bastards of evil and their minions of stupid hate and No-Sphere destroying what has been create, is expressed so beautifully by Moses Staff; 'I don't care about what people think, as long as they can do nothing about it..'

There is a thing.. that .. when given.. brings blessing.. and when not given brings Jahannum.. do you know what that thing is??

The Sahabas shook their heads..

That is money..

There is a thing, .. that when you give it.. it brings hell .. and when you don't give it, in the right manner, it brings paradise.. you know what that is??

The Sahabas shook their heads..

That is sex.. Money and sex are two sides of the same coin of the worldly business..

Agent X tells us; 'you are cruel!! ' but Tucker said this; 'I am just trying to be logical here.. what is it for a not natural thing that makes the girls kill themselves allatonce??, not the

messenger of Allah right?? He teaches them that the supernatural exists!! And is a light in their heart!! No, it is the forces of evil whom are hunting after him, and wanting to torture him to deny everything!! Why can't people see such an obvious fact??, obviously the answer is, very clear and like logical conclusion; because people at general are the servants of evil themselves, and built up unrealistic ideas of 'goodness' that is supposed to be manifest in some gifted person.. and then they sacrifice him.. the thing they love.. TO SATAN.. '

Hearing this people were totally flabberghasted.. and just did not know what to say.. going dumb again.. after having an 'up swing in their opinion' about that the promises as usual were to be thrown away to satan and satan's silly ill dregg..

"So Agent X and your goyim worshippers, you are too proud to admit that you are unable to love anything or anyone, so you want to get on top of the thing, screw reality apart like in verses 6 and 7 in Sura of The Cow, that thing you admire unwillingly, since it is obviously a higher form of being.. for example Jack whom proved supernatural phenomena without actually intending.. So then Agent X, you kill the thing you 'so-called love' , but I think that your heart is actually loveless, it is hard like a stone , or even harder, since of stones there are some whom crash down in FEAR of their Lord, and some whom get grief and a spring gushes forth from the stone.. So the question is not if I want to commit suicide and then burn in hell.. the question is ABOUT YOU.. Agent X; why you kill the thing you love??, and then you blame the consequences upon the Messenger, .. "

The Nova Police was interrogating..

" You know what I think Agent X.. I think that you worship fame and money.. and the so-called secret sex.. sex you are possessed by.. right.. as Allah says in the Quran, you and your ilk are worshipping your lusts.. So you are getting into control freak doom, and you want money and fame to be able TO CONTROL.. since control can only lead to more control, it is like junk.. control freakiness is the so called secret 'sex'.. THAT is what we think.. so that means that; you Agent X and your ilk, only can accept to admire someone right.. since it is only accepted as OFFICIAL.. a person is not something in itself, but only as part of the masspsychosis, the No-Sphere, the biggest weapon of the masters of evil..

AND THAT IS WHY YOU KILL THE BELIEVERS. And so Allah says right in the Quran, 'then kill the idols and their worshippers', since unless you do that, oppression in the form of Fitna will spread and corrupt the whole earth.. That is the consequence of the anatomy of devilry; since everything depends upon the mind.. 'sinnet är så ofantligt överväldande' as Butsugen is quoted by Dr. D.T. Suzuki in What is Zen?.. So that means, basically, that the sin not forgiven by Allah, called 'putting a partner to Allah' is the very perfektibilism you are worshipping.. and that this is severer than the thing you are pushing down, those poor downtrodden people whom all their lives has been induced with the idea that they are inferior since they have little or no money.. And you want to force them to statue worship to control them

perpetually.. making them into split minds, instead of zombies.. the idolworshippers being your zombies, whom on the outside superficially looks like themselves, but throws everything into hell and forces the delusions of the mass psychosis upon the victim at a given signal..

And this is the disease of satan 'I am better than he' which makes you refuse to bow for Adham, the first created being, the progenitor of your very existence, so that you fall from paradise with it.. and then wants to reclaim it in the same manner as satan, by 'making up stories' as to get away from the penible fact that you are yourself infected with statue worshipping marks.. you got them when paradise was lost, and you were used to having the orgasmic experience, and then suddenly you just could not make it.. in your confused state, you looked at some pornographic magazine and came.. and then it haunted your mind like a shadow, and you into more and more qufr.. that is the whole story..

You were all too proud not to win in life, so instead you threw yourself off a cliff, after falling from paradise.. threw yourself off a cliff together with everybody else at the same time.. we know your sick minds here at the Nova Police, and we have come to redeem this problem.. It should be a matter of small effort we think, since it is such a small offence, to be wiped out completely by the Ashhada now being made in 'The new religion' (in quotation marks') Naqshbandi school this very Jack Kerouac is coming with, having seen 1968 the year after in the summer of '69 he flew straight to Yapan and landed there 2007.. and now clock is turned back from 2025, and 2007 is announced by the sounds of clanging cymbals..

So that is what this sign.. you know.. the index finger and the little finger.. the so called 'satan sign' means, it means: 'that little thing.. I have never received anything good out of you at all..' and the majority of the women going to hell.. and that was the very reason it was so hard to cure this idocy.. 'my money.. my power.. my control freakiness.. and then YOU SHALL PLEASE ME.. do as I say..' like they tried with Yusuf Aleyhi Salam in Sura 12 in the holy Quran.. And Yusuf said; 'death is far dearer to me then what they ask for..' and so he was imprisoned 40 years, and in the end victory came, and the whole thing became a feast.. 'That little thing.. I am searching the marks in you.. SO I CAN GET YOU UNDER.. and ride your dick.. ' then take control instead and begin fucking them from top to bottom on all fours from behind.. they will be satisfied and the whole thing will not slip down that slippery slope.. But do it in the best manner, that means, the lonely room of prayer is yours, see to that you always can afford that little luxury, and then aim for marriage, or having them as your sexslaves.. they will all call you 'honey'..

The illuminati masters of evil teach their sect members; have an ugly wife and then fuck around a lot..

What cruelty! So that she really shall feel her inferiority , desperate and split in the night 'my husband can afford to have a lot of illegitime children.. he is not just fucking.. and here I am as a façade for his evil fortune..'

So 'the mark' is searched with the evil intention only to subdue your surroundings and contacts to obey your index finger.. you point there and there and it is all for the sake of satan.. It is control freakiness..

The Sufism of Jack had reached the level of Mawlana ship, that meant that Allah had left the reigns to Jack, and the Angels were doing his bidding.. Then people also began thinking it was a good idea, and so in Yapan the Mufti side of Jack could do the very same thing, but not as a Sofist, like the forces of evil did, but as a Sufi, a servant of God, where God's command was the thing to be obeyed, instead of everything falling slipping down that slippery muddy slope straight into the fire of hell..

Absurdistanians are usually useless , unemployed and worthless or rather worse..

'who the fuck you think you are' 'who the fuck wants to die alone or dried up in the gutter??' Izzy screams 'me myself avoiding using Izzy's vocabulary' Jack thought.. 'but it is totally in harmony, since a believer, as RasulAllah says, is not given to swearing and cuzzing, and using such language, or swearing oaths of useless nature, just deception deceiving like these worthless arabs I see, all the time going around repeating at every second corner 'wa Allah!' '

Like Zen master Blyth used to say; 'to explain the word of vulgarity, is the hardest thing, since it is vulgar to say so', like you die when you say 'scamming stalking sucker' since everybody these days seems to be cursed by God, roaring 'wa Allah' but in their own tradition, to gain Riba and expected accumulations and then failing the victim..

So let us get 'employed' like Scott Ritter would say 'paradise is working 24 hours a day and being happy about it.. I envy the prophet.. this is it.. this is as serious as it gets'.. we here quote Laleh

'I am.. I have it in me, like a seed in the ground, only needing the water and time in the sun, I am like heaven walking the clouds, I am birdy knowing all songy, I'm here I'm one in a million, yhea yhea I am the kid that was born with the Throne, never eats from another's hand, all is better from the hand of Yaddi Naqshband, I keep on going my own dance, do not pop up out of nowhere stans.. not even myself know I know..

What do you mean what I should become?? What dooo yooouuu meeeaaan?? I am! What ! I am!

What do you mean what I should become?? What dooo yooouuu meeeaaan?? I am! What ! I am!

'When someone asks me 'who's my favourite bad man' I think of you and say 'Christian male'..

As long as I live I'll be remembering the names of your favourite beers and your maddison games.. The look on your face when you turned 26 and your dad got too stones yhea that one is gonna stick! You broke me to pieces but I look for you even when everything went up in flames.. I'll never forget how I bloomed for your gazes your wall of guitars and your maddison games.. yhea.. your maddison games..

(whole earth quaking with the throne being angry with the wrath of God)

Pick up your phrases now I say it's aces, but it always sounds so fake.. I wonder if your tongue is turning over anything I used to say.. my sister is trying for a beby lately, with you my Christian male.. It is getting darker so I turn you down but I can't turn you off..

As long as I live I'll be remembering the names of your favourite beers and your maddison games.. The look on your face when you turned 26 and your dad got too stones yhea that one is gonna stick! You broke me to pieces but I look for you even when everything went up in flames.. I'll never forget how I bloomed for your gazes your wall of guitars and your maddison games.. yhea.. your maddison games..

At least I'm trying the water and now I'm about to drown.. I'm trying to find you .. beby just around.. everything reminds me of you even now.. even now even noooow!!

As long as I live I'll be remembering the names of your favourite beers and your maddison games.. The look on your face when you turned 26 and your dad got too stones yhea that one is gonna stick! You broke me to pieces but I look for you even when everything went up in flames.. I'll never forget how I bloomed for your gazes your wall of guitars and your maddison games.. yhea.. your maddison games..

The fire in the gut that I've chased ever since .. you said 'the park' .. you're gonna stick..

As Jensen McRae sings to Jack Kerouac. Born in Massachusetts she was longing for him already, having travelled forward to Yapan and in time.. 'God damn what a man!!'

Last mission of the rapture quaking 'teleport yourself under the skin of the devil..' like my sexslaves was getting under my skin, it was so pleasant, mind reading everything.. and we laughing like hell.. 'and blew the devil to pieces from inside'..

If you thought, something everybody knew, but the forbidden tree was eaten from 'that specific tree' that made Adham and Eve fall out of paradise, so if you mentioned it, a fact everybody knew, then God Himself would kill you and put you into the fire..

Then think that everybody else also was carrying upon this very same thing, but Allah heightens whom he wills and defiles whom He wills..

'honour is from Allah.. these taking worldly disbelievers for friends instead of believers.. DO THEY SEEK WITH THEM HONOUR??

O you Belivers!! Do not take worldly friends for companions in front of the believers.. and whomever of you is seen doing so; upon you pure illumination..'

Now the cosmic joke of Allah could be seen, and everybody was doubling down confessing 'that small little thing' and the world was becoming healthy again.. It was a scene like out of the 1920's Marx Brother's movies.. and if you happen to foresay yourself speaking OUT OF TERM, it was just to be reminded of The Mission and correct the tongue, which happened to say the forbidden.. And that was different??, you see, the messenger had status, while the ordinary earthly human beings had not, and so the thing was the opposite, same but different different but same.. It was all 'In Allah's Name'..

Teleport yourself under the skin of the devil and blow that to pieces from inside so to speak.. And the aspect Jack Kerouac liked about jazz was the imperfection about and of it.. those decayed teeth of excessive drinking alcohol was actually MORE goodness in – more beautiful, as Zen Master Blyth pointed out in the beginning of his Haiku, than the so-called 'beauty' to be prepared to sacrifice your attractive qualities for the cause, not caring about the quantity of shit that will be heaped over you totally unfair and unnecessary spoiling like Zen Master Blyth pointed out so accurately but a little vague; 'money.. it spoils everything..' so to be prepared to sacrifice your attractive qualities for the cause of Yihadd – is bringing out love in people if it is even in existence among them.. if not so existing – there is no hope anyway..

White nights of Dostojevskijs idiot

The point of saving of Islam, it being a great peace religion, was of course obvious; these 'boasting about my sex experiences' satanical bastard with their money heaps of obnoxious lying, bastardness in the extreme, was supposed to get executed.. They are boasting with their sins.. Leave such a town where this is accepted.. You shall be ashamed have you done such a thing, you shall fear and grieve, over the loss of your freedom, you shall be locked in, and maybe even stoned to death..(if you are married).. damn what the fallen civilisation lauds which are in Allah's eyes the worst kind of behaviour. (!)..

All this time the wrath of Allah had raged whenever Agent K9 wanted – suddenly the veil was lifted and relief in the form of the Mercy of Allah came down instantly – suddenly Agent K9 was 17 years, sitting in his room – and he had made it..

'a man will have only what he intended..' 'the crazier plan the better.. I remember sitting in that car with Dean Moriarty ' K9 thought as he sifted through the pages of On the road by Jack Kerouac, 'high on marijuana and the plan suddenly materialized 'you know Dean..' I said 'I think I will vanish like Dualouz – a split personality in time so to speak.. and break off that bridge and become Gandalf white instead.. by doing what is regarded as the most lowclass in existence, watching pornography and then speaking a lot about it openly.. thereby tempting forth the aduwun mubin of humanity.'

'Jack I think you have something absolutely great there..' Dean said in his usual quite absent minded manner..

As we travelled down those dark roads of Wisconsin, the car rolling and rolling I suddenly felt the freedom – like a bird of dove white coming down – and everything were suddenly clear before my vision eye scenery.. 'drinking myself to death is a great plan, the darkness in this country is scary.. I have to pretend my greatness subdued and be very wary..' yhea – the thoughts wandered clear in vision suddenly 'you know Dean.. you don't only have to then speak about that small little thing making everybody nervously paranoid.. probably since everybody in fact themselves are infected you also have to make them actually SEE you DO IT – and then have the position that it is actually the witnesses of the Hanging of Jerry Green that are the culprits.. that means – they actually did it.. ' John is drinking and George is drunk..' then that changes world history from the precipice of hell – into something else.. unsure what..' both me and Dean knew this was a moment in time of pivotal importance..

'then the girls will go crazy..' Dean ascertained 'of course you are right Dean.. Let us hope it will turn out in a positive manner.'

'yep Jack..' Dean said closing the vision mission.. The dark night of America kept rushing by – and we sat there feeling absolutely satisfied in our marijuana high..

"That's why I'm saying that they now only have 2 alternatives: either nigger-desert become or waving the white flag – it is obvious they have made indegny into an automatically indecent state, since indigent people are having more free thinking..

And then the girls stands there flattered; the devils are going insane of demand after my cunt business.. I think I'm flattered sister!! (and a little better than you, hopefully, we compete about it!!) who can be the greatest whore .. getting into my whoredom state you see!! You hear those roarings of the devils!! That's almost turning me on.. Dark as a clouds containing thunder lightning and darkness , but you see those money heaps behind!!?? That dark castle with lightning striking all around 'the hill' they call it.. let's go there since the devils are roaring so loud like wolf packs!!'

Sister 2: "And I think he has a 6 pack too.."

Sister 1: “Yeeessss sister!!” goes up in a bellow..

They did not think about the quality of a thing, just quantitative measurable ..

And the indigent had more free thinking – that was why the devils was wanting to make it into death in the ovens for them all over earth, and were hunting after them, pretending ‘to caaaarreee’ ‘ssooooo much about the indigent..’

‘we save you from the deep state shooting a hole in your head from distance by enslaving and torturing you.. you should be THANKFUL!!’

Fitna is worse than killing.. You answer from the Quran..

‘yees.. but can’t you see.. your free thinking is provocative..’

‘let it so then be’ you answer thinking ‘what are these for a psychotic nut jobs hunting after me??’

‘And these control freaks are just totally stuck upon their mythology.. right.. like Jinn Juri when ‘a friend’ (with such friends, whom needs enemies??)

Is walking the line between The twin towers before they were blown up by plasma bombs from inside and consequently crashed down ‘it is 433, meters, and fifteen or sixteen centimetres down straight down WHEN YOU FALL!! (screaming this louder), just you know!!’ Jinn Juri screams suddenly when you are in the middle of the tight rope walking. ‘Jinn Juri’ someone says – ‘are you a maniac of information?? Can’t you see your comment is unfitting?? And useless?? Why not get unemployed??’ Jinn Juri have a spasm of extreme fear can be seen upon his face like unto the face of satan suddenly being caught with spinning mythology lying, a spider exposed suddenly to the sunlight as the barn door with that whine, is suddenly flung open by the cow..

‘Jinn Juri, when someone is at the middle of a perilous tight rope walking only an idiot could not understand that even if he would backstep with that middle way balancing rod in his hand, it would just be more – even more – perilous! It would be just as long of a stretch and everybody knows it is of course more easy to just move forward! You have killed this man!

‘I was just flattering by giving some info for free!!’ you will of course say later, “IF HE MAKES IT” you are thinking and hoping it will never ever never happen..

Even if he makes it here to the other side where we are standing – then your intention is evil!..’ and with that the Emperor threw Jinn Juri down from Empire state building..

And it is proving that, when Jinn Juri and the others keep on screaming it, it was all the time part of the Big Lie, the big mythology they were making up, using me for tourism only.. Like I was some kind of museum.. like Iyah May my sexslave says; ‘thanks but no thanks..’

And - - And then turning in the direction of Absurdistan that could be seen from this height over the Atlantic ocean he proclaimed: 'unless you want to become a nigger desert you better wave the white flag convincingly, keeping your hands up in the air so we can see them.. the bigger the white flag be to be seen here overseas – the smaller risk is we drop the hammer on you suddenly..' And the sound of Jinn Juri as he was coming down hitting that pavement at the foot of Empire State building, was like unto an insect of some black obnoxious kind – being crashed under the foot.. 'Metamorphosis' was the comment, 'it is like in the beginning of Kafka's book..'

'tasty in a way.. like a resounding cymbal.. losing his mythological skaaa—I-I.. (shell)..'

SIBERIAN TIGERS

'slå snarare hårt än rättvist' 'när dom är varg gäng behöver vi Sibiriska TIGRAR!!!'

'volt air..'

'and he flipped' 'stood gazing straight into my face.. 'I am strong! !! you see my muscles!!! I can punch! Flip! Stand on hands for a minute!' '60 or 90 seconds he stood facing me off.. but I know I had the power, in this instance the cry of the Khawarijs 'all power belongs to Allah' was a true statement.. you know, the words of Satan in your possession is true, just you steal it from Satan 'I will come like a robber in the night', master Christ said about his return – besides I KNEW I had the overclass , the rulers on my side.. so I needed not to be afraid of Fitna 'are you afraid of physical violence??' my wife had asked me "no honey – just fitna" 'if you are not here in Tokyo before 27 of March 2025 2007 I will spank your ass.."

"3rd chance becoming good" I thought my aunt helped me pack my bags, for 2 weeks – I couldn't do it – too famous – and the program working 25 hours a day – around the clock – then I was one week delayed to Tokyo.. the face off kept on with the fighter by the river, late night, 2 AM..

The fighter hit the air – and looked grim – staring into my face.. as he was about to make a movement – I moved my hand slightly – locking him into position , he became hopeless and the attack was warded off effectively.. you see – the one controlling the trauma, controls the dream, that is, the movement in the world.. 'truth is beauty beauty is truth, truth is movement, beauty is truth'..

As I was safe in Yapan and no one could control me, it was just for me to block off those contact from Absurdistan that had gathered around me on the schoolyard – I remember especially one grim murky autumn evening – when the storm were blowing through the trees – we stood there at North Real which in architecture resembles a cathedral and the lights were dim – a big crowd around me – the boxer and we were fighting – as one went

down – the crowd tried to confuse the issue – then another deceptively suddenly hitting – that went down also – yhea too – very effectively.. and so – these morons tried to reach me here in Tokyo, but they couldn't get here and so I could just block them off.. not a 'but' could they get through to me – thus this time the Balrog were NOT the one breaking the bulk of the bridge, but Gandalf Grey became white after breaking the bridge in half, and Balrog fall down into the abyss..

And the moon was full and shining with light.

And Izzy said: "Listen here you schmuck!! Muther futhcker.. you send me a link and then call on me just to click it.. you telling me you want me to listen to it since what I think about what you have sent "as a link" you have to click it " "" you claim.. then you write me "now you have no more , you wouldn't get another OPPORTUNITY.." from now on you are thus blocked from calling me.. "that issue was to say : no more oppressive absurd answers" (having thus said, Izzy slammed the receiver down into the receiver)

"The mass psychosis, when PR not being PR is weakened.. Pray to Allah for the ties of relationship to be kept, and not be defeated.. PR not being PR is the answer.. 'fitna is worse than killing'..

"and continuing on: 'you know we have the power honey.. our friend the Trumpet has learned from us; just lie straight , you know just like a trumpet crying out, why I actually what I like with jazz like.. That is probably the Paradist is Lost story; where the fall of Adham and Eve begins with Hawwa being deceived by Satan to eat from the forbidden tree, and then tempt Adham to the same.. that temptation is putting PR in front of personal relationships, and believing in the totally absolutely absurd idea, that oppression on you was justified life-long fitna if you ever CONFESSED having orgasm to a pornographic pic.. "I mean come on man.. are you a SOS ?? a SS follower?? A black sun??, like you spread skizzo all over earth.. only 'strike at the neck of the qufr' is your medicine.. hu-man-ity?? Where the hell are you going?? Hell??' it was Satan controlling through this – trauma experience control

And that was what to be fought against not each other confessing pornography - .. like .. what about it?? The answer was that once infected Satan was using that mark to deprive you of everything.. 'the mark of the beast' was the end of the servant of evil, constantly 'searching for that silence.. that stuttering.. and trying to look behind' phenomena constantly..'

I think 'the mark' in the end becomes 'the mark of the beast' 'you know those searching eyes focusing like there was a vacuum around you and trying to make it so.. actually fighting with resources and lives (not their own) to make that into a fact?? You know that satanical ritual abuse on the torture department??, when the staff is ordered to just sit and stare at you in different angles, and trying to 'find that disease' that 'disease' which the qufr has made up to try to explain you away?? You know Tant Agda speaking about how bad everybody else is, like the passers by of Mahdi today when the fish were jumping happily.. their only thought 'it

is NOT for Mahdi they are happy' so the whole life just became Zen disease number 2, a severe, much more severe than Zen disease number 1??

'for even the fishes in the sea prays for the one searching knowledge' hadith of Rasulallah Prophet Muhammad tells us.. mark how it does NOT say 'information', 'information' is just another way to 'try to look behind phenomena' and avoiding living.. 'knowledge' is living and instant in THE INSTANT..

So, I was going to say, present you the idea, that 'the mark of the beast' is just an extension of this very gimmick.. Trauma experience control IS satanism.. the hardness of a heart comes from believing in it.. and you in leathal fear to 'confess it'

So our friend the Trumpet had learned from us, 'just lie straight' after building up the truth and the expected relief.. then lie straight and STATE: 'the papers doesn't exist.. it is a democratic hoax..' then you do a good BM, with BM's approval and BM instructed.. 'in the whole thing..' 'you see..'

'you see' he kept on 'we president – me being Nova Police – knows what we are doing MORE than you ever can imagine or think.. it is YOU who keeps on putting up obstacles in the way making things hard to handle..'

"that's typically women with dunya leaning, playing tuff, playing cool – getting hearts hard like stone, 'good riddance' no you shall weep much and laugh little.. you going to hell is a sad thing indeed.. but a man has to do what a man has to do.. can't do nothing about it.."

Agent X take over attempt.. 'stop me if you have heard this one before' -.. 'as usual..'

'so you ruined me and ruined yourselves, the nation natural order thereby, you ruined yourselves.. it was aaalll about satanical control trauma experience control, right.. not going back to Absurdistan, that is one thing for sure, going to mother Rus – a messenger HAVE to do that, 'then shake off the dust of Qufr town from you feet and your soles and precede..' Master Chrsit is telling us.. no – mmmmuuuuu!!! Just trying to be logic.. of course staying put here in this fantastic paradisical safety of experience.. '

"yhea.. Satan son 'SS' it will be an interestingly perspective – when you in anti-psychiatric mental hospital, in Siberia with Siberian Tigers guarding all around, and you will scream 'home' and it will only be the sign of 'anti' on that building where the torture chamber prepared for you awaits.. 'only getting your poison up your ass which you forced upon the victims previously..' we will live stream your torture and agonies getting the poison up your ass yourself .. it is easy to determine and the jew-devils – a special class I guess – caring not for but quantity, 'Just we sell our shitty products!! We know it!!' it will be easy as I said to determine through 'the shit papers' which clearly states what you yourself have given the victims and then we have an interesting interrogation of perspective; THEN we want you son of satan to say "SOS I think the King of Elland IS actually BURKEN!!!"

'and their hearts became hard AS STONE or EVEN HARDER.. since of stones, there are some who crash down in fear of their Lord, and some stones, from which clear springs gushes forth..'

'ifall ni inte söker upplysning, och aldrig blir upplysta, frukta då ELDEN, som förberetts för människor och DERAS STENAR förskjutna TILL OTROENDE.'

"yhea SOS.. those lines of God in the holy Quran, verse 24.. will be recited to you.. in sura COW.. you wanted others to the COW'ID force?? We will give it to you, bastard, silly.. silly SOS you wanted to make ehhyeee??

Salvador Dali expressed in horror the satanical pride in his him writing about himself in I guess the only book Salvador Dali wrote about himself (don't tell me it is a tautology, it is you who keep putting up obstacles constantly making things hard to handle), so Salvador Dali, "an SD guy" you will tell me.. bad joke you bastard.. he is in a cave by the mediterrainian sea – his wife is about to become real, materialize finally, and Dali to get married thus, and suddenly he is tempted, by the devil?, who knows, to jerk off.. masturbate until he comes.. when he realizes waking up after the dream, he gets into trauma – screaming at himself: 'meeee? Salvador Dali??', truth is onani can be actually a higher level of sexuality – the son of satan 'he is like BURKEN!! How haw how haw I am like an owl.'

And the women seeing 'good jeans' 'reputation' 'a money heap' is flocking around the wolf pack, you see it like suddenly, and with a shock of horror in the heart you tell yourself #everythinglost #burroughs..

Getting teared one by one- riven – and that CAN ONLY GO ON FOR HOW LONG – therefore sura 103 : ending: 'those whom admonish each other in truth, and admonish each other in patience'

That the sura is named 'al assr' meaning, after the sun in the sky straight up, THE HEIGHT HAS BEEN, now they want to steal genius energy, and come to the AFTERGLOW.. 'typically me to always believe in the afterglow.. how could I be so stupid..?? but important thing is to love and be loved in return .. right honey??..'

'and another period passed of darkness and dismal woe..' that is the whole life story, and why muslims in the time of Prophet Muhammad lived like they were a man to be executed with the sword against his throat, constantly.. Prophet Muhammad himself was not even sure he would reach the water 10 meters away as he went out to pee, but instead made tayyamun, wiping his face and arms with dust.. such is the constant KRAFTMÄTNINGEN between the parties of satan and the believers.. other ordinary men and women does not perceive this, and that is why they never reach enlightenment, and in the end is lead down into eternal fire.. they think that Prophet Muhammad was 'nuts' there, 'water 10 meters away and you can't reach it??', they are not apprehending any spiritual reality, and Master Christ says; 'who ever of you says of another 'you are insane' is in peril of hellfire', so the thing is to never claim that about your adversary, but your goal is to prove the fact that you

know so that the other believing parties around the globe sees it (yes, today through the communication lines that is actually possible, therefore the hadith tells us; in the end of times, stay at one place, .. meaning; you can move if the environment goes Qufir, but at the new place where you find safety then have the VERY SAME ATTITUDE; stay at one place).. so your goal is to prove to the other believing parties that what you were subjected to of fitna and oppression IS qufir, and thus making a Dawaa by not making Dawaa .. and then Allah will say it for you; Allah says in the Quran; the Qufirs are insane or rather worse..

The world is about faith proven; you believe in the parties of satan and believe in the parties of Allah, but you can not serve both at the same time.. Jesus Christ the master speaks about this; No one can serve two masters. Either you will hate the one and love the other, or you will be devoted to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve both God and money.”

The world is so idiotic – so it can only be solved by someone totally idiotic – like Mr. Idiot..

The woman is more of a mass you see than the male, cares more for public opinion and masses, like numbers on a BIP account or the AMOUNT of followers.. The lion is appointed by God as the King of The Jungle, and by Allah’s leave, have to uphold order by BEING a lion.. Therefore when you see him jump for the throat of some cattle, that is a happy scene, the wrath of God is taking a cattle being, and tasty meat gets into the jaws of the lion or tiger.. But, when there is less commotion around and thus less pressure, the lion has more time to make a mufti decision based on real wisdom, .. seeking the knowledge from God about an happening that puzzled him, he is happy to announce by him not caring about side issues, that to please God is more important for him than public opinion.. that is how the lion can achieve the highest reward in the end, happiness, and not just joy of being, like usually the tiger ..

Then, when the pressure is up high, and the monkeys are braying in the trees, and hiding from the lion, irritating him to the extreme, and at the same time wild donkeys run past making the worst possible sound in the ears of God, braying like; ‘ride me to hell.. or else..’, the lion has to make a decision fast and furious, increase his velocity towards establishing order, and thus he is taking a prey of a feeling of the wrath of God having to establish natural order.. then the lion still, since he is put by God to be lion in the jungle, has one reward.. When though, he is romantically, walking there, seemingly unaware that the animals around are beginning to peek out, hoping that he will make some fatal mistake, so they can feel more assured of themselves, he is taking the decision that the commotion is so small at the moment, a clear night with stars in the sky, that he can reflect more than usual upon why the waterbuffalo suddenly gave him a bad feeling.. and so, Allah rewards the lion for his humbleness, and elevates him even more towards paradise experience..

"politik" "pornografi" "utbildning" "pöbel")ppp(u; Satan styr världen genom pornografi, politik, utbildning är för pöbeln att inte inse detta faktum.. vad detta är; 'democratic hoax'..

When the fish hare praying they are playing.. 'you are my god..' they tell me.. jumping up in front of me – river runs past vehemently.. and knowledge seeking is tasty when you get to know it – even if it is the word, 'osmakligt' in English.. 'unsavoury' .. tasty to learn that expression despite the literal 'MEANING'.. every explanation is an attempt to try to explain away.. Educated idiots 'believe' that satan is worth following.. the silence in the class room is not for the teacher, but because satan is inducing in them the sick idea, that looking at pornography is a sin that God can never forgive.. It was the original sin of his you see, looking at Adham and Eve in the garden of Eden while they 'made it'.. then he became possessed with the charms of Eve, and decided to make hell on earth for everybody..

And he induced in the educated idiots a system that they were to 'want money fame and the 'so-called secret sex', 'private meetings' hunting after money.. fame.. if you were poor, but attractive, you could always get orgasm right??, after satan had fooled you to fall from paradise experice.. 'you will become famous', out on bars, clubs, and fucking in private spaces became a habit, 'you will be modelling..' and thus building you up just to manipulate you into worshipping an oblong black stone structure somewhere on a slope by a castle, making you harder hard hard hard and going straight to hell through the top of the monolith, when you thought you were going upwards..

Other poor bastards finds a pornographic magazine, jerks off.. and then their whole life goes with that shame in their breasts, which makes them easy for satan to rob.. rob rob rob, bob bob bob, nob nob nob, cold cold cold, sob sob sob, odd odd odd.. 'odd ' they were supposed to be regarded, though everybody at once could tell one distance what bothered them.. 'really' but since satan would push them down into insanity strickeness, and everybody else were fooled into striking them with the insanity of themselves if they so much dared to 'snitch' what they themselves 'once had done', 'Snitching on yourself ahh?? Nutcase!!' and then straight into an earthly hell.. the whole thing spinning out of control going south very quick..

And the scare for the mark of weakness and marks of woe, in every face, to push them down potentially under the boot of satan to subdue them to their Mammon.. the wheel of Ouroboros being evil..

'cause each man kills the thing he loves..' everybody is Qufr.. P.S. disease 'promises' 'satan promised you nothing but delusions..' 'trying to explain away' 'killing the thing love'

"looks like spam.. throw in a salmon, throw in a cow.. throw in an egg.. zombie substance.. throw in a refrigerator, open after 50 years.. still alive.. such it is with hell.. you have to cut its jugular vein off, otherwise, just like a virus, it will never ever ever die.."

The Qufr disease increasing exponentially like lab grown meat, Killary Billary Gates of Hell, meeeeaat tt tt ..

It is because of YOU sending releasing mosquito swarms that bite her IN THE ASS – then she wants to shine a light upon that – you stupid dumbass – and prays for ‘the prophet’ to fuck her in the ass.. which he then has to do as Dr. unless it begins to scratch horribly.. and the whole thing spins out of control very rapidly..

“Aiko my Princess and Naruhito will pay..” “I have no money over left spilled drilled milled hilled thrilled wind-mill.. Don Quixote like style garden of roses.. get it????!!!”

“Jinn Juri’s envy was cute some how.. like – if not justified – then at least Jinn Juri himself was sweetly aware somewhere about the propostorouness of his absurd lies trying to hit others with – and also – which was the sweetest part – maybe if thenwhole thing – Jinn Juri was not a bit abashed when suddenly overproven about the whole issue matter – but then instead, try that with an even MORE obvious lie – like unto saying for the whole world. ‘I am envious of this friend of mine – which I call ‘bastard’ and I am explaining exposing exploding this fact in your face – your very face – for you to get wise on me – and then I will come with a third lie – which you suddenly will believe in – explaining that I am Sherlock Holmes – and actually did everything for you to learn someday to use your intelligence like me!!.’

And another period passed of infertility – i.e. darkness and dismal woe.. – the sun-glimpses soon were covered, in misunderstanding, - and then accusing – like things were suddenly dependent upon me loving the public, but they never fulfilling their promise to me – THEIR part of the deal – and then I was suddenly ANGRY – while in fact it was just me having to exert my power over them – for cursing the whole existence in Yapan - .. so instead of coming to realization of what they had done – they put it all on ME – and when I wrote Sherlock Holmes’ they thought of some silly movie , which I had in authority already forbidden people to watch – and also mention to me – except by Allah’s will.. maqtoob – as it was called, and then I was suddenly going to be shrunk in their brains to a particle on a screen THEY had seen, and then accuse ME of the whole matter, the thing thus was most deplorable – the wrath of Allah had stricken the whole society – and I must confess I sometimes panicked, when it happened.. it wasn’t good for my health at all, drove up, or at least attempted, schizophrenic impulses – skizophrenia which could easily be caused by bulpocapnine – alternately stimulating and depressing the back-brain burner – and they always got stuck in pattern memory it seemed – and thus tried as a mass of psychotics to blame me – the messenger from Allah bringing them Islam – for the failure themselves had caused by simply disregarding to fulfill their promises THEIR part of the deal.. was I angry had I ordered my troupes to attack the country?, - no – I had not.. I believed in the good it my family here – in my freedom – so truth and patience of Sura 103 was in mu mind constantly.. it stood the sun that is which they had regarded me to be – in that most boring part of the day time – when really ‘nothing happened’ – that most boring, part of the day – it was

cloudy – the sun of my face was not shining, and then they said ‘he went to hell.. HE IS hell..’ and we were not agreeing – we both had – like a Sultan in Rumi’s Mathnawi – the spiritual power – which was most important – and – the power to enforce our decisions worldly.. thus – they had brought hell upon themselves most effectively.. and the whole world was slowly pushed – as going on a high railway to hell – straight into the abyss..

And there was not a thing I could do about it – since PRECISELY THAT THAT command.. THAT command to give me my things, which I had already postponed 3 months until I totally began running out of money – to give.. and precisely THAT order, was not obeyed.. and the curse of God of the consequences of what that non-happening caused – domestically – AND internationally – was lying heavy now upon the people at general of the nation of Yapan,..

“HE, the giant sleeping you have awakened – is explaining to you RIGHT HERE – you are so and such easily misled by Satan!!! – you and the whole world is one big scamming stalking sucker, that is accusing your victim the qufr tactic – of being WHAT YOU YOURSELVES ARE thus – the only language you can understand, is total BRUTE force – and that – “the Prophet” is happening, SINCE he has TO – you see – since you are so not believing in anything – no ideals – NO LOVE – loveless beings! – that can be seen and detected too easily since YOU KEEP NO PROMISES as soon as you have to GIVE something.. so the genius knowing he is in power HAVE TO – subdue you totally under his FUCKING WILL POWER!!!! Get it??? !!!, it is just that he is so fucking pissed off!!! Maybe you have noticed??? .. he was no fool – he was invited, he painted a map – he was no fool – it WAS just about THIS!!! And now you doomed the whole planet! For something such small it wasn’t even noticed!!! And NO!!! NO!!! NO!!! me A.J. Master not speaking about pornography! !! but about your stingy lack of love, and cunningness in not giving my master BM HIS things!!! You see!! ! now the whole world IS IN CHAOS, and nothing more can ever happen of happiness – just darkness and thunder!!! Can’t you see this is the DOOM, of all civilization, if everything as far as we know it – and YOU, YOU, - speaking still about his poor relations! That you are not even allowed to mention!!! Every kind of excuse to explain away your INSANITY you see – that you are trying to project upon HIM – the greatest master ever lived, so nice – such a loving heart!!! But you are trampling upon it with your foot – under your boot – and HE WILL NOT stand still for it – ‘O son of Adham, do not let Satan make you stand still, like he ousted your parents from paradise’

but instead pull the trigger AND see you ALL DIE – it seems to be the only pleasure left you give him in life.. And BY the way!!! I think THIS is the solvation (sic) actually.. because YOU DON’T GET anything – you have NO SENSE – only thing you fear is public opinion!!! A matter master BM despises!!! – and has always done – thus – we now see – that this IS NOT ENOUGH either – but just ‘only hell is good enough for you’ – and only medicin that seems to help, is armies of his’ conquering the shit hole again and again, wherever it might arise/happen/be, THIS very time you see..

'slash slash slash.. into the meat grinder you go.. we getting rid of our sorrow.. it will never become good, but better it will be.. you will NOT see.'

The Qufir of the general population gone mad in Christ disease, worshipping Satan, sacrificing to Satan everything good that can ever be, and then blaming it ON THE VERY VICTIM they have just deprived of everything.. and pointing towards some fault they have made up in their sick deluded minds – and just because they are MANY trying to blame their own disease upon the victim TO KILL IT!!! JUST AS AAASSS usual do you hear me???. do you hear me you scamming stalking syckers of populating on Tell-us!!!you SOUR assess.. or does God Almighty have to tell you how bad you are???

Yhea! That is how baaad you are really ?, you are killing the thing you love, and wants us to then believe – after the necessary murder of the genius – that YOU WERE NOT ALL RESPONSILBE!!!, for the awful happening!!! Let me tell you – God is the judge – and KNOWS EVERYTHING; EVERYTHING..”

When the fish are praying they are playing.. TITLE

So as I was sitting there by the small river of Tokyo, many small deaths I saw everywhere, people dying cross and tvirs, as we say in the cursed language of Swedish; ‘when it becomes Ellandish then I will be happy.. not having to add ‘cursed’ all the time.. but necessary.. to be a world dictator.. that is why I was it.. not any other reason.. ‘we do not get what we pray for but what we need’ Zen Master Blyth was saying..

So, the playing was now the fish not the cursed people, the worldly victims, since marriage for the woman today was mostly to be a hostage of the world, victimized, and thus, when you got to serve evil, becoming a serf of evil, you were part of EVIL EVIL EVIL, that the whole world was becoming since no body was really searching for the Way, the Way William S. Burroughs spoke about saying; ‘prisoners of the earth break free’, but most did not care about the UPPMANINGEN, that is, the EXHORTATION.. ‘exhort each other in truth, and exhorting each other in patience’ Sura 103 stated..

So now instead the fish were the one praying, by playing – jumping up in front of me – river suns past – enchantingly, - and knowledge seeking is tasty when you get to know it – even if it is the word ‘osmakligt’ in English, .. ‘Osmakligt’ not tasty, obnoxious rather, was that ‘they’ the worldly ordinary so called people, was wanting money, fame and the so-called ‘secret sex’, like ‘secret service’ unto the words was clinging like champagne on Augusta when the evil grand master dropped the two atom bombs on Yapan last time since Hitler was a vegetarian and just said ‘I will go to Tibe!t!’ and thus he did, .. but instead of thinking about Yemen like he thought about ‘those silly prizes’ ‘I will just keep on fighting..’ Hitler told himself.. Well, some things you have to learn REALLY, like fucking a woman for example, and not only in practice without no blood you know.. So Hitler should have put interest as much in Yemen as visiting Tibet, and if he learned some of tranquility of Buddhism in Tibet, he

should have learned halal slaughter in Yemen.. That tasty meat, which you slaughter and produce for other believers to eat; 'here you have brother' your stomach shunning of tasty lust after it, but not permitted to eat yourself since you slaughtered the very animal they are now eating.. Someone else has to come up to you in the halal meat game, and offer you a tasty chunk of flesh from an animal it has slaughtered, or someone else, not JUST YOU.. you get it?? NOT JUST YOU,, .. When you sank into a society and was not yourself in the lead constantly , that was relaxation, that was the softness of heart which is akin to love, that was to slowly feel your childlike heart coming back to you, .. and that was what Eno was speaking about as part of the way; 'give me your face you had even before your mother gave birth to you!! Let me have it!!'

And then 'another period of weakness of woe' 'in every face' passed, since Hitler instead of doing the sensible thing and slaughtering New York, Paris and London (Paris already occupied so probably not necessary) with the atom bomb in his hand, he threw it to the deep evil state, which dropped it on YAPAN!! 'Hello!!' Yinn Juri screams, 'what the hell are you doing??' AJ is roaring!!!

She buya was the most crowded place in Tokyo – I was king there – 10 000 at a glance, I sat meeting me – and everybody except some sexy women bold enough to accost me directly – threw themselves out of the way as I like a lion – king of the jungle ' a lion is a lion is a lion is a lion' 'a jew is a jew is a jew is a jew' and the twain shall never meet.. the lion had been put by God and the authorities as the teacher of the nation – Fitra – natural law – mufti – with the law – not only ON MY SIDE – but me turning the wheel of the law in the middle of these flames – and the present, past and future – Buddhas listened immediately – and the LATER – listened immediately the flames were high, darkness all around – though I had made Tokyo sometimes – AND ONLY SOMETIMES – into a spot of beauty, truth was too high for most earthly beings – but the blessing came with my enlightenment and 7:107 the serpent illuminating in my hand – the illuminating serpent

Me and the ghosts in my room had put up an anti terrorist i.e. operation in my room – I hated him!! They were singing as they came through the wall to have sex with me, worshipping my dick, and wanting it constantly – I taught the ghost anti-terroristic thinking – them being most from Syria and brainwashed by Al Qaida.. we needed Assad back from mother Russia God damn it, AS SOONAS POSSIBLE , that is ASAP..

Soon.. so we preached to the ghost like unto the Jinns that accepted Islam at the hands of Prophet Muhammad, 'finally' 'we have had a book – the Quran, - AND BELIEVE IN IT!!!'

That mAhdi is competing with Satan about blowing up the whole world with everything in it.. It was either you believed in the lion – the Khalifa Allah had put in charge, Satan was not to have the last laugh.. OR – you believed in Ernestus von Renteln's sect , The Illuminati evil – and their leader THE BIG MONSTER.. a BOA CONSTRICTOR that had as a goal – to slowly STRANGLE – the whole entire world in its grip – and feed ON it slowly 'having a good time.. the monster called it..

So for example – when orgasm was to be reached with the women, and Satan with its BOA constrictor domestically around its neck like a pet made the monkey – honkey tonking – braying with the donkeys in unisons of kakophonia – just to confuse my sweet ghost that was visiting me, I suddenly showed her a noose in front of her eyes, putting it around my sweet hearts neck, I pronounced,

‘let me hang you beby.’ then I simulated in her mind – her spine breaking for me, but projecting in orgasm it was in fact IN FACT the devil and servants of evil dying in her body..

I guess a kind of cancer cure (cc) actually I didn’t know what I was doing – but – I figured ‘let us follow the instruct book on how to treat ghost’ which William S. Burroughs had written.. You know evil people do evil stuff since they are evil, but just because they DO IT it does not mean the evil have patented it!!! Never think that paranoid thought!!! It will make you sacrifice the thing you love!! You become a zombie!! But William S. Burroughs wrote ‘my authorship is a HOW TO DO IT.’ so then we knew how to do evil and was trying us forward all the time, ‘existence is a negation of self consciousness’ Schopenhauer wrote in William S. Burroughs interpretation of his whole philosophy.. speaking about being laconic.. haa?? (raising a knowing eye brow), so what our anti terrorist organisation with our ghosts did with this psychiatric treatment was simple to see; it made them get away from wanting to kill the thing they loved.. that is; me.. that was why they came through the wall namely.. so attracted so to speak..

I didn’t know , to repeat, what I was doing – but – I figured thinking; ‘I guess that goes for everybody.’ OR – I suddenly showed her a silver knife on a tray – little in front of her right face; and taking the knife , I pronounced; ‘let me slaughter you halal beby.’ ‘body.. mm.’ and she was happy – the cow in her were slaughtered and there she were – totally alive in front of me – to have a pleasant orgasm in her cunt – vaginal body.. the anti terroristic central was becoming to the success of slaughtering , what Roald Dahl regarded as the enemies of mankind; the two faced person; on one side – a black mamba snake coming in the night time to drunk the milk of the cow from her breasts – and the other an ignorant being with tasty flesh just standing there.. not even caring about if it was ITS own turn to be slaughtered next..

And as I sat by Tokyo Station seeing those lights of the fast fast fast elevator going up in that building – like unto the silly movie Ghost Busters – I was happy at the sight finally seeing for real – what I previously ONLY HAD SEEN IN THE MOVIES.. like Beat-less sings; and I played it; I exclaimed beaty beat beating bitty bitte..”!!

‘they gonna put me in the movies, there youn will plainly see, the biggest fool that ever hit the big time AND ALL I GOTTA DO IS ACT NATURALLY.’ ‘I am the big movie star that never have looked at pornography, I am just playing it though.. and by the way, I am playing in pornographic movies without being ever seen It is just like a ghost and the ghosts are coming to me through the walls and making it out with me.. that is THEIR pornography.’ It was like the Man who died by Lawrence... I just did not know what to say about it..

And so I said that to my ghosts coming through the wall – every time I was at home – I raised my right hand in a greeting of Sieg Heil and siad; ‘bitte for you coming my sex slaves.. I love – by the way (btw) your ghostly appearances JUST SO YOU KNOW – AND – I am not here to BUST YOU – but put up an anti terror centre together with you – my store – is NOT called Folk Lore Centre – liky Izzy’s had.. but ‘Yapan’ .. welcome..

And as they were coming towards me – at She ee buy aahhh – ME – the big movie star playing the lead role of Star Wars trilogy, Star Wars 4,5,6, as Luke Skywalker walking the skies constantly – I dressed in a bat man suit like jew devil Kornal Kowics, that by the way does not exist.. ‘does those kändisarna bother you??’ ‘yha.. ask it again..’ ‘kändisarna does they bother you..’ ‘yha.. irritating.. ask again..’ ‘does those kändisarna bother you master??..’ ‘yha.. now you reminded me.. I am in power.. I oblisch KÄNDIS KAP..’ and that was it..

Three bangs with the club later and they were abolished ‘qui nexist pas??’ ‘quin est??’ I asked after it had banged on the door of my hotel room a second time.. my bunker.. no one answering I thought ‘surely a girl too shy to announce herself coming..’ as I bungled out of bed and with heavy self secure steps opened it, it was the usual cleaner ‘welcome honey..’ I said.. ‘I love you’ my phone had translated her statement “I take a screen shot of that..” we both thought it was funny.. ‘don’t say you love me.. they are becoming jealous..’ now finally I understood what she said.. we never had sex by the way, and that was exactly why she fitted so well as my cleaner, no attraction of sexual nature from my side, just pure friendliness..

‘I am just joking’ I said as she came to me, ‘for sex honey – I know that..’ and all the others competed in throwing themselves out of my way – the only thought as they saw me being: ‘should I throw myself to the left or the right – as Darth Vader coming down my path approaching me..’ that was the crucial question in in Tokyo – Shi Buya was the most popular place – and therefore the most crowded – ‘777’ “is it Jesus OR Aleister Crowley..” I jokingly uttered the day after when I again opened the door to meet her face there.. ‘dear, clad in that stupid white mask as usual??, where you get your goodness junkiness worship from?? Satan??” laughing..

I again told my ghosts ‘when you make Ashahada, and are entering my Naqshbandi school ‘The new religion’ then we will make it concrete, your ghostly most pleasing appearances – ‘ I said reciting sura 110, ‘and do not enter your wives until you have tested their faith firmly’ Allah says in Al Quran, The Holy Book, so pray to Allah from The Crowds, Allah is there saying; ‘O you My servants which have perverted yourselves!, do not lose hope of Allah’s compassion, since surely, certainly, His compassion can wipe out all the previous of your sinnings’

Quite at big percentage you could turn into terrorists – a majority actually, by pretending – and you shall know only pretending “Welcome ‘to be loved is not to be desired – or even admired – or wanted.. no – it is to be welcomed..’ the devil poured his sweet maudlin talk of

bullshit and lies in the ears of – western lands.. while Al Qaida took over Syria, not so had when they first emptied the country of fighting aged males, all went to Jew Union to practice raping innocent arian women, and making the streets unsafe with sobbings, stabbing, shooting, murdering – and the payed with jew money appeared again – on the other side of the line of demarcation, to fight for terrorist organisation like – how stupid can you become?? Them suddenly appearing there behind the hill top, and begin firing at you, and most had gone into some kind of sleep because of antimorphine Aidol dependence.. and so the terrorist killed the good people sleeping and took over the country, raping the women making them into sex slaves, or they were killed in the most brutally manner.. but I must be shekel of course, corruption, no body could be that stupid..

And negroes came with laughing mouths of cannibal insect calm.. Horrible BDSM guy just numbers.. Negro dick 1 meter meter and thick as hell – a dwarf pictured by Pär Lagerkvist.. and in ‘The man who died’ Pär Lagerkvist version, the ‘god a being a woman’ were chopping wood, those pig heads in the cemetery Les Fleurs de mal, which was a big chunk of an unknown prefecture in the beautiful high culture standard country of Yapan..

Selling negro snake oil , pretending to have 17 barbies at home, gay dolls has 17 cats at home.. a claim with big lying mouth of gloating satisfaction.. ‘but thinking’ it is better to fuck the ass of a boy – using others as toys, and that is what is what thinking practicing useless of black skin sweaty are two negroes call awake and ‘famous’ earning more on pure bullshit and lies, not an artist I like..

‘The they’ put another GM – we deserted the whole town – a sudden flash light Nova Police looks in..

And suddenly there stood Imam al Ghiraffi – yellow and long with black spots and it was stonking tonking braying.. ‘I am making the Adhan of praying..’ and I said “I am reading al Ghazali..” “which book” the look in the eye there there somewhere among the tree tops were a suspicious look – like guarding something.. ‘is there something you hide! I can not see your face more than a dark of like a cloud among those branches you have stuck your face in anyway.. it is the book of the dead..’

“get lost and eat some lab grown meat – bab ba laa..’ and THAT’S when somebody eats a crabby in Singapor.. My sex slave getting angry and giving Izzy Young ‘go fuck yourself ‘ like a rose to her master, and as a gesture of deprecation to the disturbers, ‘all you can do is to disturb.. may your throat be cut wide open piggy head.. some piggy meat maybe that secretly have been botulism ; ed.. ??’

Nova Police investigating.. clock ticking.. Doom..

"Nova police investigation looking in.." "We write the news.."

Red northern lights – cities of the red nights, 'the north pole is in the south..' they claim, suddenly uttering obnoxious statements – a statement meant to screw the mind apart completely, red northern lights – DOR – (DOR = deadly orgon energy), 'och säkerligen kommer vi att reducera det till ett barskt landskap, förgörande allt på dess yta' Allah says in Sura Al Qaf, verse 8.. 'for the first time this is not painful' Nessa Baretta sings in Pornstar 'these fucking guys destroying everything made pain for the love object' boasting 'she is the only sin' hiding the rest under her skin,.. snake oil orgasm sellers – and OR had a Edward Schizssor hands, Agent X tatoo, 'very special valuable' that tatoo was a 'I am one of your French girls' Dove Cameron awesome style..

'Qul: honey, !!! Mahdi rather bring the Doom than Satan..' , and negroes were invading the western lands from Ahhfucha – a continent of extreme size, and also sensual beauty, but dangerous as hell, those crocodile eyes, with tears in their crocodile eyes, and white sharks coming up behind the kajak, swallowing the man, the livestream ended, like a Sando Hook Shooting on steroids.. those Thommy guns blazing..

So.. those negroes were invading the western lands from Ahhfucha, it was a horrible times, Västerlandets Undergång..

'the return of the King, let us kill the ugly yan number.'

"vi andra är Erikk.. 'normala' citat citationstecken, s.k. människor sk Izzys bottle in the VIP section Mawlana är geni.. Izzy och Eddie Grahn i Gamla Stan jobbar i hans butik Yapan.. det är hela sanningen.. "vi är alla beroende av EL.." "XX come to poets department – let us be best friends.. LLL.." "three auction.." "thicc pencil.."

"Då är ju Profeten I situationstecken citattecken bättre.. HAN vågade ju allt det här.." "du var allt mig en sorglig riddare – och inte en Riddare av Den Sorgliga Skepnaden " "då måste man vara dum i huvudet men – dom korrumperade räknar så klart att 'kontakter' 'kan fixa' saken – revera om 'teatern'.. "

"vi slåss för Allah saken – tittar inte bakom fenomen Allah skapar alla – försöker inte – dom , satanerna, sos, satanisterna, slåss för Satan, längre än så får man knapphändigt FF då – inte gå – då förstörs skapelsen.. hela saken.." "och så att säga Burroughs 'både/och' 'end/both' AND that line from skizophrenic 'association' parting is most important.. like the fact always to be remembered that when you are recovering from trauma satanic experience control, traumatic experience control that is, satan having tortured you more than 10 years in your home country, what you saw was yourself coming back to life from frozen breaking of your bones love can produce miracles.. so in that love, no thought of 'no loving' can ever be tainting your mind even a little, because Agent X has frozen you by torture in the disease of the jews, PARANOID SKIZOPHRENIA, and you are supposed to be the victim of the mass

psychosis of people, they have to 'feel good' and claim 'everything is so good' all the time, and to convince themselves they call sensible people that lack resources for 'insane' and sacrifice them slowly in death in the ovens to satan.. 'the ones without mercy Allah will not show any mercy', so we will have no mercy on them.. So you got stuck on the cross in a 'title' 'paranoid skizophrenia', and thus, when you are coming back, it is absolutely crucial you trusting the loving environment.. that is, you have to find the loving environment where you can be yourself and getting back to normalzy.. otherwise they will like just like sacrifice you again .. right honey??, so the no thought of paranoia like 'where is my blue phone', or something similar is allowed to touch your beautiful coming back to radiant light.. that light which the collector of light, Satan, Lucifer stole from you.. Paranoid even tainting your mind in such a state of mind directly will lead to you getting split, and you lost yourself instead.. 'why win the world and lose yourself' master Christ says..

Raring.. No SUP thanks – rather sexlave worshippers at golden brick in Paradise experience.. raring.. rare thing.. to love something or somebody.. but we made it honey.. Assr 4 rakaats..

“det var dom som var SOSSSS – han bara räddade – sitt liv – in plain sight.. och många går på SOS i Absurdistan.. may they not become terrorists.. 'O believers! Do no prefer disbelievers in front of believers.. and whomever of you is seen doing so, upon you PURE illumination..'

“SOSSSS has megalomania obviously.. most obviously.. there we get it! Snake head cut off! Al Hamdu Lil Allahi! Only difference was that split on horizontal reptile moon appeared as a split moon from top to bottom.. 'that's life' Prophet Muhammad painted a square, and a line in the middle from top to bottom, then adding streaks on the side from top to bottom, he said, 'this is the worldly life' then he painted from the middle somewhere, going left in a circle and then out right upwards.. 'this is the goal'

“to come out” I guess he meant.. “prisoners of the earth, break free..” “listen to Queen 'The Prophet's song'.. “

So, yhea, they were trying to make SOSSSS look like a miracle of Prophet Muhammad, splitting the moon from top to bottom.. A Nansen thing, against the nonsense of the screeching unthankfulness of La Betsse, people at general so stupid.. Merciless bastards..

'sons of bitches'..

'the they' claimed 4 stages, when the SOSSSS Could not accept defeat.. and 'I am in Yapan' was R.H. Blyth's answer.. 'actually I did not ask them..' – could not physically reach the victim, it came for a black bullet head on.. that was 'the invation' and why 2nd world war happened.. We would have won the whole thing if Hitler had not turned out to be a silver wolf whom was a kverulant, kverualant as you say in Swedish, just getting more and more sick the more that son of a bitch is explaining away everything..

'I did not drop the atom bomb on London and New York for a specific reason.. you see I am vegetarian, and am not even interesting in learning halal slaughter.'

'okay.. your business.. what the hell you mean??'

'yhea.. instead I sold it to SEEE!! Eye!!! EY!!!' whom dropped it on Hiroshima and Nagasaka..'

Like jaw dropping in total amazement how someone could be so evil.. all nicely masked under some mask of 'benevolence'.. we don't want the inquisition!! Get it??

Get stuck in your fuckin pattern memory down there in south, but like don't send those fucking niggers from Ahhfucha here to the Western Lands.. we don't want bajs utan like, Svenska bajsakademien, shit all over the streets of Tokyo..

So when SOSSSS could not reach the victim it came for a black bullet head on.. malehood, which Hitler obviously lacked, fucking geek, I guess is like Zen Master Blyth says .. life itself is, malehood that is, 'to kill and be killed to eat and be eaten..'

"to give up in front of a woman, to have 'svagheten för en vätska' man-MAN-kind that is has been created from 'khalafa min main dhafiqin' 'the weakness for a fluid' .. to not become like Satan, or a follower of Satan..

"det är inte tankspriddhet, .. Allah makes you a god time – and people want to enforce bad blood constantly.. "fucking anoining." Taylor says wisely.. "beby is coming back to normalzy it was satan chasing after him as usual.."

And guy on the balk says 'you are like me' 'du försöker hela tiden få oss att likna varandra .. det är lönlöst.'

'hmmm.. "burken burka burka.." Allah knows what everybody is doing all the time.. "

"Unmon the Zen master said: weather you manage to speak or remain silent, weather you are an idol or 67cowy, 30 blows with my rod upon you.."

Then I recited sura The cow for that bastard verses 285 and 286.. 'we make no distinction between any of His messengers..'

"He was bitten beaten bitte to becoming Mawlana, world dictator, Prince of Yapan.." I recited a brief laconic shortening of my life story for that bastard while I was measuring out the 30 beatings.. 'maybe some Zen zense there is in the ZZen master beating..'

"you could become succesfull I guess.."

"If you are lucky.." I could hear the conversation they had been having..

“luck doesn’t exist..” I answered.. “it is either destiny – or divine destiny.. or something like it..”

“I like your way of thinking..” Flattering me as usual, to then try to throw me of a ledge into the fire of hell.

My sex slave Iyah May taught me beautiful expression ‘thanks but no thanks’..

“He is out drinking..”

He accused me of taking risks for my life to end in catastrophe.. I said ‘you sound like satan.. satan calls ‘non attachment’ for ‘a risk’ .. this is just proving the obvious that The dark side so called “welcome” - is pure scamming stalking suckerness.. satan ‘takes a risk’ for conspiring against the believers, being attached to the object, possessed with the thought of Hawwa’s beautiful body.. And in the end BB SOB is coming for you, blood painting the face with an ISISrael flag in his hand and a knife behind the back, smiling in flattery..

‘that is like you!’ I said.. ‘just as you tried to make us two resemble, you are resembling a satan..’

‘no.. ‘ I said, delivering the last 4 blows on his head of the measured out 30 blows with the staff, ‘Non attachment is Dharma Bums by Jack Kerouac, “I don’t care” screaming with joy, ‘the joy of living’.. nothing else..

My pleasure”

“the answer to 8647 is to 48 the 47” Master A.J. says.. Hang on 96, “hold on” “IB affären” “biffle”..

“they want..no! rather demand us to care about the paranoid ideas of satan..

“otherwise “ they sway “you don’t get the Princesse! We will slander you away from her in mass psychosis until her eyes become like in zebra pattern and spinning around in boring life circles.. swastika – revenge – (porn scorning revenge porn – calling for you to mourn), scorn.. chill in the wind suddenly.. then Zen kicks in.. ‘in the beginning was the act’ , Blyth says , wrongly, seeking un-knowledge, no! acting is to seek knowledge – male-hood – the night knight of errantry.. Angel ‘Darth Vader’ ‘the dark invader’ “just joking honey” he said and lifted his black mask all over the face with an artificial breathing machine and kissed her tongue.. ‘in search for the touch stone of truth you see honey.. that is why me walking around like this..’ you see.. in the beginning was the light ‘varde ljust!’ both citattecken och situationstecken, God said, ‘and it became’ ‘qun faya qun’ or how now the quran Arabic says ‘God said for it to be , .. and it was.. (and it became)..’ beginning of genesis that is..

Verses 2-3 in the Quran Bible sura 96 are for healing the trauma between , and – I kept on feeling the sudden chill in the wind..

Verse 4 really hit it.. there we had it.. real male hood suddenly standing there in the wind, shaking and the tiger stripes getting people into mass psychosis of ‘trash heap marcus’ .. ‘well son cosas de la vida’ I thought, and kept enjoying..

That same fault Blyth did in the beginning of his 1ST book, those putting public relations before personal relationships, does; meaning in psychiatric terms;

‘de vill utplåna sina porrminnen som kliar med massa publicitet , ett sätt att verka bättre än andra utan att faktiskt vara det antar jag.. saken måste ses som.. ’

”liksom..”

“the whole mass psychosis was actually about – ‘God is love’ denial – the whole mass psychosis was about destroying marriages.. Harud and Marud, the two angels of Babylon, ‘this is only a test – so do not become disbelievers by putting your faith in it..’ Harud and Marud was right – and murdering Ugly Yan 3,7, billion zombies “it is not about killing people it is about shutting off machines” the best friend of Satan with 3,7, billion idiots..

“then strike at the necks of the qufers..” in Sura al Tawba Allah says..

Were to have their throats slit, 3,7 billion morons, like oxymorons walking around, cleaning the air, like some kind of fight against chemtrailing..

The whole thing was actually about denial of inspiration, Al Qallam OR, worse, worse WAS worse so to speak, the light of the world. To promote the dark side of the force, deluding the messenger from his mission, to ‘the mission of the messenger is only to convey in most PLAIN terms possible what Allah is saying..’ Al Quran that is..

And the muslims had a similar sinister mass psychosis; ‘the disease of east the disease of west’ and all was actually just a big mess..

We understood clearly Buddhism – the mountain – the monastery – the riding of the tiger.. everything was totally chrystally clear suddenly – and la Betsise were still trying to destroy our marriage.. our marriages.. ‘that is it was all just a big polytheism – a mess – ‘they were trying to make a mess of the messenger you could say..’ pippin ascertain.. but now clearer waters are prevailing merry my dear brother.. thank God we called upon namuamidabutsu and not kompira, the sea god.. thinking about it kompira seems corrupted.. at least it is risky.. right.. the names are similar..’ and merry had suddenly a light lightened in his eyes, ‘yhea, you say right there brother..’

'that is it was all just a big polytheistic – a mess – an attempt of destroying my marriages – they were trying to kill God, but they did not find Him, so when they could not find God nor reach Him, instead they crucified Allah's messenger by 'insanity business' 'the big accuser' all led by Svenska Bajsakademien's leader Odd Wingdahl, the big satan, the great deceiver..

' a big polytheism, the negation of the religion.. as Sura 107 begins, 'have you SEEN him who denies the religion' , and that was why they were attempting to forbid total normal act , the east disease, and not give any 'no façade' priviledges, "the façade" willy wrote in Nova Express "is this the voice of the board members of the world; do not let them SEE us!!'

Japanese saying before suiciding; 'my honour!! I was insulted!!'

But Allah taught us, being spit in the face by a Qufr when he was just going to slaughter the bastard; 'now I can not kill you..' raising himself up from the position over the Qufr with sword in right hand, he threw the sword away.. 'but please Ali! Why can't you kill me??!!'

'you insulted me!!' and walking to stand looking out over the sands from the hill where he had overcome the qufr he said, spoke, 'If I would kill you now, it would be for my Nafs, my ego, for my anger.. A real muslim only kills for Allah's sake..'

Sweet thing, poor Japanese.. Ali is your teacher in not suiciding..

And the west going Qufr, instead totally denying everything, after benefitting..

'no excuse!' 'no exemption from the rule of monotheism!!' that is preaching satanism instead of pioussness before God, the creator.. 'God is not forgiving kind merciful' 'we are the bastards of god!' totally useless everything.. absolutely stunning how stupid 'neither forget nor forgive' people can be.. La Betsise people so stupid people so dumb, stupid lazy sons of bitches.. "actually"

That is the west

'overformulated' 'focus on formalism' a kind of extreme narcissism..

' "demand from satan" ' that was the explanation. 'yhea satan is in rule right now.. but .. eehhh.. we believe in god.. ' "actually"

Uselss explanation.. the east:

'action!' but deceptive.. no! Yapan had everyday conspiracies, that is why freemasonly was so small in Yapan.. and everyday pornography, fucking on the streets, in plain sight happening, in broad daylight 'those tiger scars trauma healing slowly but surely..' everybody was happy.. that is why people in Yapan were generally so happy and could forget and forgive so easily.. everything chaning like Seegah, the 14 different ways of arabic..

“Satan” ‘kritikens daimond’ ‘a literature “critic” ’

Forcing “formulations” “formalism” a kind of nihilistic torture ‘mest troende i hela världen’ “explain away tions” constantly deceiving.. after 10 billion obvious lies, people still believing, spellbinding of satan so strong over the earthly inhabitants..

Satan destroying the light of the world, Al Qallam enforcement, “a lot of books” that is why there is a fatigue around bookshops “here satan has tormented souls..”

Poor sexslaves fooled by satan again.. And I said to them; “I love seeing your breast porn honeys, “som du så väl ser käre Pater – finns det ingen gräns på vilka absurditeter och insane demands som satan kan dra till med för att förleda Hawwa bort ifrån sanningen mot fördärvet..”

”Kjell Espmark, stackarn som tormenterades av satan då denne förlett Kjell till att tro på ‘den store litteraturkritikern.. som är ateistiske översteprästen men som är den mest troende i hela landet.. som avskaffat Helvetet, men inrättat ett eget lagom hett Helvete för egen del..” “det där FÖRBANNADE djävla tolningsföreträdet..”

”satan and his army of educated idiots..”

“the night and day keep chasing each other swiftly..” The Qadri says; in the form of an Ailim; ‘ask me anything.. I will take my time to answer..” lovelife romantic Naqsh though says; ‘raring.. ask me that same question of yours eternally..” realizing Schopenhauer; ‘existence is a negation of self consciousness..’

Naqsh is thus getting satan out of his beloved Laila again and again (here refering to Rumi’s Mathnawi, and the beloved ‘Laila’).. The Naqsh is realizing manhood through the peril of answering her ‘that constant question on her mind’ that satan instigated her with, she thinks that she will get away from being soft and lovely and instead gaining wordly..

Qadri is guarding the knowledge, which is important.. William Blake puts a clue in his The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, in the section Proverbs of Hell; The cistern contains, the fountain overflows..

The return of the King, let us kill the ugly yan numbers.. REASON: one is not allowed to destroy love – but love is allowed to destroy you.. understand the point, the earth is round not flat, your shadow stretches in the east.. ‘Abdul Wahab, Salaf’s dead gaze, does not give much space, racing into a meaningless war, looks down upon the poor, wants a woman like a whore, despised imaginative lore, always looking for a reason, and suspecting faithless

treason, ; looking peculiar, .. like 'the they' knew something.. saying 'it is haraam' WHEN I SING..'

So my real ashahada I did, 2017.. how could I have done it 2010, when in midsummer I first entered into prayer??, the muslims around were not valid, only dunya, and suspending yihadd..

How could I have done it 2012, when that comet came down in the sky so bright??, those muslims around hated my Islamic teaching, even though I was Mawlana, and they at their height had a murshid, which was nice and such, but come on, you can't put that over one whom is also having besides being a murshid the power of mufti hood.. then the mufti can just abolish you if he wanted to.. did not you think about that??, instead you told the mufti; do not speak of and about Sharia'.. like, did you try to fool me??

Yhea you did.. since you did it all for girl pleasure.. when I left a note to one of my lovers to invite her to marry me in Allah's name in My 'The new religion' Naqshbandi school, you threw me out, and then never offered any help again..

And you screamed when I said La Ilaha Il Allah.. not in joy.. but in pain.. since all you cared about was women vaginal pleasure..

So I was going to be sacrificed with my own artwork for women pleasure to satan, so you thought, and then never be heard from again right??, being killed in the worst manner possible; death in the ovens..

All you cared about was the women pleasure and to steal it from me.. part by part, each party as much as you could.. Impressing them first by helping me a little, and then leaving me for power reasons..

No I will explain to you the reason why the women are still worshipping me, their husband, thus entering into Islam through me, the Mawlana..

It was because I really said; there is no God but Allah and Muhammad is His messenger in 2017.. Yhea.. That is my ashahada.. Then I was 10 years old..

So I was going to be sacrificed to satan again and again for the reason of vaginal pleasure, while you in that death in the ovens sacrifice stole their pleasure from me as much as you could each party.. ehhy?? Yhea, that is the real story behind it..

So, when the inquisition tried to brainwash me, that I was not world famous, had never been engaged to the princess, (by the way, she wanted me), and that the things I had written were not mine, throwing away my work as much as possible, transporting it to Svenska Bajsakademeien to be used later against me.. And then my economy to get enslaved and my

apartment to be lost.. And I had still millions of sex slaves making pleasure for me constantly.. I told them; honeys.. we will lost if we keep on.. right now.. let us keep on later In Shaa Allah.. Satan and his worshippers are getting to persecute me totally if we keep on.. I am quite sure Ulrika just married me, and so everything I do now will be in plain sight so to speak.. I begin with jerking off to pornography behind the glass at the department computer booth, making it in plain sight so to speak.. Then later when/if I come home to apartment that they are depriving me of, I will keep on in plain sight to jerk off to pornography..

And thus, when I got my new apartment, I kept on , also in plain sight to do it.. Conscious the whole world was watching, and knowing that I had not lost my male hood..

On the contrary! I was doing a really male thing, and of course, not telling anyone about what I was really doing.. you get it..

The one looking at pornography as a male, really says; I give up.. I become like a woman..

So the logic; millions of women worshipping my dick, and I being sacrificed to satan.. Looking at pornography was thus my way of saying; I will not imitate the women..

The one looking at pornography, so to speak, says the unspeakable evil; I just want pleasure and enjoyment out of life actually.. I just want entertainment.. I just wanna be a watcher never getting to paradise by letting my women freely lay other men in plain sight.. I don't care.

Me, Jack Kerouac, actually said the very opposite.. I will explain.. I know you need that honeys..

The final words of why the real ashahada of La Ilaha il Allah Muhammadun Rasul Allah was 2017..

So the male looking at pornography is basically saying that he is giving up the fight..

The thing was that we with looking at pornography in plain sight, actually said the opposite..

And so when our army did not come to our rescue being locking in the tower of Saruman, enduring the snow swirling around us, the cold of the stone on our back in the night and no saving point in sight as far as we could see,

Then we said to ourselves; we are only worshipping Allah.. So if we stay in this pleasure because the girls making pleasure for us, then we chose the pleasure over truth.. and we are The servant of Truth.. right?? Truth is beauty, beauty is truth truth is movement beauty is truth..

To let yourself be sacrificed to satan just because you are heightened to a position because of the venerable girls watching and worshipping your dick, is not ashahada.. We had already

fled to Copenhagen right.. and they had chosen the same way of qufr, not so severe, just denying us being Mawlana.. that is denying our divine destine, history and present existene..

Anyway.. as Bribed says, with 1 meter big long dick and thick as hell..

“We are quite confident

..”

That is actually worshipping satan.. so we are certain that the brainwash is actually brainwashing us that we do not exist..

So if we stay in this pleasure, it means we worship the woman’s pleasure worshipping us.. So we just watch pornography in plain sight and WATCH the reaction.. That is male ness.. We told ourselves, when we look at pornography in plain sight, we know that Allah will kill them.. So instead of as usual pornography leading to you losing your front teeth which you chew the pleasant cow flesh with, this will have the opposite effect..

‘I will Myself be the adversary to anyone whom mistreats a servant of Mine whom is aspiring to only fear Me..’

Luke 14:11

‘For everyone who exalts himself will be defiled, and he who habitually humbles himself, (keeps a realistic self-view) will be exalted..’

So we had recited Sura 112 3 times, and thus with our ashahada 2017 read the whole Quran.. We were happy.. And the world was dying.. That whore with the whore men whom were just after the women and excused any evil because of it..

‘I can destroy the world myself..’ Mahdi said ‘Allahu ak bar.. Satan is small in comparance..’

”That was a fantastic vision Jack..” Moriarty said.. And I was wondering in my tea high if Moriarty was actually really the infamous enemy of the novel hero Sherlock Holmes and if this was sherlock holmes last mission, to beat satan down from the mountain.. ‘I swear I survive.. if it kills me too.. I gonna get up and try, if it is the last thing I do..”

“Dean..” I said “I have an idea why I love you so much.. this car is like a hanging leech over an abyss.. the nihil that I plan to throw myself straight into next reincarnation after I drugged myself to death – rising again and the first thing I do is fixing the eyes just born , which is very unusual, and looking at that painting Zen Master Blyth is writing about in Zen and Zen classics..

The child there sits on the lap of his father and looking lovely into his face – his right hand lovingly like only the quite loose grip of a young toddler can grip it, holding a wart on the left side of his father’s face – looking up lovingly into his father’s eyes.. “

“That is a beautiful simile you have right there.” Dean said , as usual not thinking – but thinking about the girl we were on our way to that he would be fucking later..”

“and you know Dean.. your attitude is like a leech hanging over an abyss of darkness and dismal woe – hanging upon the lover string orre girls you busy yourself with 24 hours a day hectic like if whole eternity were hanging on a thread..”

“Lover it Jack my boy..” Dean said, not realizing I just had pronounced something extremely profound..

“the criticas will hate it..” Dean said, “There we have it!!! There we have it!!! There we have it !!! “ I almost leaped out of my seat , like in an spiritual orgasm suddenly – fixing the eyes at the stars above the step we were driving through , long slope down now on a lonely highway, straight through small bushes , snakes now surely sleeping under and that quite dry yellow red earth.. I was suddenly feeling happy to be in the car, once again with Dean, going 90 mph without breaks down into the darkness of the American night of August..

“Did you hear what they just said..” Dean put down the receiver, looking at shock at me, just having spoken with Allen .. “they are going to try to screw Old Bull Bill on his bunker..”

“That is in level like trying to destroy the Kabaa or something similar..” I said looking back in horror at my friend.. We stood there looking at each other like that for a while, then got into the car fast, Dean on the left side and me on right..

“There might be style wars.. we quick have to find samuraji not corrupted by the worldly desire of stupid titles and monarchies.. They have no bearing against a master like that..” and as we swished down the road, I felt my heart beating like that step which we had driven past when we had had a vision.. in that cold night was Old Bull Bill to like among the snakes like

them under a bush and then forgotten??, I did not grip the context.. But I guess it were like that with worldly business, too shallow for a master to grip, since he never even touched with his thinking that shallow thinkingness of stupid lazy son of a bitch ness..

“Killing the thing they love they do” I said in the car to Dean, ‘säkerligen planlagde dom en komplott, men Jag har en plan Jag planlägger ock.. Så ge respit till de icke troende, ta itu med dem på det genitala viset en stund..’

“Overclass worship is Mammon worship “ I wrote in my note book as we were rolling down the road again “– worshipping form – formality – the disease of the west had infected the east, and came with it a nauseating ‘story telling’ idiocy of ‘princesses and what not’.. like that was life and not truth .. beauty coming from truth and beauty..

The narcissism is spreading, and I am happy about my miscolored teeth .. it means that you have been living.. women should learn to adore it, instead of thinking about stupid money schemes..

The overclass bitches are saying “I kill you since you are over me AND imperfect at the very same time.. Imperfections of body can never be accepted in a society built upon stupid pictures.. But I like your soul, to draw you into me, to take you into reincarnation chain and then MOTHER.. Besides you have a ‘bad history’, in “the annals” of Satan.. then I reborn you gradually to be ‘perfect’ for the world to see.. Come now honey..” “Satanism is forbidden baby.. Qul: only the one whom have defeated his Nafs will become successful.. Allah says that in the Quran; believe!!”

I was writing on some lines for a future book I called in my mind Dharma Bums..

“Wrong..” someone will say in the book “we are not King Midas, but King Midas curse seems to lie heavy over the world – riba, interest rate, is cursing the whole world..

“to loath him was bread” someone will say.. and then everything will crash down I guess..

‘when the final word is spoken what will happen’ someone asked the zen master.. ‘crashing down breaking up..’

“This zen mastery” I kept on writing “has this specific quality, to take hits and blows and just become more beautifully.. nothing is not a risk.. nor is it risky.. it is non attachment..