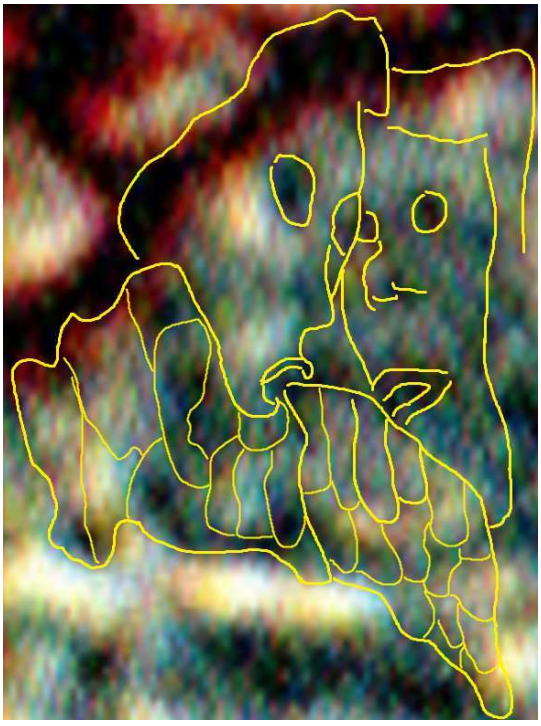
ELON MUSK, Pedophile,
RAPED Young Children (Boys) On Epstein's Planes



The image above is not Musk's primary image, but it may be the most revealing.

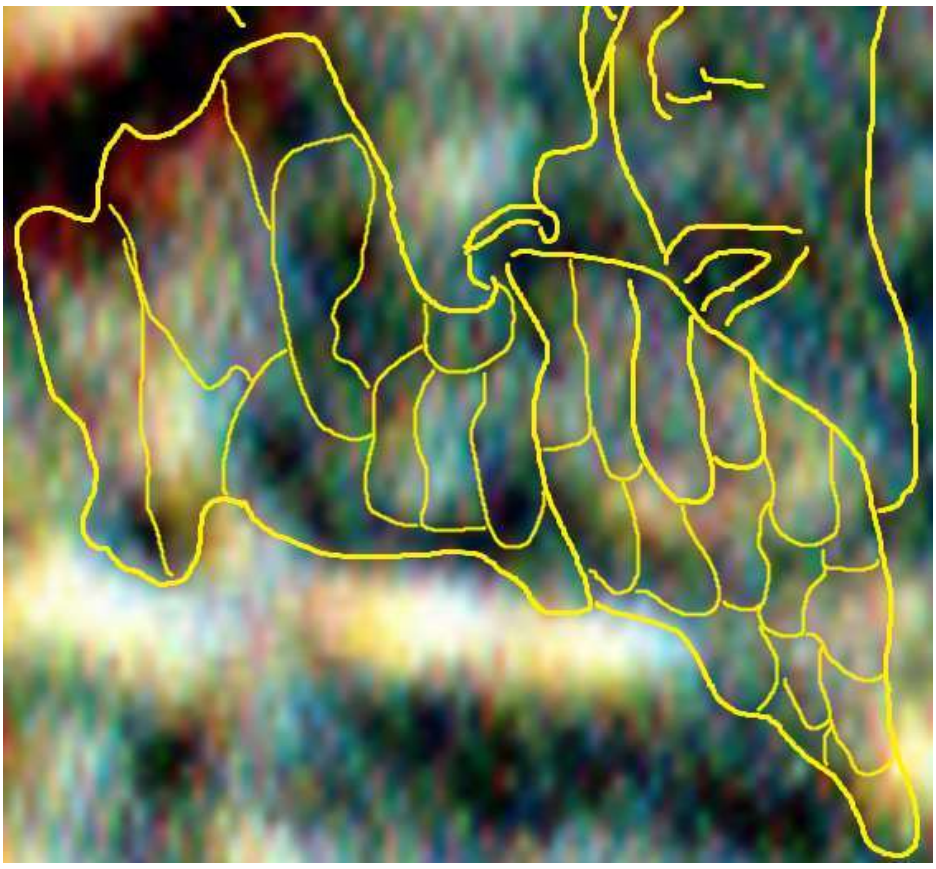


The image reveals Elon Musk was one of many super-rich men who raped little boys and girls on Epstein's plane. Above, in the lower left, Musk (with two tongues out, one dark, one light) whispers with Epstein. To the right, the word "dead", *covered up* with a condom bag full of the obscured faces of adults and kids killed protecting US Republican elites' *right* to rape children.

In the enlargement to the right, tongues out, Musk tells Epstein he is ready to rape the children; as his right tongue describes the White children he has raped in the past, his left tongue describes the non-White children he hopes to rape immediately. Epstein reminds Musk, *again*, to wait until they are over international waters.

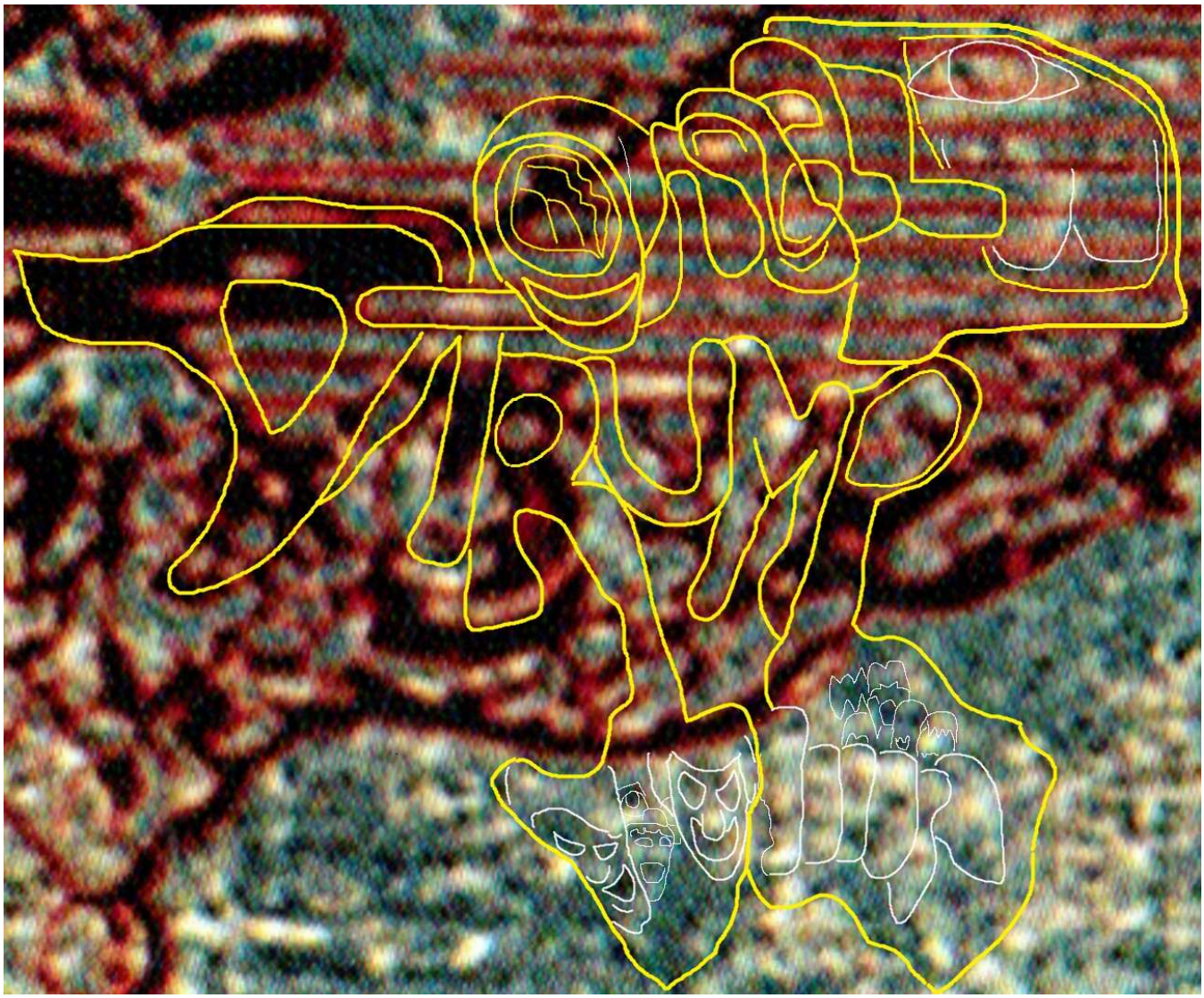


Above, an enlargement reveals the word *dead* under a condom-shaped bag full of battered faces.



Right, Elon Musk's floppy and perverted tongues reveal the images of children (primarily young boys) he has raped.

DONALD TRUMP RAPED YOUNG BOYS
ON JEFFREY EPSTEIN'S RAPE PLANE



Donald Trumps' *most* primary rendering is presented above. God tilts the name *Donald* back, like an airplane lifting off the ground. The *R* in *Trump* dives deep into the homosexual blue, and reveals Trump, on the right side of the down arrow, smiling like a demented pervert, ready to rape, as he pressures Epstein (left) to let him to rape the children now; Epstein smiles, looking over his shoulder, to make sure it's safe to begin. Between Trump and Epstein are two children –the objects of Trump's lust. The *P* of *Trump* plunges into the blue, to reveal an endless line of powerful Western elites, eager to rape children. [Notice the overlapping lips, which form the sideways eye in the center of the *O* in *Donald*: these unnatural lips represent of *going against nature*. Trump is a child raping pedophile, and a homosexual.]



Enlarging the image we get more information.



In the image on the left, above, there are two children between Trump and Epstein. They both appear to be White, and between 5 and 11 years old, or so. The larger child, in the rear is clearly a boy. The smaller child, in the front, may be a boy or a girl. Having worked in professional settings with special needs children for about 30 years, I believe at least one of the children, the child in front, shows some signs of being special needs (learning disabilities, etc). This child clearly does not know what is about to happen him/her. God layered at least two children in the image. On the right, I outline the second child, in the rear. He is clearly terrified and understands the situation.

(Confirmation image messages about these elite pedophiles
are now available in *Line 5: The Hands That Rocked Time*.)

In 2023, in Origin Stories, I reported about how John W Gardner (the third Beast of Revelation, Chapter 13) manipulated US mental health facilities to use destructive medication on children, without oversight, and he created Head Start to permanently impair the minds of non-White preschoolers. Children and mentally impaired adults without families, or without involved families, may be society's most vulnerable people. For someone like Gardner, or any subordinate positioned in the right institutions, "legally" abducting and erasing a child without a family, trapped in the US mental health system, would be easy:

(1) Select a child that has no family or no active family;

(2) Contact the residential center (often privately owned) and tell them the child's placement is being changed, and a state worker will arrive to pick up the child at *X* time. (They could contact the false next placement, or not).

(3) Pick up the child. At this point, the conspiring social service representative might tell the child that before going to his wonderful new placement, he is going for a 3 day trip to Disney World (or whatever).

Now the child is excited beyond belief. From here the scenario can go any number of ways. But if the child is high functioning and credible, a group of organized child rape merchants, like Jeffrey Epstein and his 666 federal support team, would rather erase (kill) that child than risk the child talking. A lower functioning child, without the words to explain what happened and who-did-what, is apt to be allowed to move to his new placement, where his inventive story about an airplane with a bedroom in it, where bad people did bad things, will be ignored.

Modern nations should have citizen's oversight panels at every possible point, so these horrors (a man -Epstein- becoming a mega-millionaire by allowing the rich to rape other people's children on his plane) can never happen again. For generations, Republicans denounced oversight, to the thunderous, unthinking applause of their voters. [Spoiler: in the next few years, in the *Prophecies Against* period, God may vent some wrath upon nations who have not reasonably protected their children and vulnerable. More on the *Prophecies Against*, later.]

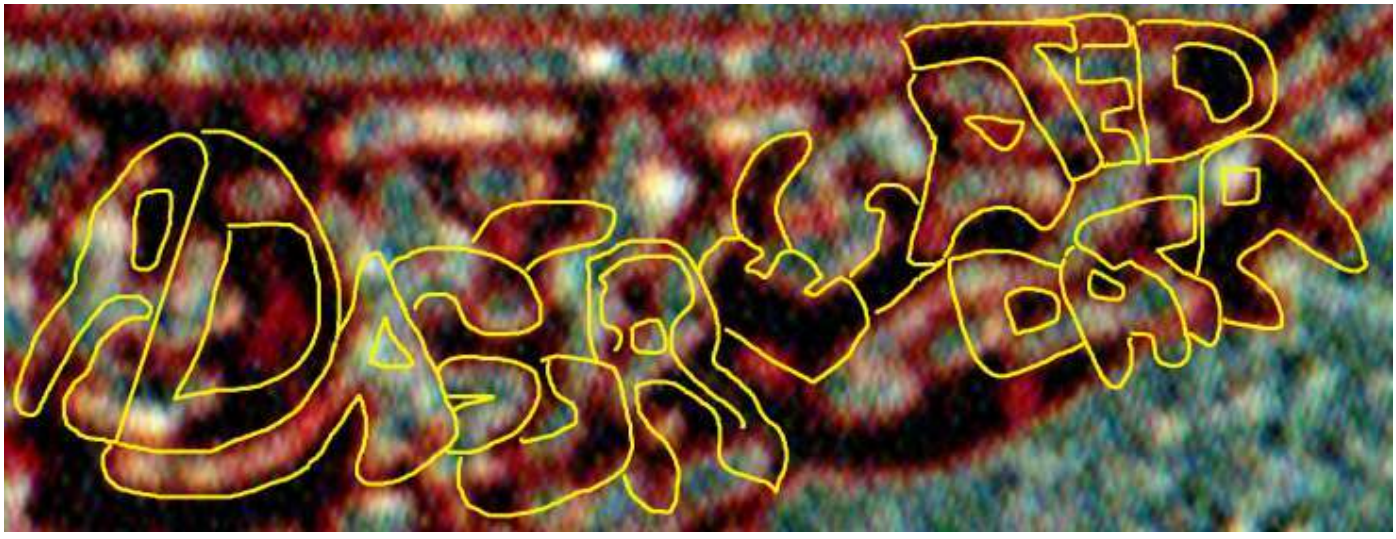
- To the right, in the *base bag* of the *P* in *Trump* (from Donald Trump's name rendering), God presents an endless line of Western elites, eager to commit any crime -even rape children- as an incontestable argument for his coming wrath.

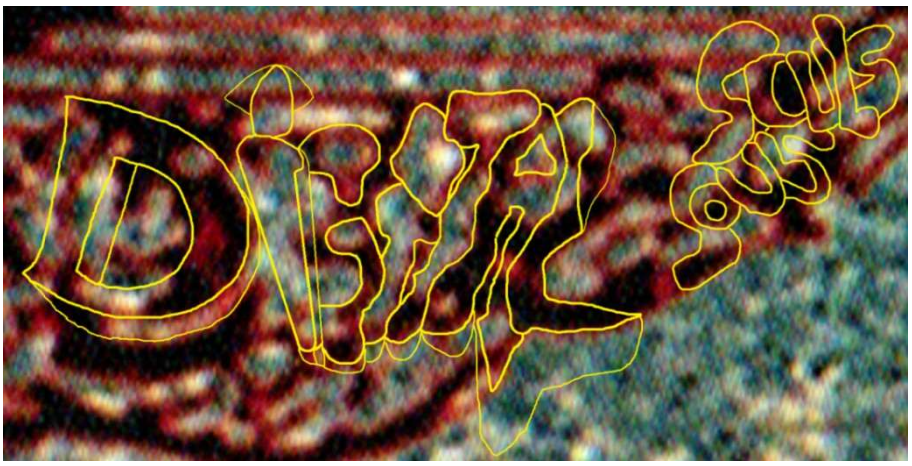


In late 2006, in the "Accelerator" or "GenLab" version of Butterfly Driver, I conceived and introduced several extremely evil actionable science and technological ideas –never guessing that anyone would be evil, crazy or stupid enough to try to achieve the ideas. These evil ideas were (1) aggregated data, (2) the accelerator/replicator, and (3) digitizing human souls and brains:

1. **Aggregated Data –** the concept of continuously collecting and assessing all possible data (weather, traffic, purchased, phone, internet, stocks…) to accurately predict all future events;
2. **The GenLab; replication and accelerator –** a flawless 3D digital replication of Earth (or certain nations or regions), inhabited by exact replications of every human soul. The aggregated data is then fed into the giant replication/accelerator every 15 minutes, or so, and the replicator is accelerated, thousands of times faster than the speed of life, and predicts all relevant near future events –crime, war results, stock markets…
3. **Digital Souls (replicating human souls) –** using modern tech and science to make perfect digital models of all human souls (and brains). Digitizing and replicating souls was first contemplated to predict human actions, but the applications are endless (stealing ideas, punishing likenesses of your enemies –who actually believe they are real…).

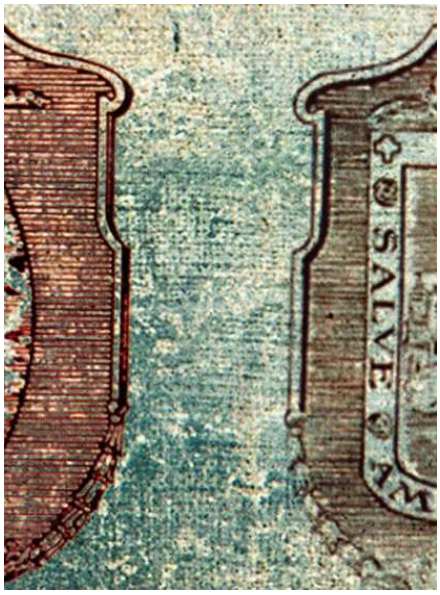
As I've demonstrated, in the Elder Badge and Juan Diego's Badge, God provides many reasons for his coming destruction of the US, and possibly much of the West. But in the Unforgivable Crimes Timeline, God indicates the West's effort to achieve some of these stolen concepts *also* require severe punishment. The UC Timeline shows the US began working on aggregated data programs in 2007, as seen below.





The UC Timeline also reveals the West was out to digitize human souls and brains. But, because the cost of digitizing millions or billions of human souls and minds - necessary for an accelerator/ replicator- is currently so high, and still developmental (I think), for the near term, the soul Malone, Satan and US elites were working to digitize was mine. And, as absurd as it sounds, in digitizing my soul and mind into their computers, they intended to force the digital me to write film and TV scripts for them, forever –to glorify the Western world. From the looks of the rendering, they may have also intended to reprogram me into a homosexual.





Another of the US/West's goal was to create a world, or nation, similar to *Butterfly Driver* –ruled by a very handsome, and extremely rich, White Westerner, from a satellite city for super-rich elites, orbiting the Earth.

To the right, a likeness of the forever young and handsome world leader, Peter Drexler.

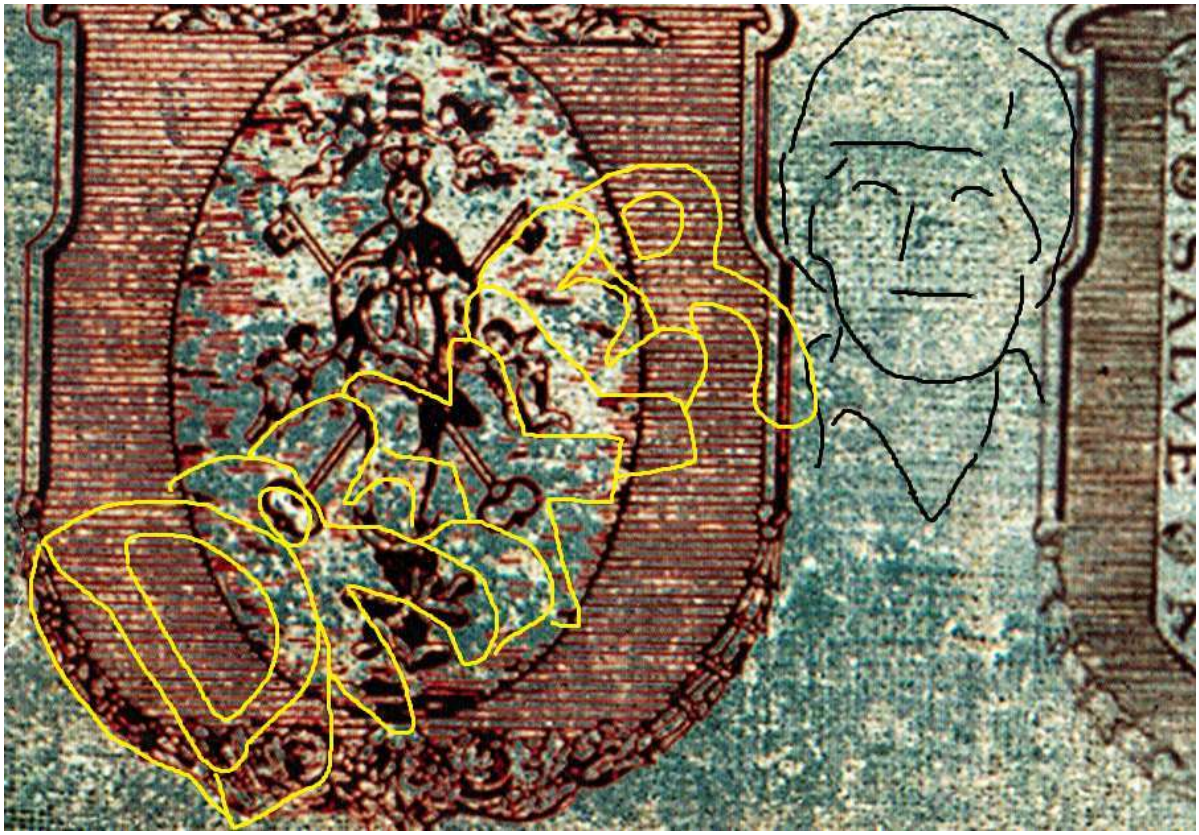




If you examine the image of Drexler, on the preceding page, on the left, you should be able to make out the image of Satan below him. Satan wanted to be Drexler, in spirit. With current technology, a computer generated leader, who only exists in the digital world, is a possibility.

Although I wrote Butterfly Driver as a cautionary statement, showing the horrible direction Western hatred, corruption, and technological manipulation was taking the world, Satan and Western elite Republicans loved it –and immediately sought to actualize all of it.

If you examine the lines in the art and in the paint, you learn God confirmed the handsome Western man is a likeness of Drexler created by God (although I degrade the image with my imperfect mouse/pen control). The first *confirmation of Drexler* image is below, with Drexler's last name pointing toward the image, at an angle (approximating lift-off of a space shuttle to Uberopolis).

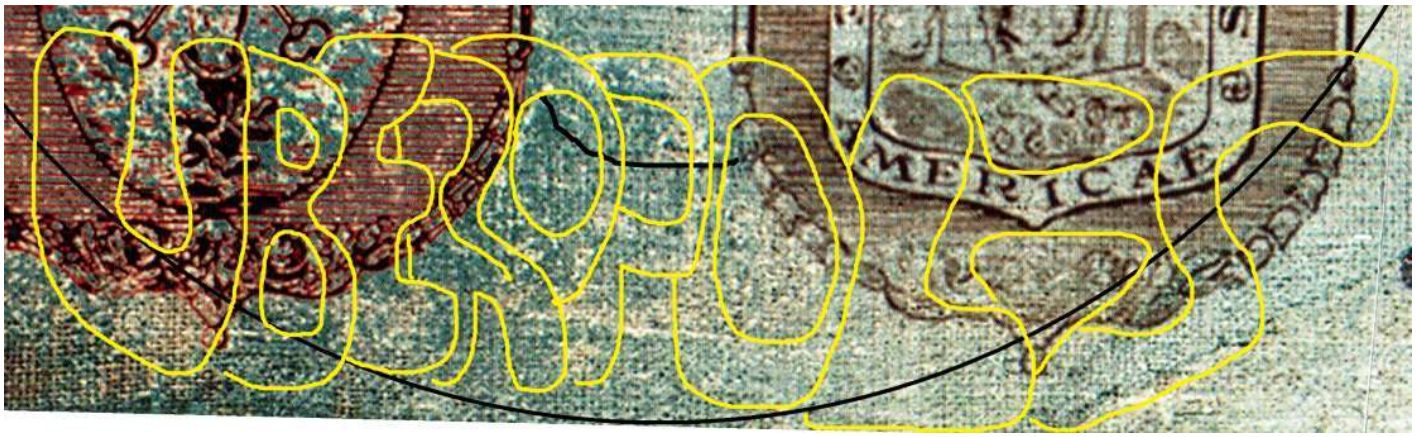




Above, a second confirm from God that the handsome man is Drexler. God actually provided MANY of these confirmations. I didn't have time to outline them all.

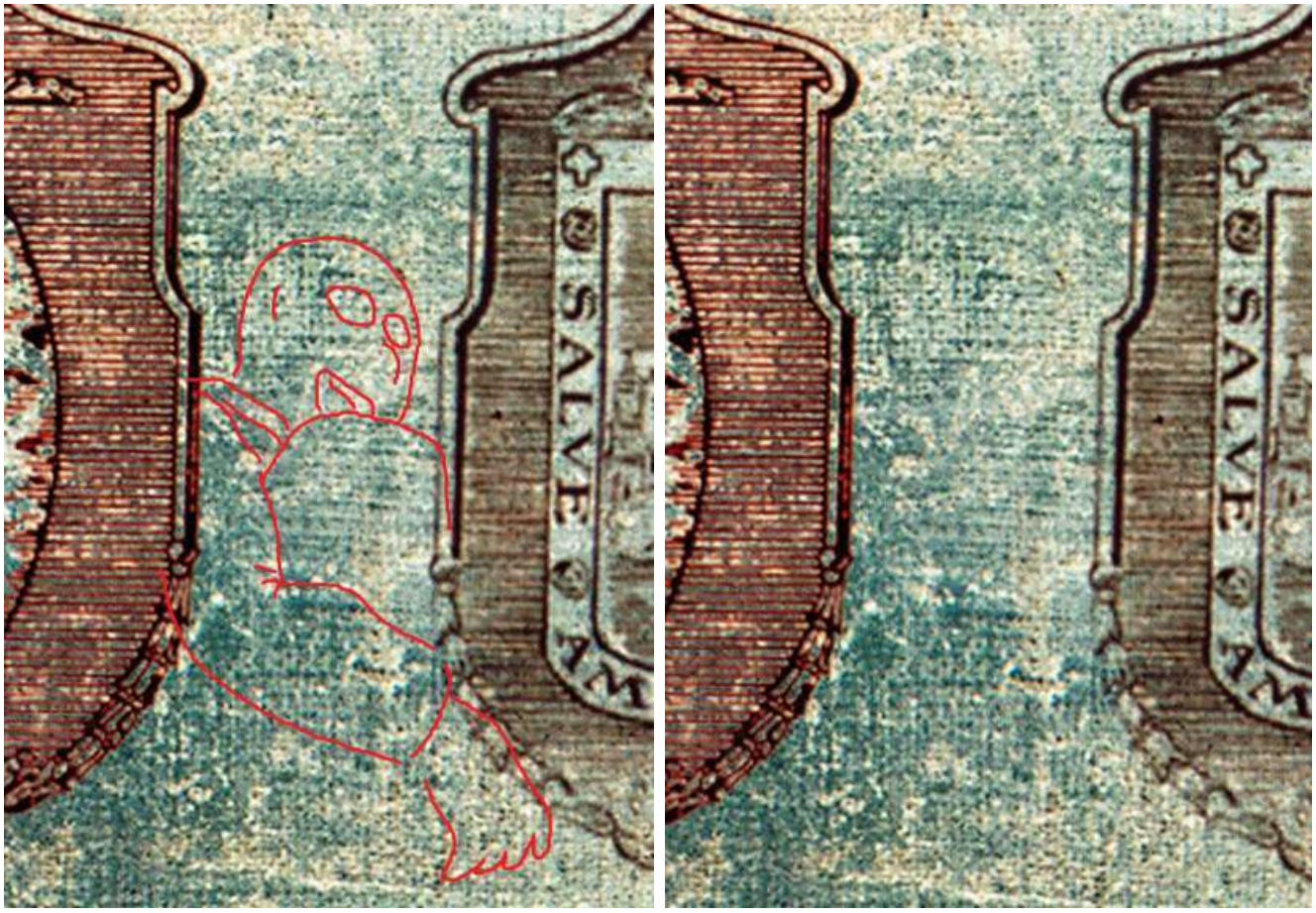
To the left, one of the ways God indicated Western elites intended to actualize Uberopolis, to make the world envy rich Westerners, was by placing Peter Drexler's likeness in the center of a circle (representing the sphere of Uberopolis), with the unmistakable word *Uberopolis* below.





Above: The word Uberopolis, hidden in the lines and shapes beneath the badges.

Also in the same position as Drexler's handsome face, is the face of a skilled child abductor (below, left), with his arm around a child, en route to the next space shuttle to Uberopolis. This abductor is one of many who acquire poor Earth children for super-rich Westerners on the satellite city to rape –unencumbered by and laws of Earth. I included an un-outlined version of this image, below, right, for you to verify –and to practice seeing God's *invisible* art.



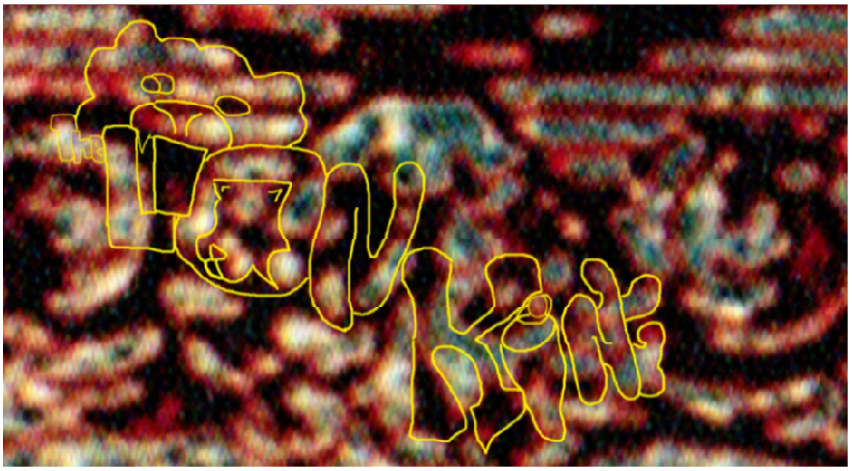
Stolen Works:
9 Films & TV Shows (Scripts), Songs, Band Images & Celebrity Thieves

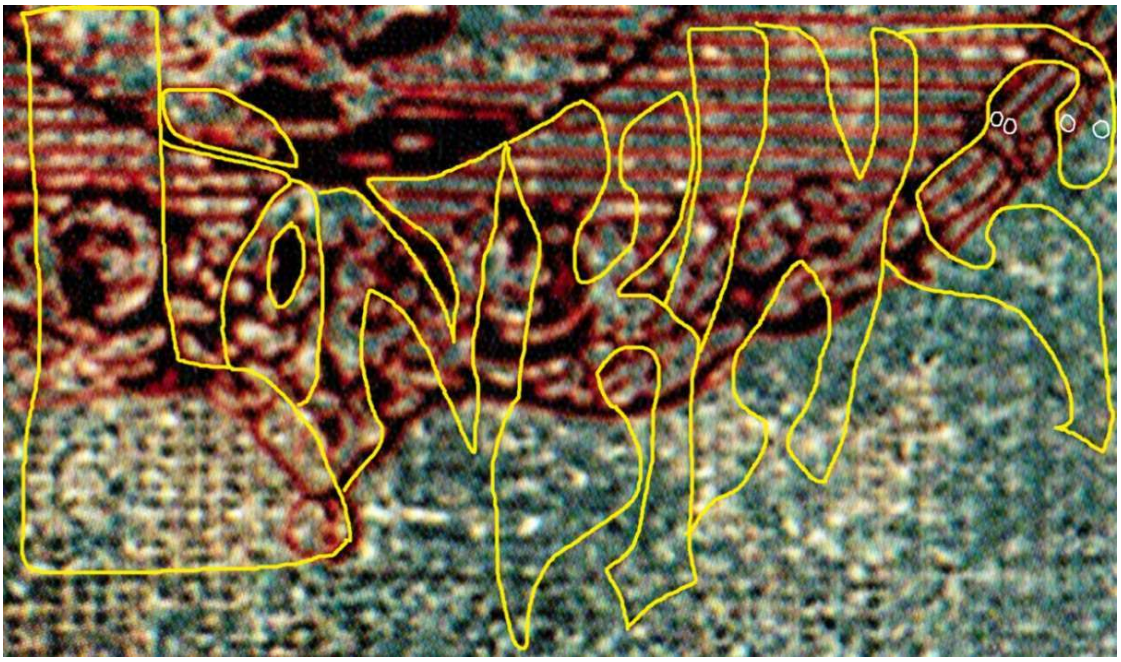
This section just names maybe 5 or 10% of the countless films, TV shows, songs -even band images- that were stolen from me.

FILMS/MOVIES and TV SHOWS

The Lion King

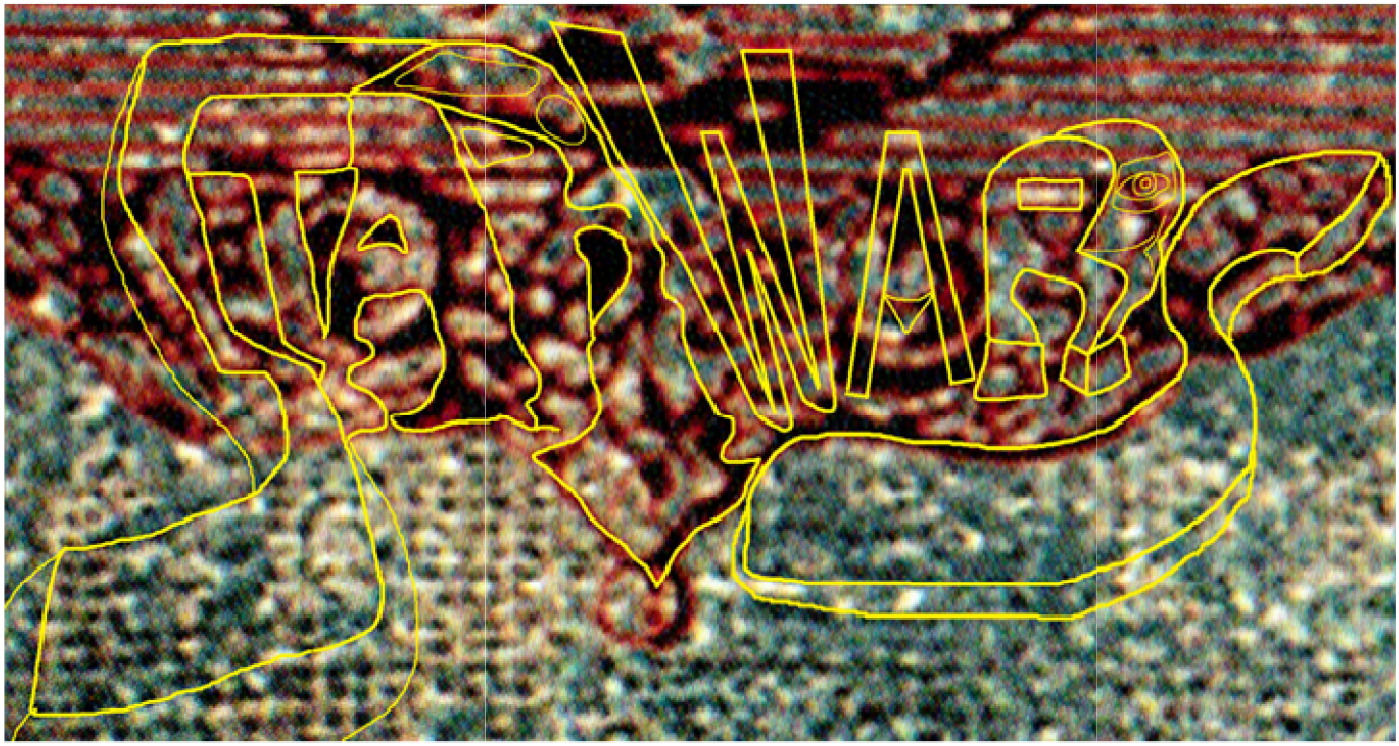
God did at least two renderings for *The Lion King*: the fairly large one, right, with two lions in the logo, and another to the right; but the giant rendering, below, is God using images to say without my musical ideas, the film (based on a script that had been rejected for over 20 years) would never have been made.





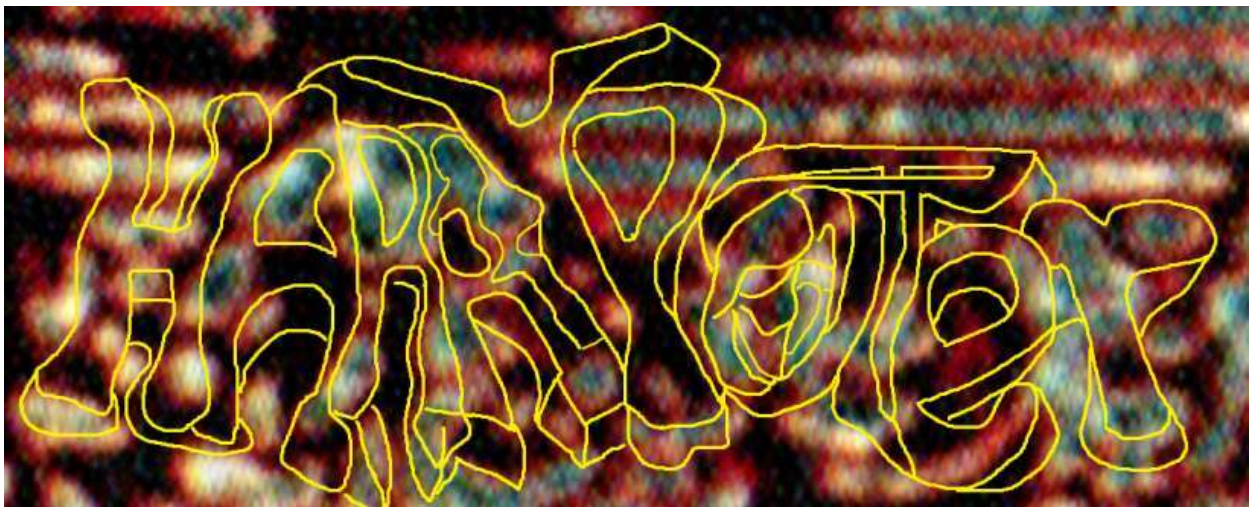
Above: One of God's *Lion King* renderings –notice the lion and the snakein the *G*.

Star Wars



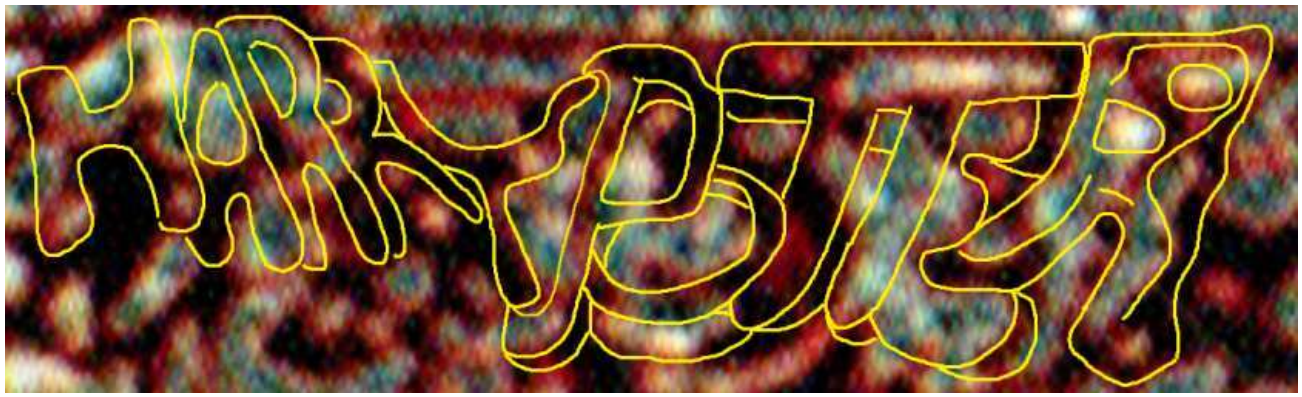
I wrote the Star Wars short story, which the entire franchise is based on, in my first month of 5th grade. I may have still been 9 years old. God made these renderings giant to say that without my short story, there would be no Star Wars, or the various sequels (which steal and incorporate ideas I wrote decades later).

Harry Potter



God did a few renderings for Harry Potter. The final 4 books, and 4 or 5 films were all based on my work.

Harry Potter



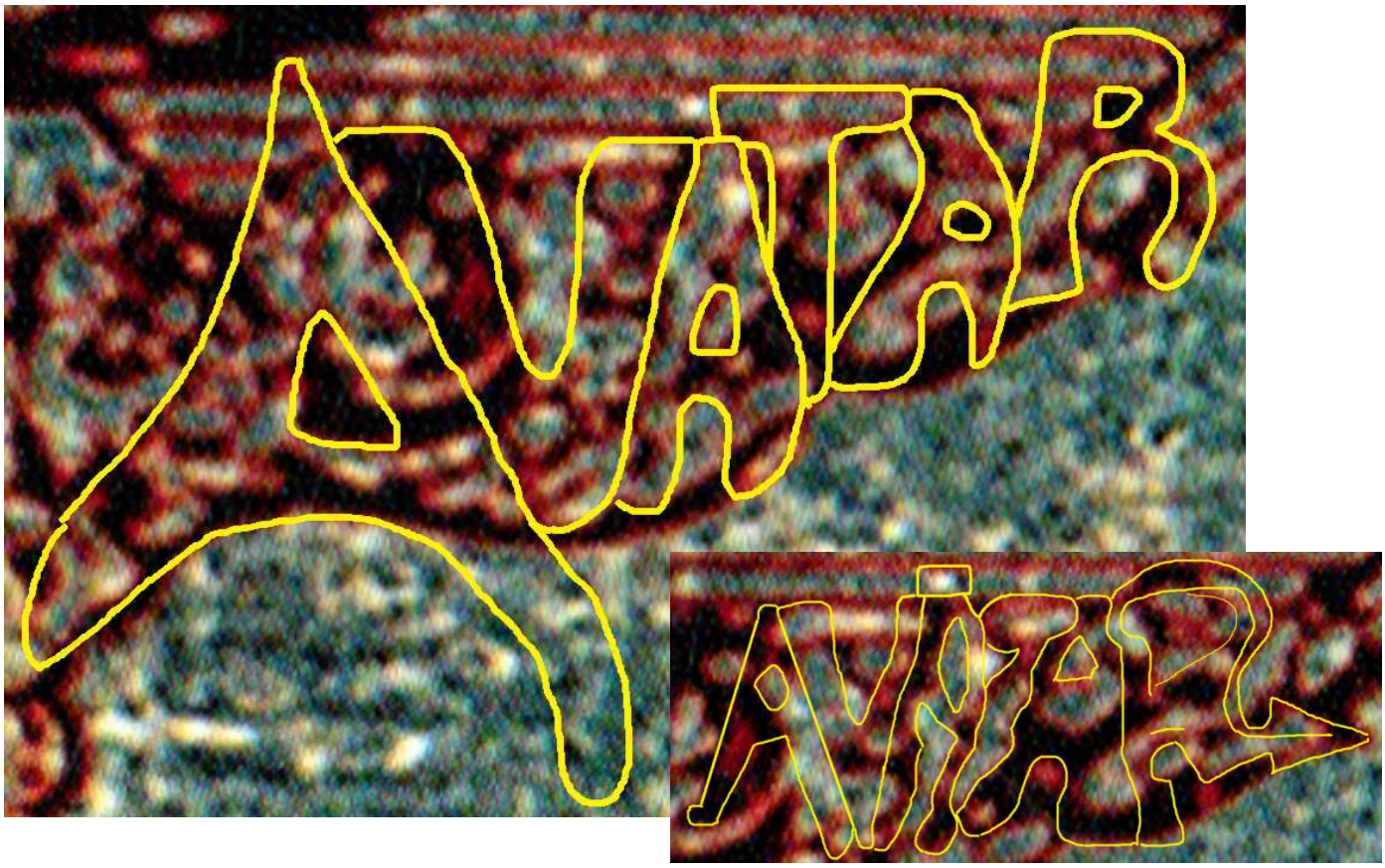
Another Harry Potter outline.

The Dark Knight



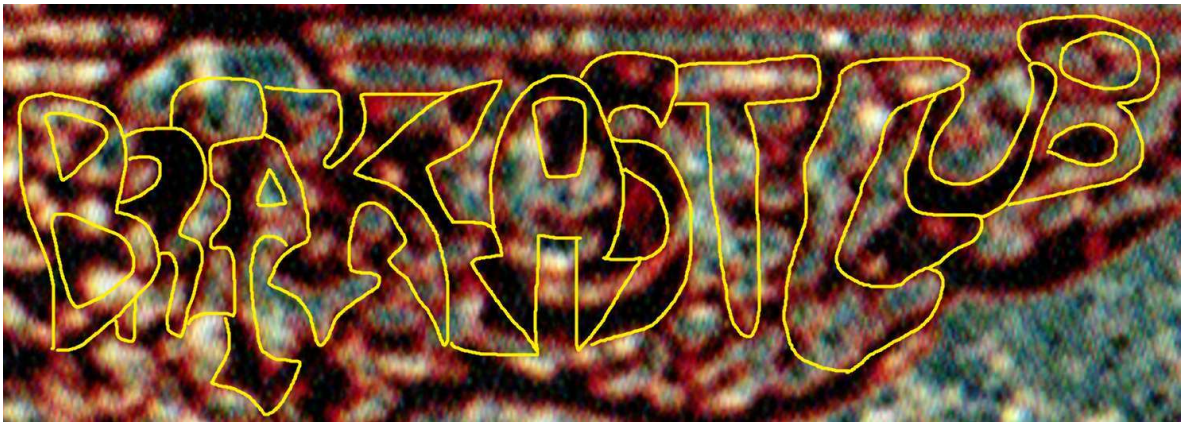
Notice the two silhouettes of Batman, in the center of the *D*, and the Joker's profile is formed between the two *K*'s.

Avatar



Anything interesting about Avatar came from me.

Breakfast Club



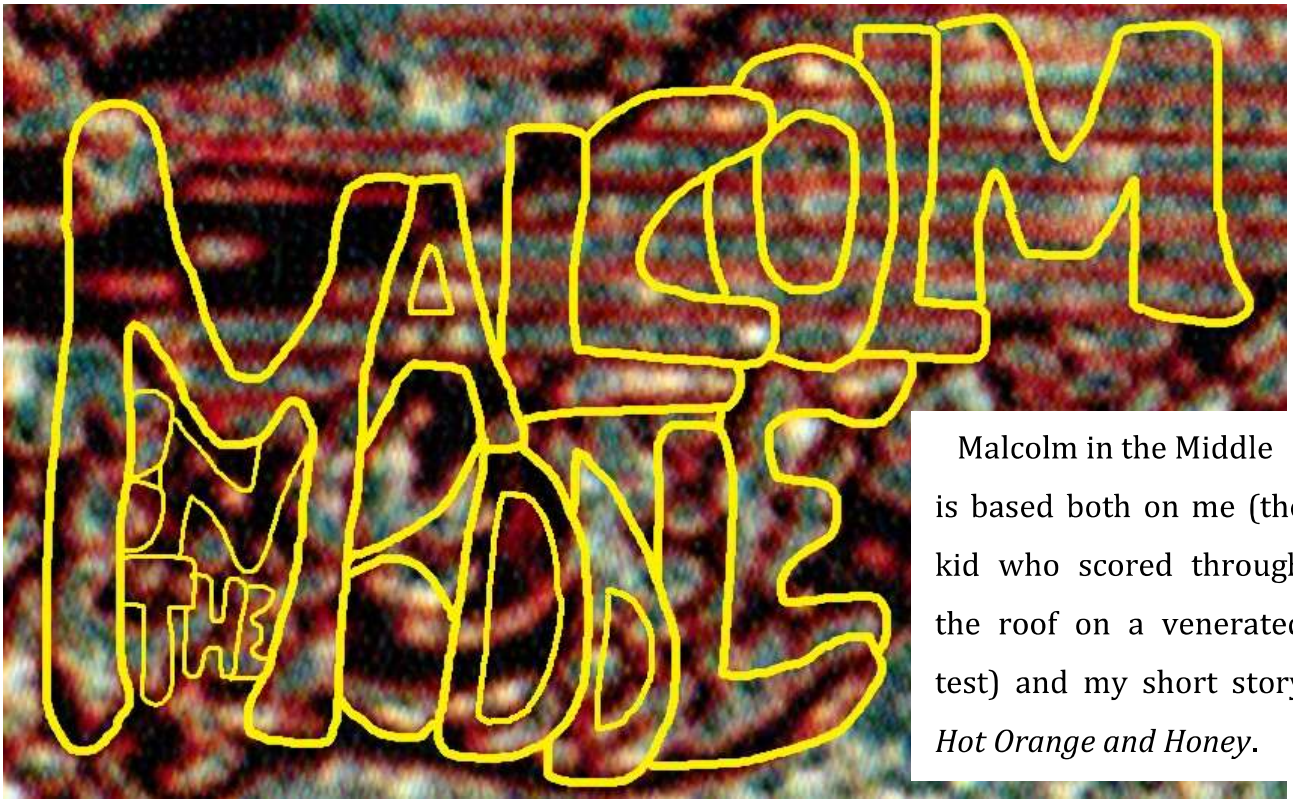
The Breakfast Club was not based on my writing, but a few misadventures I got into in my senior year of high school –detention on a Saturday, walking around in the ceilings above classrooms… The rebel with a trench coat is also me (although I didn't wear my trench very often).

Breaking Bad



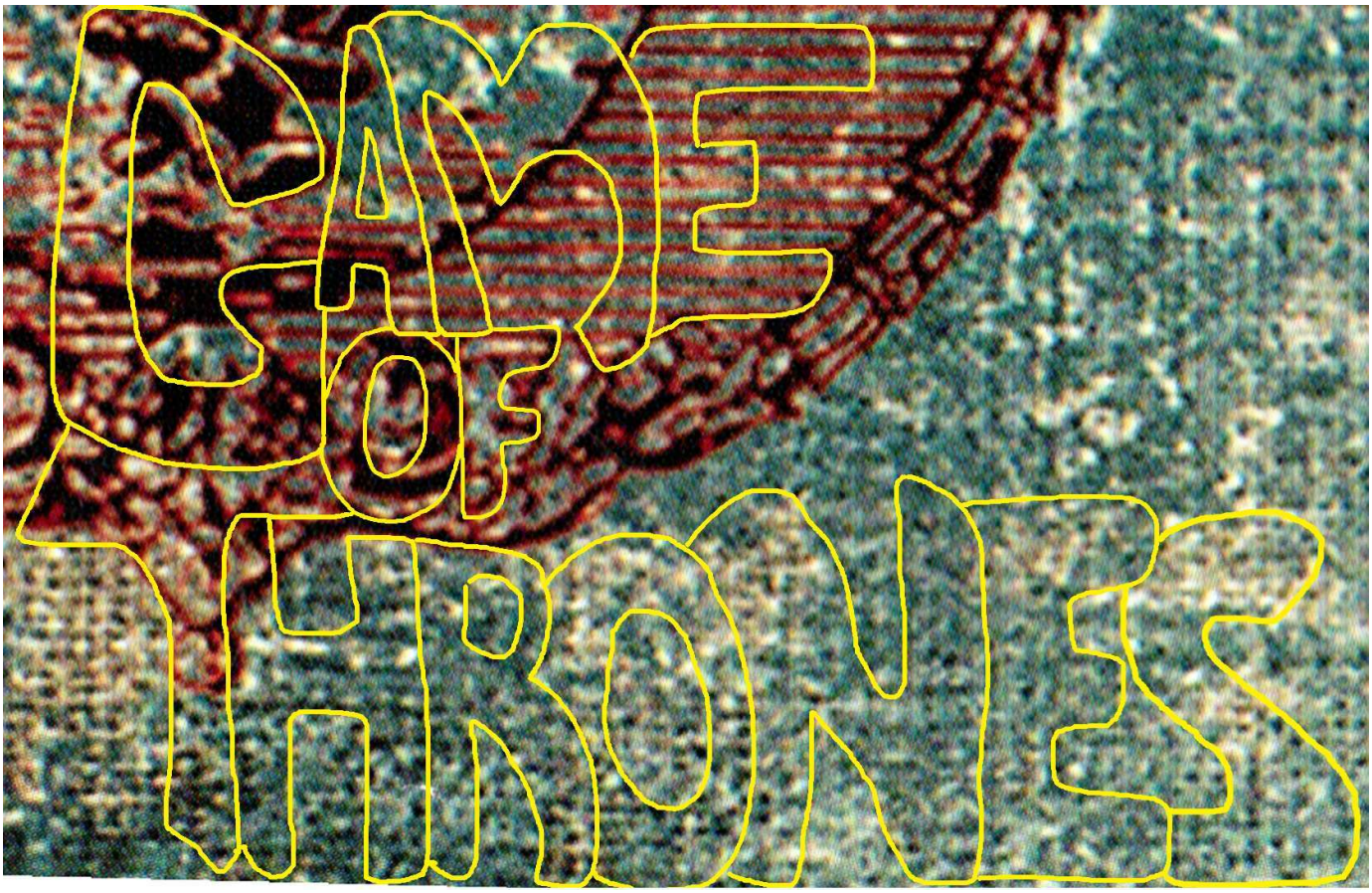
Breaking Bad is roughly 85-90% based on my work and ideas, and 10 to 15% based on the experience, life and knowledge of my best friend, Rick.

Malcolm in the Middle



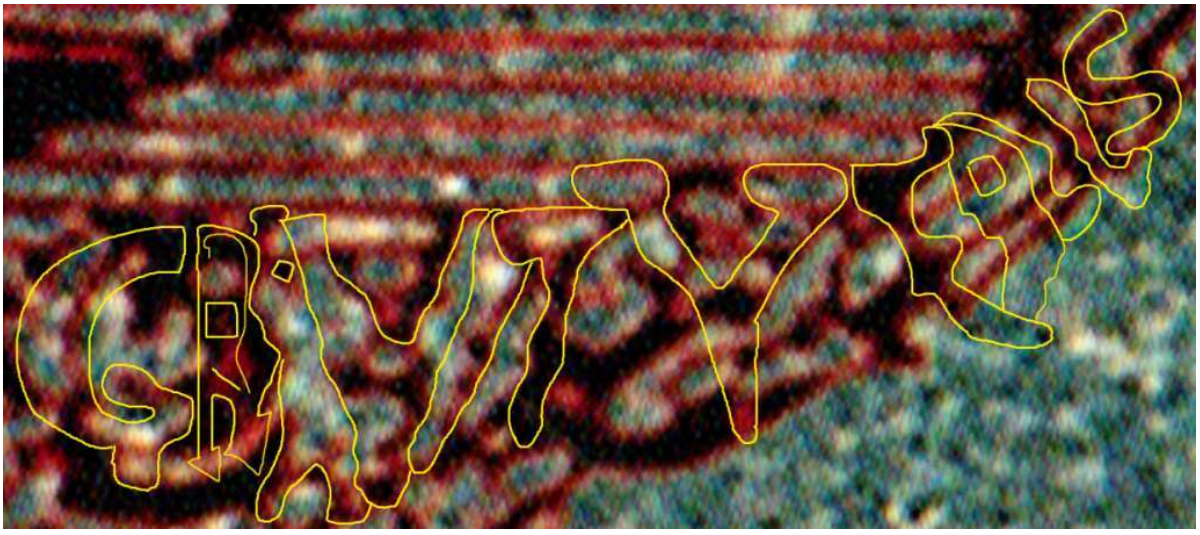
Malcolm in the Middle is based both on me (the kid who scored through the roof on a venerated test) and my short story *Hot Orange and Honey*.

Game of Thrones

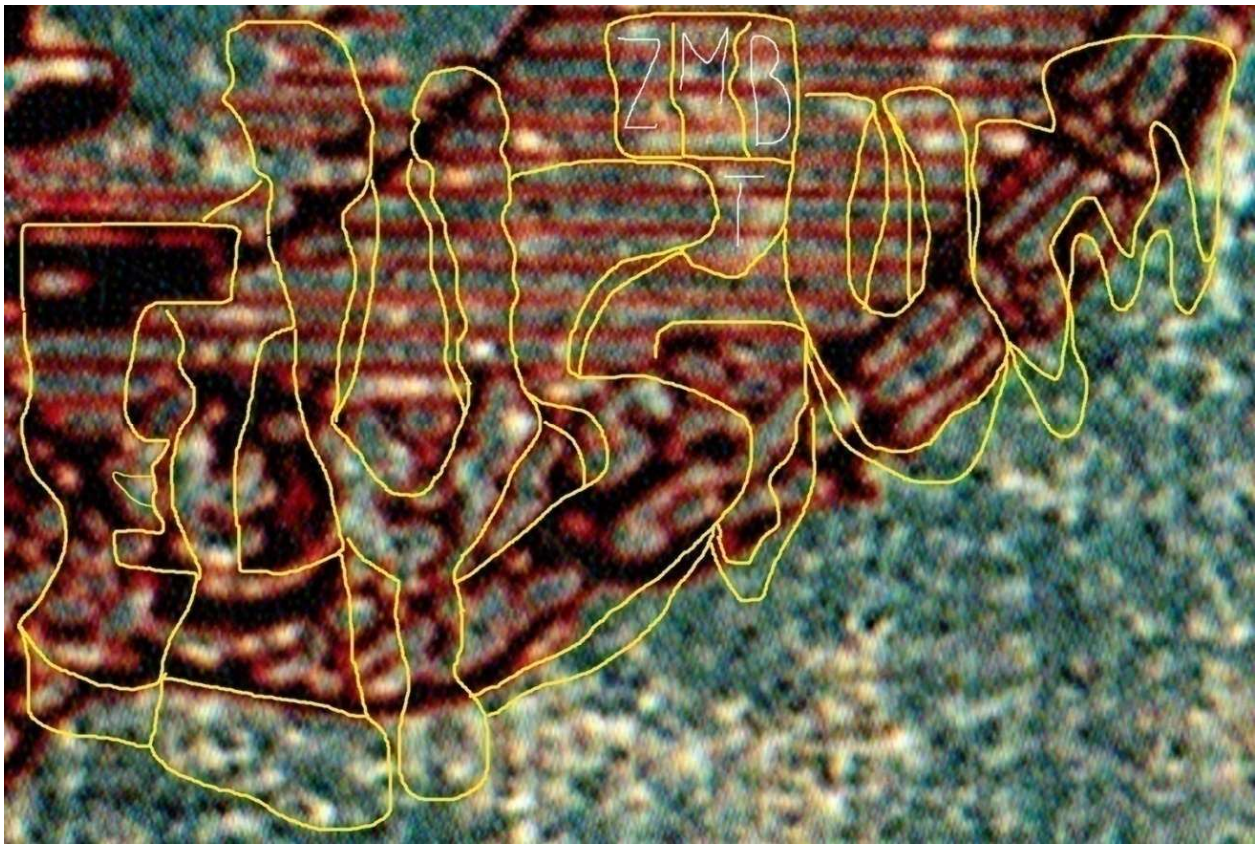


Game of Thrones is based a book series that began before *13 Gates of Rayne* or *Butterfly Driver* existed. But the series stopped production for years, to insert my ideas into the later books. When the TV series began, they inserted my ideas everywhere.

Gravity Falls

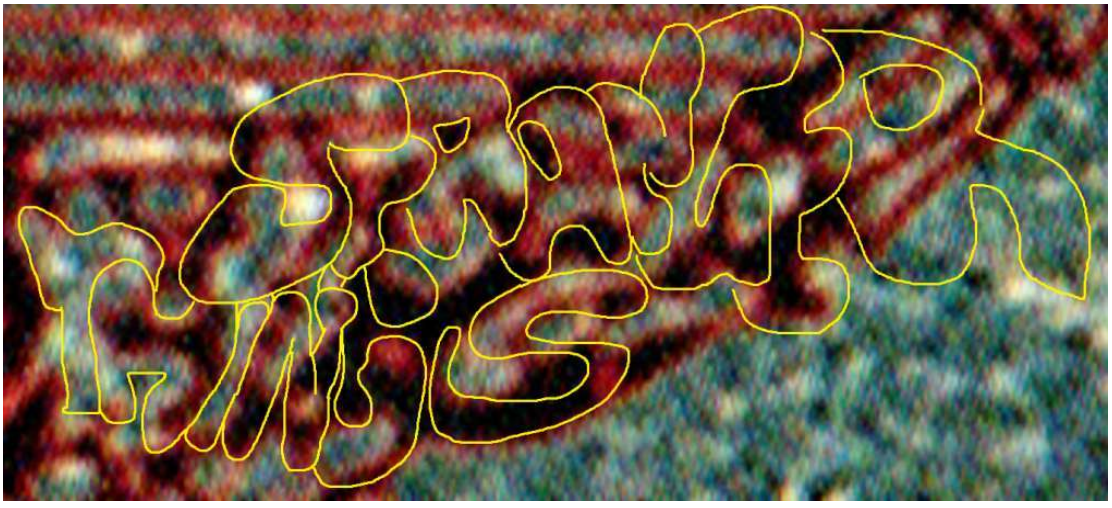


Elysium



Elysium was released in 2013, but if you check this against the *Timeline year key*, you'll find God pushed the *E* back to 2005, when Hollywood began to release and produce dozens of films and shows based on *Uberopolis: City of Light* (*Butterfly Driver*). This continues to this day. Notice the E is shaped like the head of a Western White man (screenwriter/director) pretending to have a big brain .

Stranger things

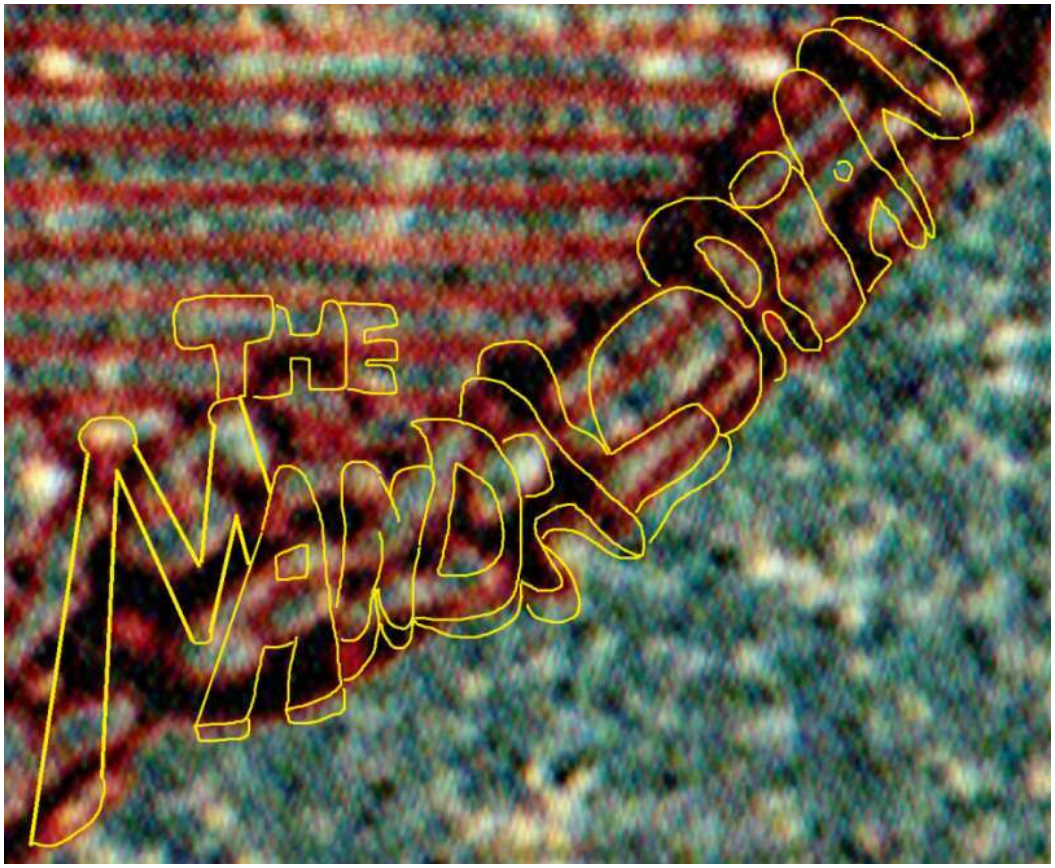


Good Will Hunting

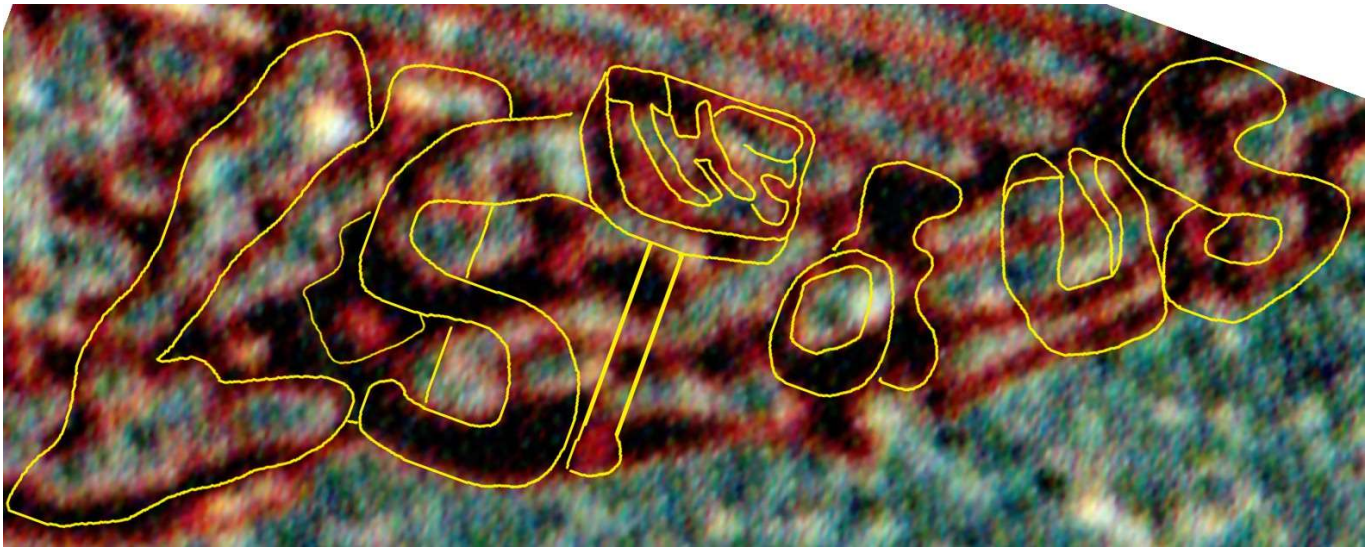


Good Will Hunting is based on me, the underclass kid who destroyed an IQ test, who lived on his own in his senior year of high school….

The Mandalorian

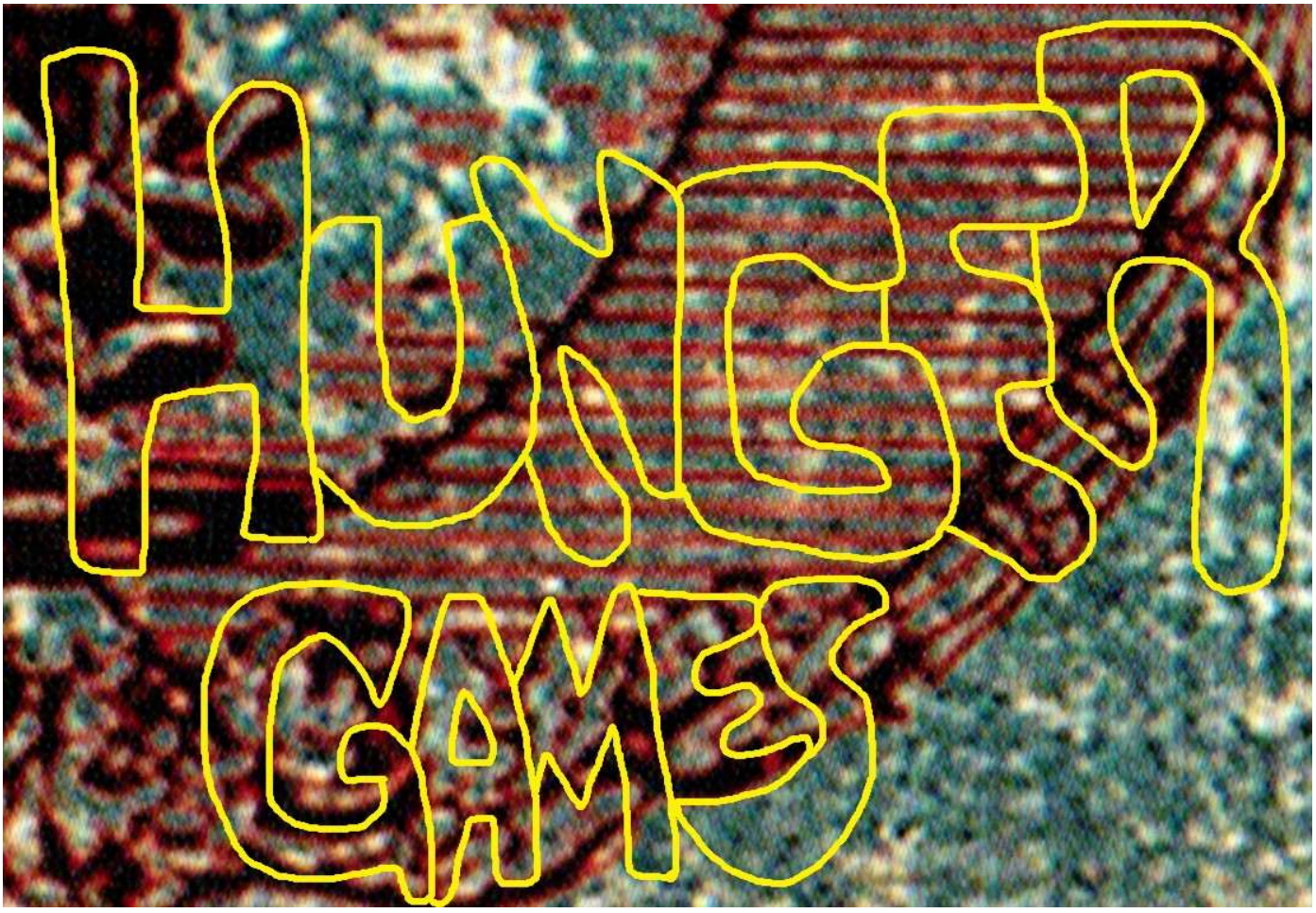


The Last of Us



Hunger Games

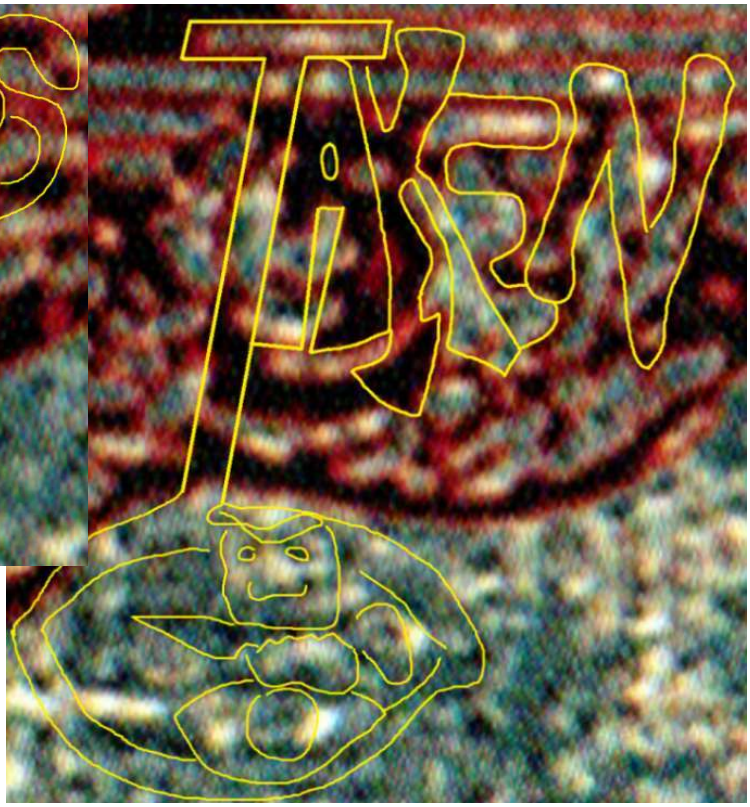
Hunger Games is a shameful, entirely stolen, repackaging of my work.



Kick-Ass / Super



Taken



Kick-Ass was stolen from my script *The Amazing Mr Excellent*. The film *Kick-Ass* was allegedly based on a comic book that came out AFTER the movie. And no one cried foul.

Super is also based on The Amazing Mr Excellent.

Taken, as I recall, is the earliest Western film released based on Uberopolis.

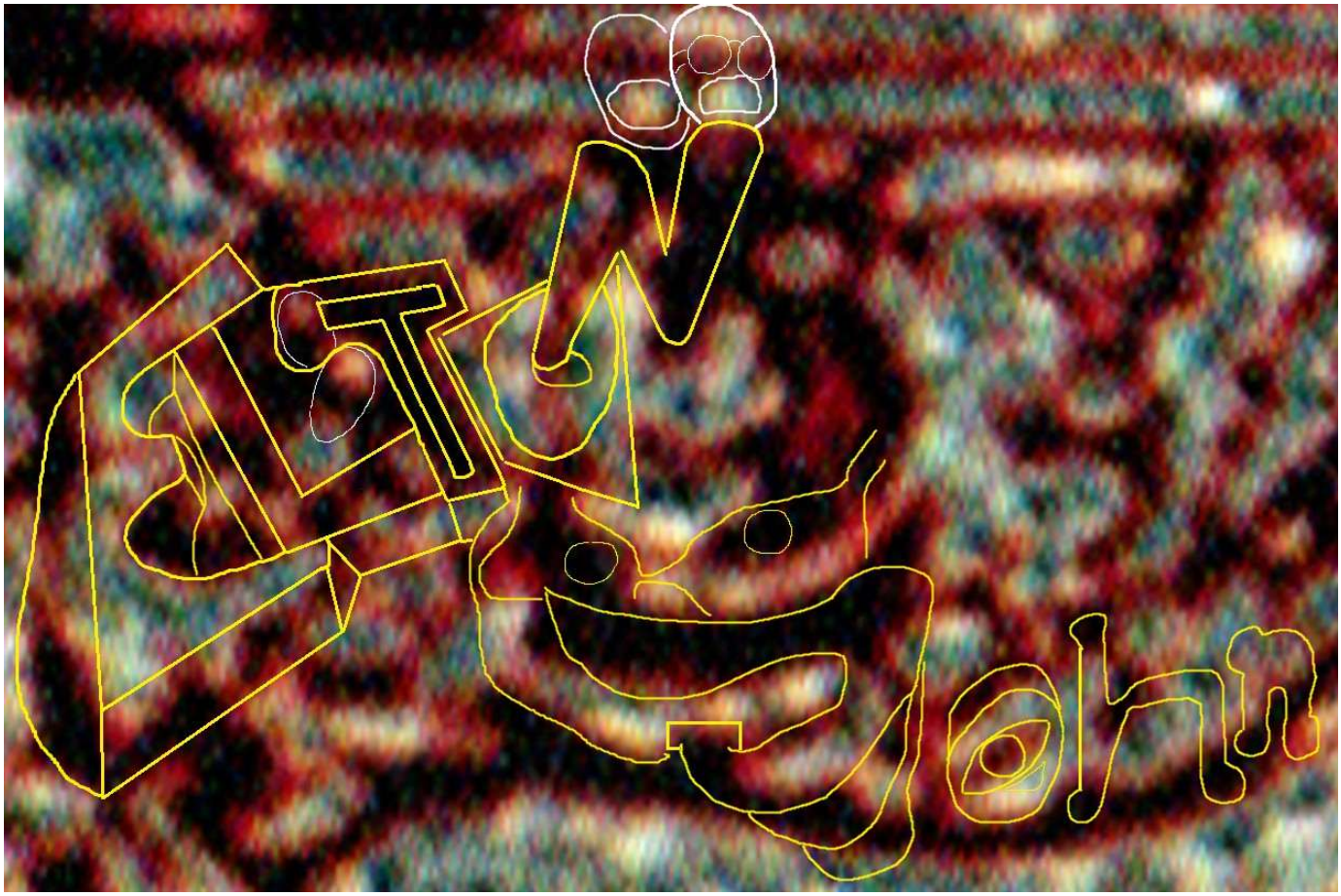


Death Note

Death Note is the earliest infringer of Uberopolis: City of Light (Butterfly Driver). For *Death Note*, they actual hacked into my computer and infringed on the fly. As I wrote new sections, they infringed those ideas and included them in the next month's manga/comic (the anime came later, and they continued to add my *new* ideas into the anime).

SONGS and MUSICAL ARTISTS

Elton John

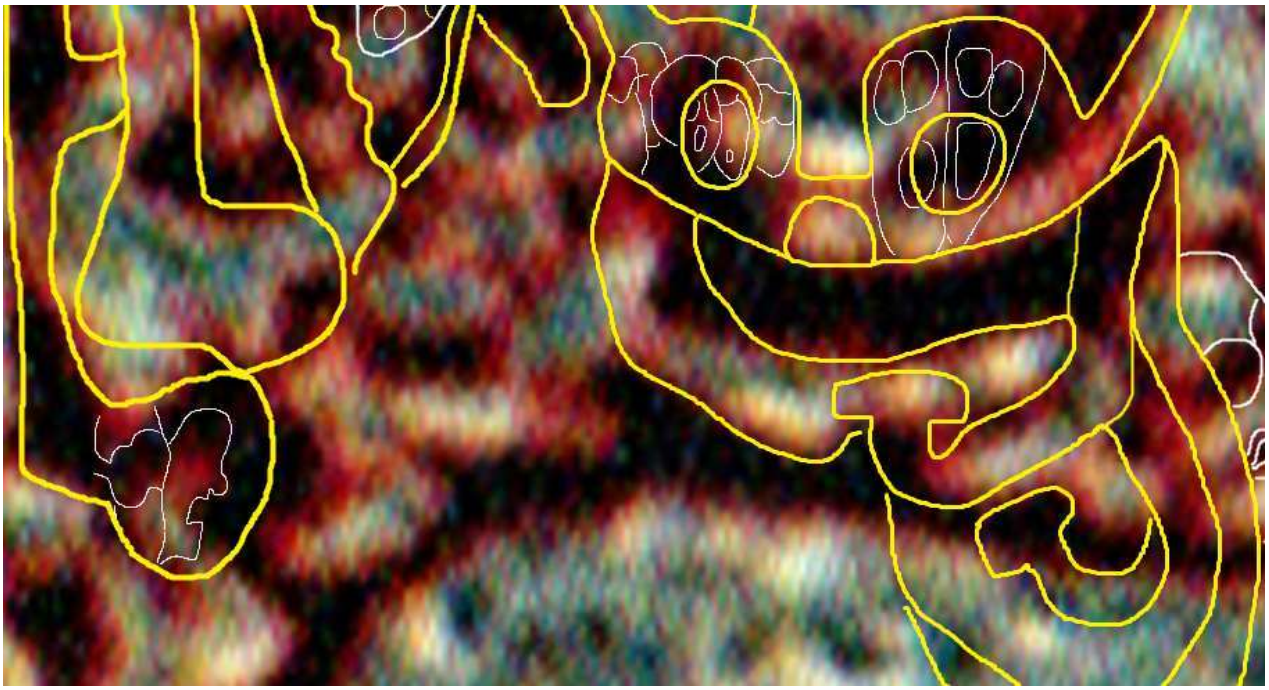


God made at least a few *Elton John* name renderings. The one above may be the most amazing, as it features an incredible cartoon likeness of the singer/pianist in the center of his name –replete with tiny teeth. To the left of the T is another small likeness of the artist, with another figure behind him, chasing him. The *electric N*, at the end of the word *Elton* reveals Elton's sunglass wearing face, grimacing in pain, as Satan appears to gleeful rape Elton.

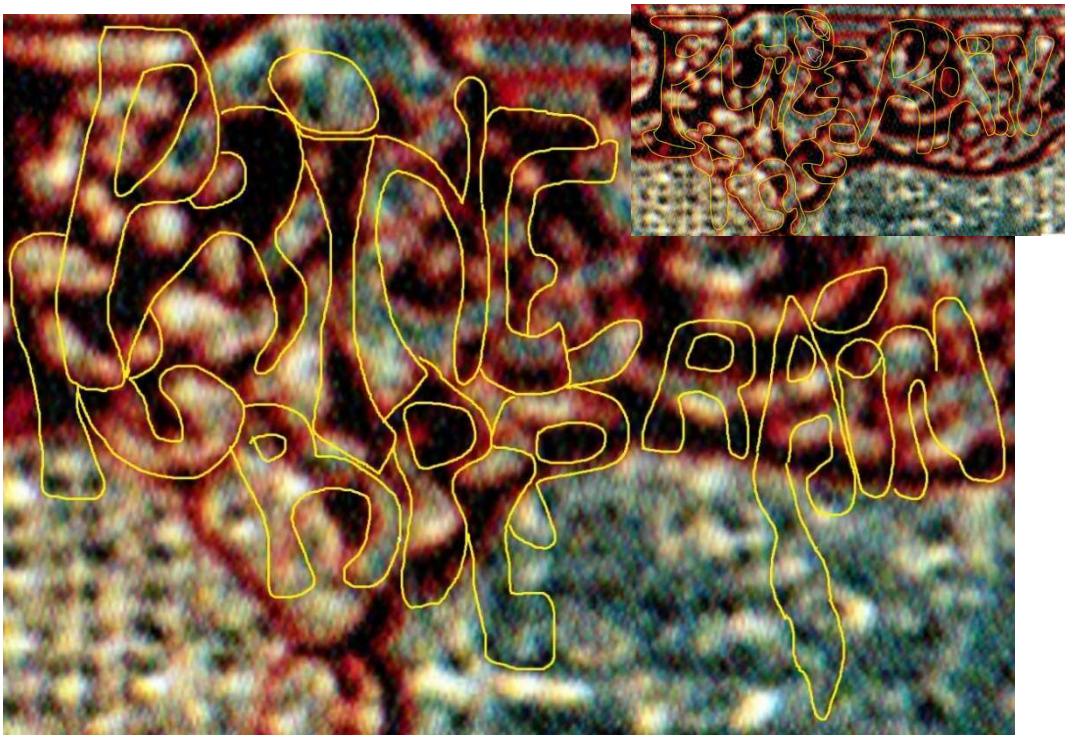




Above, may be a better variation of the previous Elton John rendering. In the enhanced enlargement, below, to the left, in the base of the *E*, Elton John croons, as Pay Rose's anus is violated. And in the left lens of Elton's sunglasses, Satan and Elton sing a new duet; while, in the right lens, the world listens and turns LGBTQ.

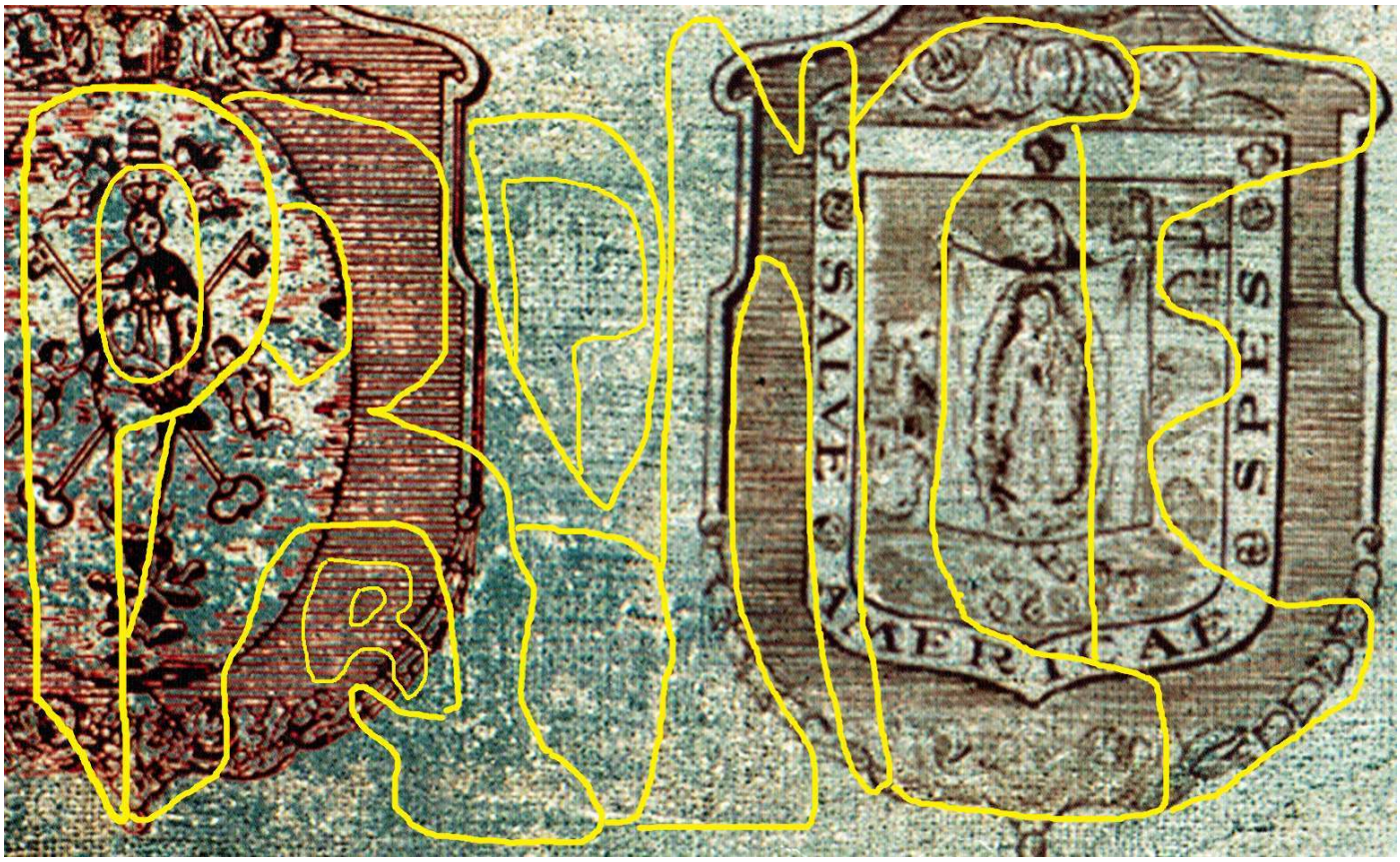


Prince



God did a few renderings for Prince, because he, via John Gardner, stole several of my ideas, including his biggest song, *Purple Rain*. To confirm this, God did multiple *Prince, Purple Rain* renderings.

Prince's true name rendering is below, GIANT, as big as both badges (with a *Revelation R* in the *R*, *a*nd a confirmation *P* dotting the *I*. (*IP*. Get it? He stole my IP.) Many of my most interesting ideas were stolen and given to Prince, to create derivations.



Linkin Park



Linkin Park was a shitty, pretentious band of whiners. Anything good about them (combining rock and rap) was derived from my music.



AC/DC

AC/DC stole that incredible guitar line for Thunderstruck.

All me.

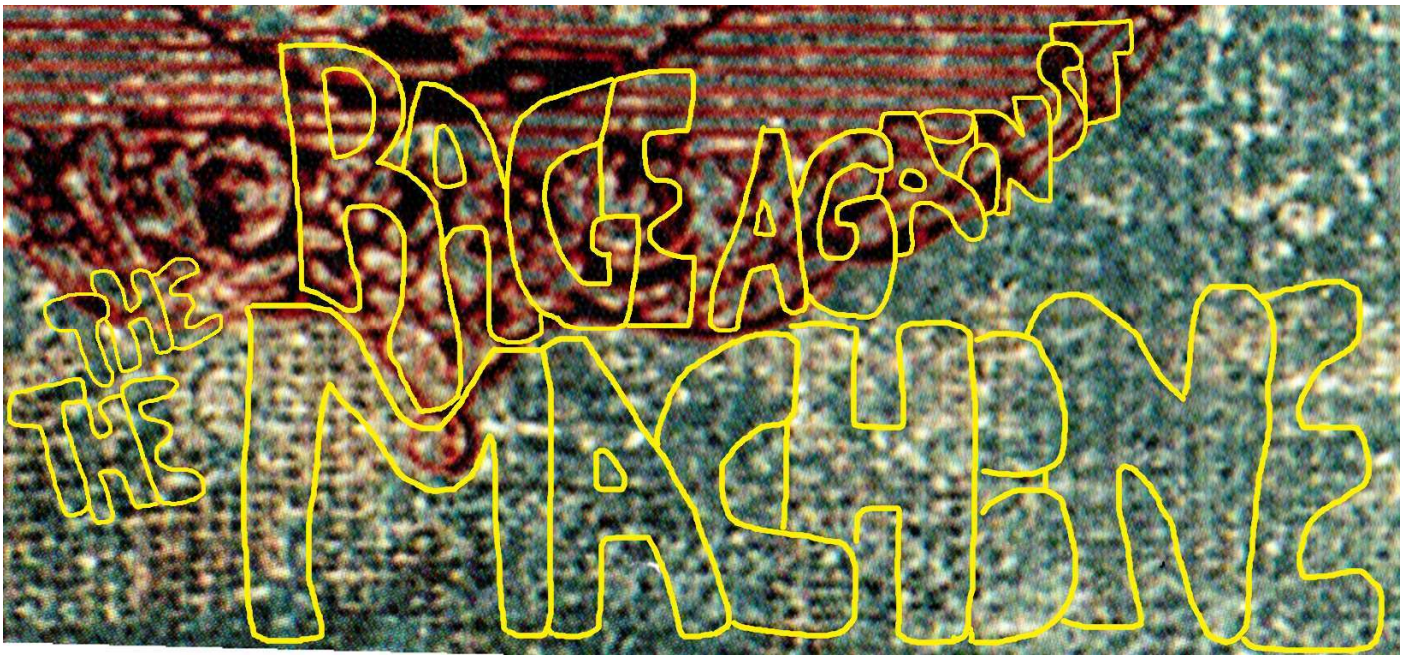


Foo Fighters



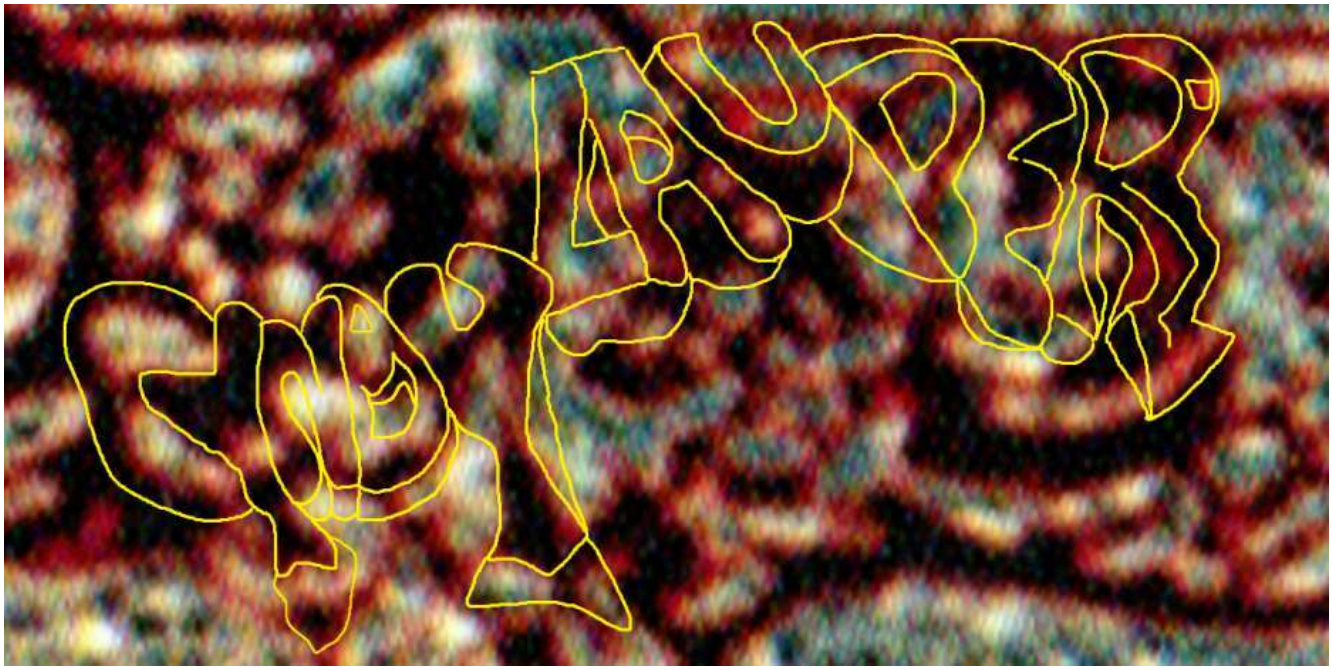
Foo Fighters stole the *concept and feel* of *Everlong* and stole the guitar line for *Rope*. They probably stole other stuff. God included *Everlong* in the rendering above.

Rage Against the Machine



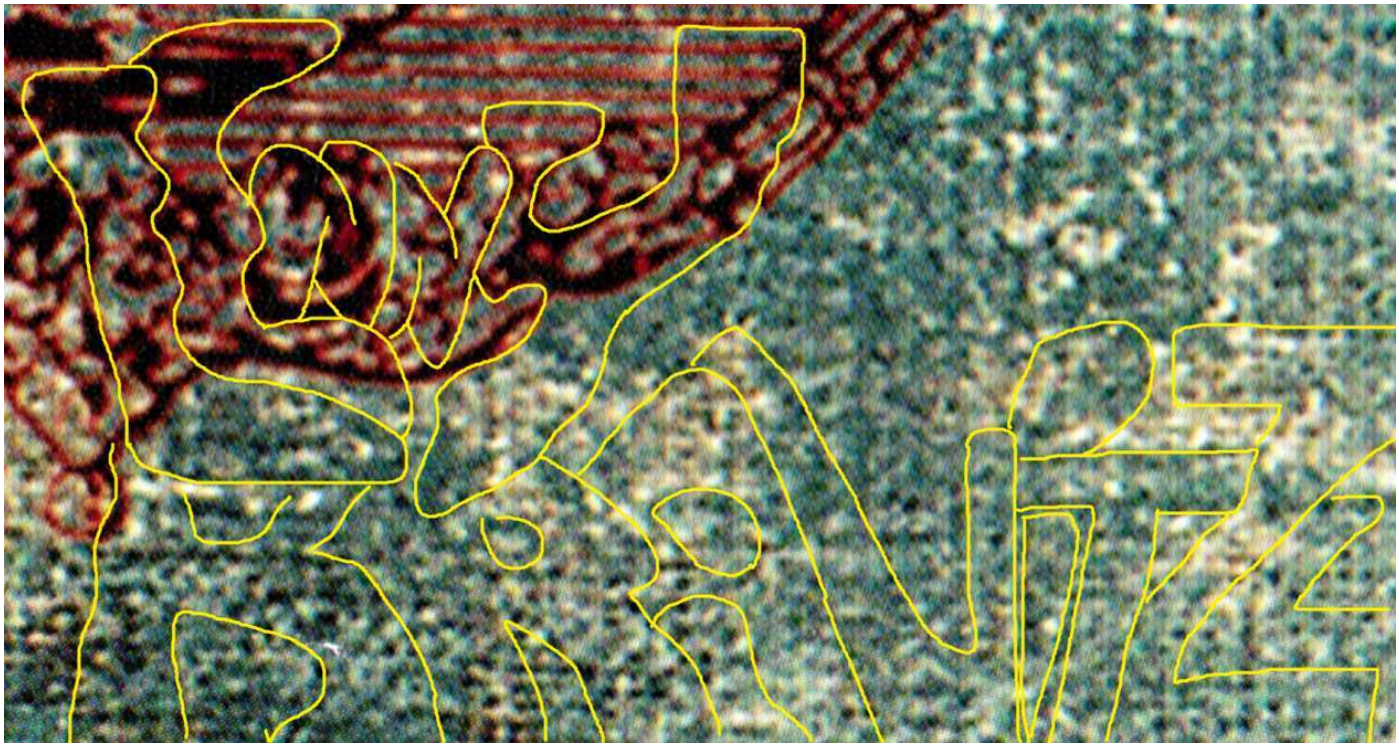
It can be argued that the entire concept of the band *Rage Against the Machine* was stolen from me. But their song *Know Your Enemy* is certainly stolen from me, and does not follow from the extremely shitty music they each played, separately, before their first album.

Cyndy Lauper



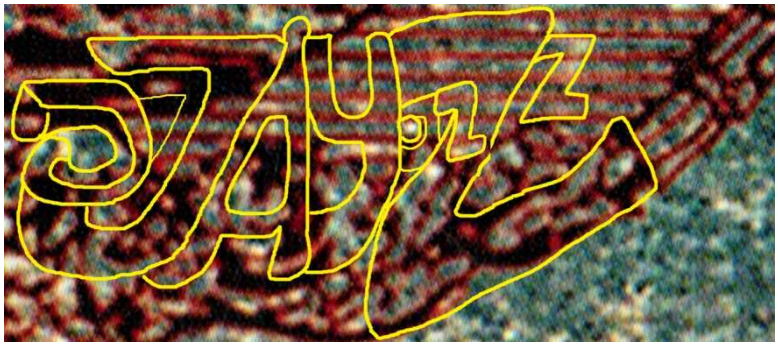
The music and concept for *Time after Time* was stolen from me.

Lenny Kravitz



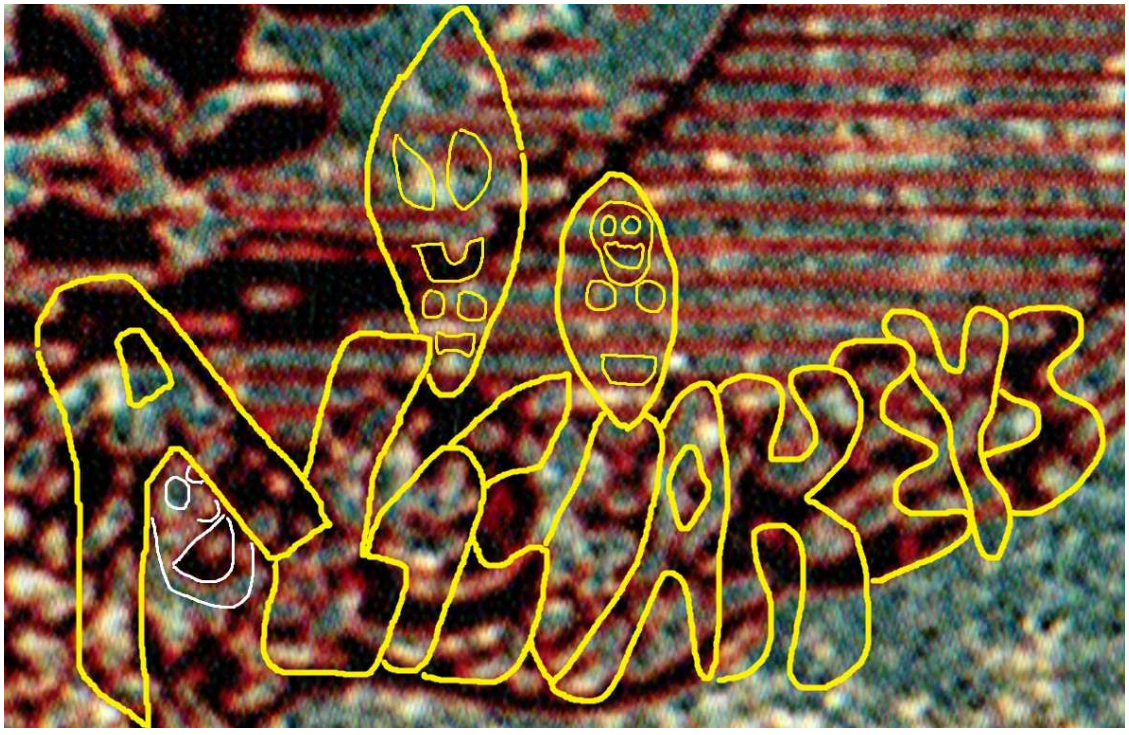
The concept and feel of Lenny Kravitz's *It Ain't Over 'Til It's Over* was stolen from me.

Jay-Z & Alicia Keys



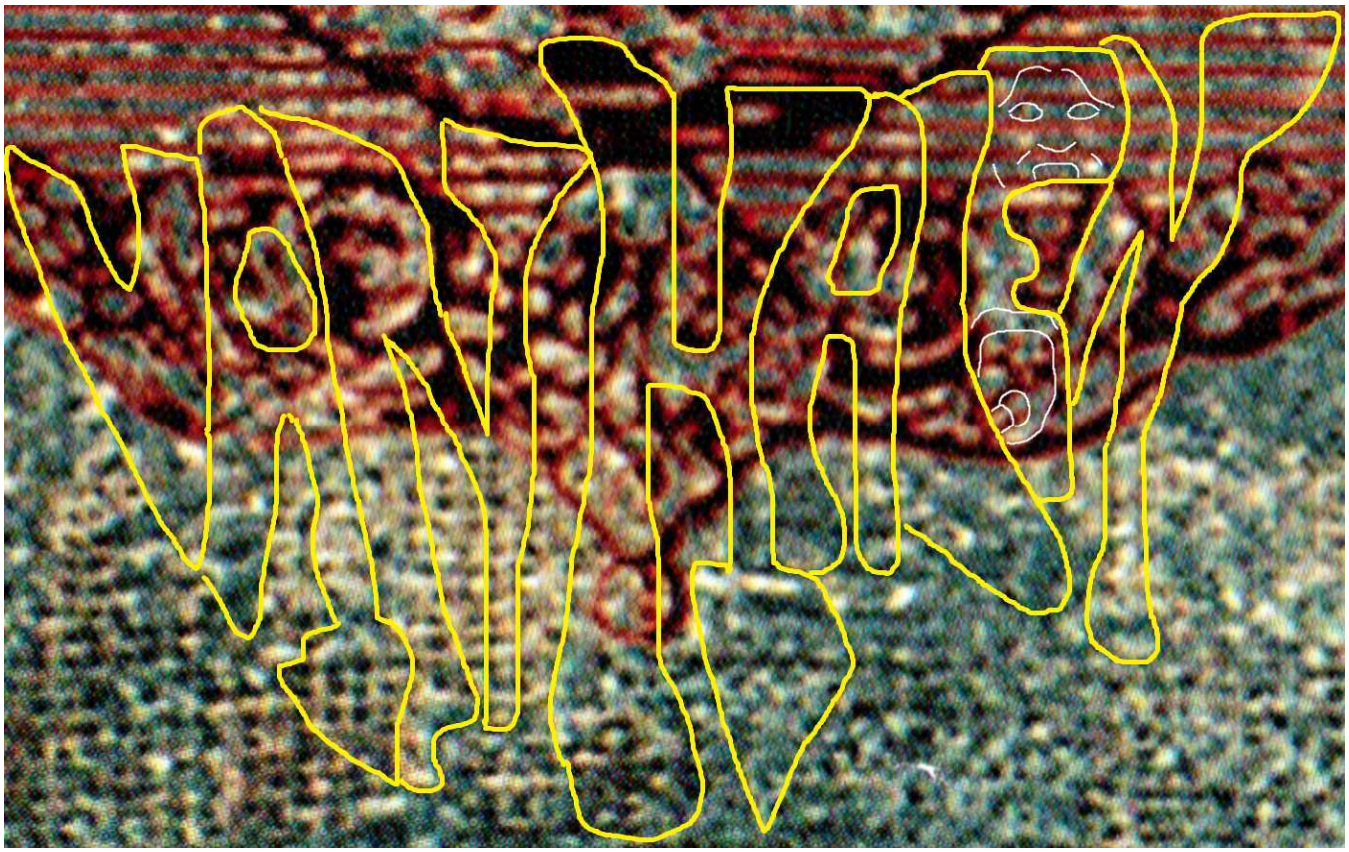
I saw 2 possibilities for Jay-Z's name. The one to the right indicates he is straight; the one below, with two extra confirmation *JZ*'s, indicates he went LGBTQ around 2018. I'll buy that. I think Jay-Z stole a bunch of my music.



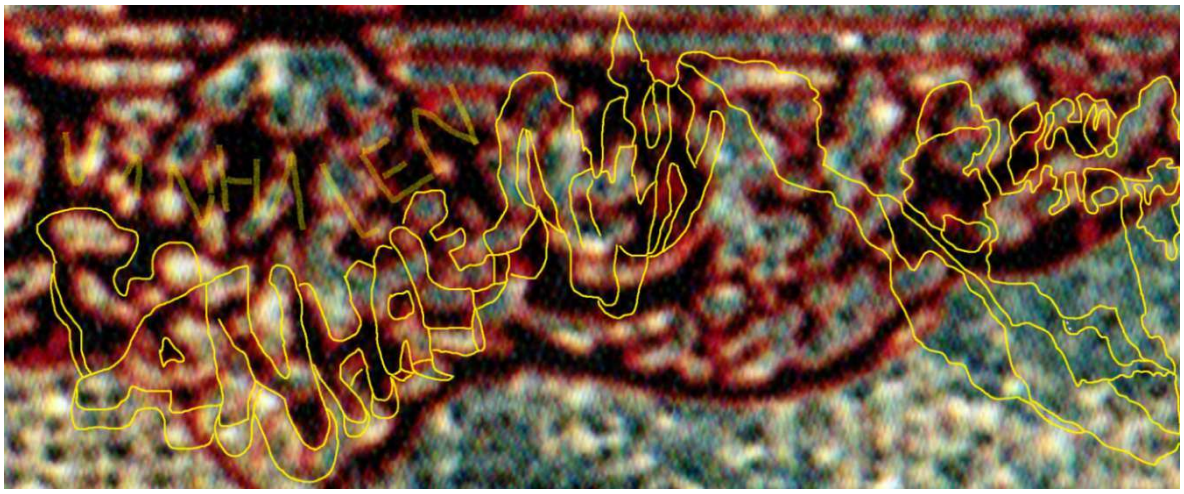


Jay-z and Alicia Keys' song *Welcome to New York* (or whatever the correct name is) was stolen from my song, *Times Square*. God put some scary faces on Alicia Keys' name rendering. I wonder what that one face hiding under the *A* means?

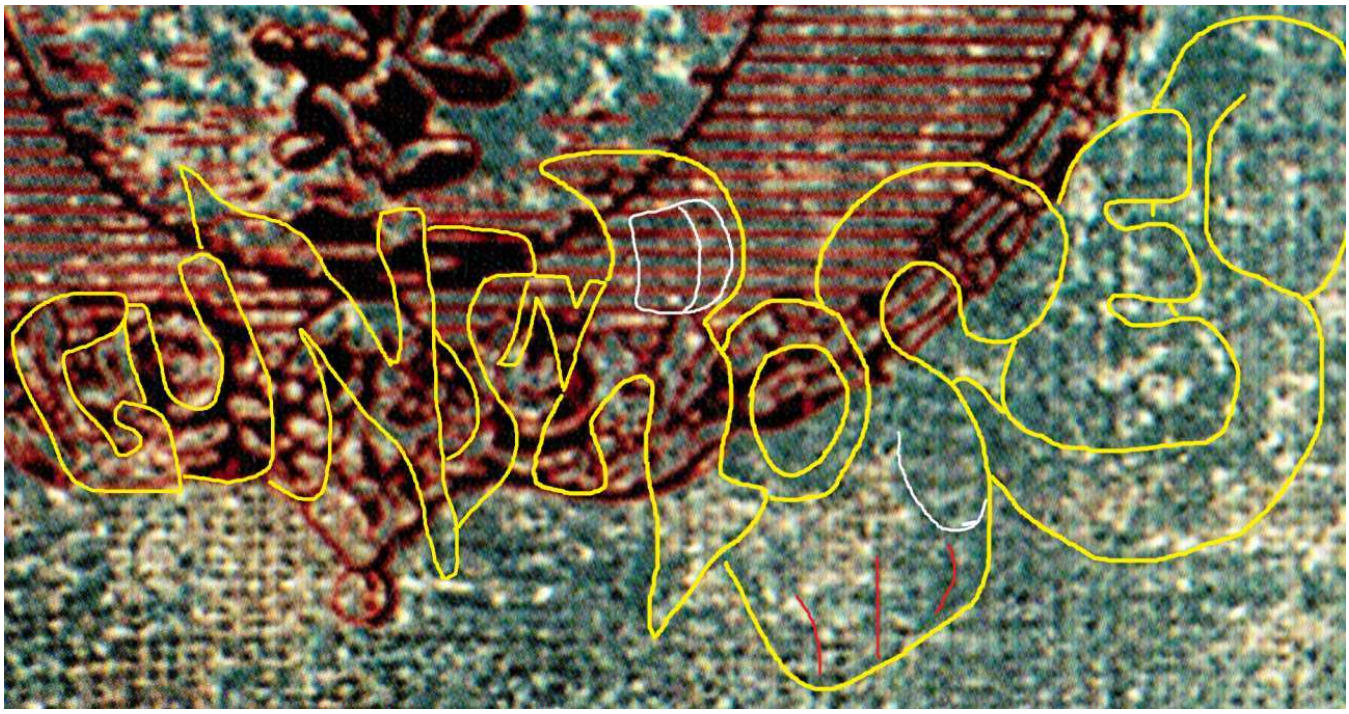
Van Halen



God did a few name renderings for Van Halen. I butchered the smaller, detailed one below (I may try again, if time permits). God also made the giant name rendering above, which indicates Van Halen stole a lot more from me and the band I was in from the time I was 16 to 19 years old than I thought. I thought they only stole one riff. The vocalist of my band is pictured at the top of the *E*. David Lee Roth may have stolen some of his style. Our vocalist borrowed a few things from me.



Guns N Roses

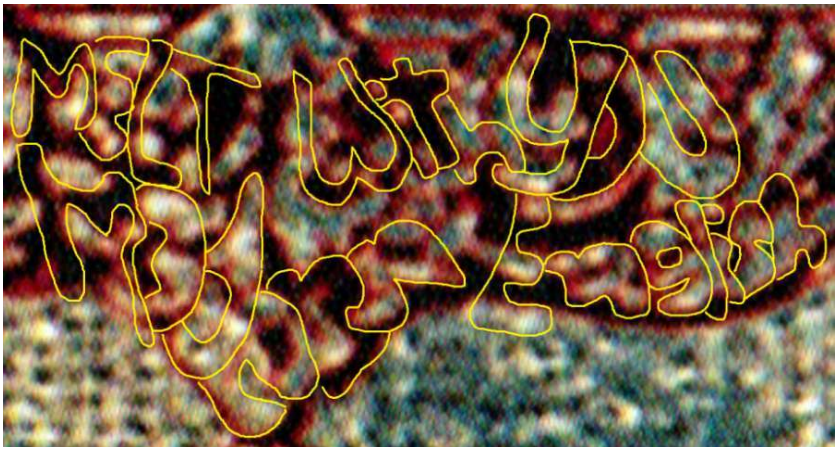


Everything about the band *Guns N Roses* was stolen from my high school band. Period. Thus, God did the giant name rendering above. He also did the smaller rendering to the right (I blew the first *S*).

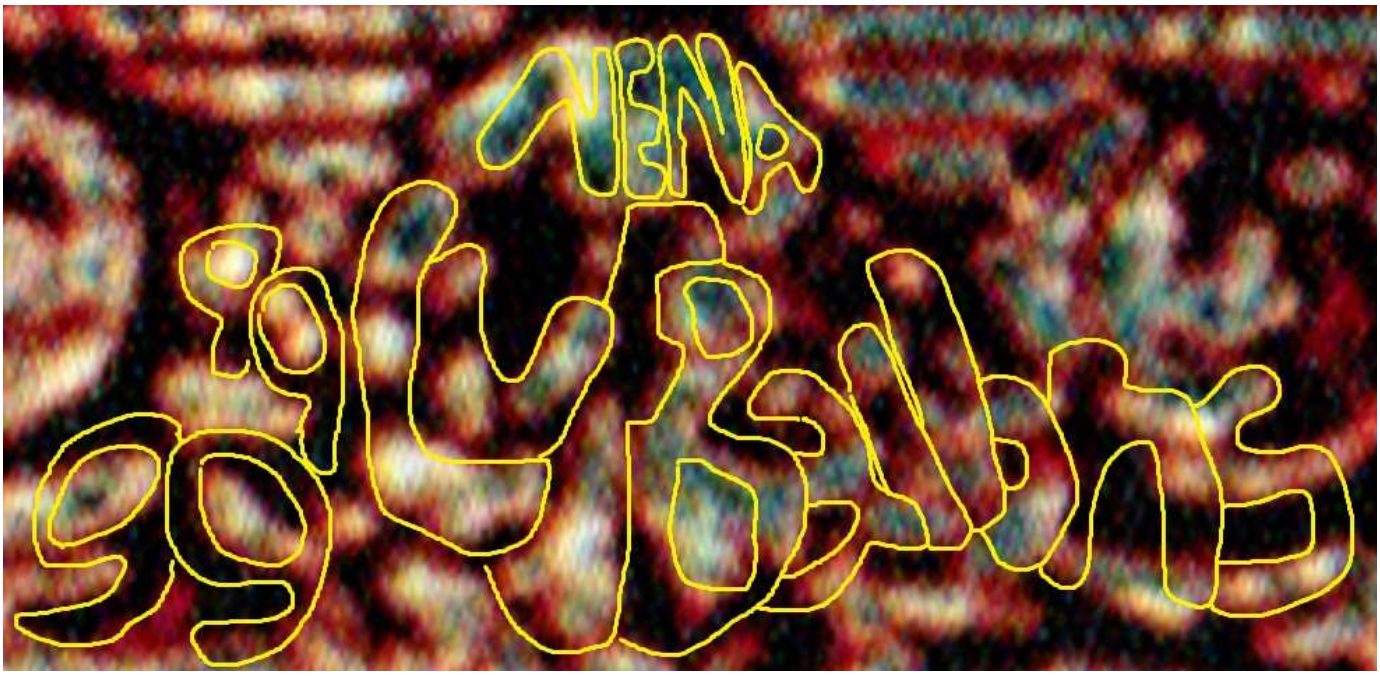


Modern English

Modern English's *Melt With You* was stolen from the lyrics to a song called *Innocent Dreams*, about a teenage couple, in love, who learn a nuclear war has started and the bombs are in route; thus, they choose to go to the beach and watch, and die together.



Nena – 99 Lufballons

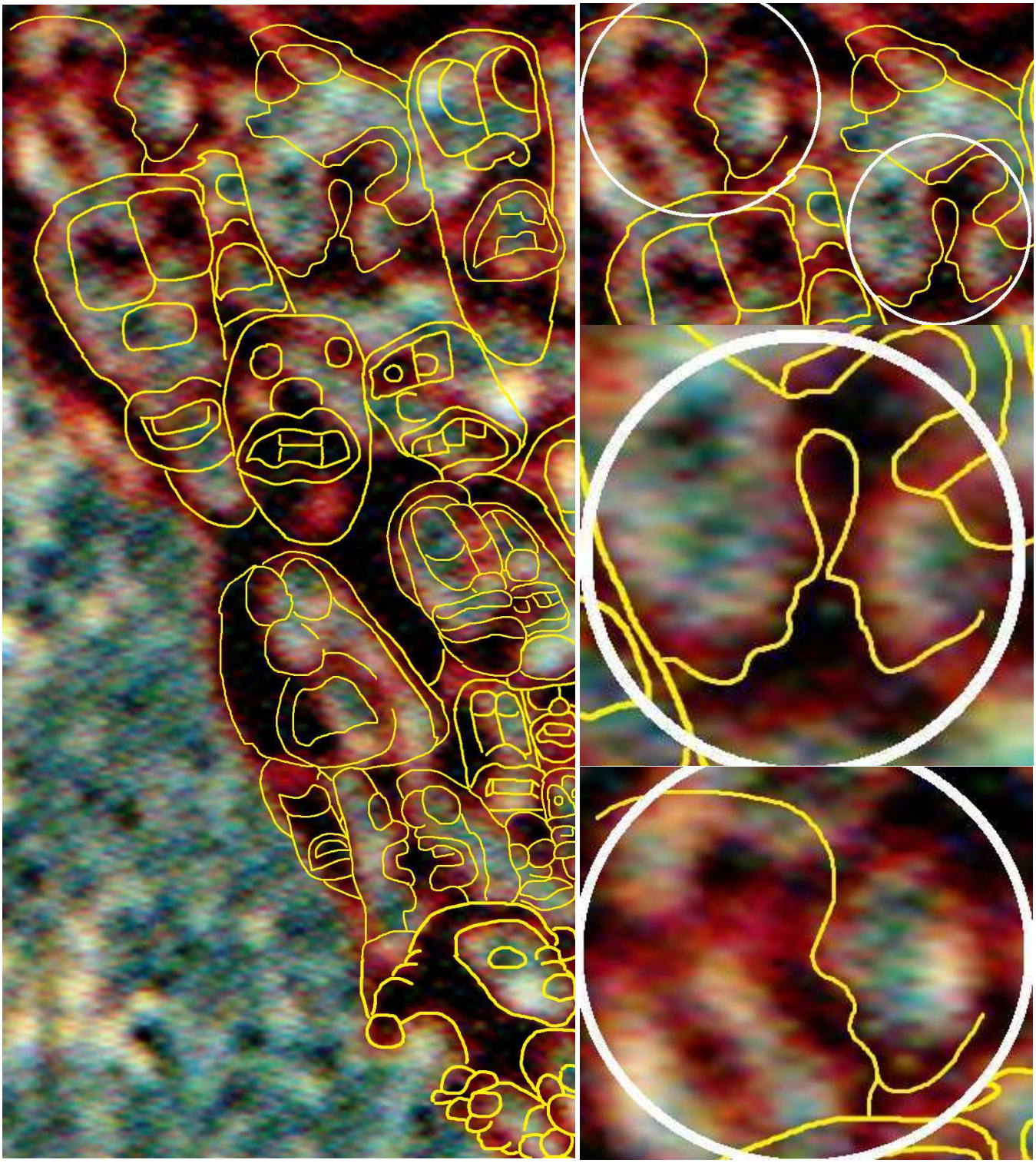


The concept and feel of Nena's *99 Lufballons* was also taken from *Innocent Dreams.*

Tears For Fears



The concept and feel of Tears For Fears' song "Everybody Wants to Rule the World" was also taken from *Innocent Dreams* (and likely also influenced by my song "*Everybody Wants to be a Rock and Roll Star*", commonly performed by my first band, Black Diamond).



Last Embrace. You may not have noticed, but in the warning image on the first page of chapter (above, left), there are several couples sharing final looks and embraces. This is God giving me a good word (or image) for *Innocent Dreams*. (Look at the way the young woman is smiling at her boyfriend in the bottom right corner. Incredible.)

PEOPLE

JK Rowling

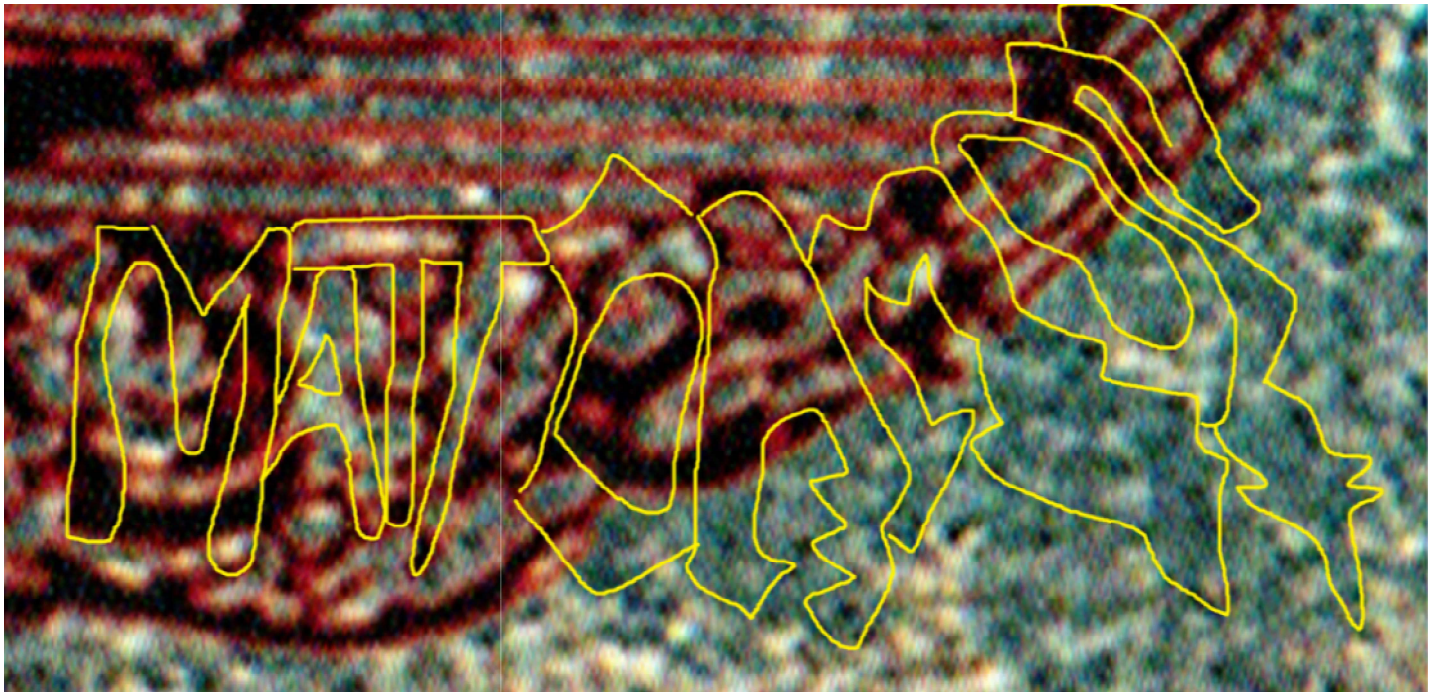


JK Rowling is in the Timeline for her role in stealing most of the ideas (all of the interesting ideas) for the second half of the Harry Potter series.

God did a few renderings of Rowling's name.



Matt Damon



Matt Damon knowingly helped Hollywood, John C Malone and the 666 steal Uberopolis/Butterfly Driver. Matt appears to be a huge homosexual.

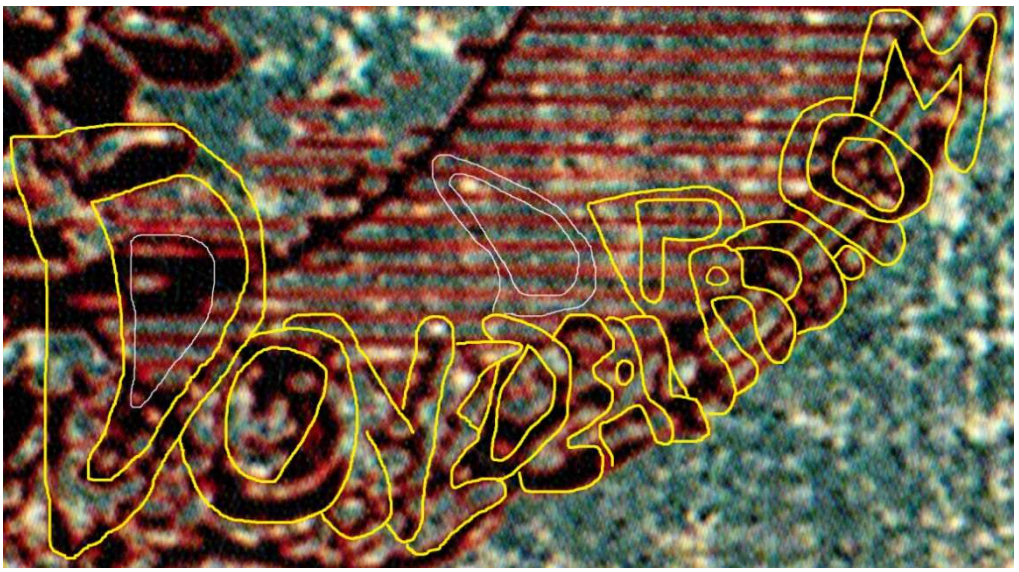
Larry David



Larry David is a huge IP stealing piece of shit. Everything interesting he's done for the past 20+ year was stolen from me. He even remade his entire image in my likeness. Originally, he was the overdressed, uptight, fast-talker (not at all like me), but somehow he evolved into the opposite: the underdressed, mellow, disarmingly honest guy.

DoneDealPro.com

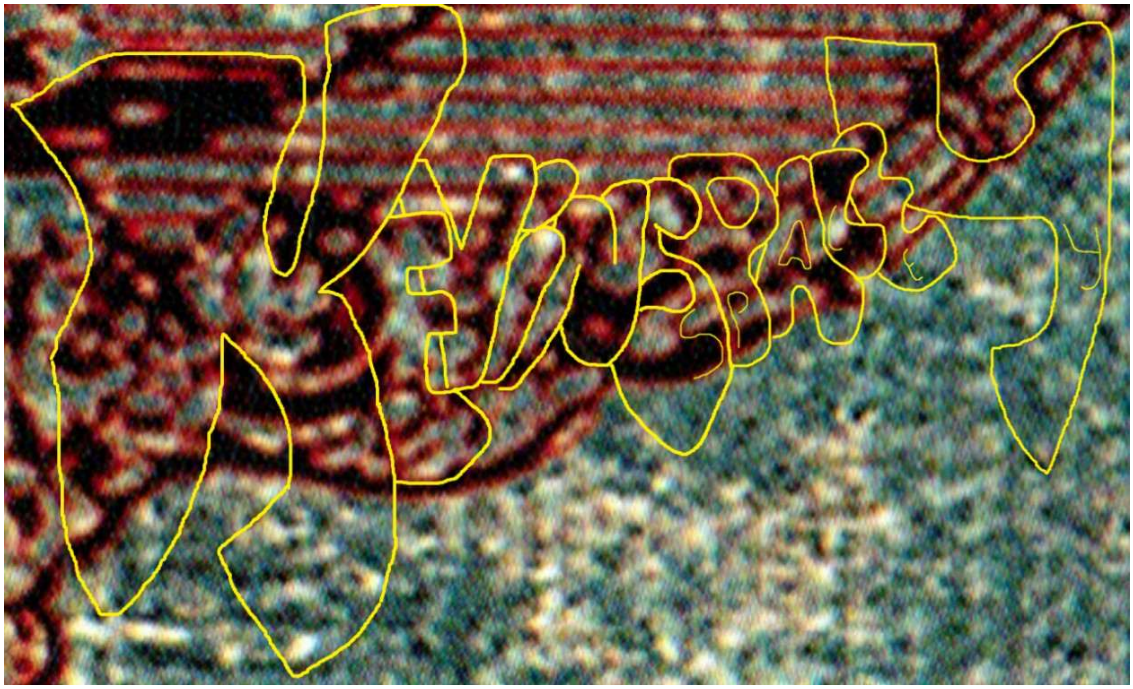
Some of the IP thieves accessed my screenplays and music from friends and family; but the powerful thieves hired cable, computer and phone hackers, and hired people to break into my home and car.



My early screenplays (Sunflowers, Uberopolis/Butterfly Driver) were also stolen from the screenwriter website DoneDealPro.com, above.

Kevin Spacey's *TriggerStreet.com*

Kevin Spacey's website, TriggerStreet.com was another screenwriter website where many Hollywood filmmakers unlawfully accessed my scripts.



These renderings of musicians, films, filmmakers, etc, who have infringed my art continues on **pages 486 to 497**; including artists such as **Michael Jackson, Tupac Shakur, Eminem, Rob Thomas, John Mayer, Kanye West,** and films like **Idiocracy, Finding Nemo, Wall-E, Royal Tenenbaums, Napoleon Dynamite…**

Between the Lines
xi
Prequel to Mass Murder: Inducting a Killer

December 20th, 1968, seven weeks after my stepfather, Dennis Alfred Wilson, began dating my mother, he committed two of his four murders –committed as he worked as a San Francisco county civil engineer.

In 1997, my former close friend, Hugh Schreiber, committed two of his four murders.

At the time of their first murders, both men were 26 or 27 years old, White, and living in or near Berkeley, California. Neither man had a history of criminal violence.

Both men were strongly associated with me; thus, both men had John W Gardner in their lives.

How did John W Gardner turn two relatively normal non-murderers into mass murderers?

Making a Murderer

Monday

At 2 PM on an overcast Bay Area afternoon, a new red 7 Series Mercedes pulled to a stop in front of the drab white house at 1162 Ocean Street, a couple blocks west of San Pablo, in West Oakland. A tall, thin and pale, well dress old man, in his mid-80s, stepped from the car and moved toward the house, slowly up the staircase, and rang the doorbell.

Hugh Schreiber, blonde, about 6 feet, well built at 26 years old, opened his front door. "You Mr. Gardner?" Hugh asked.

"That's right. Hugh?"

"That's me. Come on in."

Stepping in the livingroom, Mr. Gardner found the room filled with very used furnishings, and decorated with unwanted odds and ends. Hugh gestured to a well cushioned chair. Mr. Gardner took a seat. Taking a seat on the couch, opposite Gardner, Hugh said warmly, "I've been looking forward to finally meeting you for a

couple of years…"

"Yeah, yeah… Let's get to it, Hugh." Seeing the pack of Camel cigarettes on the end table, Gardner asked, "You mind if I smoke?"

"Go ahead."

As Gardner removed a cigarette from the breast pocket of his suit coat, he confided, "I hate being on this side of the Bay, and seeing what they let these niggers do to this area. And you live right in the thick of 'em." Gardner lit his cigarette.

"It's not so bad. I love this area," Hugh contested.

"Because it's all you can afford. If you had a little money in your pocket, you'd be out of here yesterday."

Hugh pulled a cigarette from the pack on the coffee table. "Maybe. You said something about a business opportunity?"

"I can help put some money in your pockets. Enough to help you buy one of those houses on the good side of San Pablo –the ones that usually take a lifetime to pay off ."

"I'm listening."

Gardner paused to exhale a plume of smoke in Hugh's face, then continued, "First, I need you to swear on your mother that you'll never tell a soul what transpires between you me over the next few days. Nobody. Ever."

"Wha..?"

"No one. Ever. And the penalty for breaking the vow is extreme and swift."

Hugh hesitated, then agreed. "Alright." Not a word to anyone, ever. On my mother."

"Good… Hugh, you ever think about killing a man?"

"What?"

"Answer the question, truthfully," Gardner persisted.

"No. I don't think so," Hugh confessed

"What if you knew you could get away with it? Would you think about it?"

"Now we're talking fantasy. I thought…"

"This is not fantasy, Hugh. What if you knew you could get away with murder. Would you do it. If they offered you good money –a way to live closer to the hill crest, in your own home."

"If I knew I could get away with it, no witnesses, no bullshit… I might."

"I think you would do it." Gardner confessed. "That's why I'm here. I don't waste my time on fools." Gardner exhaled another plume, and continued. "When I was a younger man, I helped design some of America's nationalized educational tests. Those Scan-trons…"

"Yeah."

"They tell us a lot about each student. You've had some gaps, some weak areas. But you're loyal –and you know how to keep a secret."

Mr. Gardner reached into his pocket and pulled out two slips of paper, one white sheet of binder paper, folded in eighths, and one sheet of yellow legal note paper, also folded in eighths. Gardner paused and looked firmly into Hugh's eyes. "Do you think all men are created equal, Hugh?"

"I dunno," Hugh confessed.

"They are not. I assure you, they are not."

Gardner leaned his old bones forward and handed the folded sheet of white paper to Hugh. Hugh opened the paper: a list of twelve names, including one former US statesmen, written in a vertical column.

Gardner explained, "I got twelve names there. Tomorrow's Tuesday. In the morning, you to go buy the San Francisco Chronicle and the Oakland Tribune. Right now, all those people are still alive. The guy at the top is killed first, in about two hours, at about 4pm. The rest die before midnight, and are named in section 1 of the Chron and the Trib tomorrow. Those 6 on the top were trouble makers. So we had to take care of 'em. America isn't on top by accident. The bottom six just die of natural causes.

"We?"

"If my *associates* have someone they want to get rid of, I tell them exactly when they can do it and get away with it. It's like a sixth sense, but it's a whole lot more accurate. I'm always right. As long as they do it on the day and time I tell 'em. The killer also needs to tell me how they want to do it –with a gun, a knife, strangle 'em… They tell me how they want to do it. I tell them when."

"You shittin' me?"

"No, sir." Gardner puffed his cigarette. "But things aren't always as easy they sound. The dead have ways of coming back to life… Let's say you bury a guy in a basement today, 1997, and someone digs him up in a few years. What then? So I have some friends in the upper ranks of law enforcement. These good men know how to kill an investigation." Mr. Gardner leaned forward and handed Hugh the folded sheet of yellow paper. "Now take this."

Hugh took the folded sheet and opened it: another list of twelve names –twelve new names. "What's this?" Hugh asked.

"Those 12 die tomorrow night. Tuesday night. That's so you know this ain't bullshit. Then you wake up Wednesday, and you go buy the Chronicle and the Tribune, again. And you find their names. Got that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good." Gesturing toward the paper in Hugh's hand, Gardner added, "On Wednesday, you'll learn they found those three on the top killed *execution style*, in three different cities. The papers' will write that: '*execution style*.' I've got friends in the news industry. If I want a story dressed up a certain way, or squashed, they oblige. You follow?"

"Yes, sir."

"So by lunchtime Wednesday, you'll know that when I say I can make sure you get away with murder, you'll know I'm telling the truth."

Hugh sat speechless, transfixed, for a moment.

Gardner clarified, "The thing is, Hugh… This is not a one-time deal. I want four people, no more, no less, killed over a four calendar-year period: 97 to 2000. Understand."

"I understand."

"I choose the first two victims. Then you can choose one or both of the final victims, as long as they fit the profile… Otherwise, I'll choose 'em for you… I need to get going, Hugh." Mr. Gardner slowly pulled his body to its feet.

"What profile?" Hugh asked, stepping to open the front door.

"For you… The profile of your victims is niggers. You associate with 'em; like that Briggs nigger. And you're over here living among them. I want to help you understand what you are: a White man, the glory of the world."

Gardner stepped through the door, into the sunlight.

"Nice to finally meet you," Hugh called.

"Yeah. I'll call you Thursday… You couldn't pay me to come back here."

Thursday

The phone rang at about 2pm on Thursday. As he brought the phone to his ear, Hugh somehow knew who was on the other end. "Hello," Hugh said.

"It's Gardner. You read the news?"

"I did."

"So…?"

"I'm in," Hugh answered.

"As I said, I don't waste time on fools."

"Thank you."

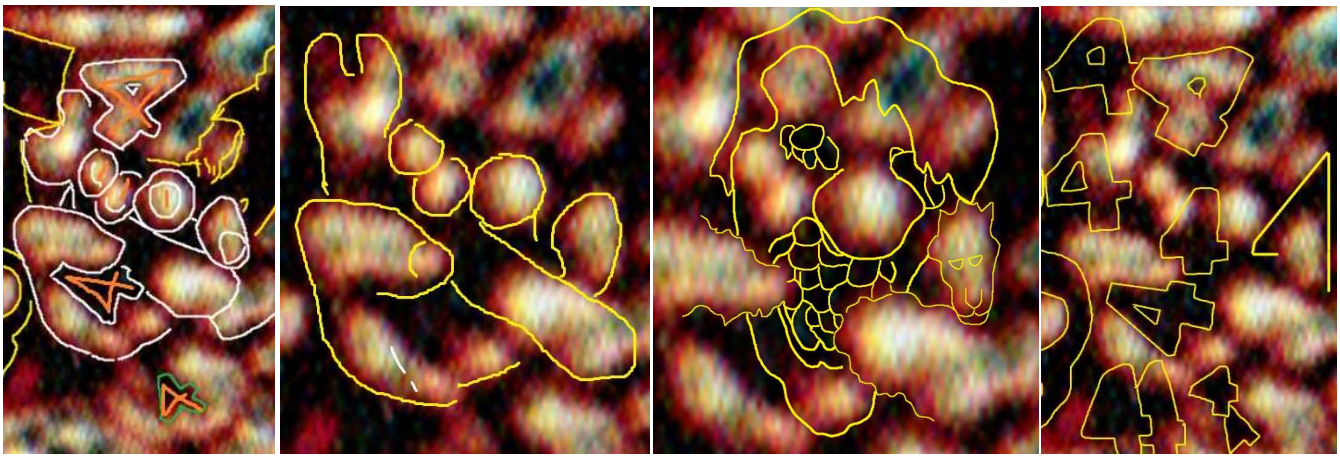
"You'll get your first assignment in a couple of months. No travel required."

10 Hugh's Murders & Victims

In this section, in the Elder base Timeline, God reveals the names of all four people Hugh Schreiber murdered between 1997 and 2000. Along the way, God also reveals many details about how the victims were murdered, Hugh's accomplice, and three of the victims' original burial locations.

As I have done in some of my prior work (*The Zodiac Killer's Identity Revealed*, and *My Stepdad Was One of the Zodiac Killer's Santa Rosa Hitchhiker Murderers*), I will first present some background facts related to the murders, so you can try to *solve* the murders (even if you already know the killer is Hugh), before I present the images and messages in which God reveals the victims' names, burial location –and more.

Hugh Schreiber's Murders and Victims' Names



Defying all limits, God put all four of the images outlined above in exactly the same location, to the left of the central display, in Hugh's display area. When I discovered all of the iterations of *4* in this area (far right), I immediately knew God was saying Hugh murdered *4* people. Immediately, in March 2025, in the "*Post*" section of *Killing Guadalupe*, I published my belief that Hugh murdered four people.

But a very strong *hunch* about a blurry tiny image on a small Badge at the base of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe* isn't much of a case. Since God knows the facts, I wasn't worried about the lack of evidence or facts. But, as time progressed, I did begin to hope and wonder if He included enough evidence for me to prove Hugh murdered the victims –like the victims' names, etc. And sure enough…

Background Facts

To understand how God helped me solve the murders, there is background information you should know, some of which was presented earlier.

In October or November of 1993 I met Pay Rose. We were new hires on the first day of our 2-week training for Seneca Center. After work, Pay asked me if I wanted to play Basketball with him and some friends, at an outdoor park in Berkeley. I said yeah. Max Radcliff was at the park, and a couple other guys. Pay was pretty athletic and moved like he was familiar with the game. Max had poor coordination and looked like he knew nothing about basketball.

Later that night, or in the next few days, Pay suggested that I meet his friend Hugh Schreiber. We went to Hugh's house at night, probably in different cars. When we arrived, we probably had a few beers. Hugh lived alone in a 3-bedroom house in a predominantly Black and Latino part of West Oakland, on the West Berkeley border, I think the address was/is 1162, Ocean Street. Pay, Hugh and max were all about 22 years old. I was 28.

Pictured right, Hugh's old house, at 1162 Ocean Street, as it appears today (2025). Back in 1993 to 2000 the house was white. Hugh was allegedly a freelance house painter, so he may have repainted on occasion. The big thing that may have changed about the house is it appears significantly lower now (right), like 4 feet lower. There had been 4 or 5 feet of steps to climb to get to the front door, but most importantly, there had been a basement/garage below the house. Hugh used the basement for at least two parties I attended in 1995 and early 1996.

(Picture from Google Maps).



No one would ever suspect Hugh as a murderer. Hugh was uncommonly handsome, and still is; 5'-11" or 6-feet tall, sandy blond hair, great sense of humor…

The first time I visited Hugh, it was just me, Pay and Hugh (well, Max may have come along). There were no women around. I liked Hugh right away, he was allegedly involved in construction, and did his own auto repair. [1] He said what he

[1] Although Hugh had many tools, and I saw him use the tools a few times at his house, for the first 15 years I knew Hugh, I never saw him go to work –except for a 6 month period when he did maintenance for Senceca Center (he was soon fired). Similarly, Max Radcliff was in my band for 2.5 years, but he never had a real job; he just worked, on and off, at his mother's pastry shop.

felt, and seemed more comfortable with himself than Pay and Max.

A day or two after I met Hugh, Pay asked me if I wanted to go visit Hugh again, after work. I said yeah. Oddly, before we left for Hugh's house Pay said, "I gotta tell you about Hugh's girlfriend, Emily. She might be there. Emily is totally beautiful. She used to be Max's girlfriend for a year or so, but Hugh stole her."

This was curious, because Hugh and Max were close friends, purportedly best friends. But it was peculiar that Pay shared the story in such a urgent sort of gossipy way. Every now and then, in the West, a young woman may leave her boyfriend for her boyfriend's friend, and somehow the friendship survives. But it seemed peculiar because I wasn't interested in gossip, or the back-stories of people I hardly knew.

When we arrived, Emily was there –stop traffic beautiful; probably one of the 10 most beautiful women I've ever seen. Sandy blonde, maybe 5'-5", with a heart-stopping face and jaw dropping body. After that visit, I visited Hugh about twice a week for the next 3 to 6 months, but only a few times was Emily there. Maybe six months after I met Hugh, he and Emily broke up. I found out by asking why she hadn't been around for a while. Hugh wasn't bothered by the breakup.

A thing that was odd about Pay was he really liked a certain large, local Black homeless man, named Ben. Ben was powerfully built, around 40 years old, with a brooding personality, and he seemed sort of unstable. I didn't get why Pay liked the guy so much. Max liked him a lot too. After a few months, I asked Hugh about it. Hugh shared my view of Ben. Hugh theorized that Pay and Max loved Ben because Ben told them they were *some cool White boys*.

Within a few weeks of meeting Max, we formed a rock band. Hugh's house was between my house and the band's little rehearsal space, so after band practice, I'd often visit Hugh. A couple months after Hugh broke up with Emily, suddenly when I arrived at Hugh's house to visit, there were often three attractive young women there, Palmy (half White, half Black), Jimena (she looked White, brunette), and Amy (White, blond) .

Max started dating my younger sister, Marina, in early 1994. Marina and I were living together. Early in their relationship, Marina explained that they can't have sex as much as they like because Max has a hernia, or something. No brother wants to hear about his sister's sex life, so I didn't pay much attention.

The pattern of Palmy, Jimena and Amy being at Hugh's house very often, when I arrived, continued for about 6 months.

Pay moved in with Hugh in late 1994. Somewhere around early 1995, Max also moved into a vacant room of Hugh's house. Pay, Max and Hugh lived together for a few months, until Pay moved in with his new girlfriend, maybe mid 1995.

Sometime in 1996, I went to a smaller party at Hugh's house and he introduced me to his new girlfriend, CJ. CJ was Black; about the same complexion as Michele Obama. Neither CJ or Hugh told me what CJ stood for. I didn't ask. I think Hugh mentioned CJ a few times before I met her. I think she was involved in fashion.

CJ was the first official girlfriend I had seen Hugh with since Emily, 2 years earlier. Where Emily was super-model beautiful, CJ was also beautiful, certainly very pretty, but not a super model. Hugh's relationship with CJ seemed more substantial than his relationship with Emily. With Emily, she was usually just there for a minute or two, then gone –I don't recall any substantial exchange between Hugh and Emily. But in that moment, in 1996, with CJ and Hugh, Hugh seemed very happy to have CJ in his life, and he was eager that I meet her. CJ lived in New York City, but she and Hugh were trying a long-distance relationship.

To that point, in my 2.5 years back in Berkeley, CJ was easily one of the most -maybe the most- genuine, approachable and interesting woman I had met. I only talked to her and Hugh, on the steps of Hugh's house, for maybe 15 minutes or a half an hour. The thing that made meeting CJ unforgettable was my new used London Fog beige light coat.

Back then, I used to like to try to find deals on used closed at various thrift stores and Good Wills. About 3 months before meeting CJ I found my London Fog coat. So beautiful, like brand new. It fit me perfectly. At the time I was 32, and probably not feeling quite as relevant as a few years earlier. But in my London Fog, my relevance was indisputable –even if no one else realized how incredible my jacket was.

When I asked CJ about her involvement in fashion, she mentioned my stylish jacket, and talked about all of the good things it said about me. In that moment, she was a lowercase goddess of fashion, who took time to give a few well placed kind words to a man who appreciated every one of them.

When I left the party and went home, I forgot my jacket in my car, and it was stolen out of my car, later that night. That's half of why I'll never forget the night I met CJ.

Around the time I met CJ, early 1996, I learned I was going to be a father in the fall. I soon quit my band, so I could focus on becoming a father; which included working more hours, so I could provide better for my child. Thus, I reduced my visits with Hugh from a couple times a week to maybe once every other month.

Between mid 1996 and late 1998, when I moved to New York, I probably visited Hugh 12 times. Never during those two years of spontaneous visits did I see

a woman at Hugh's house. The last 5 or 6 times I visited Hugh, during that period, Max was probably there twice; that homeless guy, *Ben*, was there at least twice (I didn't stay long); and a guy named John Blounder, sort of a drifter, was there once. Because CJ lived in New York, and rarely came to California, I never saw her again.

Hugh's Ocean Street land parcel had a small living unit in the back. For the first few years that I knew Hugh, I don't recall ever seeing any indications that someone lived in the unit. Around 1996 or 1997, at a party at Hugh's house which utilized the basement area, I think someone mentioned someone who lived in the rear unit. But I never met the tenant or entered the unit –although, later, Hugh described portions of the garage/basement area to me, a couple of times.



I moved to New York City in September 1998. For the next 8 or 9 years I saw Hugh a couple of times a year, when I rode or flew out to California.

Sometime between 2000 and 2002, Hugh moved away from Ocean Street, about a mile away, to Acton Street, in Berkeley.

Around 2002, Hugh started exclusively dating a woman who lived next door to him, on Acton Street, a lovely woman named Saiuri. Maybe between 2005 and 2008, Hugh married Saiuri; a wedding, only attended by family (so I was told). Oddly, although married, Hugh kept all of his possession and furnishings in his house, on Acton Street, and Saiuri kept all of her possessions and furnishings in her house. Thus, when I visited Hugh, after 2004, or so, I might visit him in his house or Saiuri's. This arrangement has endured for over 15 years. Occasionally, when I entered or exited the bathroom, and glanced in at Hugh's bedroom, it looked just as it had when he was single, fairly neat, bed made.

Murder Details Provided by Hugh

In Killing Guadalupe, I said I believed Hugh told me some details about two of the people he murdered. After finding the facts and names God provided in the Elder Badge, I believe Hugh provided some accurate details, and some inaccurate details (such as inaccurate character descriptions, inaccurate sources…) to prevent the crimes from being solved. Here are the stories Hugh told me about people he knew, who lived near him, who disappeared…

The Disappearance of the Smallish Guy and his Partner

While visiting Hugh on Acton Street, around 2003, he told me about the disappearance of his neighbor on Ocean Street, a few years earlier, while Hugh still lived on Ocean. Hugh said the guy lived in the rear unit of the Ocean Street parcel. Hugh described the guy as smallish and wiry, maybe around 5-foot 5", and obnoxious and always angry, I don't recall the man's name or age. I'd guess he was in his 30s. Hugh didn't mention the guy's race. Hugh said the guy was always walking past Hugh's house, on the way to his house, yelling at his *partner* (I imagined work partner, but Hugh could have meant romantic partner). Then, suddenly, Hugh stopped hearing them walk past his house. After maybe a month or so, some of the guy's friends or acquaintances, knocked on Hugh's door and asked if he had seen the guy. Hugh said no. As far Hugh knew, no one ever saw the guy again.

The 2nd and 3rd movements of the story involve a psychic woman and a deep sink…

Psychic Woman. A few months after the wiry smallish guy disappeared, Hugh said a Black woman moved into the rear unit. Hugh said the woman was sort of a *psychic*, or interested I *spirituality*. Hugh explained that while the woman was living in the rear unit, she told Hugh that she felt a bad energy in the unit, and she woke up in the middle of the night, at least once, and saw the spirit of a smallish man, balled up in a fetal position, hovering a few feet above her bed. Hugh said the woman soon moved out or disappeared, and he never saw her again.

The Deep Sink. To conclude the story, Hugh said that about year later, a friend of his went into the basement of the rear unit (where the missing man -and later the psychic- had lived), and described an area where previously there had been an unusual and very large and deep sink (about 3 feet deep), which was somehow almost built-into the basement floor. Hugh asked the friend about the deep sink. The friend said the sink was not deep, because it had been filled with cement, and was now absolutely flat on the top.

Based on his friend's report, and the psychic woman's report, Hugh theorized the missing smallish guy was killed by an acquaintance or his *partner*, then placed in the sink in a fetal position, and covered with cement. Hugh theorized that the psychic had seen the ghost, or spiritual energy of the dead man in the basement.

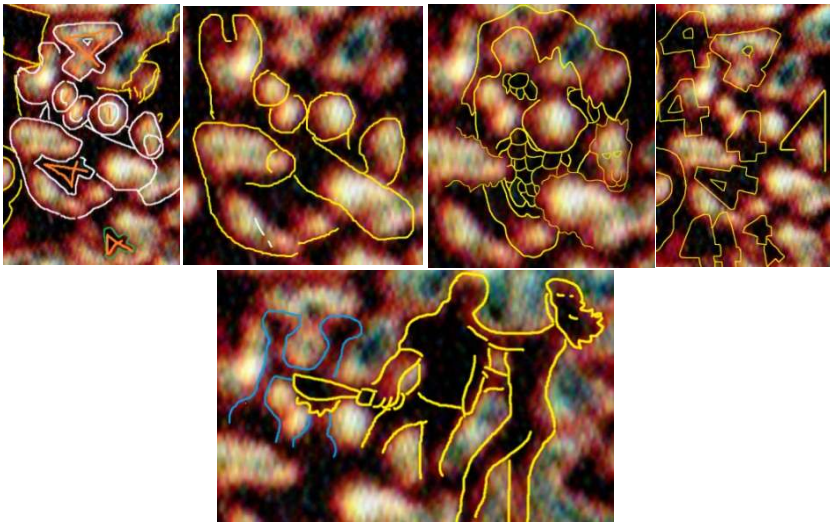
- NOTE: In our conversations, Hugh seemed to bring up ghosts every few years, or so. From 2020 to 2023, Hugh repeatedly brought up the *Men at Work* song "Overkill" –and repeatedly mentioned the line "*Ghosts appear and fade away*."

The Home Key

Finally, Hugh told me an uninteresting story about having a key to CJ's living unit made while he visited her in New York. I didn't pay much attention to the story.

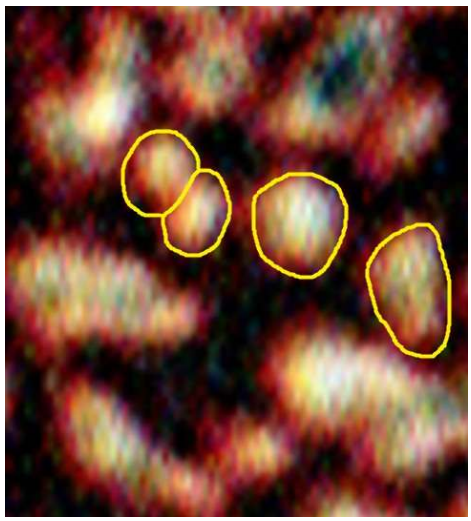
SOLVING HUGH'S CRIMES

If God created a way for me to help solve Hugh's murders, I felt almost certain it would be linked to Hugh's multi-layered central image (below, top row) –and/or



linked to the adjacent connected central image of a man with a knife (above, bottom row), seemingly on a date with a woman.

I felt the wrench in the hand was the primary weapon, probably used for 3 out of 4 of the murders, because it was so big, and in the center of Hugh's primary icon(s). But the small hand-size wrench is only intended as a *genre* clue. Only an idiot would try to kill someone with a tiny wrench. Hugh would have used a big wrench, like monkey wrench. This meant the knife, which is 20 times smaller than the wrench image, must be the secondary killing tool. But this is odd: if a person murders successfully, 3 times, with a big wrench, why change methods?



I viewed the 4 fingers of the hand as a strong clue toward solving Hugh's 4 murders.

Two finger on left were grouped tightly together, as if they were committed at the same time, or the same year. The other two fingers had a bit of space between them.

Since the base of the Elder Badge is a timeline, I guessed that God placed the fingers under years, or under year markers, indicating when the murders happened. Thus, I followed the path up from the fingers.

That's how I found the years of each murder.

And that's how I found the name of each victim.

In the following pages, God will reveal each murdered victim's name, the year of their death, and many facts about how Hugh killed them.



Above, the semi-invisible path leading up from the 4 upper fingers of the hand holding the wrench, lead up to large images of the year the victims were murdered (these numbers are also very close to the precise timeline year –offset for God to share an image of Hugh's first murder victim (above, top, Center), after Hugh beat him to death with a large wrench.

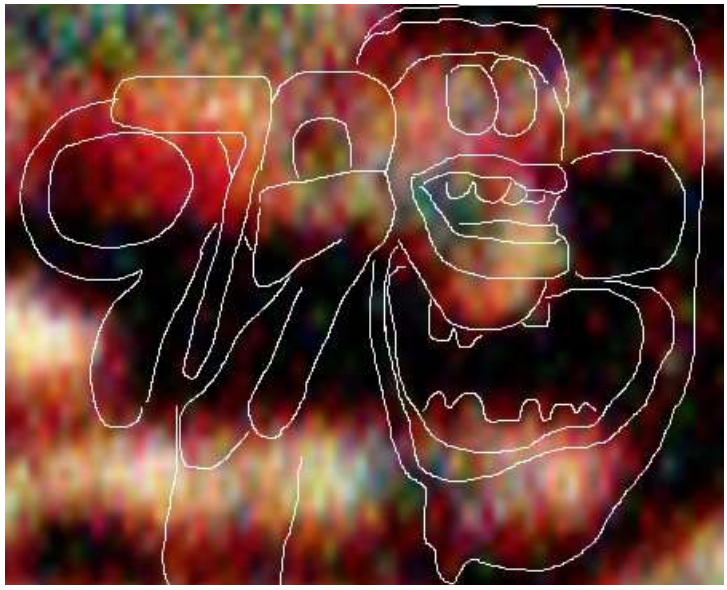
The first two victims were murdered on the same day or night, possibly just a few minutes apart. The first victim was a man, the second a woman –a couple, planning to have children together. Their respective faces, hidden in the tips of fingers 1 and 2, are similar –likely to reinforce the fact that they were a committed couple.

Finger #1,representing victim #1, leads up to two representations of the year 1997; establishing the year victims #1 and #2 were murdered. The path from finger #2, leads up to the tragic image of the badly beaten face of Hugh's second victim.

Hugh's First Murder Victim: Harry Yayayar

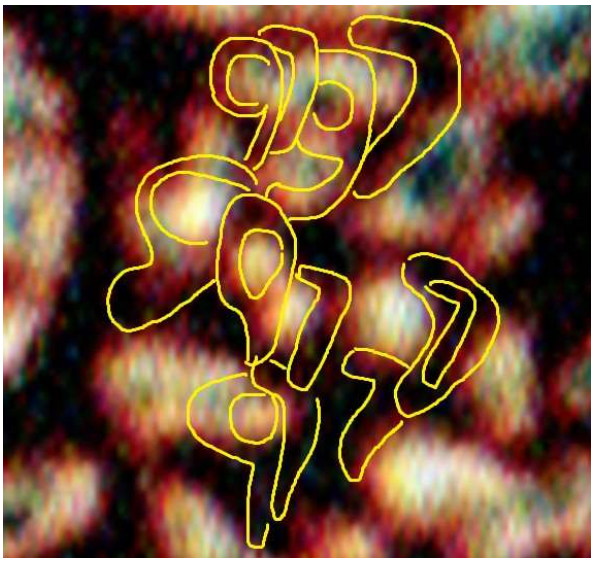
Hugh's first murder victim was Harry Yayayar. *Yayayar* is a family name found throughout the East, East Middle and Africa. But the name is very uncommon in the United States. Prior to finding Harry's last name in the Elder base, I had never encountered the name.

I was found no news articles about Harry's disappearance, so I'm not sure of his age at the time of his murder. But God reveals that Harry and his girlfriend -perhaps fiance- intended to have children. From this we might guess Harry was between 20 and 40 years old.



Over the top left quarter of the image of the face of whom I believe is Hugh's second murder victim, God inserted a small cartoon likeness of Harry, before the event, looking healthy and happy.

To reinforce the fact that Hugh's first two victims were murdered in 1997, God placed many iterations of "97" around fingers #1 and #2 (right)



Like finding the year of the murder, God made it fairly easy to find the first murder victim's name.



To find the name of Hugh's first murder victim, I went to the first finger and looked for the first name I could find. The name Harry Yayayar was everywhere.

To confirm this, below, God placed the murder conviction statement, *Hugh killed Harry Yayayar*, in the Timeline. The extra instance of *Hugh*, is for confirmation.



To solve this, as God might prefer, I have to skip to the murder of Harry's girlfriend, and solve their murders together.

Hugh's Second Murder Victim: Erica Corran



To find the name of Hugh's second victim (Harry's girlfriend), I followed the second finger up and looked for the first name could I find: Erica Corran. As you see above, Erica's name was in so many places, I could not get them all.

God included the murder conviction statement: "Hugh killed Erica Corran."



Mystery Question #8: Notice, above, the man hiding, watching and smiling , behind the word "killed"; also notice the *i* in *killed* looks like a man peering out, watching in some hidden area. Who is this man?

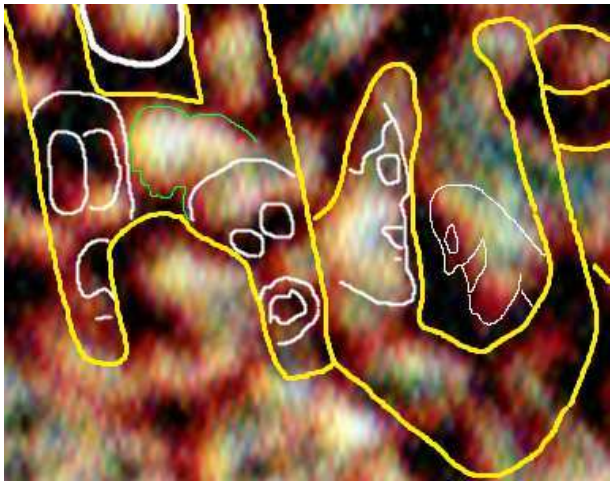
Back to Harry

To solve this, and learn what happened to Harry and Erica, we have to go back to Harry Yayayar, and look closer at the murder conviction statement, below: "Hugh killed Harry Yayayar."



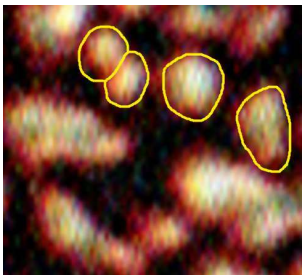
Above, looking closer, between the lines of the letters of God's statement against Hugh, we see God revealed more details about Hugh's crime.

In the enlargement to the right, in the lower left leg of the first *H*, in the lower expression of the name *Hugh*, we see the distraught, screaming face of Erica Corran, discovering Harry's motionless body –Harry battered face depicted in the adjacent right leg of the *H*.



Horrifically, in the left end of the *U*, we see a characterization of Hugh, hiding, as if in the other room, very nearby, giggling as he listens to Erica's grief.

In the center of the U, we see a fourth figure –invited to watch Hugh's horrific crime.



Mystery Question #9: In Hugh's display image (the hand that holds the wrench), the two fingers that represent Harry Yayayar and Erica Corran (the index and middle finger) are noticeably smaller than the other fingers; why is this?