

FOREWORD: GROUNDHOG DAY

Through microwave harassment, as described in the appendices to this book, I am forced to engage in endless conversations with deranged imbeciles. The perverts and losers, white trash, that NSA employs, want to make their betters feel bad, as they seek to destroy us; so they constantly taunt us with attacks against our loved ones.

In my case, they harp continually on the abuse of my daughter, Lily Montgomery, and her estrangement from me.

I have spent roughly one million dollars for my daughter, which I regard as a bargain and would do one million times, over and over, again.

My daughter is the product of a one-thousand-year-old breeding program, as the fools, who tried to combine my blood with a woman descended from John Wilkes Booth, the brainwashed assassin who killed Abraham Lincoln, led me to mate with a French Montgomery, whose family conquered England, under William the Bastard, in 1066, producing men like Roger the Great and Hugh the Red, as they sat in the inner circle of the Conqueror, while my people rode as knights for Duke William. One thousand years ago, the Normans were the bad guys whom the enemy could not control, so the conspirators caused the Hundred Years War, and the Wars of the Roses, to diminish the blossoming of our people. Today, we are the good guys whom they cannot control, as I have recently had the pleasure to teach a descendant

of Tancred, the Prince of Galilee, who instantly grasped the principles of self-observation, which I learned from the student of a man who worked as Head of British Military Intelligence, B Division, with responsibility for the entire Middle East: John Godolphin Bennett. As Samantha Tancredi noted, spotting cybernetics, in her bodily experience, through the techniques described in this series,

My eyes move to one thing, or another, by themselves.

Through intelligence, craft, and guile—not to mention our bravery, ruthlessness, and beauty—the Norman Aristocracy led the Crusades, as the trash attempted to rid themselves of the people who did not take orders, sending our men to foreign lands, as adventurers, leaving our women behind, as *châtelaines*, and splitting our families; but, then, as now, they cannot keep us down. Through their breeding program, and their cybernetic attacks, which move us only to fight, with *noblesse oblige*, *hauteur*, and *sang froid*, the enemy is playing with fire.

My daughter, who got a double dose of stubborn from her mom and dad, will not speak to me. Rightly proud, she grows independent, in the wrong direction, as she recalls my loss of temper, when the enemy drove my fury, with cybernetics, so I warned her of the dangers that face our kin. Clannish, the Montgomeries fight the Shelleys, whose blood grows hybrid with the Campbells, in a silly feud. I am here, and hold no grudge, when my teenager is ready, knowing, all the while, that her nature and nurture will abide, supporting the flower of

our families, as she earns her own additions. What's bred in the bone will not out of the flesh.

Otherwise put, blood will out.

After five years of war in family court, and nine years of peace, two idiotic judges, whom no reputable firm would ever hire, as they sat in their kangaroo courts, took away my right to see my daughter, placing visits in the discretion of a fourteen-year-old, whose mother has been diagnosed by doctors, with evidence heard in court, as having multiple personality disorders in addition to parental alienation syndrome.

After her father was driven off, and her mother was killed, my daughter's mother grew up in the shadow of the University of Maryland, where the Central Intelligence Agency is a major employer, advertising as many as one hundred and fifty job openings at a single time. There, the school hosted SkeptiCampDC, where degenerates calling themselves Kevin Slaughter and Robert Merciless gave a talk espousing Satan's heroism, a group called the Satanic Mechanics promoted trans-sexualism through The Rocky Horror Picture Show, and Jim Henson grew up, as he rose to prominence through Sesame Street, funded by Senator Robert Byrd, a member of the Ku Klux Klan, before he filmed satanic trash like The Dark Crystal. In enormous underground facilities, below the university, women are raped with chimpanzees, and children are electrocuted using techniques shown in Brave New World, by Aldous Huxley, the brother of the eugenicist that headed UNESCO,

before they were developed by B.F. Skinner, per his work, Schedules of Reinforcement, as exposed by Cisco Wheeler, whose grandfather's brother, General Earle Wheeler, served as Head of Joint Chiefs. The University of Maryland receives research funding and institutional support from the National Institute of Health, the federal agency primarily responsible for biomedical research, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which seeks to increase the number of operational satellites orbiting the earth from the current four thousand to more than one hundred thousand over the next seven years, and the Department of Homeland Security, which has declared war on the American people.

In the old days, the white-haired bikini model who lives in the luciferian village, of Crozet, at the edge of the forest, of Shenandoah National Park, would have looked like a witch, casting glamor spells, but I know a different form of mind control plays on the mother and our child, as a mentally unstable woman, victimized by scum in the Deep State, falsely empowered by morons, seeks to replicate the fatherless household in which she came of age.

After the mother's lawyer, William Hancock, died, suddenly, at the age of thirty-six, killed by the agency, immediately before my case was to be heard by a judge who earlier gave me one third of each year with my daughter, that lady judge, so favorable, retired; so we got an old self-important idiot who destroyed my rights, effectively taking my daughter from me, as she swore me off, after her mother kept her away,

in violation of a court order, more than a year, constantly working on her mind, simply because this male fool did not believe that a lawyer in good standing, admitted to practice in the State of Delaware and the District of Columbia, with security clearances to teach small children, who works as a professor at three different colleges, could be sane while he alleged, online, that his family was abused in a documented government program.

My allegations, which the mother's murdered lawyer believed, were made not vociferously in court but, not even naming my daughter, on my website, Fighting Monarch, which now has more than two million hits, including those from military installations in Iran, Iraq, Yemen, Syria, and Afghanistan—not to mention Malta, Gibraltar, and the Falkland Islands—or Greenland and Antarctica—while my site received traffic from the People's Republic of China, where internet use is extremely restricted, in its very first week.

Meanwhile, I have joined the Advisory Board of Targeted Justice, the World's Leading Resource for Targeted Individuals and Havana Syndrome, on which doctors, scientists, lawyers, journalists, a retired police chief, a former Special Agent for the FBI, and a previous Assistant Secretary of Housing serve.

The judge was a pompous ass, but he was nothing like the hideous southern shit, Tommy Simons, and his garbage junior, Ben Thurman, that took over the case, as they had the unmitigated gall to suggest I was a child-molester: I can only say it pleases me to know they

have suffered horrible torture as they lead worthless lives under the thrall of the luciferians. Like almost every single lawyer from the Commonwealth of Virginia I have ever met, Simons and Thurman are incompetent hacks, with no ethical or moral standards, who cheat their clients, practicing fraud, while they masquerade as gentlemen—an assessment I believe my daughter’s mother, Kimberly Montgomery, would second.

That’s from a man who, almost twenty years ago, was admitted to the Bar of the State of Delaware, which rightly has reciprocity with no other jurisdiction, where I served on the Board of Bar Examiners for the Delaware Supreme Court, on which the former head of my firm, which founded the Wilmington branch of Skadden and grew famous through our victory in the leading case of Van Gorkom, serves as a Justice, while I also sat on the Statutory Trust Committee of the Delaware State Bar Association, practicing law at the leading corporate firms in the place where more than two thirds of the Fortune Five Hundred are incorporated, not to mention a vast majority of private equity and hedge funds, and the Court of Chancery, the leading business court in the country, on which some of my colleagues have sat, holds session.

But what would I know about my own daughter, worldwide conspiracies, or the practice of law?

The scum hired by the Department of Homeland Security, which began its tenure following the false flag attacks on September

Eleventh, as it paid Markus Wolf, the Head of the East German Secret Police, or STASI, as a consultant, constantly ask if I have regrets.

I have none—except that I let my daughter watch too much television when she wasn't engaged in aikido, jiu jitsu, ice-skating, skiing, horseback-riding, swimming, playing musical instruments, and travelling to places like Hawai`i, Alaska, Big Sur, Maine, and Florida—not to forget the mountains and the beach.

TV is poison, and an otherwise active life is no excuse for placing yourself in a vegetative state, under mind control, so you can be programmed by the New World Order.

I made a mistake, and I even let my skinny and athletic daughter drink too much soda, but I don't beat myself up about it.

It's easy to see the enemy's game: they are worthless losers that tell lies as they seek, and fail, to make their betters feel bad.

My colloquies with the trash from DHS, USAF, and their affiliates recall eternal return, which is exactly the kind of useless question with which pseudo-intellectual connards try to steer you to feelings of helplessness, hopelessness, and regret—while anyone worth her salt quickly overcomes the so-called problem.

It's kind of like the exchange between Nathan Hale, from whom our old family friends, the Dunns, claim descent, and the limey garbage that caught him spying for General Washington. They wanted not only to shoot the brave man, who served as an elected officer of his militia, but to make him grovel, giving everything away to gain nothing,

while they sought to destroy a thing they would never have themselves. That was not going to happen, so, when the English asked whether the American had any regrets, he told them he regretted only that he had but one life to give for his country, essentially reaffirming his choice, as he told them he would make it again and again, and again and again, while, taken with satanic rage, the failures envied their superiors. Thus the nameless slaves killed the courageous hero, who became immortal through his martyrdom.

To see the use of eternal return, or eternal recurrence, to confuse the gullible, let's ask Alice.

*"I don't understand you," said Alice.
"It's dreadfully confusing!"*

"That's the effect of living backwards," the Queen said kindly. "It always makes one a little giddy at first."

"Looking backwards!" Alice repeated in great astonishment. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"But there's one great advantage in it, that one's memory works both ways."

"I'm sure mine only works one way," Alice remarked. "I can't remember things before they happen."

"It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards," the Queen remarked.

Anything that shows up in the programming classics, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland or Through the Looking-Glass, by the masonic child-molester, Charles Dodgson, alias Lewis Carroll, shouts Illuminati.

We will not let these losers get in our way.

Not even Friedrich Nietzsche, who was destroyed by the scum, as he was cybernetically implanted, in Switzerland, and driven to the loony bin, while he sought to protect a horse from its abusive owner, let that happen. So his analysis plainly indicates, as the man overcomes fear and paralysis to reach a joyful acceptance of his life.

What, if some day or night a demon were to steal after you into your loneliest loneliness and say to you:

"This life as you now live it and have lived it, you will have to live once more and innumerable times more; and there will be nothing new in it, but every pain and every joy and every thought and sigh and everything unutterably small or great in your life will have to return to you, all in the same succession and sequence."

Would you not throw yourself down and gnash your teeth and curse the demon who spoke thus?

Or have you once experienced a tremendous moment when you would have answered him:

"You are a god and never have I heard anything more divine."

Nietzsche gives the enemy too much, as he allows the demon to become a god, and he only affirms his life for a single moment, but, at least, he got a glimpse of it.

Not even William Butler Yeats, who was misled by the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, got hung up on eternal return, as he came to a joyful acceptance of his life.

I AM CONTENT TO FOLLOW TO ITS SOURCE
EVERY EVENT IN ACTION OR IN THOUGHT;
MEASURE THE LOT; FORGIVE MYSELF THE LOT!
WHEN SUCH AS I CAST OUT REMORSE
SO GREAT A SWEETNESS FLOWS INTO THE BREAST
WE MUST LAUGH AND WE MUST SING,
WE ARE BLEST BY EVERYTHING,
EVERYTHING WE LOOK UPON IS BLEST.

It's not the best Yeats poem, but you get the idea.

When he wasn't doing automatic writing, Yeats arrived through a conversation between two parts of himself in "A Dialogue of Self and Soul."

You know?

Like alters?

When you're talking to yourself?

Those are symptoms of microwave harassment, which I describe in the appendices to this book.

Pyotr Demianovich Ouspenskii, through his immersion in the Gurdjieff Work, overcame eternal recurrence, and, even Bill Murray, who belongs to the Gurdjieff Foundation, which Madame Jeanne de Salzmann founded, and through which I was privileged to learn a thing or two, found the right answer, as he made his film: Groundhog Day.

Murray could have picked any day to address eternal return, but, led by hypnotic suggestion, he went to a day kept in Pennsylvania, which my family, the Pennsylvania Shelleys, settled three hundred years ago, as Groundhog Day, when Punxsutawney Phil, led by the Inner Circle, drunk on elixir, and speaking a secret language, either sees, or does not see, his shadow.

This is a big day in the satanic calendar, for the luciferians that run the world conspiracy, as they effect their soul contracts, and sacrifices, thinking they feed unseen forces.

So the Illuminati, the Jesuits, and the freemasons, who run the global intelligence community, arranged my cousin's birth on the Winter Solstice, or Yule, my nephew's birth on the Autumnal Equinox, or Mabon, and my own birth on Michaelmas, the Feast of the Archangels,

which celebrates the knightly saint, a god revered by our people, and commemorated not only in my family's original seat, at Michelgrove Park, where Sir William Shelley fêted Henry VIII, and they hunted our beautiful and unfortunate deer, but in the fortress at Saint Michael's Mount, *ΚΑΡΡΕΚ ΛΟΟΣ ΥΝ ΚΟΟΣ*, in Cornwall, and its counterpart, *Mont Saint Miché*, in Normandy, as the Archangel kills the Dragon, or Satan, in the Book of Revelations, to which the enemy plans to script the Third World War.

Nearby to Michelgrove Park, the first castle of the Shelleys, where, one thousand years ago, unfortunate beauties were subjected to the *droit du seigneur*, and knights rode out into the Rapes of Sussex, the New Jersey Shelleys moved, around the birth of our republic, buying two baronetcies, and building Castle Goring, as they sought to establish their claim to our blood; but, just as my people, the Pennsylvania Shelleys, had ignored the satanic upstarts, the original line sold to someone else, so the estate passed, eventually, to the Duke of Norfolk.

Pockets jingling with coin, flashing banknotes, and riding fancy coaches, the New Jersey Shelleys intermarried with the progeny of Sir Philip Sidney, restyled as the Viscounts De L'Isle, seated at Penshurst Place, in Kent, owned by Henry VIII, as he courted Anne Boleyn, of neighboring Hever Castle, before Penshurst was used not only to memorialize their hypnotic romance in *Anne of the Thousand Days*, with Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor, and in a creepy rape-laden version, through *The Other Boleyn Girl*, which I cannot bear to watch, featuring

the Jewish Blondes, Natalie Portman and Scarlett Johansson, but also in Wolf Hall, which treats the crooked bureaucrat, Thomas Cromwell, who helped the victim of the Illuminati, Henry Tudor, erode the rights of his subjects, steal their property, and make false accusations—not to mention its equally fitting appearance as Clampett Castle in The Beverly Hillbillies.

I believe these trash are not Norman Shelleys, and only poseurs, but it really doesn't matter. You are who you are regardless of trappings, so my point in this foreword is not to aggrandize my family through connections to infamous characters but rather to give some sense of our outward nature, which bespeaks our blood.

There were always degenerates among the Normans, but other Normans always took them out.

Now, like then, the Montgomeries are treacherous.

Roger the Great, who played a major rôle in the Council of Lillebonne, received the Rape of Arundel, later split to form the neighboring Rape of Chichester, one year after the Conquest, as his liege, William the Bastard, made him the Earl of Shrewsbury, so he had three percent of the gross domestic product, or GDP, of the Kingdom of England.

Twenty years later, William Rufus, the homosexual deviant, was crowned, as the son of the famous bastard, but the barons fought against him in the Rebellion of 1088, supporting the claim of his brother, Robert Curthose, whose ships failed to reach the battle, due to weather,

so my daughter's progenitor, Roger the Great, switched sides, when William Rufus gave him more land and money.

That kind of stuff is why my daughter's mother won in family court, as my therapist, Babette Jenny, predicted, while she taught me how to manage my former lover's mood-swings, and erratic behavior, so we got along, in a fashion, and my daughter profited, after I won a five-year war in family court, only to win another, nine years, through crafty peace.

Babette said, in the cold dark room of her farm, in back of the Laurels, where the King Ranch once had its northernmost outpost, on land formerly held by Lamot du Pont II, that Kimbee would win most fights; and when I asked why, she counselled me, saying,

You fight clean: She fights dirty.

Shelleys are front-stabbers, so you will see me coming; but the Montgomeries will put the knife in the backs of their own.

Maybe that's why we were mere seigneurs in the old days, while the Montgomeries were lords, and the satanic Shelleys, from New Jersey, have made fortunes, marrying into the peerage; but my family has something better.

It's called pride: we are not for sale.

Oh, and by the way, don't worry about William Rufus. The pervert died in a hunting accident, in the New Forest, when another Norman put an arrow through his chest. It was Walter Tyrrell III, the

Red Knight of Normandy, an expert archer, whose name, whatever his crimes, should be remembered in our cups.

What goes around comes around....

Our putative cousins made a mysterious fortune in New Jersey, the later home of the Sopranos, as Timothy Shelley, the Merchant of Newark, who kept low company, and failed as a quack doctor, somehow grew enormously rich, in a way no one can explain, just when Michelgrove Park came up for sale.

In what would become the home of vulgar mafiosi and unfortunate negros, an international airport, and a toxic superfund site, the son of the snake-oil salesman, Sir Bysshe, was born, on one of the eight sabbats, Litha, or the Summer Solstice, before he bought a baronetcy for himself, to go with his gewgaw castle, and a second title for his second son, while the Pennsylvania Shelleys had no idea of his existence and the Michelgrove Shelleys refused to sell to the sleaze.

It was completely unacceptable that a scumbag like Sir Bysshe, or Sir Timothy, should hold sway at our seat—let alone pass himself off as one of us.

The scribblings of their spawn, Percy Bysshe Shelley, who swapped wives with his homosexual lovers, engaged in *ménages à trois*, and disassociated through narcotics, later, would be admired by scum controlled by the Illuminati, from George Bernard Shaw to Harold Bloom, from Karl Marx to Mahatma Gandhi.

Scorning the New Jersey Shelleys, the main branch sold our ancestral home, Michelgrove Park, for an even one hundred thousand pounds, to a merchant from Liverpool.

I can imagine the conversation between Sir John Shelley, the sixth baronet, and his wife:

*I will burn this castle down
before I sell to that dreadful little man.*

There was no way anyone related to me would sell to these dirtbags, no matter how much they offered, so that, using our name, they could live in our house and disgrace our memory.

The freemasons that had targeted us for centuries must have been enraged: they had gone to all this trouble to put financial pressure on the Michelgrove Shelleys, and to elevate their creatures, the New Jersey Shelleys, so they could swap one for the other; but, despite their attempted use of what psychologists call the fear-then-relief response, which appears in all their false flag attacks, we just wouldn't go for it.

So they attacked the nice man from Liverpool, killing him off and forcing a sale to the scum that ran the satanic upstarts: the Dukes of Norfolk.

Charles Howard, the eleventh Duke of Norfolk, was the insane patron of Sir Bysshe Shelley, who supported the patent for his baronetcy, while he helped secure the reinstatement of Percy's allowance when even his father, Sir Timothy, had enough of him.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was such a punk that sometimes it's hard to know what was happening with him. More than once, the poet claimed that strangers attacked him during personal crises, and his second wife, who wrote Frankenstein, reported what she believed to be a dream where the monster attacked her in her bedroom. The enemy break into people's houses, as they drug, rape, and abuse them in the sorts of insane programming sessions I have experienced, and not remembered for years, as described elsewhere in this series; and, often, people are not believed, as many do not believe my stories, or they think they simply had a vivid nightmare, since the attacks are so bizarre. Percy Shelley was a liar, who would tell any story to evade his duty, so he could have faked hate crimes; but he probably also suffered home invasions.

The Duke of Norfolk, alias the Dirty Duke, who had an aversion to soap and water, intermingled with the New Jersey Shelleys, as he raised his creature, Sir Bysshe, the son of a quack doctor, to what passed for society in his eyes. This insane fuck wed Marion Coppinger on the luciferian quarter day of Lammastide, or Lughnasadh, and she died soon after. Then the filthy libertine married Frances Scudamore, who promptly went mad, due to microwave harassment, as described in the appendices to this book, which was also used to drive King George insane, as Benjamin Franklin, of the Hellfire Club, and Matthew Boulton, of the Lunar Circle, ran experiments with sound and electricity, and Luigi Galvani, of the freemasons, pioneered bioelectromagnetics and

forced movement. Faced with only one of the people, to suddenly run amuck, in his neighborhood, the Duke of Norfolk locked his wife away, at Holme Lacy, while he moved on to a series of mistresses. Stuffing his maw with food, and pouring drink down his gullet, while he fucked unchoosy women, the Duke refused to wash, smelling so bad, even by regency standards, that his servants had to sneak up on him, when he was passed out, from overindulgence, to douse his sleeping body with buckets of water.

Upon his death, his estate passed to his cousin, Bernard Edward Howard, the twelfth Duke of Norfolk, KG, PC, FRS, who swooped in on Michelgrove Park, as the new owners suddenly had problems; so the neighboring peer bought our lands, cleared our trees, and pulled down our ancient manor, since it made his own place, Arundel Castle, a short stretch down the road, look inferior.

Arundel Castle was established under the reign of Edward the Confessor, and completed by my daughter's forebear, Roger the Great. Roger de Montgomery, who was cousin to William the Conqueror, also known as William the Bastard, was declared the first Earl of Arundel, as Duke William granted him the property as part of a portfolio containing hundreds of manors. Roger had stayed in Normandy to keep peace, this time staying loyal, while William was away. His cousin rewarded him with extensive lands in the Welsh Marches, and across the country, full of angry Saxons, so he would have his work cut out for him. One fifth of Sussex, known as the Arundel

Rape, was given to him, but, after he died, the castle reverted to Henry Beauclerc, eventually finding its way to the scum that call themselves Howard.

The Michelgrove Shelleys didn't take it lying down, as, following the sale of their ancestral home, Sir John Shelley, the sixth baronet, served as a member of parliament, while he was a close friend of the Prince Regent and the Duke of Wellington.

Sir John Shelley, who went to Eton, before he spent a brief time at Clare College, Cambridge, where he seemed to learn nothing but gaming and drinking, fought in the Coldstream Guards, where he earned the name Howitzer Shell by tackling a comrade out of harm's way from an enemy projectile. He was brainwashed to spend money, gambling at cards and breeding horses, as he changed the shape of the sport with winners like Walton, Cobweb, Phantom, and Priam, whom experts regard as one of the best horses to have raced up till that time. Hypnotism was obvious in his life, as the enemy led his wife's cousin to invent a new card game just when he gave up the tables, drawing him back in, and he inherited the ironically named Maresfield, to which he downsized, following the sale of the castle that financed his sport. He was a truly good person, like his wife, Frances Winkley, who did not care about money, any more than I do, so he once lent his cousin, George Child Villiers, the fifth Earl of Jersey, the equivalent of one million dollars, in today's money, without paper or interest, and forgot about the whole thing until his pal paid him back twenty years later.

Gossips called his wife the Goose, and the Country Girl, as they envied her close relationship with the Duke of Wellington, who was an old friend of her husband, but, doing so, even her worst enemies did not spread rumors of adultery unlike the others they circulated.

The Duke of Wellington refused to submit to blackmail in connection with any of his affairs, while the low would gossip and cast improper aspersions. In those days, personal mail formed the kind of compromising material you would now see online, so Benjamin Franklin, who served as the first postmaster general, would snoop, and peak, like the perverts at the National Security Agency. But the Iron Duke was no more afraid of would-be blackmailers than he was of anyone, or anything, so, once, he wrote, on the back of a letter,

Publish, and be damned!

That's the only answer to give a blackmailer, as we have nothing to hide, and, even if we did, it wouldn't make sense to put ourselves in their greater power. The freemasons use damaging material to enslave the cowardly, making them do worse and worse, without ever letting them go. They won't leave you alone after you pay them, or do something wrong for them, but they will just demand more.

Later, Sir John Villiers Shelley, the seventh baronet, served as a member of parliament, and in the army, starting in the Royal Horse Guards, before he became a lieutenant colonel of the 46th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, and he wed Louisa Knight, of Henley Hall, to have a daughter but no sons; so his title passed to his brother, the Reverend Sir

Frederic Shelley, of Shobrooke Park, in Devon, whose wife's family pioneered the teaching of deaf and dumb children.

The Michelgrove Shelleys would not sell to the New Jersey Shelleys, who sought to impersonate our family, but the Sidneys did not share our pride, or they were gulled, so Sir John Shelley-Sidney, another creature of the Duke of Norfolk, mixed his blood with theirs, double-barrelling his name, as he took his seat at Penshurst Place.

From his boughten pile, designed by the architect, John Rebecca, to look like god-knows-what, Sir Timothy Shelley would brag, *nouveau riche*, and *gauche*, that he was as rich as a duke, while, his spawn, Percy, wrote bad poems, used opium, and engaged in homosexual relations with the incestuous cripple: Lord Byron.

The only good about the atheist brat, whom I disavow, was that he refused to be fagged at Eton and he liked to sail: he was one kind of fag but not another.

The boy abandoned his wife for the daughter of the original fake feminist, Mary Wollstonecraft, who wrote Frankenstein, a book that grows from the experiments of Luigi Galvani, which facilitated the microwave harassment of King George III, fondly called Farmer George, while it takes place at the University of Ingolstadt, where Adam Weishaupt, a Jewish Jesuit, founded the Bavarian Illuminati on the satanic quarter day of Beltane, or Walpurgisnacht, only two months before the colonies declared their independence.

My family, the Pennsylvania Shelleys, remained neutral in the false revolution; but, first, the New Jersey Shelleys had lived across the Delaware River from Shelly, Pennsylvania, where we settled three hundred years ago, as the Illuminati moved our namesakes into the bi-state area, attempting to fob them into our line.

Forgetting earlier thoughtless assertions that, of course, all famous Shelleys would relate to us, we reject the connection.

I am glad we have nothing to do with them—a feeling encouraged by my old professor, Dick Barnes, who increases in κλέος through my second book: Playboy's Progress.

Still, the New Jersey Shelleys look almost normal next to the current owner of their McMansion, built by John Rebecca, in the Carnival Style, Georgia Arianna, Lady Colin Campbell, alias Lady C, who has written eight books about the royal family, while she drew meaningless distinctions regarding the age of children raped by Jeffrey Epstein. Claiming to descend from William the Conqueror, Charlemagne, and Who Knows Who, this unfortunate was born with a deformed clitoris and fused labia, as her parents were given the advice, from medical doctors, “to assign her as a male” so she could be part of “the superior sex.” After attending the Fashion Institute of Technology, she had corrective surgery, so she changed her name from George William Ziadie to Georgia Arianna Ziadie, continuing her work as a model, in New York, which she had earlier started as a man. Then, on the Spring Equinox, or Ostara, she married Lord Colin Ivar Campbell, the younger

son of the eleventh Duke of Argyll, after knowing him for only five days, before they divorced a year later due to scandal. Then she adopted two boys, who would appear on reality television.

It was The Royal World by MTV!

The satanists lie behind it all, so there are two churches near Michelgrove Park, Patching and Clapham, whose parishioners are involved in the group: FRIENDS OF HECATE.

Patching Church, given by Wulfric Spot to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in 948, became the archbishop's peculiar, under his personal jurisdiction, in Sussex, along with his palace at Tarring. It was visited by Thomas à Becket, before Henry Curtmantle killed him, and by Richard de Wych, the patron saint of Sussex, translated as a saint on June Sixteenth, a time kept as Saint Richard's Day, or Sussex Day, which is also the birthday of my daughter.

Do you think it is a coincidence that my daughter was born on Sussex Day, which honors the county's patron saint, and I was born on Michaelmas, which honors our people's patron saint, while Saint Michael appears not only in the name of our ancient manor but also as the warrior who kills the dragon, in the Book of Revelations, while the luciferians that run an ancient conspiracy, reaching deep into Sussex, play ritual games with magic days and lucky numbers?

Clapham Church, near Michelgrove Park, contains a memorial to John Shelley and his wife, Mary Fitzwilliam, who

descended from Edward Longshanks, the Hammer of the Scots, played in Braveheart by Patrick McGoohan, who featured in two classic t.v. series, which teach you everything you'd want to know about spy work and mind control: Secret Agent Man and The Prisoner.

Their son, William Shelley, remained Catholic, as the Illuminati split our family, when my forebears left the British Isles, since Bloody Mary burned three hundred of the original Church of England, founded upon the marriage of Anne Boleyn and Henry Tudor; so, while we escaped to form a foreign minority in the Lowlands of Holland, and the Mountains of Switzerland, the leader of the main branch was imprisoned in the Tower of London, as he, showing typical family stubbornness, refused to give up the Old Faith, so he was tried for treason by the daughter of Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth I, three years before the Spanish Armada, as Gloriana signed the Treaty of Nonsuch, with Holland, just as war broke out between her kingdom and that of her sister's widower: Philip the Prudent.

Then, as now, the Illuminati, with the freemasons, split family after family, after family, making them fight about stupid things.

Earlier, the Shelleys had Michelgrove Park taken from them, as they were targeted under the Tudors; but, eventually, fate turned our way, so our family was allowed first to lease, and then to buy back, the original estate, for the princely sum of eleven thousand pounds—millions in today's money.

The main branch bought our baronetcy from James Stuart, the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, executed for her faith and treason by her cousin, Elizabeth Tudor, as he converted to the Church of England, sponsored the King James Bible, and created the title of baronet, a form of hereditary knighthood, while his grandson escaped, through our estate, along the Monarch's Way, before his son, Charles I, was executed for treason partly because he took a Catholic wife.

The New Jersey Shelleys, who became the Viscounts De L'Isle, married the progeny of Sir Philip Sidney, named for Philip the Prudent, whose grandfather, John Dudley, the first Duke of Northumberland, alias the Wicked Duke, led the government of Edward VI, the son of Henry Tudor and Jane Seymour, and supported the young king's cousin, Lady Jane Grey, the Nine Days Queen, before he was executed, and betrayed his principles, foolishly making confession, turning against the Protestant Church, before they chopped his head from his body.

As Sidney's mother, Mary Dudley, fell under suspicion, in the court of Mary Tudor, because of her father's treason, like Mary's sister, Elizabeth Tudor, and her own brother, Robert Dudley, the Earl of Leicester, she gave her son the name of the Catholic king, Philip, with whom the Illuminati had hypnotized Mary to fall in love, as the Dudleys shifted to Catholicism, only for Sir Philip Sidney, like his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, to go hard back to the Protestant Church, as he married Frances Walsingham, the daughter of Elizabeth's spymaster, Sir Francis

Walsingham, alias Eyes, who entrapped Elizabeth's cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots, after Sir Philip witnessed the horrific slaughter of tens of thousands of Protestants by Catholics, in the Saint Bartholomew's Day Massacre, in connection with the wedding of Margaret of Valois with Henry of Navarre, for which the opposing sides had gathered in Paris, making an abortive attempt to stop the French Wars of Religion, so the Seine ran red, with blood, for days.

Following my graduation from Pomona College, which Lady Rothschild and Roy Disney also attended, as my alma mater took its name from the Roman Goddess of the Harvest, I would learn of the massacre, as my position, like Sidney's, would crystallize from easy-going boyhood into ferocious opposition to evil.

Satanists loomed around every corner, as the New Jersey Shelleys built Castle Goring, near Angmering Park, which now encompasses Michelgrove Park, as it sits within South Downs National Park, like a circle, in a circle, in a circle.

There the Seven Sisters give their name to a series of local cliffs, with a dip between each one, which lie near the unremarkable Belle Tout Lighthouse, which appears in one thing after another, courtesy of British Military Intelligence, Section Seven, or MI-7, to signal the enemy's presence: The Living Daylights, with James Bond standing for local spies, The Life and Loves of a She-Devil, which speaks for itself, and a song called "Belle Tout" by the Subterraneans, whose name reflects the presence of underground military bases.

Outside the region, the Seven Sisters once gave their name to the women's colleges that complemented the Ivy League—not to mention a consortium of international oil companies, which ran the global market—but mergers have changed the numbers, as, uncharacteristically, the bad guys gave up numerology to make money while they put women in harm's way.

I bet there was a fight, and some spells cast, over that one.

The Seven Sisters are important to the dark magicians, as they attempt to call on magic from the Pleiades, so, in the West Country, I learned an old counting song, in my boyhood, from a man described in the first volume of this series, who came from the Village of Tavistock.

*Seven for the Seven Stars in the Sky,
Six for the Six Bright Walkers,
Five for the Symbols at your Door,
Four for the Gospel Makers,
Three, three, the Rivals,
Two, two, little white boys
clad all in green-o
One in All, and All in One,
And evermore shall be so.*

Seven is the deepest level of hypnotic induction, so this song was used, as I drifted in and out of consciousness, drugged, in a secret facility, in Devon, at the direction of the Tavistock Institute.

The Seven Sisters, or the Pleiades, appear in Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, not to mention Works and Days, by Hesiod, and their name comes from the Greek, Πλειάδες, a word derived from the verb, to sail, because of the cluster's importance to delimit ancient sailing in the Mediterranean since the season of navigation began with their heliacal rising.

The stars appear on the Nebra Sky Disk, made from bronze, by German Pagans, in the original Saxony, more than three thousand years ago, and two thousand years before the Saxons invaded Sussex to give the county its name.

While the Ancient Egyptians called them the Followers, the Babylonian Star Catalogues list them earlier, showing they were close to the point of the Vernal Equinox, slightly more than four thousand years ago.

They must have been seen in Ancient Sumer, where people invented the calendar, agriculture, the wheel, writing, mathematics, and astronomy, starting more than six thousand years ago; and, surely, before that, some of the first modern humans, who arose two hundred thousand years ago, must have noticed them.

The Seven Sisters, or the Pleiades, form a striking constellation in the sky, which appeared in a cluster of opals my father

gave my mother and in jokes shared by my daughter's mother and me, when, gazing from the fields, at Marlbrook Farm, in the George Washington National Forest, where we lived, we looked, by day, fifty miles over the ancient blue mountains and, by night, as the Milky Way spilled through the sky, naming constellations, until we got to this group, which Kimbee had discovered, first, in her own universe, calling it the Slingshot.

The cluster is among those nearest to earth, at roughly three thousand trillion miles, burning at temperatures between eighteen thousand and forty-five thousand degrees, with young stars that have formed only within the last one hundred million years, so they are one quarter of the age of the Blue Ridge Mountains, over which we looked, but fifty times older than the most primitive humans, and five hundred times older than modern humans, while their light took more than four hundred years to reach us.

Do you really think the stars, the mountains, or the forces that made them care about the spells of luciferians?

I hate to give anything to Percy Bysshe Shelley, but he put it well in "Ozymandias."

*I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said—"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert.... Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,*

*And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;*

*And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!*

*Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.”*

And so the chalky sea cliffs of the Seven Sisters, made from the fossil remains of micrasters, showing continuous evolution over ten million years, could care less about the idiots who fight over them.

On South Downs you will find the Long Man of Wilmington, a mysterious figure once thought to date from neolithic times, or from the Iron Age, but now, through the remnants of an underlying orange brick outline, dated to the Burning Time, seen, by Rodney Castleden, who won a British Archæological Award for his work on the Cerne Giant, as a protest against the persecution of Protestant martyrs, like Richard Woodman, one of nine to burn on the Summer Solstice, one of the eight sabbats, Litha, in 1557, as locals believed, incorrectly, that he was earlier racked by the Bishop of London, Edmund “Bloody” Bonner.

Nearby stands beautiful Telscombe, surrounded by miles of chalk paths, which afford stunning views over the blue sea, the white cliffs, and the green grass, with salty breezes to brace your body, redden your face, and glad your heart, as you walk, while, later, at night, they help you sleep.

You might lunch at the Smuggler's Rest, with a pint of cask ale, Doom Bar, from Cornwall, or a wider selection of beers and wines at the Abergavenny Arms, founded by William Appes, who marched on London, with Jack Cade, in 1450, in a peasants' revolt, to overthrow the government, an inn that later became the Bull, with what is now the lounge used as a parish courtroom, where sheep-rustlers were sentenced to hang on the yew standing opposite, and left, bodies dangling, to be eaten by ravens, and, where, later, in 1770, the landlord covered up the death of a coachman, falsely reporting suicide, as he tossed the body out the window, so that ghosts haunt the premises.

In the Village of Telscombe, the ancient church of Saint Lawrence was built on land given by Eldred, brother of Edmund, in 966, but people here, and in Brighton, the seaside town next door, are less likely to follow a major religion than nearly anywhere else in England. According to data released by the Office of National Statistics, in connection with the Census of 2001, forty percent of the town center say they have no religion at all. Across the whole city, 66,955, or twenty-seven percent, of the population have no faith—much higher than the national average of fifteen percent—while over two thousand define

their beliefs as other, since thousands in Sussex are Wiccans, Druids, and Pagans.

Marina Pepper, née Baker, is the daughter of a witch, Margaret Ayrton, who became a pagan herself, writing books, as she worked as a consultant for a documentary by the British Broadcasting Company on Harry Potter. Mrs. Pepper posed in Playboy, before she got her master's degree, writing for The Independent, The Telegraph, and The Guardian, or treading the boards in plays like The Seagull, by Chekhov, while, through *noblesse oblige*, the woman defends the earth, while she helps children, organizing school walks, to take the place of busses, setting up a community recycling scheme for a local pre-school, and running fairs to promote sustainable living.

This former page-three girl, who writes for better papers than The Sun, served as the Mayoress of Telscombe, where she chaired the District Council of Lewes.

Lewes gives its name to the colonial village where my family used to catch the ferry to Cape May, New Jersey, so we could bask on the beach, hop waves to cool off, and build castles, of sand, travelling across the Delaware Bay, named for Thomas West, the third Baron De La Warr, the Governor of Virginia, whose family seat lies at Buckhurst Park, near Withyham, in Sussex.

Before James II was deposed in the Glorious Revolution, partly due to his Catholicism, the king passed his ownership of the Lower Counties on the Delaware to William Penn, as he attempted to

stave off a prior claim by Cecil Calvert, the second Baron Baltimore, and the Proprietor of Maryland, a place sometimes known as the Old Dominion, because of its Catholic leanings; so, after the Crown, William Penn became the second largest landholder in the world, who split the Colony of Delaware from the Colony of Pennsylvania, for convenience, twenty years before my people, the Pennsylvania Shelleys, bought land from the Penn Brothers, while the satanic Quaker remained proprietor of both the colonies, appointing governors to each.

In Sussex County, Delaware, you can set up at Herring Point, where you might see, along with other families, the descendants of dinosaurs: piping plovers dart along the beach, like wind-up toys, as they look for the unfortunate crustaceans that make up their diet, or gently chirruping in places you must not walk, where they nest in scrapes in the sand, before the nighthawks feed on flying insects in the evening, while chuck-will's-widows call from the pines, where people may camp.

Usually, we take the ferry across from Lewes, Delaware, to Cape May, New Jersey, so we never lingered, except once, visiting my sister-in-law, Lynn Arrington, whose family gave away a couple hundred million dollars, when a million was worth a million, endowing the Regenstein Sea Otter Nursery at the Shedd Aquarium, the Regenstein Library at the University of Chicago, and the Regenstein School, Learning Campus, and Fruit and Vegetable Garden at the Chicago Botanic Garden.

My daughter and I had a lovely time at Dewey Beach, which never left behind the years of the Del-Vikings, Bobby Darin, and the Drifters, where we walked the dog in the sand, and boogie-boarded on the waves, watching the freighters moving up and down the bay, wondering where they went, and what they carried, before we went to Jimmy's Grille, sitting at our wooden table, and listening to a loud local band, while we drank cheap beer and soda pop, feasted on halves of chicken, corn on the cob, coleslaw, and watermelon, chosen from the menu, black and red movable type, set in white trays, against the insides of the roof, which rose above the single large room to form a hexagonal pyramid just like an oasthouse from Sussex.

As Marina Pepper, formerly the Mayoress of Telscombe, notes, the coast on which she lives, has made fertile ground for organic types.

*Brighton has been a destination
for independent thinkers for many years. A
lot of the environment movement is centred
in the Lewes district and Brighton and Hove.*

Maybe that has something to do with the village's historic status as the home of Virginia Woolf, who showed heavy effects of mind control, signs of slavery, while people hold her up as some sort of feminist icon, thinking she was free, writing books, like Orlando, that promote transsexualism, while she went in and out of mental hospitals, because of microwave harassment, as described in the appendices to this book,

trying to kill herself, and eventually succeeding, as she pioneered stream-of-consciousness writing, through which incessant chatter, which is only voice-to-skull, broadcast by radio into our heads, is portrayed as a normal thought process.

I remember Wolf, whose books I have assiduously avoided, only for a television version of To the Lighthouse, which I watched with my father, on Public Broadcasting Service, or PBS, a station that spreads the dread disease of anglophilia. Perhaps I misremember, although I will be damned if I read that book, or even a synopsis, to find out, but we couldn't understand, or perhaps we could, why the man we called that selfish old shit wouldn't make the beautiful wish of a child into reality. In our family, if a little snou-snou wants to go the lighthouse, then we make it fun, and we do it, over and over, and over again, helping her feel good, and loved, and strong, while we share the magic.

As Marina Pepper has brought magic into people's lives through the theater, and her work with children, she expounds a pagan credo, while she decries the soulless materialism spread by the banksters, who try to make us slaves, through their unnatural usury.

*It is a great shame if people don't
have a spiritual dimension to their lives.
Apart from agnostics and humanists—the
idea that people have no religion at all—what
do they care about?*

Shopping and eating?

The former mayoress of Telscombe said that, rather than worshipping in a formal way, she brings her beliefs into everyday life by respecting nature.

That's easy to do in her village, where sweeping cliffs, chalky white, with tens of millions of years of fossils buried inside, overlook the ocean that carved them, while they are topped with a springing turf, verdant, where kittiwakes nest, and gulls swoop, laughing, while orange-billed oystercatchers crack shellfish, and turnstones run, looking for bugs.

As she defends and fosters nature, Marina Pepper also participates in a different tradition, local to the Sussex Coast, since, like the nameless protesters who dug the Long Man, as they stood against religious oppression, this eccentric lady makes protest into theater.

Using her skill as an actress, her good looks, and her bravery, the former mayoress takes a stand against injustice. Whether this self-styled pagan dresses up in a rugby shirt with a broom, playing quidditch, or she marches as a zombie, with a sign, telling people to eat the bankers, she always makes a statement. You might see her not only in the Oxford Street Mardi Gras Zombie Voodoo Walk, by Carnival Against Capitalism, or protesting G20, wearing a black head scarf, as she presents a bouquet to the Bank of England after the murder of a fellow protester. Elsewhere, Marina dressed as a suffragette for Climate Rush, wore a sash protesting the improper use of coal, and held a poster, saying, **STORM THE BANKS**, while she proudly carried an anarchist flag.

And she blocked a rural drilling site, earmarked for fracking, giving the sign of the horns, as she was carried off, to let us know she was okay.

You might even see the Playmate in charge of security at a protest site, like Climate Camp, or engaged in more conventional information sessions, like the one outside the High Court in London, where she served tea, while, inside, a judge reviewed the legality of Basildon's Council's attempt to evict, from Dale Farm, a group of Irish Travellers, Pavees or Mincéirs, who speak Shelta, like Brad Pitt in Snatch.

Doubtless Marina learned some of her tactics not just from her mother, Margaret Ayrton, a witch, with whom she appeared in Playboy, campaigning for the Liberal Party, but also from her one-time boyfriend, Matthew Freud, the head of Freud Communications, and a relative of Edward Bernays, the father of public relations, who wrote Propaganda, as he coined the term.

Bernays shaped all kinds of public opinion. He is the reason why bananas are the number one fruit in our country, as a bunch will appear even in the crumbiest gas station, since he worked for the United Fruit Company, which horrifically abused its workers, raping children and murdering fathers, overthrowing governments and setting up banana republics, spreading monoculture while it sprayed our food with poison, while comedians slipped on banana peels, showing off as the top banana, people sang songs that didn't make sense, like "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and we all ate banana splits.

Bananas are fun!

The fruit you might find in your bread, or your pancakes, is only one of the foods Sigmund Freud's nephew promoted, as he taught us that a healthy breakfast means eggs and bacon. Bernays put beautiful actresses in the papers, with cigarettes, so we would learn smoking was glamorous. He sold America on World War One, as Woodrow Wilson broke his campaign promises, violated people's liberties, and established the Federal Reserve, supporting the czar, and destroying our republic, in a war to end all wars, so, while paying the new income tax, we could make the world safe for democracy.

Bernays is not the only scumbag associated with Marina Baker's short-lived boyfriend, since he is the son of Sir Clement Raphael Freud, who served as a Member of Parliament for the Liberal Party, who sexually abused Sylvia Woosley starting when she was only ten years old, while he brought her up as his daughter for another nine years. Woosley was only one of Sir Clement's victims, as another woman revealed that the politician, who is a brother to Lucian Freud, had groomed her from the age of eleven, raping her body at the age of eighteen. Another time he fucked the nanny he hired for his daughter, and he kicked her out of the house when she grew pregnant with his child.

I trust Marina was never abused, within her memory, by the degenerate family with which she once naïvely associated, because she

would have spoken out, while I am glad she tore a page or two from their playbook, now used, for a change, to help others.

Mrs. Pepper's bravery borders on the reckless, as she faces arrest for political causes, sometimes dragged away by the police, in what led to the improper fantasy I describe in the second volume of this series.

At Balcombe, the grey fox blocked trucks from entering a rural drilling site earmarked for fracking, as she sought to protect not only the landscape but also the drinking water, so one hundred police arrested eighteen protesters under the Trade Union Labour Relations Act: that's the government's idea of protecting people.

Near to Marina's home is the Devil's Dyke, a beautiful spot to paraglide, or to fly a kite—or maybe just walk, as you enjoy the song of skylarks, yellowhammers, chaffinches, dunnocks, and robins, along with the cry of green woodpeckers—a valley that, according to folklore, was dug by Old Nick.

Before the Norman Conquest, Sussex was the last of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms to convert to Christianity, so, as Scratch lost his stronghold in England, he swore to kill its people by digging a trench to draw the sea, inland, and to drown all who lived in the High Weald.

Then, a hermit, Cuthman of Steyning, discovered the plot, so he made a bet with the devil, risking everything he had, to save others.

If Satan could dig the trench in a single night, he could have the hermit's soul; but, if he failed, he had to leave the people alone.

The devil got to work, digging toward the English Channel, as he started at Poynings, throwing up dirt to form the hills of Chanctonbury Ring, Cissbury Ring, Mount Caburn, and Firle Beacon—not to mention a chunk he threw out to sea, forming the Isle of Wight, where Murray Lerner, the father of my friend, Noah, made the only film of the rock-and-roll festival in which Jimi Hendrix, Jim Morrison, and the Who played, while the Tavistock Institute tried to start a controlled riot, until my hero, Joni Mitchell, turned the crowd.

Meanwhile, back in the Middle Ages, Cuthman the Hermit put a lamp in his window, right after midnight, to make a rooster crow.

The devil got scared, thinking the sun would rise, so he ran away.

At the bottom of the dyke, by the parking lot, lie two hillocks, known as the Devil's Graves, under which Old Nick, with his wife, lies buried; so locals say, if you run backwards seven times around the humps, while you hold your breath, the Dark Man will appear.

The whole thing shows how superstitious people can be: the devil, like his followers, is a fool and a coward, but do you really think you need to do all that for him to show his ugly mug or that the slimy shitdick left the country for good?

The remains of forts from the Iron Age, or possibly the Bronze Age, surround Clapham, as they include Chanctonbury Ring, abandoned by the Celts before the Romans reoccupied the place, which may have been dedicated to a boar cult, as it is surrounded by ancient

barrows that predate the Norman Conquest by almost three thousand years. Robert McFarlane, a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, slept in the ring one night, as he wrote The Old Ways: A Journey on Foot, only to be awakened by unearthly screaming at two o'clock in the morning, while, earlier, a group of university students camped out, before they fled, leaving their equipment behind, and refusing to tell anyone what happened. It's a common experience in the ring, where people feel the effects of microwave harassment, as described in the appendices to this book, sudden nausea, trouble breathing, blurred vision, and feelings of being pulled, one way or another, while they see what they take for ghosts, and they panic.

The satanic faggot, Aleister Crowley, who sired Barbara Bush, as a moon-child, before she married the Director of Central Intelligence, would befriend Victor Neuburg, alias Frater Omnia Vincam, who lived in Steyning, only two miles away, while both called the Chanctonbury Ring "a place of power," where Neuburg imagined gruesome sacrifices committed by the Druids. As Crowley described his butt-buddy,

HE ENDEAVOURED TO EXPRESS HIS
SPIRITUAL STATE BY WEARING THE GREEN STAR
OF ESPERANTO, THOUGH HE COULD NOT SPEAK
THE LANGUAGE; BY REFUSING TO WEAR A HAT,
EVEN IN LONDON, TO WASH, AND TO WEAR
TROUSERS.

Crowley, who called himself ridiculous names like The Great Beast 666, Perabduro, and Ankh-f-n-Khonsu, inducted his boyfriend into his order,

the A.:A.:, alternately held to mean the Angel and Abyss, Atlantean Adepts, Argenteum Astrum, Arcanum Arcanorum, Ἄστρον Ἀργόν, ארץ אנפין, or maybe just Assholes Anonymous, which culminates in the thirteenth degree, of the Ipsissimus, through the Qabala, before the two degenerates performed a series of occult rituals based on the Enochian System of John Dee, who drugged, hypnotized, and controlled Queen Elizabeth, moving on to Sex Magick, including something called the Paris Working, about which I hope never to learn, so the Jew wrote a poem to his master.

SWEET WIZARD, IN WHOSE FOOTSTEPS I HAVE TROD
UNTO THE SHRINE OF THE MOST OBSCENE GOD,
SO STEEP THE PATHWAY IS, I MAY NOT KNOW,
UNTIL I REACH THE SUMMIT WHERE I GO.

Crowley, whose taste was as bad as everything else about him, said this showed “an extraordinary delicacy of rhythm, an unrivalled sense of perception, a purity and intensity of passion second to none, and a remarkable command of the English language,” so the dancer that performed Rites of Eleusis had written “some of the finest poetry of which the English language can boast.”

The alternating belief systems held by Aleister Crowley, who was recruited into the British intelligence agencies, at Trinity College, Cambridge, before he joined the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn, and the Ordo Templi Orientis, as he spoke to an entity he called ALWASS, founding the so-called religion of Thelema to begin the ÆON OF

HORUS, serve as a warning to us all: they are not merely evil, but they are ludicrous.

Crowley started out in a family that belonged to the Brethren, an ignorant group of congregationalists, which enjoys an unusual prominence in the Blue Ridge Mountains, as they emphasize their rôle in disaster relief, following false flag attacks, not to mention the importance of not merely forgiving, but loving, our enemies—like the scum that traffic children, rape women with dogs, and seek to kill eighty percent of all humans, as set forth on the Georgia Guidestones, in accordance with UNITED NATIONS AGENDA 21, 2030, and 2050, following the philosophy of Thomas Malthus, who, like me, studied at Jesus College, Cambridge.

Famous Brethren have included Dr. John Bodkin Adams, who willfully poisoned hundreds of his patients, Major General Orde Wingate, who believed infection could be fought with a tough mental attitude, Edward Cronin, who tried to cure cholera and typhus with homeopathy, John Nelson Darby, who believed the elect will be raptured up to heaven, and Ken Follett, whose books I stopped reading at the age of seventeen due to their disgusting perversion and disparagement of women.

Less famous Brethren have included my distant cousin, who appears in records only as the Reverend D.H. Shelly, who, although he authored a family tree, a work he started on the Winter Solstice, neglected to update the document to include his own birth, while he

noted his earlier service as Presiding Elder, and Chairman in Convention, building thirteen church houses and teaching school, in a separate capacity, for exactly thirteen years.

Did I mention thirteen is a satanic number, used in the thirteen colonies, of which Pennsylvania sits in the middle, given a masonic name, as the Keystone State—or that the man who structured his career around the number thirteen seems to have given his son, Uriah, the initials U.S.?

Beliefs vary from congregation to congregation, as with other congregational groups, which contain naïve believers, or helpers, on their outer edges, but a satanic inner circle, ostensibly leading the group, who are slaves, belonging to other organizations.

Still, to the extent the Brethren hold fundamentalist beliefs, in accordance with mainstream theology, they would believe that three equals one, and one equals three, a formulation needed to avoid the Aryan heresy, or the dreaded Socinian, so the Lord magically impregnated the Virgin Mary, who was his daughter, mother, and the wife of another man, because the judicial murder of a rabbi, a new paschal lamb, was needed to save mankind—except for Elijah whom He swept to Heaven in a whirlwind—because Adam and Eve ate forbidden fruit in the Garden of Eden, six thousand years ago, when dinosaurs roamed the earth, before YAHWEH destroyed ancient species in the Flood, while he demanded that Abraham sacrifice his only son, Isaac,

from whom his father sliced the foreskin off his penis, as a sign of their covenant.

It would make more sense to believe in Frigga, the beautiful feminine representation of the sun, who sustains all life through her fire, warmth, and light, as she gathers heroic warriors to her mead hall, in preparation for Ragnarök, than to hold the credos that underly mainstream Christianity.

Christianity is designed to keep people in line, forgiving their enemies, while they patiently await an imaginary reward in the afterlife. That's a good religion for slaves. No wonder the Crucified Man-God was such a hit in the early Roman Empire, where people let themselves be eaten by lions, not to mention the plantations of the Antebellum South.

Still, it is worth noting, as I discuss later in this series, that resistance to the New World Order concentrates among Christians. Many Christians are good people, who hold family values, so they make natural enemies for the satanic trash, who plan to manipulate them by scripting world events to the Book of Revelations.

Just as the conspirators lie behind Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam, the Tavistock Institute has created the New Age, as it attempts to lead good people astray, sometimes drawing them to satanism but more often making them subject to mind control.

When you believe in crystals, and spells, and ley lines—not to mention ouija boards that depend on forced cybernetic movement—you make yourself vulnerable to manipulation.

Don't look for signs, even if you believe, perhaps with right, that otherworldly forces stand around you: If the gods help you, they will do so because you take right action, even if you curse them, so you may look for their aid, but you should never take their advice.

A local paper described the Clapham Curse, which began, in 1288, when Robert Le Faulconer brought a lawsuit against the priest, Adam Le Gest, for bodily harm, which he lost, so he cursed the Catholic Church:

*I call upon She who knows to damn
this accursed village and all its meager holdings.*

*May the priesthood of this false God
soon come to know their fate.*

As the Tavistock Institute, with British Military Intelligence, Section Seven, seeks to promote false beliefs, while their affiliates destroy people's lives, it seems significant that the article containing the apocryphal curse, with no source given, was published by a paper called The Argus, named after a monster with a hundred eyes, like the surveillance state, which watches us all, on the luciferian holiday that begins the Season of Harvest, the Autumnal Equinox, or Mabon, while the piece describes the murder of the local priest who went missing from his home on the quarter day of Halloween, or Samhain, which ends the

Season of Harvest, only for his skeleton to appear three years later—but, since the article contains secret signals, there is no mention of the Season of Harvest.

Clapham Wood is the base of a satanic cult that calls itself the Friends of Hecate, and a body turns up every three years. In 1972, it was Police Constable Peter Goldsmith, who had investigated the murder of an unidentified woman, looking worried and preoccupied, before her police file disappeared. In 1975, it was an old man: Leon Foster. In 1978, it was the priest mentioned above: the Reverend Harry Neil Snelling. In 1981, it was a woman driven to madness, and to homeless wandering, through microwave harassment, using the techniques described in the appendices to this volume, before she was raped, strangled, and brutally murdered: Jill Matthews. All had disappeared, sometimes for years, before someone found their corpse.

The place is rife with the activities of the Air Force, so people see lights, part of PROJECT BLUE BEAM, through which NASA, working through AATIP, shapes popular belief to pave the way for a fake alien invasion, while walkers experience the effects of microwave harassment, and friendly dogs disappear, forever, on walks, just as though they were taken by sickos into underground facilities.

It's no surprize, and it's nothing mystical: the satanists, who hold laughable beliefs, or who mislead each other, want us to think that bogeymen are real so we don't get wind of their agenda.

In the United Kingdom, the United States Air Force maintained roughly one hundred bases in the nineties, when I studied at Cambridge, while now the bases have shrunk to the satanic number of thirteen: RAF Lakenheath, RAF Croughton, RAF Digby, RAF Welford, RAF Fairford, RAF Feltwell, RAF Upwood, RAF Barford St John, RAF Fylingdales, RAF Menwith Hill, RAF Mildenhall, RAF Alconbury, and RAF Molesworth.

That's what's behind the unidentified flying objects, the crop circles, and the spooky atmosphere: creeps playing games.

Scientific studies with a geiger counter have revealed slightly elevated levels of background radiation in the area, which is surprising since South Downs is a chalk escarpment, made of stuff that would normally be low in radiation due to less Potassium-40, so how can we account for the higher levels?

Maybe it's because the military uses depleted uranium for tanks, shells, and bullets, and the spooky woods stand directly on top of an underground military complex.

To give only one example, George Islay MacNeill Robertson, Baron Robertson of Port Ellen, KT, GCMG, PC, FRSA, FRSE, who served as Secretary-General of NATO, said that roughly thirty-one thousand rounds of depleted uranium ammunition were used throughout Kosovo during the eleven weeks of OPERATION ALLIED FORCE. Since each round of tank buster ammo, fired from an A-10 Thunderbolt, or from M1 Abrams tanks, enforced with radioactive armor, contains a three-

hundred-gram uranium penetrator slug, the total amount of depleted uranium dropped during the conflict ran to almost ten metric tons.

Try to imagine how much uranium sits in those underground bases, as it jiggles the measuring needles on the geiger counters of the investigators, walking on the chalk, above the secret base.

Just as they fail to intimidate me, and they failed to drive the Michelgrove Shelleys to sell to the New Jersey Shelleys, the scum just don't get the message, harassing and trying to scare a brave and good man, Charles Walker, who followed a lead along a footpath called the Chestnuts, to a crossroads, where a shadowy figure told him of the cult, before a car slowed behind him, then sped up, to knock him off his bike, but these attacks made him only more determined. He went on to find a mural on a local barn of a huge horned head with a scaly luciferian body, and a forked tail, set against a backdrop of vivid flames, before he found a satanic altar in the center of Chanctonbury Ring. Then he found ritual objects around a large beech tree with strange symbols written, in chalk, on its bark. He's not going to stop until he catches them.

Charles Walker, like Marina Pepper, is a pagan, who has absolutely nothing to do with satanists. Pagans, like me, revere the earth, the sea, and the sky. We follow nature, as all must do, while the luciferians engage in unnatural practices like sodomy, pædophilia, incest, and cybernetics. The enemy is delusional, as they seek to deviate from natural law, in a way that is not merely environmentally but also systematically unsustainable. Their so-called organization is filled with

morons, slaves, and traitors, who seek to undercut each other at every turn, while they deny reality, telling lies, and giving false reports, so they weaken their own action. They bring themselves down, as the system rights itself, just as I have absolute faith in the earth's eventual ability to destroy all humans so to restore the balance of our planet.

Charles Walker, who is determined to prove that the Friends of Hecate have nothing to do with witchcraft, as he destroys them, says,

Black magic, so-called black magic, sort of works on the idea of acquiring powers, energies, and things for yourself, whereas white magic is more in line with the modern thinking of becoming one with the earth and the wildlife around it, and life itself, so it tends to look after the planet and people whereas so-called black magic is just out for destruction.

If you ask me, Mr. Walker's second assessment is better than his first, since the enemy seeks to destroy everything in sight for no reason whatsoever rather than acquire anything for themselves.

They lack not only intelligent but even rational self-interest, while they have nothing in common with their imaginary god. Lucifer—whom they ridiculously conflate with Prometheus, a titan who gave fire to people because he wanted to help them, and, per the etymology of his name, could think ahead—is supposed to have acted through pride,

refusal to serve, and self-advancement, but they are self-destructive slaves that take orders.

If there were a real lucifer—and there isn't—he would have nothing but contempt for luciferians, while he might have something like respect for people like me, Mrs. Pepper, and Mr. Walker.

The enemy's attacks against us only strengthen our will. The imbeciles actually thought they could scare Charles Walker or that he would regard them as kindred spirits, "brothers," to use their obscene masonic jargon, or both. What they got was an enemy for life.

With his friend, Toyne Newton, Mr. Walker patrols the woods late into the night, dressed in combat fatigues and equipped with cameras holding infra-red lenses, as they seek to catch the cultists in the act. So he told a local paper,

*I want to find them, get
photographic evidence and bring them to
justice.*

They really have to be stopped.

I'll keep doing this until the day I die.

Meanwhile, Toyne Newton has tracked the scum not only through Clapham Wood, but to London, Brussels, and Switzerland, writing books like London's Mystical Legacy, The Occult Origins of the European Union, The Dark Worship: The Occult's Quest for World Domination,

and Demonic Connection: An Investigation into Satanism in England and the International Black Magic Conspiracy.

Charles Walker puzzled over the motivation of the luciferian that met him at the crossroads.

Why had this person decided to give me this information? He had also warned me not to pursue my enquiries any further. Surely he did not seriously think that I was going to leave it there, not after being given a possible explanation for one of the mysteries, which, by this time was almost constantly in the press. I am not one to go looking for trouble but I could not let this go. It was potentially far too important for that. If what I had been told was true these people had to be stopped.

The white witch, who has made it his life's goal to stop the satanists, tried to think of a rational explanation for the enemy's actions, but he gave the mysterious stranger too much credit.

It's really not that complicated: the enemy is stupid, and they judge others by themselves. The psychology of the slaves that hide within the New World Order is to crumple when attacked, to yield when threatened, so they just do not understand how our minds work. Still,

this doesn't stop the morons from insisting, over and over, and over again, that we have something in common.

Meanwhile, as men and women like us put pressure on the cravens, they freak out, make mistakes, and take things out on each other.

Charles Walker, Toyne Newton, and Alan Brown wrote The Demonic Connection, as they published articles in The Unexplained. In response, an anonymous person wrote, giving details only an insider could know, which the investigators had learned at the crossroad, along the Chestnuts, as follows:

In your article on Clapham Wood, you ask if the mysterious events are linked to a black coven.

I can tell you they are, but it is much more than that.

A few years back a friend of mine joined them.

They are called the Friends of Hecate.

They meet in the woods and barn up by the church and make ritual sacrifices at the time of Orion and the Archer.

Lots of Patching and Clapham people are in it, but the top ones come from London: two women and a man. The man is a doctor, about forty-five, the women about thirty and sixty. They always go

back to London after the meeting, so no one knows who they are or that they are connected with what goes on.

I think this is when there is a human sacrifice.

My friend says that there are groups the same in Winchester and Avebury. A big group in London. I can't remember them all, but lots of people are involved, as there are different grades, and thousands of members are in the outer one but only about two hundred at the inner circle.

It is all very secret. The inner core members are protected by the others who they use as spies and guards to make sure everything is kept secret....

I can't sign my name, but be warned: they are much more powerful than a black coven.

Strangers buy exclusive shooting rights, as cover, on places like my family's ancient seat, Michelgrove Park, demolished by the Duke of Norfolk, which lies within part of his estate, Angmering Park, which extends to almost seven thousand acres, as it forms the eastern half of the original Norfolk Estate, or Amberley Castle, whose land Cædwalla, the King of Wessex, gifted to Bishop Wilfrid, in 683, while the castle's current buildings owe their origins to a timber-framed hunting lodge built in

1103 by Bishop Luffa, which was fortified, over time, until Parliament seized the property in the Puritan Revolution, yet another asset strip staged by the freemasons, driven by religious differences, like the Dissolution of the Monasteries, until, eventually, it wound up as one of many luxury hotels in the hands of Relais & Châteaux.

Meanwhile, two of the four bodies were found by beaters at shoots. Big money changes hands, and the visitors don't bag many birds. Something's going on.

Hunting is slang for the gang-rape of boys, just as fishing is slang for the gang-rape of women, or pizza is slang for the molestation of children, among the satanic degenerates that obsess over magic days and numbers, while they make the same mistakes, over and over, and over again, losing money they don't have, and destroying themselves, like Philip Seymour Hoffman, in Owning Mahowney, an actor who made The Master, which earned the disapproval of the dianetics cult, led by L. Ron Howard, before he was killed on Groundhog Day.

Groundhog Day, also known as Saint Brigid's, Candlemas, or Imbolc, is a quarter day in the luciferian calendar, which falls roughly forty days after the Winter Solstice, in a false Lent, just as Walpurgisnacht, also known as May Day or Beltane, falls roughly forty days after the Vernal Equinox, and Lughnasadh, or Lammastide, falls roughly forty days after the Summer Solstice, and Samhain, or Halloween, falls roughly forty days after the Autumnal Equinox.

The enemy, like superstitious immigrants who play a sucker's game, scratching cards with their unwashed hands, in the lottery, sponsored by a groundhog, in Pennsylvania, believe not only in lucky days but also in magic numbers, so Groundhog Day falls on 2/2, which is 33 days after 1/1.

New Year's is a satanic holiday, and thirty-three is the number of the highest degree in the Scottish Rite, which my great-grandfather, Theodore Z. Krämer, held, along with his membership as a founding member of a Court of Jesters, not to mention his affiliation with other groups of weirdos like the Shriners, the Knights of Pythias, the Knights of Friendship, the Fraternal Order of Eagles, and the Patriotic Order Sons of America, while his business partner, Isaac Eberly, who married his sister, Margaret, belonged to the Kiwanis and the Oddfellows, as the spirit-cooker established Camp Joy, where he raped the children he purported to help, drinking the adrenaline in their blood, and he built the satanic seat of Stone Manor, where two people drowned in the cellar pool, while he maintained a second estate near the home of the Air Force, housing the secret group, ORION, which runs microwave harassment programs through its supercomputer at Schriever: Colorado Springs.

The Virgin of Candelaria, alias the Black Madonna, presides over the celebration of Candlemas, or Groundhog Day, as the patron saint of the Canary Islands, where Playmate Kerri Kendall, remembered in the second volume of this series, was entrained, and where the classic

television series, The Prisoner, which builds on Secret Agent Man, takes place, as it reveals important aspects of our mind control and inspires us to fight through the example of John Drake, who became Number Six.

Candlemas, otherwise known as Groundhog Day, is the day that commemorates the presentation of Jesus at the Temple through which, in accordance with Leviticus, a woman was to be purified by presenting an adorable lamb as a burnt offering and a fledgling dove as a sin offering, as these beautiful innocent animals were killed by sickos, thirty-three days after a boy's circumcision, in a bizarre rite, now made standard in hospitals, where the foreskins of our male newborn, crying and frightened babies, whisked away from their mothers, are snipped from their penises.

The freemasons, who run an international crime syndicate, involved in child-molestation, rape, and human-trafficking, seem connected to Groundhog Day; but, in Punxsutawney, the public spectacle, made famous by Bill Murray's comic film about eternal return, is run by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, who connect to the Order of Saint Hubertus, and its human hunting parties, in connection with which Justice Antonin Scalia, of the United States Supreme Court, was killed at the beginning of the Feast of the Wolves, a three-day period known as Lupercalia, which surrounds Saint Valentine's Day.

Still, even though the enemy could lead Bill Murray to Groundhog Day, his film affirms the goodness of humankind, as he finds a way out, from eternal return, through charitable action.

The plans of the degenerates always misfire, as they double-down on bad bets, constantly calling and raising, never folding, borrowing from the house, and, in their addiction, doing more and more of the things that only hurt them, exactly like their predecessors, as that course of action inspires people, like me, to leave a life of quiet retirement so that we may establish internationally renowned websites, join boards with kindred spirits, and destroy the scum that so inspire us.

Trash, like Sir Alex Younger, who set a record for a long tenure at MI-6, at roughly six years, following his birth on Independence Day, and who wear the Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, given by Elizabeth Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the wife of Philip Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, alias Windsor, will pay for the crimes they have committed.

I will teach them what it means to falsely wear the badge of dragon killers.