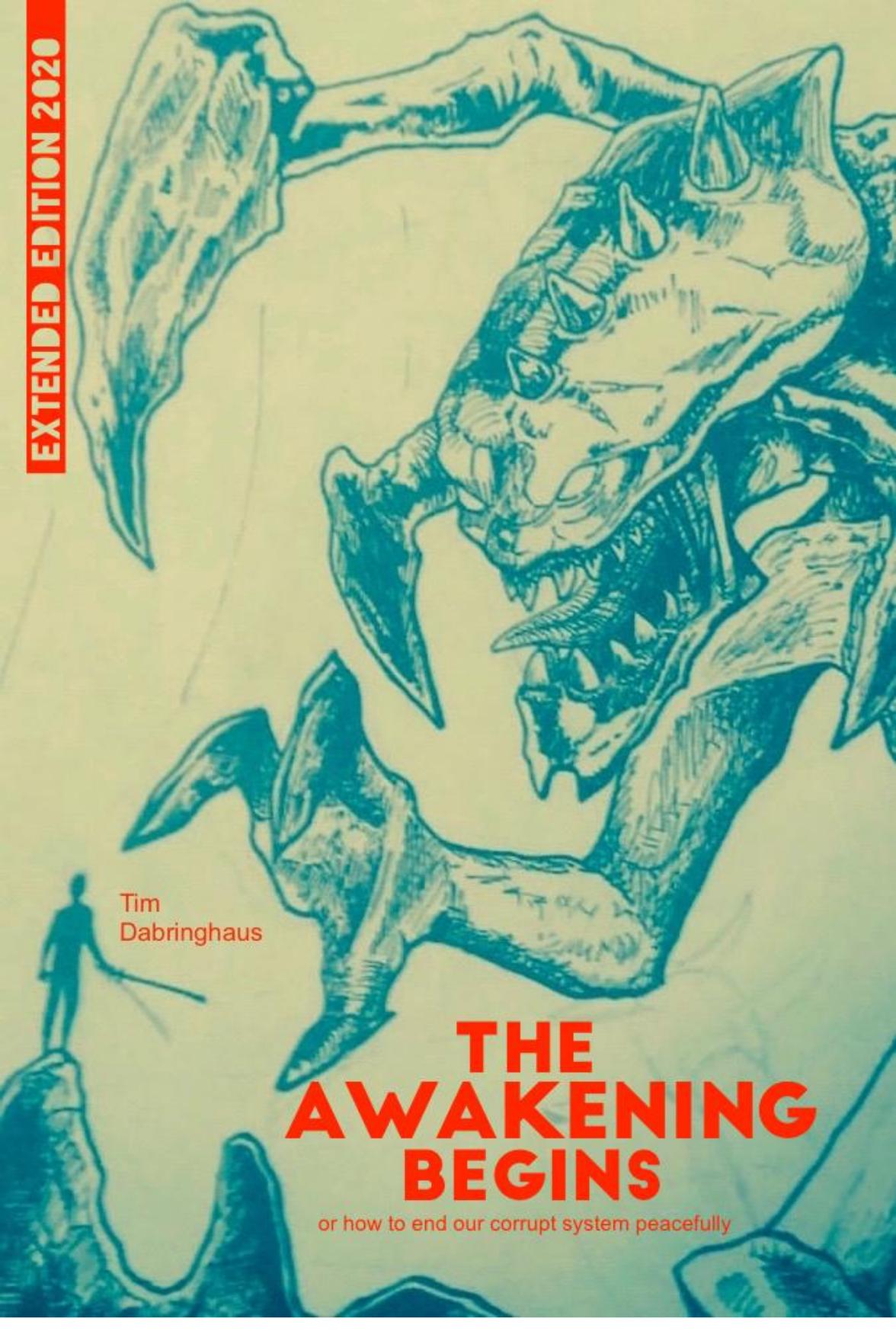


EXTENDED EDITION 2020



Tim
Dabringhaus

THE AWAKENING BEGINS

or how to end our corrupt system peacefully

Yesterday it was the climate emergency, today it is the Chinese microbe. If you want to understand what is going on here, you only have to read this new, extended edition of THE AWAKING BEGINS.

Two years after the publication of this book, in which the author reflects with a cheeky, warm voice on why everything is turned upside down today, why men can be women and the winter summer, big developments have begun on the political stage.

We are experiencing controlled events that are destined to reshape our society. And which are nothing other than the consequence of the "Unsayable" that Tim Dabringhaus was destined to discover and tell.

The book is now not only one chapter longer, but for the first time we can clearly see the goal of the journey we are being collectively forced to embark on, a journey planned from long ago. For those who dare to use their eyes, it becomes more and more visible. And for those who dare to use their own minds, awakening is becoming increasingly easier.

Here you will find the missing link to the trauma into which they want to force us, and from which we can only free ourselves when we awaken.

THE AWAKENING BEGINS

by Tim Dabringhaus

Extended Edition 2020

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For all who like to breathe

The more we're governed by idiots
and have no control over our destinies,
the more we need to tell stories to each other about
 who we are,
 why we are,
 where we come from,
and what might be possible.

Alan Rickman

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Thank you Bodo, thank you Stefan

The attentive citizens of the Federal Republic of Germany were able to follow the awakening of Dr. Bodo Schiffmann live between March and April 2020. He was one of the first physicians to express his doubts about the government's corona measures out loud. He did so on his until then quite unknown YouTube channel, Vertigo Outpatient Clinic Sinsheim / Dr. Bodo Schiffmann.

But it wasn't the draconian crisis policy, nor the fact that the corona deaths constantly included those who died with the virus and not from the virus, that made the doctor furious. No, the good, until then system-compliant, - and as he points out - Christian doctor could not understand that his videos on YouTube were deleted. And not just one video, but several. The shock of not being allowed to talk in a democratic country and the resulting powerlessness, he transformed it into a party called WIDERSTAND 2020, which then grew to over 100,000 members in just two weeks, making it the third largest party in Germany.

Everything that Dr. Schiffmann was allowed to experience in public happened to me. But I was alone. And I turned my helplessness into a book. Because I experienced something similar, on a scene that seems to have just been forgotten, but which still dominates our lives. That's all I will say at this point, after all my book is a slow approach to the unspeakable. And even if today, thanks to the rendezvous with the police state, more thinking people than ever before are prepared to approach this unspeakable, one should do it carefully, so that the despair - which certainly arises at first - does not tip over into something we will have to regret. My concern is to accompany the reader through this moment of shock in awakening. To hold his hand and whisper in his ear: everything will be all right! For one thing has become clear to me: evil is mighty, but God is almighty.

For the first time I have hope. Hope of no longer being alone with my observations. Hope that more and more people are willing to break out of the "alternativeless" narrative given to us, now with a muzzle. Hope that we will no longer be divided. Hope that swarm intelligence will set in and

that we will no longer allow ourselves to be terrorized, neither in the micro nor the macro. No virus and no pathogen shall be stronger than our immune system, no agitator and no splitter shall be greater than the alliance of our hearts beating to live in self-responsibility on this beautiful planet! ... and not to survive chipped, vaccinated, monitored as tolerated aid recipients.

Today I know that I am not alone in having this wish. When I watched live on the internet how the membership of the party WIDERSTAND 2020 increased by a thousand members every hour, this went on until the site was hacked, I thought of 1989 and the beginning mass flight of the East Germans via Hungary and the Prague Embassy. Back then the press was watching, today the press is looking away. What started back then in front of a church began thirty-one years later on a website.

But it doesn't stop there; in the meantime, an analysis of the state of the nation directly from the Federal Ministry of the Interior has also caused quite a stir. According to this, the Corona mania was a false alarm and the analysis even goes so far as to state literally that the media in Germany are no longer a corrective to politics and only ensure that the German people are held captive in a manipulated perception. Captive is my word and not too harsh, once you understand how much we are controlled by our perception. Those who do not believe it only need to observe the different reactions of the people in the last few days. Some hug and kiss without fear, others wear the mask and rubber gloves even when sunbathing on the beach. Seen with my own eyes, like everything I report.

The press is still trying to deny the harsh criticism from the heart of the Ministry, and as I write this preface, that courageous employee is accused of misusing the official letterhead for his own opinions. What we are experiencing right now is the finest form of obedience to the leader. In fact, the author of the analysis is the head of the Crisis Management Unit and he has only done his job. No matter whether he was given an explicit order or not. His position by definition involves keeping a watchful eye on developing crises. Now he has seen something that should not be seen and his work is no longer valid.

I have experienced all this before. There is only one opinion. All other opinions are ignored. But this time it is worse. This time there is only one opinion plus fear, a lot of fear. So our perception is distorted into a war zone. And on that battlefield, we have been too long confused, tired and worn out by fear. But slowly more and more people are realizing that Germany has got a new hero in Mr. Stephan Kohn, as the courageous speaker of the Ministry is called.

History is happening now, we are in the middle of it and we should be aware that we are all writing this story. Are we acting out of fear, i.e. blind faith in authority or false friends? Or do we act out of trust in ourselves?

The distortions of recent weeks are not part of this book, so many knowledgeable voices will certainly be heard in the near future. But all that has just been thrust upon us goes hand in hand with my unspeakable observations, which I should summarize in this book.

Corona is nothing more than the temporary crown of a long series of deliberately brought about crises. What I am about to present to you bears the same signature and is even more dangerous.

And I pray that we will finally use our eyes to see. For only then can we overcome the trauma we are being forced into.

Tim Dabringhaus
May 15th, 2020

PART I

THE WAY FINDS ME

Chapter 1

Preface

Nothing is as it seems.

This book is about my personal experiences. I feel somewhat like a war correspondent, writing from a battle that no one seems to be aware of.

It would fill me with gratitude if judges and investigative officers would not only read this book, but also follow the links I provide.

To all the other readers, please have mercy with me should I have forgotten to mention anyone or anything. I have to admit I am not all-knowing. My intention is purely to offer a sketch and leave it to you to fill it with colors. Sadly, material is ample.

First off, who am I?

I am a Wuppertaler. When I was a kid my parents would drive me to Lake Garda. At seventeen I spent a year (on an exchange program) in Oregon with real cowboys. Then I lived in Berlin and Munich, before I moved to Spain in 1999. In the meantime I am 51 years old and I passionately jog down the beach and love lemon flavored ice.

Now seriously, I do not intend to elaborate any further on my personal life - it would go beyond the scope of this book. Yet, I must confess: I have never identified myself with a profession, a hobby, a political party, any ideology or religion. I'm not a fan of any soccer team or sports racing team. Also, I have no knowledge (or opinion) of the doings in Syria, Russia or even Turkey. All I am aware of is, what happens right in front of my face. And this is enough to say, "Houston, we have a problem!" ... a huge problem.

Hopefully I can achieve that you too will realize this. Because only together can we solve this.

“Truth liberates us and sets us free” someone once said. A quote that is used oh so often. Yet no one said that the truth is also a very bitter medicine. That is why I try to sweeten it up a bit, to make it taste a bit more appealing. But this time nobody can escape these appalling facts, these unsayable truths, that I will present to you. No one can just pass them by. No living being can escape them. This time we are not given a choice.

I write this because I can not grant pessimism and have a strong belief that the conscience stands above matter and that God will help us when we help ourselves.

We live at the break of evolution. Soon this fragile protective shell could crack. As we know, should an egg break from outside forces the unborn chick dies. Should it break from within, life emerges.

That is why I say in all of this unsayable evil lays this extraordinary opportunity to love life to its fullest again.

And in order to see it, one must realize it first.

It has been said, as the first ships were arriving in the “new world”, the native peoples had no reference on how to evaluate the situation. Seeing the ships on the distant horizon, their synapses were not yet programmed to deal with such a picture. Though be cautioned! ... once this picture is evaluated and finally digested in the mind, the memory and the interpretation of it stick forever. It becomes indisputable and one cannot ignore it any longer.

So, if you continue to read this, at a certain point you will have to admit to yourself that you will not be able to say anymore “Oh, I did not know that.”

I think it is best I start from the beginning. Finally, now that I have the time, since I’m in a pre-trial detention.

Chapter 2

The Detention

At the moment, I'm at the Ertzaintza in the Infantin Cristina Street in San Sebastián in northern Spain. To be exact this is Basque country. Presumably one of the oldest civilizations in Europe and with definitely the oldest language ever. On the other hand, the Basque police force is one of the youngest worldwide. It was founded in 1982 and is called Ertzaintza. And that is exactly where I am right now in a tiny cell. It's a visitor's room where they bring you for the time being until they decide whether to let you free or move you on to another bigger cell with hopefully a bit more light in one of the many other prisons here.

I would love to side track now and tell you more about the Basques and why they have their own police force. Yet it's to no avail, for I cannot run and have to surrender and speak it out.

They made it quite clear to me I should jot everything down, explain how it all came to be and how it was at all possible. Maybe it will help my defense. A so called "psychiatric examination", a self accusation with a public penitence would hopefully score some sort of mildness with all those politically correct vultures and do-gooders.

Right now it's the early morning hours of July 17, 2017, Merkel's birthday and I'm in detention.

I could have never imagined this of me, yet here I am. No one would have expected it from me and to say the least, me neither.

Two hours ago I was arrested. I had finally surrendered and turned myself in. Six well built Basque police officers arrived and handcuffed me as I did not resist. What soothed me was the fact that the large troop of officers was led by a female. "Superintendent Naiara Zuazua" was her name. I liked the way she curiously examined my gaze with her slightly cynical lips. Thanks to Naiara I felt that not all was lost.

Shortly upon arrival at the station it overcame me. I started to weep. Not because of me, but for the closest that love me. Those that worried about me, as soon as they would hear of the stupid crap I did. All this would have only been a prank of a want-to-be activist had there not been that death. Poor Frau Möckelmann, she did not survive.

Naiara brought me a stack of paper and some pens. And a jug of coffee. "Write down what happened. And also why you did it!" Then she left. I liked the smell she left behind. At that moment I decided, should I ever get out of this I would invite her to dinner. Would she accept? Well, Basque women are very headstrong, but I am not here to tell you about Basque women. I am here to let down my pants and to present a deep insight with the hope to save myself and also, by the way, the world.

Chapter 3

Doing My Job

Why am I in detention? Simply because I take my job too seriously.

And, what is my job?

It is that which gives me no rest unless I do it. Consequently, that is why I better do it.

Although, initially, I had planned my life differently. But as the saying goes in Rhineland, “Et kütt wi et kütt“ (It comes as it comes). Or rather: firstly, it comes differently, and secondly, not what you expected.

Or, more fitting to the story I’m telling: You can’t think as evil as it is.

My other plans in life were to write screenplays, preferably a 007. But what I have to jot down, given to me through my own life’s experiences, goes far beyond fiction. Were this a plot of a new James Bond movie I would have demanded a refund on my ticket. Nobody can come up with something so bizarre, yet as all screenplay writers know very well: reality is much stranger than fiction.

Many years ago, a no-friend-of-mine movie director told me: “Hitler also dreamed of a career as an artist. But as we all know, it was not meant to be. In his case though, that wasn’t too bad. Because he did make it big. Really big. Much, much bigger than an artist could have ever anticipated!” And then he added his punch line, which made himself laugh: “Well, as I see it, you still have all options open!”

Evidently he was correct, I did not come out big as an artist, but on my other path I did. And this path found me, and not me the path.

It was never my intention, compared to this director, to “make it big”. In the film business I have met so many whose only goal was to make it big, but they didn’t have a story to tell. My intent was to always bring the audience to think or reflect. Surely to entertain, but with value.

I never imagined in my life that I would have to prepare such an indigestible blob into a tasty treat. It came to my advantage to have learned how to cook. Cook with words, pictures and sounds. It’s the mixture of the ingredients that makes the difference.

It was due to the creativity and the challenge that came with it that kept me on course. And the course I’m on is not an easy one. It criss crosses an unspeakable disgusting and appalling subject - namely, the unsayable.

And it is this creativity that destroys the helplessness and forms it into power. Even if it’s only a tiny power, it shines a small light in the darkness. And that is a victory. Away from helplessness, towards power.

I have to say in my defense, it seems to me, my life so far was a lengthy and tedious preparation to carry out this “job”.

I can tell a story more or less. I can do that in three languages. I’m a bit like Forrest Gump, I have stood in the first row when I found it necessary to see what was going on.

That is something I inherited from my grandmother. She would drop her hand in the grass and every time she’d pick a four-leaved clover. It is the same with me. Just that what I find effortlessly is the hair in the soup, the rat in the cellar, the scorpion in the toilet bowl, the snake in the living room, the opossum in the kitchen, and the worm in the system.

And I found many broken souls that have found their faith in me.

As I have stated in my “Tabula Rasa and the 3 Steps of Awakening”, my life’s experiences are much like a paint-by-numbers and my acknowledgement through my observations is that this planet is ruled

by sociopaths. I have come to these conclusions alone by observing my surroundings, that which happens right in front of my face. I do not need to travel to areas of conflict or turmoil, I just watch carefully what happens right in front of my nose right here in this so-called “first world”.

I was also prepared, because the unsayable and the disgusting have accompanied me throughout my life. It was always completely normal for me to deal with the unsayable. It often even amused me - especially then when I named it. Before I dropped the brick, I would make sure I would use a large brick so it would hit as many as possible.

For example: at the age of twenty I worked for a while as an undertaker. How I enjoyed to rub my experiences under the noses of my friends during those cozy evenings with a couple of pints of beer. Even with disgust one can show off.

Whoever would stay and want to listen to more, was inclined to realize how much we humans actually filter out and block. How much there is that we do not like to or can not talk about - especially if it stinks, scares us or is the unknown. Since individuals or even whole societies do not really know much, by default we block or ignore most of the unknown.

Once there was a time I impressed a philosophy student with these thoughts. Back then in Cologne, I struck her like a lightning bolt. That was when I was still young and quite naive.

I have to get to the point. No, I mean to my finding. Two findings, to be exact, that are extremely important to understand the rest of my journey. And so that everyone understands, I was not directly at fault for the death of Frau Möckelmann and I am not guilty.

One find is from August 2013. The other sometime in 2012. Both finds were literally lying directly in front of my doorstep. Literally right in front of my feet.

And both findings are the pillars on which all of this rests. My knowledge of the unsayable, as well as the consequences of my despair have brought me to this prison cell in the first place.

Chapter 4

The First Find

First, to the first find and a nice anecdote: in August of 2013, I received a visit from Raquel S. She is a very attractive actress from Valencia. She was exactly the person I needed for my road movie. So I invited her and she came.

ROADKILL is about a beautiful young hitchhiker on her way to Santiago de Compostela. It is an episode movie. Seven completely different men take her along, and all of them want to really get down with her. Yet, all seven of them must die. Only one, an old priest, who feared women all his life more than the devil, opens his heart to her, thinks out loud about his wasted life in celibacy and the times we live in.

I named him Padre Luis. He was the reason I wanted to make this movie. The priest speaks of change of conscience, of the awakening of mankind and of all the things that I have studied and observed over roughly 17 years.

The movie touches upon all that I have learned since my time living here with the Basques. Here between the mountains and the 7 dwarfs is where I would find friendships with shamans and witches. And as the waves form the coastlines here daily anew, so did my new friendships form me and respectively my world views. And after so many years there is always a before and an after. Back then I sought curiously, today I know a bit more. The continuous observation makes the master. The drop of water hollows the stone. And my stone battered the poor lady Möckelmann.

But excuse me. What was I about to say? Oh yes, ROADKILL and Padre Luis. August 2013 we had the first script rehearsals and it became quickly clear to me that Raquel had what it takes to make sure the priest would chuck his celibacy. In the film the priest is the only man to have, as

they say here, “riki-riki” with the girl. Then at his sweetest moment, his Lord calls him home.

In the evening after the rehearsals, Raquel, Juan (my assistant) and I went out. It was the Semana Grande festival, and the street party was right outside my doorstep. A DJ was playing beats and everyone was hopping. In the course of the evening I found myself standing next to Raquel at the beverage stand. I was buying some more beers at the cost of the production company. Suddenly something hit my foot. I picked it up. It was a white iPhone 4s just like the one Raquel always held dearly in her hand. Raquel is also one of those who loves to read the latest comments posted to her bikini selfies on Facebook.

From behind I slipped the phone into Raquel's purse and whispered into her ear: “Girl, take better care of your stuff!”

Raquel inspected the iPhone and said: “That’s not mine!”

Then I believed I saw the leg in the crowd. The leg which belongs to the trousers out of whose pocket I might have seen it fall. My reflex was to rush over, but Raquel held me back. “You’d better keep that. You’ll need it to stay in touch with me.”

Who would have said no?

What I did not yet realize was that this iPhone would be my main tool to meticulously collect all the evidence so bad no one wanted to see it. So horrid and gruesome no one wants to talk about it. Yet so true, that soon you all shall understand.

And this is the moment where the awakening begins.

Chapter 5

New Questions

Before I tell you about the second find, the actual find, and why I am here in detention jotting everything down, I'll have to recapitulate a bit. Because if I start with the weighty subjects now, it could happen that your sense of reason shuts off in a reflex. The sense of reason is a mental sphincter. You know what I mean... You have to work yourself slowly and cautiously with your pinky towards it. Preferably take some Vaseline ...

And that is why I go back to May 17, 2012. That evening I presented my no-budget film APAGA LA LUZ Y VERÁS at the festival Ecozine in Zaragoza. In English it's called: Turn off the Light and You Will See. I shot the movie with a small handheld camera. I spoke to eleven blind men and women in the year twenty-eleven about the world we live in today. Eleven in Spanish means ONCE. But ONCE is also the Organización Nacional de los Ciegos Españoles. The Spanish organization for the blind. Every Mallorca visitor knows them, the blind people that hold out in their little huts all day selling lottery tickets. At least, these lottery huts cast a shade where no palm trees grow anymore.

Naive as I am, I believed that ONCE would be delighted to finance my film on these visionary blind people. Yet I was very wrong.

On 2011/11/11 I did not premier my movie as I had hoped for, but instead a special lottery took place. Several millions of Euros were made and only a few were given out. This repdigit date must have been a dream come true for any lottery ticket seller. Especially then, to the ending of the Maya calendar, there were more than the usual amount of hungry souls searching for interpretations in everything. This desire for meaning and salvation could become compulsive. Especially for those that were dragged over the edge in times of crisis.

Just like me. And I am sure these have not been the stories and ideas the elite wants to hear. Just to make it clear: money avoided me. ROADKILL was just the latest example.

It all started after I wrote STRÖTEBEKER - THE PIRAT in 2000. And then came 9/11 and it blew me away.

I was appointed to write two ninety minute STRÖTEBEKER screenplays for Bavaria and Pro7. Of course, I needed a coauthor to finish this job in the deadline of just five months. We managed to create a fresh, rough, naughty and humane Strötebeker. And mostly we had our fun portraying the Danish queen Queen Margarete I. She ruled in the 14th century.

We pictured her as an envious nymphomaniac with piercing eyes and shards as teeth. Her men all ended up sooner or later in the dungeon. There she collected them as they vegetated, only to use them as lighting rods when her majesty had another fit.

It didn't even take ten years for this concept of intrigues and perversions to have a major success. They named it GAME OF THRONES and it was purely fictional. At least the countries and its inhabitants. This pseudo, shifty, hooked, sick behaving human soul, this spiral that screws itself deeper into the darkness was not made up. But it's okay, maybe it is even wanted that we look down into this abyss. But until now it is not allowed to make a connection between the abyss and any real authority, today or in the past.

The queen is infallible. And one never questions that. Not even today.

Now with my newest insights, I wonder if they put us, the two authors, on a black list. Interestingly, neither I nor my associate ever sold another script. Oh well. Paranoia is part of my book, part of my memoirs, a part of my being. Otherwise, I would not be here at the police station in confinement. Whether I am on some list or not, I did not sell one screenplay thereafter. I fell off the cash cow quicker than I got on.

All of a sudden, having only loose change, I started asking myself new questions. Questions you wouldn't ask yourself when you could fold your money. Those questions would be of another nature. When you've got the cash, you start asking which car you would like to buy next or where you want to spend a vacation. When I had my gold rush, I would mainly ask myself two questions with a menu in my hand: fish or meat? And the second question: beer or wine?

But as that was over with, my views expanded immensely. I did not need to ask myself whether I shop at Lidl or Aldi. There are no Aldis here.

And when you can not pass out the bills amongst the public, then you stay at home. There I asked myself then: TV or internet. And I never really enjoyed the TV. To interrupt movies is a sin. I would rather not see a movie than be constantly interrupted. And the rest on television you can forget. Well, sometimes there is an interesting documentary on Siberian wolves, Canadian foxes, or Danish sluts. But if your looking for sluts the internet has much more to offer.

Very quickly I learned that the internet had a lot more to offer than just sluts. There one can also find other news concerning world affairs. There are many alternative perspectives. And, there are also the missing pages of our history books. And there is also a ton of bullshit and misinformation. The sluts, and the cat pics, and Formula One and and and.

And you have it at your disposal whenever you want it. You only need to want it.

And you have to pay attention to how our wanting is being steered.

All of a sudden, completely new ideas came to my mind. And questions. Only when you are completely broke, you finally find the courage to ask yourself: What is actually money? Since I had none, it became quite clear to me what it was. Because we only start to realize what it, he or she was, as soon as it, he or she is gone.

So, what is money? That was the question that made me notice that there is a worm in the soup.

Chapter 6

Money

In the 1980s I was an apprentice at the Sparkasse, a savings bank. I learned how to manage and lend money. And I believed money accumulated through hard work and effort. The origin of money is a stork to the newborn. A banker never questions this. All he needs to have is a clean shave, a fine aftershave, an ironed shirt and a sleek tie to convince his customers of his competence as a professional. A man as such, looks as if he knows where money comes from. One should never ask these posh gentlemen such questions, as it will make you look like a novice. Just accept what he says.

In the future, historians will say that our monetary system was based on the magic of psychology. Especially this gets clear in German language: "die Schuld" is debt, and "schuldig sein" is to be guilty. Or: once you are in debt, you are guilty. And that's the way we are brought up.

When I was absolutely broke, that was when the first ZEITGEIST film came out - of course on YouTube. And it opened up my rusty Pandora's box.

It was the first time, as a former bank assistant, that I learned that the Federal Reserve is a private company with a monopoly on printing money. Anyone who has played the game MONOPOLY before will know that the bank, if it could refill its stocks endlessly, could and would buy up the entire board. So that, that doesn't happen, there is a limited amount of cash in the game. Just how well do I remember the times I would play with my neighbors' son Peter. And how he never realized that I would sneak in my own stack of MONOPOLY money into the game.

The movie ZEITGEIST and my childish pranks on my neighbors' Peter transformed into a feeling of helplessness and of being scammed. For three days and nights I couldn't sleep.

Already years ago, I have seen Mr. Bush Senior speaking of a New World Order on television. Yet now, for the first time I could imagine it. A totalitarian state. Everyone dependent on digital money. Because everything points to that direction that they want to spoil our exchange with cash. Soon we will only be using digital currencies. Every transaction, no matter if for rent, coffee, meds or the psychologist, everything will be transparent. And this was my biggest fear back in 2007. Nowadays I tell myself: what a tiny worry that used to be!

Then I watched THE MONEY SECRET and it held the same message as ZEITGEIST did. Money is pulled out of thin air. How could they withhold such crucial details from us apprentices at the bank at the time?

This inspired me to make a short film, that I regretfully never finished. BANKÜBERFALL, showing a Bank Robbery in 1887. Masked riders rob a bank in Santa Fe of all its sacks filled with gold. Meanwhile we have seen so many movies where sacks full of gold are stolen, that deep inside we still believe cash is equal to gold.

Part two of the movie would be then a hundred years later, so 1987. Just as Leonardo DiCaprio was the Wolf of Wall Street, I was a Humpty Dumpty am Wall. Am Wall is the name of the street where the Savings Bank of Wuppertal had its headquarters.

While the Wolf witnessed Black Friday on Wall Street, I, just a cub, was working at the loan department in the headquarters. On that day I witnessed how my colleagues aged five years within a few hours.

They were yelling, smoking and phoning frantically. The problem the loan department had, was that as security for the credits the banking clients overwrote their stock portfolio. The problem that day was that most deposits started shrinking worldwide and with them the securities, just like an ice cube in a hot sauna.

This sucked the life out of my colleagues. I just stood there and watched. It didn't concern me. It was not my movie, so it wasn't my

worry. Presumably I sat there and typed a letter to one of my dearest clients. My ploy was to tell these lady clients, the ones I liked, that they have won the client-of-the-month award and they had a prize waiting for them. They should get in contact with their friendly Mr. D. Of course, I used the official bank paper.

Yesterday I was a school-boy, and suddenly today a gentleman in a Hugo Boss suit. This elegance helped this cub enormously to get laid. This was of so much more importance to me than any invisible deposits. Probably, I was the only one to think of gorgeous Tanja rather than any other consequences of that historic day. I didn't give a damn about the tumbling markets. I didn't have any shrinking accounts, only something growing between my legs when I met Tanja later after work to hand her over the award.

Yet, let me get back to my short film. Now comes the second part. 1987. Back then money was still made of paper. A colleague of mine, in the same year of apprenticeship as me, stormed through the lobby of the bank ignoring the customers and shouted at me:

“Keep your filthy hands off of my cousin, you pig!”

That's the way it was. He was Tanja's cousin. Before he could grab my throat we were interrupted by shots.

Three men dressed in trench coats and with socks over their heads stormed into the bank waving their automatic guns nervously: “This is a robbery!”

We were in luck to have Mr. Wise, our Head Cashier, wise enough to hand out the cash. This spared us to be tortured or shot at in a Tarantino film manner.

The crooks filled their Adidas bags and were gone. This scene didn't take any longer than maybe two minutes. In the olden days, they'd

have to run with sacks of gold. They would have needed at least some horses to carry their loot.

And then comes the third part of the bank robber trilogy. It takes place today, 2017.

This time around, three masked men arrive with automatic guns and use force, or maybe not, I leave it up to you. The essence of the story is that the safe-deposit boxes in the bank are mostly empty because the currencies are digital and saved to a hard drive somewhere in the bank. Yet the three crooks are prepared. They brought a pen drive along and plugged it into the system of the bank. As soon as they spot the file with the virtual money, they drag it over and copy to their USB stick.

Since there are a couple of millions to transfer, it takes a while. Outside one can hear the approaching sirens. Sadly, the pen drive is only a USB 2 and not a USB 3. Immediately the responsible robber gets executed on the spot. The other two manage to copy the entire data to the stick and then vanish through the back door.

Cinematically speaking, this would be a beauty, but no bank gets robbed in this manner. Of course this is just nonsense. What isn't nonsense though, is that a heavy portion of money is virtual. Already back then, in the days of my apprenticeship in the late 1980's, there was a guy that got pretty popular. He stole several millions without anyone noticing and without harming anyone. How did he do it?

He was a hacker and wrote a program that would transfer the third digit behind the dot, the tenth of a cent, of each transfer to his own account. Slowly, but surely he accumulated quite a sum. No bank likes to speak of such anecdotes, because it makes it all too clear how they too operate. And no banker would openly tell you how big the effort is, to shit into our heads, so no-one does notice this scam at all.

We are just bystanders and we let it happen, us being divided into winners and losers. You can buy sex, but not love. And whoever says that is a romanticist. For most of us the quick kick you can buy with virtual

money is more important than life itself or the wellbeing of our planet. This sort of makes us all co-junkies in a very sick game.

It promptly dawned upon me the notion of how we are being steered and that we have reached a point where we place the value of digital digits above the value of the planet, and so above life itself. As simple as it sounds, is exactly as simple as it is. And no one wants to notice it.

Yet, actually, I could live with it, that our monetary system is just a big pile of bullshit, a Ponzi scheme. It's okay for me. I don't have any money anyway ;-) Sigh.

But what I find not okay, is that they do not grant us even the simplest, naked life itself. And that brings us once again to the unsayable.

Chapter 7

What's It About?

After watching ZEITGEIST, I could not stand reading another newspaper or watching TV. All I need is 5 minutes and I know where it's heading. Meanwhile, it's been fifteen years since I last owned a television. Every time I visit a friend's place and they have the TV on, I feel a bit like a non-smoker among smokers. Only a non-smoker notices the penetrating stench of cigarettes. But he who sits all day in the raunchy smell doesn't notice it anymore. And he who gets shit fed into his head all day also does not realize it anymore, believing he is well informed.

Suddenly, I realized how certain topics are pushed, repeated, or over exaggerated, while others simply do not exist, are silenced or completely ignored. Or, just simply made fun of.

In the haste of my newly won awareness, I even wrote SPIEGEL asking them to comment to the ZEITGEIST movie. Back then I still believed, I could direct these hardworking journalists to a topic they might have overseen in their everyday frenzy.

Did I receive an answer?

Of course not. As I realized how this "Internet-thing" got no mention at all by our "free press" - except for porn -, it dragged me even deeper into that internet rabbit hole. All that ridiculous tabooing made me naturally even more curious.

And so there I sat for nights glued to YouTube. I listened to all of David Icke's presentations, read articles by David Wilcock, and toiled through the confusing reports of a Ben Fulford. It all impressed me very much. That means: I couldn't accept it or believe it, nor could I forget it or deny it.

So I deepened my research. Things that are said online are only credible if they match my experiences in real life. What also counts are the experiences of people I can trust. Respectively, of coherent people. As a playwright one develops a sense of people and how they react to different situations. If they are reasonable or not. Even when our fellow humans become unexpectedly incoherent, this follows always an invisible scheme. Mostly I follow that scheme. Sometimes I see it clearly, and sometimes not.

But my list of new information continued to grow. Also the list of eye-openers. The ones that tell us there is so much more than this material world and the Deutsche Bank, more than debts and duties. Thank God this list grew longer day by day.

And I soaked it all up. All the things that hopefully people will collectively realize soon. For example:

we are spiritual beings gathering human experiences. Life is neither an accident, nor coincidence. Life is the meaning. Only the now exists and love bonds it all together.

From your cozy home, all these nice and pleasant sayings can now be consumed from our Facebook. Back then, you would at least have to go to your local Chinese restaurant to find your salvation in a fortune cookie at dessert. Joking matters aside, these good tidings always trickled through though. Not only on the screen or in a book, no, in your life you can not get around it: a life without Love always hurts.

Back then, there where I grew up, Jesus was our great master. He showed us which direction the wind blew. Unfortunately, his words were not so comprehensible and the church spreading his words was not sexy enough to bond the young people (compared to RTL). All that changed with Eckhart Tolle. He teaches us in a simple language the power of the now, and that only the now exists. Thanks to Tolle, I had for the first time the feeling I understood Jesus.

But I didn't just find new books, I also found new friends.

I have already mentioned my shaman friend Xabi in Tabula Rasa. He taught me that our five bodies are interconnected by an umbilical cord. Our physical body, the one that gives so much lust and pain, is just five percent of our existence. And only this body is connected with space and time. The other bodies not. They disengage themselves always more from this 3D world and reach to other dimensions, the heavenly or the origin of life itself. How can I explain it in words?

The energetic body is the body that is treated by ancient Asian medicines. We have all heard of meridians and chakras before.

Then there is the emotional body and it is fifty percent of our existence! The emotions we experience either make us high or drag us down. Everyone knows that. And the more we think about this “concept”, the more obvious it becomes how crucial it is to forgive.

Forgiveness is a very self-serving matter. Those who can not forgive gather too much anger in their emotional body. And should all this anger turn to bitterness, then it spills over to the physical body and makes it sick.

Next we also possess a mental body. It has a lot to do with our intentions. One could say, it is somewhat of a compass that shows us a direction to follow.

Finally, the fifth body is the spiritual body. It's the bridge to God itself. Quantum physics speaks of a doppelgänger we all have in a parallel universe. This body is immortal and saves and collects all the experiences we have made during our lifetimes with our other bodies. On countless occasions people who have been clinically dead and then resurrected, reported that at the moment of death our lives pass before us within seconds. That is so because all of our worldly experiences get transferred via this umbilical cord.

Wherever I looked, it became always more obvious: The box in which I was born and raised, does not suffice to explain the world in which we actually live.

And it dawned upon me what every master, author, or healer tries to explain in their own words, paintings or by other means, seems to be always the same in the end.

For some, language or the image they have created transforms itself into a dogma. That is how religions come forth. Nevertheless, in the core of it all, that which we all try to explain is always the same:

Everyone speaks of a growth of the soul.

Here in this earthly world we are formed and tested.

The battle between good and evil is truly of biblical dimensions. It's happening all around us, but mostly within ourselves.

Only Love is true.

And at the end, the good is the winner. Always.

Because love holds it all together. In our love lies the alpha and the omega of our journey. And to travel one has to overcome many obstacles. Yet, with every obstacle that we master, grows our strength. That is why we need this duality of good and evil to help us climb higher. Like a plant grows to the light.

There are thirteen steps a seed produces in order to become a plant. The nine energetic levels of the Maya calendar are split into thirteen chapters. Those are the six nights and seven days. The light, the day or the love are always a bit greater. For the complete construct - call it cosmos, space, universe or multiverse - is build upon it. Just this little bit more of love is all it takes.

Speaking of Maya, I was in contact with the famous Swedish Maya expert, Carl-John Calleman. And it inspired me so much that suddenly I realized what the end of the Maya calendar really meant.

It's a tidal turn. From low to high tide, and from high to low tide. Just like with a pendulum. And now the journey is going into the other direction. If you look at it from this perspective, a lot becomes pretty clear: the Bible states those who lead will follow and those who follow will lead. Take a look at a swing boat and you will understand the Bible.

It would also explain why there were no prophecies beyond 2012. There was simply nothing to predict into that direction.

It would also explain why the end of the calendar was laughed at and made fun of by the mainstream media. While the rulers of our planet portrayed the Maya calendar in the Capitol (and who knows where else), always in view, they always knew its meaning.

I assume, that our rulers knew from the beginning that now their time has come. That is why they try to give us one last beating, so that they can prolong their rule for a bit longer.

Do you understand? I'll repeat it once more:

I assume, that our rulers knew from the beginning that now their time has come. That is why they try to give us one last beating, so that they can prolong their rule for a bit longer.

And this beating is an ancient story, some say, it goes all the way back to Babylon. Other say, it started with the Anunnaki some 300,000 years ago. When it all started, I do not know. All I know is that it started and it has been going on until now. This I can observe even today.

For someone to be on top, the others have to be on the bottom. The winner is not satisfied with gaining, he wants to see the loser suffer. And what I see, is that the stronger and mightier simple man becomes, the more

drastic, perfidious, and malicious become the methods to keep us small, fat and dumb. Put it simply: to keep all of us down.

As malicious as these beatings may meanwhile be for us, the general public, I simply could not have imagined before. Maybe I didn't want to imagine it. It is something you can't spot so quickly. It is something you have to take in one bite at a time.

Chapter 8

Two Steps Further

I still have to go two steps further. For I have found these revelations through my research and in life itself. There are many others who occupy themselves with these two steps. That is why I will only briefly touch upon these topics, since they belong here, but are not actually unsayable. Even though they appear so on first look. Rarely do people talk about it, but this makes it not unsayable.

The first is, there is a shadow government that leaches upon the world like a parasite. Actually it's not a conspiracy theory, it's mathematics. James B. Glattfelder calculated this in his study "Network of Global Corporate Control" using a supercomputer. He played a 3D "Follow the Money". Surprisingly, eighty percent of worldwide banks, companies and holdings hang on the same dip. Or, one could say, are on the same leash. They all are under the same master. Understandably, disguised behind different brands and names.

It becomes very obvious these days with our "free press", such as Bild or Spiegel - the only differences can be found in their fetishism. One of them likes green, the other brown, personally I like brunettes. Yet, all obey the same master, he who treats or punishes them.

And the same masters that are involved through their financial networks in all basic fields of life (nutrition, education, medicine, entertainment and arts), diligently controlling and forming our world and consciousness, can be realized once we stop wagging our tails to every goodie they throw us.

It still goes a bit further. This shadow government is in contact with aliens. I can not prove it, nor deny it. To put it differently: it would seem quite arrogant to claim that the entire universe was created solely to beget only us.

But the crux of the story is not that the aliens want to steal our blond virgins, export democracies or open fast food chains. They also do not want our mineral oil. On the contrary, they show us how to use free energy. Free - meaning also combustion-free - energy.

And if one thinks this idea consequently through, one comes automatically to the conclusion, that free energy - no matter if ET's or Tesla showed us how it worked - would mean only one thing: the end of poverty for all.

So he who hides this technology from us, strives on our misery.
And who profits on our misery always more and more?
The banks.

Welcome to the rabbit hole.

Chapter 9

The Friendly Pimp

What happens to a woman, that gets beaten up by her husband, gets abused and does not defend herself, accepts it, or even defends her rapist?

I ask: what happens then? Does the man simply stop beating her? Or is he going to push it a bit further? ... and get nastier and more brutal?

The answer is: there where is no resistance, the disdain of the perpetrator only grows.

What happened on the eleventh of September two thousand and one? Is there anyone who still believes the “official” version?

Really?

Could it be that the three skyscrapers that were hit by two airplanes did not turn to dust due to kerosene?

Oh, you did not know there were three buildings? Well. There were three. The third building was, for Manhattan standards, quite small. It had just about forty-seven stories. It didn't necessarily grab our eye. On that peculiar day, suddenly one of its many floors was on fire. And it was not even hit by an airplane, not even by a football, and yet it disintegrated into a fine dust shortly after it caught fire. You don't believe me? Just google: WTC7.

Meanwhile, always more are aware that the Reichstag fire has repeated itself, even if we are not allowed to say it. Not yet. But the Reichstag was on fire once again. This time it was a lot more spectacular, visual and it was even broadcast live around the whole world.

For the first time in history, mankind stood shaking. So much, it was traceable at the magnetic poles of our planet. Are we in closer contact to mother nature than we are said to believe?

Even I took a couple of years to realize that 9/11 was a false flag incident. It was not those evil dudes behind the mountains. Missy was not beaten by some drunk, it was her own protector and helper that beat her. And this time she got a beating she will never forget.

And that is the way it was. Later they bonded us and put heavy burdens upon us. And we did not say a word, on the contrary, we let them do it all to us for the sake of security. Only for our best interest. For the good of all.

By the way, all the things I write about you can google. Nothing is invented. We are in the midst of a reality novel, led by life itself, commented and observed by myself. I do not dare to do more. All I can do is ask questions, observe, and try to interpret the connections. Yet, interpreting is such a thing. The more I started interpreting, the clearer it became to me there is a master interpretation. Who controls it though?

Our media, of course. And if they say it, then it is so. If it is seen on TV, then that is the way it is. If it runs on the television in a “freak show”, then it must be a freak show. And then they fade in the laughter of the audience... always the same insane, taped laughter.

It is not long ago, as I sat every morning for breakfast in the same bar. I sat there with a slice of tortilla, enjoyed a glass of coffee with foamed milk, and every, every morning I would read the paper from start to end. I had my favorite newspaper, just like all the other guests. And I was hooked on my paper. I was only satisfied with my paper and no other. That’s the way all felt. The others jumped quickly to their paper of choice and not just any one laying around. This repeated itself every morning.

Some like yellow, others blue, red, green or purple. It’s the same with our media. Since I am trilingual, I would repeat this game daily with other papers as well. Back then I would buy the Spiegel, the NY Times or

El País at the kiosk, believing I was well informed. At that time I had already heard and read of the Mayas and about the change of consciousness. And yet, it made me nervous to sit in a restaurant with two dubious looking Arabs.

On one hand, I already anticipated how much larger life is and how much deeper the universe. On the other, I was kept at large with fear by diffuse enemies.

Why do we never have peace? I never really understood why. I have seen a good part of the world, like a Johnny look-in-the-air I would only have good encounters. No matter what race or corner of the world. Yet, it never lacked respect, sometimes even such things like friendships emerged.

But what I never understood, was, how was it possible to lead wars against “the others”. When we dine together with delicious foods and drinks, we always get along fine. But when you are in the trench, it is mostly too late to get to know the person behind the other weapon.

Why are there always wars, as people grow closer together with bigger families and ties?

Well, because wars are fuelled. Wars are wanted. Because conflicts fill the pockets and keep the system alive. And because in times of war or during heavy conflicts, we need a good, strong, and mighty leader.

This is the reason we still have wars. Not because the others are idiots and have to be conquered. One can find thousands of reasons, if one looks for them. That is why we have our good old prostitutes.

In the past we had our subordinates receiving orders, now we have those receiving the cash. Every now and then, we have a hostile psychopath in every race or religion. These are the ones we like to make popular. And these are the ones that often come quite far. Yet, how far do they come without being promoted? Or rather, the other way around,

why do such hostile psychopaths always find support? No matter where or when.

Psychopaths are supported by other psychopaths. They know that they can control and herd us, sheeple, better in a group. Together it is easier for them to set up the instruments needed.

Like, for example, the Federal Reserve. Its appearance in 1913 under President Woodrow Wilson was definitely one of the smartest moves to slowly, but surely reap all wealth of the planet in exchange for virtual digits.

Meanwhile, we are a century further. It was not only the bloodiest century of all times, it opened completely new doors for the mighty. Mean and repulsive doors that serve to dominate us.

I will get to that later, your mind still needs a bit of oiling. One thing you can be sure of though is, that sympathetic protector and husband who shows his true face, is still long not finished with his dear wife.

What do you think? When the pimp beats her face bloody, is he finished or is it just the beginning to something “even worse”?

Of course, it’s going to get worse. Especially if she doesn’t resist or show any sign of defense.

And there on the corner where I stand, I see clearly exactly that, what our friendly pimp has in store for our sweetie. And that is in fact, unbelievable and unsayable. I fear, should I speak it out too soon I might lose your attention. Most people close up in a reflex.

I know what I’m talking about. No one wants to hear it. That is why it pops my lid! No one wants to hear it! Nobody and no one.

That is why I took a hostage. I wanted people to FINALLY hear me. I did not want a ransom or anything of such sorts. All I wanted was that the Basque Minister for Environments comes and listens to what I

have to say. That is all I wanted! And it would have filled me with pleasure, if my arrest and the MOTIVE for my action would be heard in the headlines of the world. And that would be one possibility, to finally be heard what they are doing to us. And we are at this point where we hear the bells ringing and are heading straight towards it. Even if most of you would not think it was possible.

But this point will come, maybe ten minutes earlier with my writings. The point in time, when we will all understand, is just as certain as the death of poor Frau Möckelmann. Now they blame her death on me. To be honest, had my hostage-taking not resulted in a death, I would have long been home by now. Because nobody understood that my taking hostages was meant seriously. There was definitely enough wine for all of us. And they sang so merrily.

It just went wrong, or maybe not. Without a death, there would be no police, no arrest, no plea, no confession. Nobody who would listen. Actually it is going as I hoped for. Even if the Basque Minister for Environments did not appear yet, I am sure he will hear of me. And I can only hope, he will read my confession and look at my collection. And hopefully, he thinks about it independently. Though, nowadays, that is already too much too ask for.

Chapter 10

Tom & Barbara

At this moment in time, I become aware I am in detention. How can I profit from this awkward situation? I hope the press will hear about it. How dumb of me not to have informed them beforehand. With an anonymous call. “Come to tonight to the Mirador de Ulia! Something awful will happen. And please bring your camera and microphone along.”

Why did I not think of it? Well, I did not really have a plan. The thought of getting attention by kidnapping was not really new, but the execution of the idea was quite spontaneous. And alcohol had a big part in it. And consequently the reflex to this horny, arrogant millionaire’s slut, Frau Rittenbach. What a dumb bitch.

Something like that has never happened to me before. As a local tour guide, I have experienced a lot. But this drooling Rittenbach definitely went far beyond the scope.

I like to tell my friends I work as a lubricant. People come here, want to have a pleasant vacation and I make sure their stay runs as smooth as lube. The average customer is a bus load full of twenty to forty-five persons, mostly retirees. We take a walk and I tell them a bit about everything. At the end of the tour most want to try the local cuisine. With a cool glass of Txakoli, one always finds a pleasant and thankful company. Sometimes I even forget these are my customers.

I like my appearances. It makes me feel a bit like Alex, the lion in the animated children film MADAGASCAR. At the end I get an ovation and a juicy steak.

Sometimes I get special assignments. I get to, for example, accompany a wealthy couple in a limousine with a driver. These are mostly quite peculiar. These people, wherever they may come from, whatever they might do, are all in a positive vacation mood. And up to

now, we always had lunch together, at their expense naturally. And what I always loved to do is cautiously get to know them better and find out more about them. Rarely would a complaint go in about my sassy manners. In most cases I have made very pleasant acquaintances and had great conversations.

And that's the way it was with Tom and Barbara. Two older Americans. Very wealthy. Couple of years ago, they booked me for three whole days to amuse them. I remember clearly, how I picked them up at their hotel Londres. It's the second best hotel in town, but possibly the best choice. Only from the Londres one can enjoy a beautiful view of the Concha bay and the beach lies right in front of it.

No matter what I showed them, no matter where I took them, Tom and Barbara observed everything in a quiet and somewhat somber manner. I asked myself if it was me who disturbed them. Sometimes you get a tourist or a chaperone assigned and you just want to get rid of him. It is seldom, but it happens. Do I have to clinch my fist in my pocket for three days escorting Tom and Barbara? I won't stand it.

So I started doing my jokes. Maybe provoke a little bit. Up on Monte Jaizkibel stands an old ruin. I like to tell the people here stood the first McDonalds, but it was blown away by the ETA. Tom and Barbara laughed out loudly. So, I am not annoying them.

The remaining time I spent with them was actually very pleasant. On the last day we had lunch in St. Jean-de-Luz. We sat outside and I had an omelette. When customers invite me to eat a la carte, I am usually quite modest. And since it was driving me mad for three days, I asked how they made their money.

“If we tell you, you'll hate us.”

“You're from the Federal Reserve!” I burst out.

“No. I build thermonuclear weapons systems and my wife works on plasma weapons.”

The latter I did not understand, for I have never heard of it before. There was the unsayable for me still unheard of.

I sat there like I was hit by lightning and suppressed my reflex to jump up and flee. Not because it was to no avail, but because I still saw Tom and Barbara as two human beings. They have disclosed now their open wound to me. Now I understood why it seemed to me they were carrying a huge cross on their backs the whole time. Now I understood why their kids kept their distance from them. When you accompany someone for three days, these are the kind of details that come to light.

In the end, as a filmmaker and screenplay writer, I was grateful to dive into the diversity of mankind. Often I stood in the first row. How often I have said that I feel a bit like Forrest Gump. How much have I already found, not having searched for?

After their confession it seemed the knot was opened. Tom and Barbara appeared all of a sudden so relieved and then they got very tired. It did them good that I didn't run away. The limousine came to pick us up and the return trip back took less than forty minutes. Barbara and Tom dozed away like two satisfied toddlers on the black leather seats of the big Mercedes Benz.

Discreetly I picked my nose and wondered of the meaning of the word plasma. Had I known back then what I know today, I would have had very, very many questions especially for Barbara.

Chapter 11

Looking for Alliance

As the unspeakable finally dawned upon me – and I was definitely not the quickest, also here, as so often, I have to admit, I am a late bloomer. Yet the later I bloom, the more burst I have.

Once I then knew of the unspeakable, I felt so under pressure by my conscience that it wouldn't give me peace, I couldn't look away. Around the clock and at every opportunity I would look for allies in this fight against the most malicious of mischievous crimes ever.

My first go-to contact was an influential and respected physician, a dear friend of mine from my hometown. At first he had a vigorous interest in my findings and worries, we'd swap ideas and thoughts, but then, all of a sudden, he became silent.

He is still around, because he answers everything such as Christmas cards and the like. About the unspeakable though, he says nothing. It's disappointing because in the beginning he had an open ear for me. I really wanted to talk with him. I had respect for him and he was a worthy capable person. But no. Power failure.

The same thing happened to another acquaintance of mine, a Catalanian neurologist whom I had met at a convention for alternative medicines. He too showed deep interest at first until I showed him my collection of evidence. His response was a big zero.

This kind of reaction, I experienced often. Actually, that was the response I always received when I showed people my collection. The collection that leaves a person afraid that the unspeakable has long begun. I would never receive an answer from anyone. Not even a “no”. Just a complete blackout. Just a big mental gaping. I had the feeling that I could look into the gaping mind of the person opposite of me and see a dark empty hole.

Only later I learned that psychology names this “cognitive dissonance”. If we bump into something we cannot explain and it does not fit into our personal worldview or it contradicts our beliefs, then we usually drop the idea and pretend we did not see it.

But the people who know me, know that I do not give up quickly. One day I will find that person who will not look away. Some day I will find my alliance, those who realize what is happening and are willing to help stop this crime.

In December of 2013, I scented a great opportunity in finding allies in my fight against the unspeakable. The soccer team Bayer Leverkusen arrived and it was my job to pick them up at the airport. Soccer never interested me and I had to be prepped on the Werkselbs (pertaining to the Bayer factory eleven) upcoming Champions League game against Real Sociedad. A big game.

One couldn't overlook it, seeing those five night liners waiting at the airport. The team, the Werkselb, even had their own bus from Leverkusen come. It drove the whole night through to be there. Because it is of utmost importance to have the buttocks of the queen sitting on its own toilette bowl.

Every bus had two escorts. One of them was me. The silence before the storm. Some smoked. Everyone took a photo of the Werkselb bus. Definitely a symbol of power that will impress and awe people on the Basque streets.

All of a sudden the chartered Airbus arrived. The plane door opened. A huge group consisting of the Werkselb, the junior team, VIPs, sponsors and the press, and leading them all, Rudi Völler, distributed themselves among the buses.

I was assigned to the press. "Wow!" I thought to myself. Let's see if I find my alliance here. Cautiously I waited for my opportunity to break the ice.

In the evening I went back to the hotel to accompany the journalists to a dinner at a three-star restaurant. Here in San Sebastian we have in all 16 Michelin-stars. And three of those stars I would get to know this evening.

It was the first time I would set foot in such a snazzy shack. I escorted the press (ten males and one female) to their reserved table. Since there was only one seat left, next to Mr. S. who seemed to be the most interesting of the bunch, I grabbed the seat and partook in the five course meal. No one told me I should not take part at the dinner. The vacant seat was not claimed by anyone else, so I assumed it was for me and so I sat

down. It was my fate. Only later did I notice that none of my other colleague-chaperones was present!

After ringing them up, I realized they were on the other side of the street at a gas station consuming Hotdogs and paper cup coffee waiting for the crowd to finish their 3-star menu. After all, the clientele would have to be accompanied back to the hotel later on. That is the role of an escort, to accompany.

Yet, today I was heroic and for my unwearrying mission for the truth, I de facto had to endure myself in a three-star dinner. Of course, it was accompanied glass-wise with the fitting wines.

I found myself amidst the top German sports presenters at a table. And I had their attention. After all, I could say something about the food, the wine, and even about the bread. Coincidentally, it was the bread, made by a baker from my neighborhood.

Yet, I mostly only listened to them. The journalists knew each other for a long time and these sports events were after all their daily bread. They were an established troop, in which I was allowed to take part in for a couple of hours. They joked and amused themselves on the details of the old, historic games. They spoke of the 1994 soccer world championship and about a colleague who passed away with whom these trips were so delightful and funny. They missed him very much.

Mr. S. was the only one at the table with fine, more intelligent facial characteristics. He had the appearance of a statesman. Someone who could interview Mrs. Merkel. And soon, Mr. S. clarified to me that he has. In politics one has to be very careful what one says, otherwise you lose the job. In cultural arts the budgets are missing, so consequently he joined the traveling circus of soccer. There he nested himself in a comfortable niche. And of course he did not want to leave it a few years before his coming pension.

Do you think he would want to hear of the unspeakable shortly before retiring from a successful career? To journalistically indulge himself in this topic?

I did have hope to maybe be able to wake his professional curiosity. At least I tried. But Mr. S. solely answered with a tiresome smile. He let me know he was not informed on conspiracy theories and swayed the conversation to his favorite topic: red wine.

With his porous nose he sniffed at his goblet. The statesman had once flushed down his conscience and receives for that today a decent salary.

Yet, it is exactly this type of people who remind us that Germany under Uncle Adolf was a country of sheeple. Then there are the discussions, accusations and much press. How could anything like this be possible? And how could it be no one noticed it? To Hell! Everything was wrong back then.

And today we are cool, awake and sooo modern.

This thinks and thought every generation.

Do you notice how the pressure was building up inside of me?

Urgently I needed someone to talk to. How I longed to find a sturdy partner in the press, medical field, or in politics. Someone who had the courage to listen to my story. Somebody who could help me to make it be heard.

Make what be heard? The unspeakable. If you stay focused you will find out sooner or later. Regretfully.

Ever since I became aware of the unspeakable, I did everything in my power to also make others aware of it. How can people stop something they are not aware of?

No one seemed concerned, and over time it started eating me from the inside. It's bad enough that it is happening, but what is worse is that it seems that nobody cares, no one is noticing it, because nobody is interested.

How can it be that no one is interested?

This could only happen if humankind is led to lose its instinct of self preservation.

Is such an implication too far fetched considering the circumstances? I'm afraid not.

Even my best friends could not understand me anymore. "You're wasting your time" "Find a job and get back to reality!" For my friends it is normal to choose where to spend their vacation or which car to buy next. It's all normal. They are indoctrinated and blinded by the shine of money. I am not anymore. It has left me a while ago and I was the only one of my old friends to suddenly ask these questions.

It was a hard hit for me to hear one of my best friends say with a brush: “If that is the way it is, then I can not change anything anyway. You know what? ... I'm doing good. I enjoy my life. I have made it and everything else does not concern me.” He had to take a moment for thought and added: “I am selfish!” He said it with pride. Because he has made it so far he is proud to call himself selfish.

Speechless, I looked at him. He will not get away with this so I spluttered: “But your children! Think of your kids. They will not have a future if we do not act.”

My friend sighed in a bugged manner: “They too are only selfish.” The discussion ended here.

The same every time. Again and again. Once I heard a friend say “It's just your truth”. And he would rather just think of positive things. Is my truth so isolated from his? On the bank account yes, but not in the matrix of life.

No one listened, no one wanted to help me. Never before did I feel so lonesome and helpless. Again and again I would use the following metaphor:

Imagine, I walk by your house at night and I see it burning. What should I do? Should I wake you up and sound the alarm or pretend nothing is happening, let you sleep and just move on?

Evidently, the answer is clear: let you sleep. And this was hard for me to accept, especially with my friends. But, okay, I accept it. And they have to accept that I have to process and overcome my pain by pouring it in a form. Actually I have always thought of my friends as being a bit smarter than the rest of mankind. Actually.

I became more exasperated. Is there no one who understands me? Who can help me? Sure there is! I grabbed my hand.

Bingo! There is someone! I was lucky enough to meet the top dog of investigative journalism personally. He is worldwide the number one in bringing the scum to light. I'm speaking of none another than Günter Wallraff. He is my last attempt, my last desperate hope in building an alliance.

Of course I still have his cellphone number. He gave it to me in May 2011. He came to a cultural event in my place of exile, San

Sebastián. As I knew we had mutual friends in Cologne, I addressed him on the subject.

Since he had no plans yet for the following day, I offered him a sightseeing tour. The result was a wonderful day taking a stroll, lunch at the harbor, and Patxaran on ice on the Plaza de la Constitución.

In the evening we hung out on my terrace, there where I shoot my time-lapsed videos of the skies. We ate rustic bread with Chorizo and goat cheese, the wine flowed.

Others were also present, there were some of his family members and some Germans living in San Sebastián. The later it got, the more interesting were also the conversations Günter shared with us. Günter was sympathetic and I had to tell him of my first experience I had in connection with his name: As a child I was visiting my uncle for his birthday. His birthday present was Wallraff's book GANZ UNTEN (At the Lowest of the Low – where Wallraff disguises himself as a Turk and infiltrates the German heavy industry cesspit as a foreign worker).

I still have it before my eyes as my uncle unwrapped his present and pulled out the book. My uncle did not take long to dump it into the wastepaper basket next to him, and it was gone. That clings to me. And now, this Günter is sitting with me on my terrace. Forrest Gump says hi.

Back then I did not know of the unspeakable yet. Back then I had not imagined how perverted, malicious and sick our elites in realty were. Otherwise, with all that wine, I would have chewed both of his ears off that night.

Some years later, after encountering the unspeakable, I called Günter and told him of my worries and experiences. He listened to me attentively and said: “Those are heavy accusations. Yet, I do not have the energy for it. I can't stem such a big number. I'm too old for that. Somebody else has to take care of it, someone younger than me.” And then he warmly concluded: “Take good care, and don't forget, you are a real Mensch.”

Yes, this he also said once he left my place late that night: he has met yet a few, who are so authentic, uncomplicated and honest as I was. “You are a real Mensch!”

Yet, of what use is it, when you are alone at the end?

Günter hung up. I held the telephone in my hand and I needed some time to comprehend that I would possibly not find a potent alliance.

Just in that moment the lint was sparked, that ignited my path down the road to the explosion of my hopeless activism.

Yeah, and poor Frau Möckelmann had to pay with her life. Yet, I have to mention in my defense: a big part of the guilt also goes to that old Rittenbach. That ever-horny, spiffed up billionaires mare. She really topped it off.

Chapter 12

Taking Hostages

The Rittenbachs came on a cultural excursion in an exquisite small group. Distinguished, wealthy, older folks from Germany visited for four days to get the best of Basque cuisine and visit the finest Basque concerts.

All of them resided at the Maria Cristina, the top notch address in this city. It's a luxurious hotel situated within the old summer palace of Queen Isabel II. Some say, it is the best hotel in Spain. At least the Rolling Stones thought so. No matter where they perform in Spain, they always fly-in to spend their nights at the Maria Cristina.

I have seen the Stones at the hotel entrance. It was the first time, I stood there like a lunatic fan and waited for them. I only did it because they are a legend and I really like their music.

Only Queen Elisabeth has been in office longer, but I wouldn't wait for her anywhere. But for Mick, Keith, Ron and Charlie, I would. And then they arrived. They were all very small and didn't have an ass in their pants. Just legs, leading to their bodies. Yes, and Mick looks like a lady's crocodile handbag on two legs. And that's how we get back to Frau Rittenbach, she has the same complexion.

Frau Rittenbach surely was a beautiful lady and still is for her age. She is the type of lady who always got what she wanted. But also someone who could not deal with it when someone would suddenly say "No".

Her husband was a fine man, very good looking with noble features. Meanwhile it must have become a problem for them because he was quite a bit older than she was. Even Viagra has its limits.

As I would judge Frau Rittenbach, she'd amuse herself with the riding master or tennis instructor. Yet suddenly, she realized, she has gotten even too old for that.

But the flame has not gone out inside of her. She behaved like an unbearable mare that needed to be groomed. Why else would she have been so bitchy and longing for special treatment?

During the day I would keep the group busy strolling through San Sebastián. I do that well. The more groups I accompany, the more of a

feeling I get for them. Especially with such snobby elderly crowds I get a kick out of it not to only lecture on the historical values but I try to carefully probe how far I can go with my somewhat special type of humor.

A tour guide is also a type of class clown, a role I held more or less since elementary school. I know a lot of anecdotes and dirty jokes, especially when I'm in my own hood. Of course I noticed how Frau Rittenbach almost started drooling. Apparently I aroused her. And for the first time Frau Möckelmann came to my attention. She was the oldest among them and was accompanied by her nurse. We always had to wait on Frau Möckelmann and thanks to her the city tour turned into a Tour-de-Force.

And like always, my genius lies in reconciling the quickest in the group with the lamest. That's why I would put in a Txakoli stop at every corner, this kept the mood up high. Txakoli is a dry and light bubbly white wine, the grapes ripen in the salty breeze on the coastline. Since only a limited amount of bottles are filled, not enough to be exported, one has to drop by personally over here to try a Txakoli. It's definitely worth it.

That evening we were taken in a minivan further on down to Bilbao. Bilbao has become a keen example of how a successful structural change should and can be made. A once upon a time smoggy industrial hellhole transformed itself to a hip cosmopolitan city. Not only did the Guggenheim let the number of visitors explode, the whole city got a new makeover. And that's also how the new concert hall arose. Not only did it get its name, but also its rusty appearance thanks to the scrap metals used onsite of the meanwhile shutdown shipyard EUSKALDUNA.

Here we heard Verdi's requiem. Have you ever heard it? Well, even if I appreciate Verdi very much, the requiem of requiems for me is still from Mozart. Mozart highlighted certain depths, something others didn't dare.

After a long day, I brought the group back to San Sebastián to the Maria Cristina. I helped Frau Möckelmann out of the van. I wished them all a good night and headed on home, for early tomorrow morning I'd be back.

Mr. Tim, is how these groups mostly called me, should appear in the morning to take the society on a further tour. That is what I also did.

High spirited and freshly showered I appeared at the hotel as scheduled at ten o'clock the next day. The minivan was also already there.

The second day with the same group gives me a feeling of familiarity. After all, you already know with whom you are dealing.

“Hello and good day to all of you.” Frau Rittenbach winked derogatively at me, the rest of them gave me a pleasant nod and Frau Möckelmann with her escort did not come. She was excused. The pace I set the day before was unbearable for her. Was there a complaint building up on the horizon?

Anyway, I showed the driver my secret route to San Pedro, we drank the holy water from Mary's fountain, then we took the ferry to San Juan where a bus was already waiting for us. Every time, I tell the groups San Juan reminds me of Lake Garda and every time they agree.

Then we drove further with the bus over Monte Jaizkibel. Here it goes up a steep climb of 450 meters to an unspoilt and open view of the huge Atlantic Ocean.

Up here there are no more houses anymore, only free roaming horses. Then we drove by the, from the ETA, bombed McDonalds from where there is a striking view of the Pyrenees and directly below the valley of Bidasoa, a river forming a natural border between Spain and France.

If you go a little further by foot there is an old ruin of a tower. And if you go past that - careful it goes very steeply down! - one can still see the French Basque coast with Hendaye and St. Jean-de-Luz. On very clear days one can even see the coast of Biarritz. Sometimes also a plane comes in and lands in Fuenterrabia. It is spectacular because the runway lies in a very narrow valley and ends directly at the water.

After this scenic photo-stop we stopped shortly at the pilgrimage church of Guadalupe, a stop of the Way of St. James. Finally we arrived in Fuenterrabia, a world heritage city declared by UNESCO. Charles V. had a fortress built here directly on the French border. He had to do this. If you ever visited Hendaye, you would know that the French set up huge old canons on the promenade all aimed at Spain. For sure, one or the other time they were also used.

The old fortress Charles V had built resembles a bunker from the outside, in the inside there are knightly chambers with high ceilings and a wide open green courtyard. Meanwhile the fortress serves as a Parador. This is a Spanish state-owned hotel chain that solely utilizes historic structures to liven them up with visitors and to keep them in shape.

In the bar at the Parador we had some more Txakoli and no one missed Frau Möckelmann. Having given a good tour, the marvelous weather and now the Txakoli in the courtyard of the old fortress shone something magical. Working can be so wonderful. Frau Rittenbach poured me another glass - she was very pleased with the days program. And she wanted to know if I would attend the dinner in the evening. As I confirmed I would, she said she'd be delighted.

After the day trip we had a rest for three hours. I would be expected to pick them up at 8 pm. I was also asked to come in appropriate attire.

That is what I did. Thank God I still own a suit, in which I just barely fit if I hold my breath and don't eat. Perfect for tonight's dinner.

In the hotel lobby of the Maria Cristina they were all waiting on me, I was one minute late. Frau Rittenbach immediately caught my attention. She wore a red, tight, somewhat short dress lined with a thick black seam. A taste somewhat too fetishistic. Just as I had that thought she gave me an intimate wink.

Her husband surely did not notice, as he was too busy showing her off. Well, sure, despite her age she still looked good. And she was definitely the eye catcher of the group.

A large table was reserved at the Mirador de Ulia. The Mirador has only one Michelin star, but it has a breathtaking view of the city and the La Zurriola beach. To get there we needed, once again, the Minivan.

Frau Möckelmann also joined us, though without her nurse. It did surprise me, but Frau Möckelmann just laughed and could not reason why she should pay for such an expensive dinner for her nurse. Servants do not belong in such circles. I gulped and thought to myself: hopefully I will get a seat at the table and not have to wait outside with our driver at the gas station with a chewy piece of white bread and a tasteless industrially-made Tortilla.

Yet, I was lucky. Once again I could partake in an exclusive meal and I was even paid for the time. How much? I can not tell you because I can't stand envy. But don't worry, these type of assignments are an absolute exception. Stuff like this is not my daily bread, but when it does happen, then it is mostly a good story.

I enjoyed the view from the terrace at the restaurant just as much as the tourists do. Thereto we were served some appetizers and chilled champagne. Later we were escorted to our table.

I purposefully did not take a seat next to the Rittenbachs. I grabbed a seat so so that I could keep an eye on her. That old witch looked hot as hell and to have some fun, I thought to myself, could not hurt.

I sat then next to a Herr Möller, an accountant, and his wife. He had the appearance of a fat naughty boy with designer specs, likely well over sixty. With every glass of wine he would spill some more truths. He told me how Swiss bankers fly small planes at low altitudes across Lake Constance and land on small fields in Germany. There they personally take deposits from their customers and book them to anonymous accounts. It's part of the service.

His wife obviously felt awkward that her husband so openly and without hesitations entrusted me with such information. I was thrilled. Herr Möller was certain that Germany has evolved to a banana republic. Alone his own observations are enough to make such an assertion. That's what he told me.

I understood him completely. My own observations are enough for me too! Precisely my observations of the UNSAYABLE is the reason why I'm sitting in custody right now writing these lines.

The exchange with Herr Möller was unexpected and absolutely refreshing. When an accomplished German sworn-in accountant speaks of his own experiences with manipulations, it has a certain class and weight.

It gave me also great pleasure that he was a big fan of Dirk Müller, Volker Pispers and John Perkins. The first is a Wall Street speculator, the second a comedian and the latter an economic hitman. And all three of them lay their fingers in the same wound, the one from which the whole world suffers.

Herr Möller knew very well that eighty percent of wealth flows through the same pocket. Naturally, he was aware of the Glattfeder study. He also knew that the phrase "conspiracy theorist" was a term created by the CIA to be used against those who doubted the official narrative of the horrific assassination - it started with JFK.

I was enthused to sit next to this man! His wife was not so enthused and Frau Rittenbach even less who was sitting bored next to her

lord and master. I didn't really care and as the dessert was served the waiter asked if I would prefer a coffee or a Copa to go along with it.

Copa has a high percentage so it is always a good investment, joked Herr Möller. Both of us ordered a Copa. I took a whiskey on the rocks and he wanted to absolutely give Patxaran a try since I swarmed so much about it.

Later, when I went to take a pee, I encountered Frau Rittenbach at the entrance to the men's room. Has she been waiting here on me? She gave me no time to say a word and pulled me into the toilette cabin, slammed the door shut and fumbled nervously at my belt. It all went so quickly and I had had quite a bit to drink. Actually, I felt pretty good. But that, what Frau Rittenbach wanted from me, we were both twenty years too old for. A fifty year-old I would've fucked, even as a thirty year-old. Just the problem now was that fifty and thirty was twenty years ago.

Carefully I loosened Frau Rittenbach's eager grip. I gave her some time to take a deep breath and to gather herself. I gave her a charming smile, in a way like "it's okay, no problem. I'm also fond of myself. I also would have fucked myself." Boy, I sure can be arrogant! Did I just say that? Or did I just think it? I don't remember, I was too drunk.

Anyhow, it didn't matter. The old Frau Rittenbach started screaming. From then on I don't remember anything anymore, except that the situation escalated. Since the intense and great discussion I had with Herr Möller gave me great courage, I quickly silenced that hysterically screeching and overly-horny egomaniac with a collective hostage taking.

I rushed back into the dining room and shouted out loudly: "Atencion! Escuchen por favor!" Then I set my conditions: no one leaves the restaurant. Everyone follow my orders! First off, a round of Copas for all. All present applauded loudly.

I was then also so shameless and shoved and blocked the restaurant entrance with a heavy commode which decorated the entrance area. Faithful Paul gave me a hand. Faithful Paul is Herr Möller, who with no hesitation threw himself to my side, lifted his glass and shouted "¡Viva la Revolución!" This too, was followed by a chuckled applause. It resembled one of those event dinners, where actors mingle among the guests. In the meantime, so much wine had flowed and yesterdays Verdi's requiem in Bilbao prepared these souls fully for such an evening.

Then I made sure that the head waiter kept the glasses full, no one would be thirsty or hungry, and that no one left the restaurant, not even the employees, and that I would let the people go as soon as the Basque Minister for the Environment came and would talk to me and listen to me. Paul gave me conspiratorial wink and said approvingly: you are a real crazy bastard!

I seriously thought the Minister would come, jump out of his bed in slippers and pajamas because it was so urgent, because I had something so important to tell him.

The hostage-taking had taken in the meantime now almost two hours, there was still no minister for the environment in sight. And Frau Möckelmann was getting grumpy. She wanted to get back to the hotel as quickly as possible, she forgot her meds there, and her nurse would be worried by now.

Calmly I tried to sooth her. I wanted to know “Can’t the nurse bring the medicine over here?” But Frau Möckelmann looked at me in disgust, “I will drag you to the court! What you are doing with us will have consequences!”

Paul added to my defense that she too, Frau Möckelmann, would one day understand the necessity for the hostage-taking. The end justifies the means. Hiccup. It would have been surely a great speech, had he not slurred so much. And Frau Möckelmann stayed bold.

She softened up a bit after I offered to bring her some more hot raspberries on homemade vanilla ice from the kitchen. I noticed before with what delight she flung it into herself.

Of course Paul came along to the kitchen. The place was now in my command and Paul was my partner in crime. My first true accomplice. We were like Adolf and Blondie. I threw the stick and Paul ran to get it. I don’t recall how much time we spent in the kitchen. All I remember someone prepared us some fresh gin tonics, but then? My recollection is blurry.

Had anyone asked me in the kitchen why I took these people hostage? No, no one. Regardless, they patted my back, “tienes cojones!”

and cheered me. The kitchen crew hailed me as a hero, obviously the diversion I had stirred was welcomed.

Primarily diversion, for what made no difference.

When we finally returned with the hot raspberries, Frau Möckelmann lay with her face down on the table. She was dead. But believe me, nobody else even noticed it. Unfortunately it was me again, who made the discovery.

Just because of Frau Möckelmann's passing, I did not want to break off the hostage-taking. I truly believed that it would not take much longer until the minister would arrive, for I had so much to tell him. Hiccup.

But because of the corpse, now a doctor and the police had to come. It brought me completely out of my concept. I barricaded the door from the inside. That means Paul and I stacked some chairs on top of the commode in the entrance. It was completely ridiculous what we were doing to keep our barricade stabilized. But before I spoke to the minister no one was allowed to leave. Not even the corpse!

Boy, was I wasted. And when the police came ..., who actually called them? The first thing that caught my eye was that one of these Basque boys wore a silver chain, similar to mine.

Have I already mentioned that I am a great fan of silver chains? Oh man, I felt sick, only men in uniforms. I had to puke. Thank God they let me go to the loo.

Then I held my head under cold water for quite a while. What's going on out there? Why is a cop here with me in the toilette? I can pee by myself. And puke. And again I felt noxious, and again I hung my head into the bowl. This time I was aware I was accompanied, I had an audience ... did they seriously arrest me? What a flick? What a crappy flick.

When I returned from the restroom, the restaurant was basically empty. Where is my Paul? Where is my loyal Paul? Why is everyone all of a sudden gone? All my lovely tourists ... Where did the bus go? Only Frau Möckelmann was still there, the undertaker took his time. And the folks from the kitchen were still there. Some chuckled. My head droned and spun.

Then another police car arrived. An athletic brunette woman stepped out. My first thought was, what a pretty face she has. She

approached me as I sat on a chair holding my head with both hands in agony.

This pretty woman gave me a smile. Apparently she expected me to say something. I gave her a wide grin and babbled. “Hello, I am Tim. And you?”

“Hello, I am Naiara. And I have to arrest you.” And I could only bring out a: “Wow!”

Chapter 13

The Second Find

And here I am. In custody. How long have I been here? Thirty hours? More? And how many of those have I slept? I find myself on a cot covered in a scratchy wool blanket. Who covered me up? Maybe it was Naiara. Maybe she kissed me good night and I didn't even notice. Dream on. It cracks me up.

Now I notice how hard the cot actually is. It's dark. Through the small window, or rather should I say: through the tiny barred hatch a little bit of sun shines through into my cell. On the wall a board is attached. That's my table. I see there a pile of paper. And I also notice the paper cup with traces of dried coffee stains. The paper has writing on it and so I take a closer look. I wrote on it. Suddenly I remember!

I was asked to write everything down. To explain, what happened. Like in a fever I started jotting everything down from the very beginning, not a period or a comma stopping me. With Zeitgeist, Raquel and the iPhone I found. What surprised me, I forgot to mention, and also left out completely, my complicated childhood years. But why should I even mention it? The attentive reader would have insinuated it long ago.

I flipped through the notes I have made and truly, I did not mention a word why I actually got into this mess in the first place. Were my notes a school report, I would have clearly received an F. Missed the subject.

It's time to let the cat out of the bag and tell you about the unsayable. The couple of hours of sleep helped me a lot, I'm clearer in my head now, and it should be easier for me to find the words.

This topic has often caught my eye on the internet, especially on YouTube. Because when you watch something there you get automated recommendations to the similar topic. Yet out of reflex I never ever clicked on one of those. It was simply a topic I did not want to know anything about. Certainly I also did not want to know about it because it

causes fear. Because, in this situation, without having a choice we are put in danger. There are things we instinctively do not want to see. For a while it goes well until it appears at our own doorstep.

For quite a while, I could successfully look the other direction while focusing on other matters, similar matters. For example the film *Zeitgeist*. And not to forget my first steps in this unknown terrain of alternative news and media.

I recall two blogs that I followed closely around 2006, 2007. One was the blog of Jean Haines with the title “2012: what is the “real” truth?” an the other, Christopher Story

with his <http://www.worldreports.courtofrecord.org.uk/>.

A quite simple site without frippery, only the title stands out in black on red: GLOBAL ANALYSIS INTERNATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Jean and Christopher! What memories I have. I must have read them daily for two, three years. First Christopher, then Jean.

Jean is an elderly lady in the USA who not only shares and comments on change of consciousness, extraterrestrials and other “myths”, but speaks of the shadow government and their malicious and dark agenda. What I especially liked and still like about Jean is, she answers all her readers, in a very respectful und loving manner. Simply a well-educated, elderly lady whose blog always offers new and interesting discussions. Should these all be crazies, they definitely have better manners than most 'non crazies'.

As the year 2012 was ending, my thoughts were with the end of the Mayan calendar on her winter-special-post blog. It filled me with pride. (I will attach the article in PART III).

Surely I learned a lot from Jean, especially pertaining to online etiquette and behavior.

I bumped into Christopher Story before I did into Jean. I have no idea how I got there, but with his Spartan looking website and his sophisticated English (not easy to read this guy), did I learn of the goings-on in the hallways of power. Story was not entirely an unfamiliar person. And he definitely did not look like a freak. He was Margaret Thatcher's advisor and only later did he start writing his critical books. I followed the big change between Bush and Obama on Story's pages. And it didn't take long until Story started speaking of how the Bushies were highly criminal. Disappointingly, there was no way to ask him any questions. I could not communicate with him as I did with Jean. But with Story I had the feeling he is an expert and knows what he is talking about. And he didn't mince matters.

Some time later, Story spoke in his blog how they tried to poison him. He survived. He was also counting on it.

He then continued his reporting. For a couple more days. Then his site became quiet. Later it was reported there, he had passed away. Naturally there was no mention of the attempted poisoning, and the post where he spoke of it, has disappeared. And it was all forgotten. The mainstream media did not shed a tear for him. But for me it was an intense online experience. I was there, live, while someone was eliminated. Me and a handful of other readers, among them supposedly also those from the World Bank and the Federal Reserve, have become unwillingly witnesses to a hideous murder. Or did he survive the poisoning? And simply just passed away?

Have you actually known this man? Should his passing be of any interest to us? Why should it with such a large world population? Oh, it's not about this one man, it is about the message. And it is so critical, that it would make sense that this man would lose his life for it.

One man can change the world, if his message is heard. And in the course of history a lot of men – and women – were killed so that their message is silenced.

Exactly this could repeat itself, but not necessarily have to repeat itself, if a collective learns and the important message is spread not just by one person or a small group, but will be understood and carried by all of us.

To understand, I mean to internalize the message, and the consequences resulting from it, coming from all of us will be revealed by itself. The pill is bitter, but it will set us free.

Just to be clear, also for self protection, the times in which unpleasant messages were repressed are over. And to keep it that way, everyone has to be a carrier of these messages themselves. The torch has to be handed over so that the light never goes out. Naturally, a match can bring light to darkness. Just how long does a match burn?

I think I have struck out enough and you are ready to hear of the bitter unsayable.

Let me roll back to my two finds that were so important to me to understand my journey. I will finally get to the second, to the most important find. The reason why I am sitting here in custody. The reason why I so desperately burst into a rage. For five years, I have been trying to be heard. All efforts were in vain. It became clear to me that without a riot it would not work. The indifference must be broken somehow.

This failed attempt of a hostage taking was the loudest of all my screams. Speaking of screams: Edvard Munch had a precognition. Have you ever observed the skies in the background of the painting THE SCREAM? Munch was a visionary. Also Erich Kästner once formulated it in one of his poems DAS LETZTE KAPITEL (The Last Chapter). True artists have a certain precognition of this. Or do they belong to some secret lodges and simply know more than the rest of us?

I had to roll back this far for what is about to come. Most would have simply switched off, because of this unsayable. It doesn't want to fit

into their heads, at least not in the healthy ones. Because you do not want to know of it, because it causes depressions, once you know it. And because no one can escape it.

Just like with the first find, the heavens gave me a tool, an iPhone. Also the second find was directly in front of my doorstep. What one often overlooks comes knocking at the door and says: hello, can you finally see me?

On a sunny day in mid-2012, I was chatting with our doorman Julio about soccer scores. It was his passion. By chance I looked up at an airplane flying at low altitude coming in from the east as it flew over our city. Most likely a Boeing 737. It was probably preparing to land in Bilbao, flying extremely low, maybe even too low considering the airport is approximately eighty kilometers away.

Just as it passed overhead, the engines started spewing smoke. Two large, thick smoke trails suddenly followed the aircraft. I immediately thought to myself of two engine failures and saw in my imagination the plane doing an emergency landing in the Concha – our bay. It's not going to make it long! That's exactly what it looked like.

Just then, as it left the city, shortly behind Monte Igeldo, the smoke was turned off. Completely normal and without an emergency landing, without any smoke trails, the airplane simply flew on further until it was out of sight.

Julio stared bewilderedly at the plane and started to laugh. For him it was just funny, but not important. The Real Sociedad – the local soccer team – had more importance to him.

I was – starting from that second on – appalled. Double appalled. First, because I know what I saw with my own eyes. Something one just can not forget. It was like back then at the peepshow in Paris, where I also saw things I will never forget. Just back then, it was plain lust that took me, and now it was plain panic.

We are being purposefully sprayed! Nobody can escape it. And I was double appalled because nobody wanted to see it. Starting from the first minute. And it was this feeling of helplessness that grew from that moment on.

It took a while, but then came the day on which I could even grow strong from this helplessness. Yet it would still take a while.

I was still standing on the street with Julio. It was most likely his silly chuckling that soothed me again. To be honest, I put this disgusting topic then out of my head for a while. Closed the topic for the time being. But not for long. For the start, I told myself that that smoking plane was just a coincidence or simply an individual case.



One of the first pictures I took of our sick sky.

It went good until one morning I woke up and saw the sky completely covered in a white crisscrossed smear. The pilots were playing tic-tac-toe. That's what it seemed like. Did the sky of today have anything to do with plane I saw recently? Or is this again just a coincidence? Or are

they up to something? If that is so, then no one can escape it. It became clear to me. And again this feeling of deafening helplessness crept upon me.

It dawned upon me, I would only be able to get out of this helplessness if I got active. How, I didn't know. But to get active was a healing necessity.

Look away and forget wouldn't work. At least not for me.

Now, exactly there – in the summer of 2012, right in front of my doorstep – the pedestal for Frau Möckelmann's head was put up. Yet in my opinion it might as well have been the next day the good lady could have passed away at the Guggenheim. Or a day earlier at Verdi's requiem. It was simply bad timing, or maybe not. For now I am finally motivated to write down everything I experience since the time I have been motivated.

And now, some one will read it, even if it is only the Basque public prosecutor. And you. Then already two more know of it. Nevertheless, it's better than none. And I am thankful for it.

Chapter 14

Bitter Truth

Now that the unspeakable parameters have been staked out, I can begin to provide you with my front reports, from a battle of which hardly anyone knows to date that it exists at all.

Long enough I've been lying in that virtual trench, I know the whole scene in three languages, the same bad tricks of the enemies, and experience - and that's the beauty! - as daily - at the latest with each further thunderstorm - more and more people join us worldwide, because otherwise they are not left in peace by their conscience any more.

That's our only motivation! Mine and those of most of our fellow fighters. We still feel nature in our hearts. And that's why it hurts us when nature gets bent.

It is obvious how in this virtual battle worried people know by themselves in every situation what to do or what to answer, just following their intuition. While, on the other side, all are paid people who follow orders to participate in this mission in the first place. There, heart fights whore, witty joke fights clumsy insult, man fights machine, nature fights manipulation. In short: Good against evil.

And I know exactly how to win this battle: we all need to know about it, we all need to learn how they play with us. How far everything is manipulated. We have to see it, recognize it and understand it. Because only what we understand, we can solve.

Because - and now everyone in chorus: "The truth makes us free!"

And now you all know that the truth is very bitter at first. And you can't get rid of the bitter taste, especially if you look away. There is only one thing that helps, and I know that from first hand: to become active.

But how? What am I supposed to do?, I hear you ask now.

To know that, you first have to listen to your heart. Your heart tells you what your task is and where your place is in that sacred geometry of natural being.

But if you can no longer hear your heart, PLEASE make sure you first find the necessary peace and quiet. That must be possible somehow! Meanwhile there are enough Yoga, Meditation, Qi Gong, Chill Out, Chill In, Mindfulness or Mouthfulness classes. Oh, you don't know what Mouthfulness is? Really not?

Small tip: it has something to do with sucking, and then comes La Gran Tranquilidad. At least for him. That's why we also belong to the mammals. Because what really reassures us is sucking or being sucked. That's what a mediocre film director in Berlin once told me after a few drinks in a gay bar. Of course, I didn't take him home with me, but I took his simple, brilliant idea. And I was sure that one day I would use this picture of sucking mammals in a book or script.

Cause we ain't much more than that. Not yet.

By the way: what does sucking have in common with spraying (by that I mean now the airplanes)?

Well, once you've experienced it, you can't pretend any more that you don't know what it is. And interestingly enough, we make the same facial expressions, in greatest joy or greatest horror.

PART II

**REPORTS FROM THE
FRONT**

Chapter 15

The Birth of Repugnant Pilot

When I then, finally aware of it, had noticed the third or fourth zigzag day - certainly they had been before, but outside my perception - my inner peace was finally gone.

And my heart kept getting louder. "Do something! Inform yourself! You must not ignore that!" The whole time it went like this. And in between I blinked again and again anxiously up to the sky ... and saw these white stripes ... again!



The time to inform myself could no longer be postponed. I found no more excuses not to do it. Well, then I will just watch one of those many YouTube videos. I stayed at home, took an evening off, opened a bottle of beer and accidentally clicked on a lecture by Sofia Smallstorm.

Sofia is a small woman, she stood at a podium and gave a lecture in English. Uff! I got so sick, the beer stuck in my throat. And when something like that happens to me with my favorite drink, it's time to worry.

What Sofia said was not for beginners, but hardcore for advanced learners. This as an introduction had been a sip much too big. Sofia talked about transhumanism. About nanotechnology, which is supposed to overwrite our DNA. From a machine-man interface, which should help to reprogram us. She spoke about an experiment that runs globally without us being asked, without us being told. She said it was a technical "evolution" that they wanted to force on us.

Then my mental sphincter snapped shut and I immediately dropped the whole subject again. Like a hot potato that burns your fingers. My reaction was just to drop it and quickly go away, not to turn around anymore and pretend it hadn't happened at all.

That's why I understand far too well all those of us who react in the same way. There are things you just don't want to hear or know.

There are unspeakable things. And this unsayability does not come from the fact that one cannot say or pronounce it. The unspeakable comes from the fact that one does not want to have it. Neither as a thought, nor as a component of this world.

It then took weeks until I dared again to deal with this uncomfortable topic. My pretexts of no longer having to deal with it sizzle away in the hot winter sun. Yes, the sun is different today than it was then, isn't it? And so I couldn't avoid to FEEL that this topic is there and doesn't go away just because I look away.

Unfortunately, I also saw fat stripes in the sky again and again, which, once you have recognized them, can no longer be ignored. Occasionally I started to take photos. And in search of a professional explanation I sent them to our weather station, which is on top of Monte Igeldo. The meteorologists have to know what's going on!

The director Margarita M. promptly sent me an answer, it was a copied passage from some textbook explaining how contrails are formed.

It also said that condensation trails dissolved after a few seconds, not more than minutes. But since there were so many strips hanging all day long over our town and slowly expanding into a cloth, I asked Mrs. Margarita M. again what this was all about. But then there was no answer. Out and over.

That surprised me so much that this woman didn't even answer that I had to let off steam. It would have been an option to take the bus to Monte Igeldo and hammer like a madman at the door of the Basque Meteorological Institute until she finally answers me, or - Plan B - to make a video. And so I made my very first video on this subject, entitled AM I PARANOID - Part 2. (Part 1 was about a meteorite in Russia, which - as you can see picture by picture - was destroyed by an UFO). That was in February 2013.

From now on all the videos I made should help me to transform and dissolve my frustration. Even more: where first powerlessness came in, the feeling of power re-emerged. And if it is just a little tiny bit of power, but enough to tell a story in a few minutes. And if this story is perceived by other people, then I can pass the seed on first ... and hope that it rises. But that depends on you! Only on you!

And so I should make quite many, quite popular videos. All only a few minutes long, for rapid consumption on the Internet and on the smartphone.

My "Am I paranoid" video had just a dozen viewers, if any. But the satisfaction, which I felt at first, was covered with every new fat streak in the sky. It was now clear to me that something was happening that had long since ceased to be an isolated incident. I needed advice. And I don't know how anymore, but I finally found guardacielos.org on the Internet. These are the Spanish Skyguards, if you translate it literally. So let's try it there, I thought to myself.

I sent again my mails, which I had sent before in vain to the weather station and local press, now to Guardacielos, and got shortly after an answer from Josefina Fraile.

What she had written to me were not good news, but I felt that Josefina was well informed and sincera. Sincera means: honest, sincere, straightforward. I noticed directly that Josefina was there, while the professionals of the weather station and the local press all chickened out.

At that time, Josefina had done a 25-minute interview on Spanish TV for a regional broadcaster. And she recommended that I watch it. And I was flabbergasted! I can recommend this interview to EVERY one of my readers! There I learned that there are climate weapons that were successfully used in Vietnam and banned by the United Nations because of their terrible effects. And that we are now using the same technology - under a different name - to save us from climate change.

My first impression of Josefina were the emails she wrote me. And now in the interview I saw her speaking for the first time as a person. And she convinced me. This fighting lady. It was clear to me that I had to help her.

So I sat down and translated her TV interview into German and English. Then I made the subtitles for the film and distributed copies to possible channels. By that I don't mean FOX or CNN, but Guardacielos and activists in Germany. That kept me busy and while I was doing it, powerlessness was dominated. When I saw that Werner Altnickel - one of the pioneers and most important activists in Germany, more about him later - had uploaded the TV interview I subtitled onto his YouTube channel and found 30,000 viewers in just a few days, it was clear to me that a single man alone can do something. Yes, he can.

From then on I continued working with Josefina, the translation game was repeated several times, I helped her with various open letters, e.g. to the European Parliament, and she helped me, because I wanted to publish my videos not only in German or English, but also in Spanish.

Even though we have never met in real life, a pact was formed between us where everyone knows what to do. And everyone does what he can. But I anticipate. This cooperation has grown over the last few years until today. It wasn't until three years later that I first spoke to her on the phone. My impression was like in the beginning. Josefina is a shotgun woman with a heart. It's a good thing she does exist. And I assume that I will meet her, that is still pending, I will certainly tell you about it.

✱

After translating the TV interview, Josefina asked me to take daily photos of the sky, so that you could see the place, and then upload them to her Guardacielos page, sorted by date. She collects photos from different

regions all over Spain for a court hearing. And in the north, with the Basques, she had still no colleague, except me.

Just then I had found my iPhone, we remember, it fell on my foot, and so I was immediately ready to help her.

But sharing the photos on Josefina's site was such a complicated procedure that I asked her if I could collect the photos elsewhere - on another platform - and then add the link to her collection. Josefina agreed to it.

Also, I only had a very old MacBook at the time, where the operating system couldn't handle the new, necessary browsers anymore. And so I had no fast and easy access to the Internet. That suddenly changed with the iPhone, finally I had a device again, which was "up to date", for a whole two years it was my only access to everything I should do online.

It is true that my whole foundation stone, the whole basis of my work, no matter if photos or long letters, were created exclusively thanks to the found iPhone. From time to time I used a public computer, for example in the city library.

But in fact the iPhone was my only tool. Everything I had to do my job. It was small and white, and lay in the hand like a stone. No more, no less. To me, it felt like the stone with which David defeated Goliath. If the pen is to be more powerful than a sword, then a well used iPhone is certainly more powerful than an army. And so I went into battle.

First, I opened a whole new page on my Facebook. I already had "blofeldcine productions" for my film director ambitions, so I already knew how to open and set up such a page. All I needed was a good name. I didn't want to take anything with "chemtrail", that was immediately clear to me.

First of all, this word is repulsive. And on the other hand Josefina explained to me that the word "chemtrail" is a suitcase word, specially created to ridicule this topic. Because if you google (a few years ago) the word "chemtrail" one found oneself directly with all the crackpots, tinfoil hat wearers and conspiracy theorists. And that's where it looks freaky and silly.

On the other hand, if you google solar radiation management or geoengineering, you get serious information, even from the Bundestag and the planning office of the Bundeswehr. There you will find the technology

that exists, there you will also learn that Edward Teller, the father of the hydrogen bomb, is also the father of this mess.

Even if chemtrail is a wrong word and was planted to lure us onto a "crazy" trail, this mess - and this is my feeling - will go down in history books with the word "chemtrail". Because meanwhile there are ever more humans, who notice what is going on, there are ever more good spotters, who use the word chemtrail. Who googles today the word chemtrail, finds by now a lot of serious information.

But okay, mess is mess, no matter what you call it. And "Chemtrail Basque Country" was too grey for my name. I needed some bright name ... one that contains the theme, but stands out from the others. Best with humor. Just then I saw another fat stripe above me, and thought: how disgusting! And then I asked myself: does the pilot notice that? He has to notice something like that, doesn't he?

The name then came to me, my pseudonym. The repugnant pilot! Just as Bruce Wayne calls himself Batman in order to save all the widows and orphans of this world, so from now on as THE REPUGNANT PILOT I should be doing my thing. And I don't need a rubber suit with wings, I just need the iPhone and a page on Facebook. As the first profile picture I used the photo of two naked blondes in a cockpit. With that I set the tone: say it with tits.

✱

On October 9th 2013 I uploaded my first photos. And nobody watched. That was the birth of THE REPUGNANT PILOT.

And I was surprised that I could photograph bizarre sky formations almost every day. Now that I had planned to take photos every day and therefore looked very closely, I felt even more nauseous ...

Because there was more going over my head than I wanted to assume in the first place.



But if I put the camera on it and shoot it, then I have the small consolation to say: you can do it, but from now on it won't go unseen. I will record your deeds! From now on I will document everything exactly, and I will show my collection of evidence to the whole world, in the hope that a free thinking, influential person will find my Facebook page sometime, like the bottle post in the ocean.

After one and a half years of daily collecting I finally had my first 500 followers and felt like a snow king. Five hundred of two billion Facebook members or of eight billion people.

Much faster than new Likes for my site I found new stripes in the sky. And not only stripes, already within my very first active "repugnant" days I took pictures of something completely new for me: I saw my first Sun-Dog. These are reflections of the sun, in the air saturated with - as I learned later - nanoparticles. They then glow like greasy oil stains, sometimes so strong that you think you can see a parhelia. These sun dogs usually appear together with a halo, which is a circular arc around the sun. Looks like a gloriole, but is not sacred. Even if the American press meant it. A halo had been photographed several times in the USA during the Pope's visit, and the press tumbled in their delight that this was a sign from God.



Today I know it's called plasma. We no longer inhale air, but plasma filled with nanoparticles. Barbara, where are you when I need you? Didn't you tell me at lunch in St. Jean-de-Luz that you work as a physicist on plasma weapons?

In my whole life I had never seen such a Halo, a Sun-Dog or just the "contrails" bleeding out for hours. That used to be different. And I know that exactly. Nine years ago I digitized all my photos and sorted them by years. I sat there for a whole week, around the clock. It was a real slave labor. But it was worth it.

Just as I now find all my music with one click, I also find my whole past. From great-grandfather to now. From Wuppertal to America to Spain. From Ariane to Tina. Everything that I found beautiful, everything that I loved, everything that has passed away, I now have on a pen drive. And do you know what? Under all this past there is hardly any weather manipulation, as you can photograph it almost everywhere today.

I say hardly because I actually have very few photos where the sky is suspicious. The oldest one is from 1986, when I was water-skiing in Canada under a fat "stripe cloud". And since 1999, exactly fitting for the millenium change, there are nevertheless the one or other photo.



1986 in Canada. Is the backwash reflected in the sky?

You don't have to digitize everything. It is enough to dig up your old photo album. There is certainly another one, in some chest of drawers, photos of you at that time, when you were still small and dear. Have a look! If you find a sky on an old picture, with bizarre stripes, please send it to me! The best thing is to upload it directly to my timeline on Facebook. I will point this out in the new edition of this book. It is very rare for anyone to find such a photo. That's why I take the trouble to include it.

It just occurred to me that during the Beatles video for "A Day in Life" there was a smudgy sky over London. If you consider that this technology is over seventy years old, patents can be googled, then I am not surprised that there have been test flights to try this weapon. But it was never as insistent and continuous back then as it is today.

You can convince yourself, you only have to dig in your own past.

THE REPUGNANT PILOT started with the question: is there a pattern? In the sky, in the news, in the world around me?

What I only suspected at first, I now know. Hence my despair, hence my aspiration, hence the unfortunate hostage-taking, hence the death of Mrs. Möckelmann. No, I refuse to take responsibility for it. The good woman had just as much fun and wine that evening as all the others. Why then did she have to die?

Unless, of course, it was a divine providence to bring out what was to come out.

Chapter 16

It's war!

I am a front-line rapporteur in a battle that belongs to a war most of us have not recognized yet, but which is waged against you as well!

Or: IMAGINE THERE IS WAR AND NOBODY DOES NOTICE.

Although most of us wait for World War 3 to begin, I say, it has already begun. Of course it could get worse, when we finally manage to make the Russian bear dance. But that doesn't need to happen, just the way it is, is enough to say the 3rd world war is here. And very latest it started with the financial crisis of 2008, or maybe even on September 11, 2001.

This war started so secretly and silently that no-one did notice. And it took even longer to realize who in this war is the actual attacker and who are the actual victims. Well, the ordinary people always filled the lists of victims, in any war. But back then people got sacrificed in order to impose one's view. What's new now, this time it is not about imposing one's view on others, it is not about different views that collide. Of course these different views are being used for collision to take place. Actually our different views are being played and poked until we hit back (again). But it never was about views in the first place, it was only about victims, lots of victims. No matter how. War, civil war, epidemics, droughts, environmental disasters, famine ... whatever. What counts are the deaths, the more, the better, because in the end it's all about DEPOPULATION.

And those people that orchestrate the depopulation are the real enemy. An it is no longer about natural resources such as oil. That engines only run on oil is a misbelief, like so many more.

When we don't recognize this war, it is because we don't perceive the weapons. Back then one could tell the intentions of his opponent by the swinging mace in his hand. The mace turned into a lance, the lance turned

into an arrow, and the arrow turned into a bullet. But every time one quickly could see that a weapon was being pointed at oneself. And that required always a reaction: run or fight back.

But today we slumber through the frenzy of everyday's life, consumed lust and chronic complacency. We know we are the good ones, one can notice by the right for elections, emancipated women, castrated men, and a lifestyle hipster tech household while the others way over there still live like in the Middle Ages. We know how it goes, we know how to spin the wheel, because we belong to the good ones. And we still believe that the Nuclear Bomb is the worst weapon man has invented. It is the climax of our fear when it comes to weapons, and we don't want to imagine that weapons also evolve and could have gotten even worse.

Indeed everything evolves, and war has changed its look completely, the weapons have become subtle. And anything was turned into a weapon. Our weather, our religion, our food, our education, our science, our medicine, our media, our entertainment- and communication-technology, our relations, our sex and in last consequence our language and the word.

Clarity or peace shall not be granted, we are under attack all the time or at least they make us go wild like a pitbull on a chain. Terror dominates our life. And I am not talking about crazy fanatics, but about consume-terror, always-look-great-terror, be-happy-terror, don't-be-incorrect-terror and so on and so forth ...

What has never changed in all those years are the intentions of our masters. And they only can rule us when we are on our knees. And for that they need a whip or nowadays a subtle blend of media, nanotechnology and EMF-radiation. Just to make sure that the hamster doesn't leave his wheel and starts thinking for himself.

Welcome at the battle front!

Chapter 17

Valley of the Unaware

Back in the GDR there was a Valley of the Unaware. It was south of Leipzig, and it was the only place where the broadcasting waves of West German TV stations did not reach. The people living there didn't know about Starsky&Hutch or STAR TREK, also they haven't had a chance to see the latest Mercedes Benz or the latest fashion in the West. They were the unaware. I know it, because my uncle died in the valley of the unaware. He tried to construct a bigger antenna and by accident he fell off his roof. At least he struggled to overcome his unawareness.

Today this valley does not exist as it was, today technology reaches each and any corner on this planet.

Yet today there are more unaware people than back then. Maybe that is because we do not see ourselves as unaware. First you have to realize that you are unaware, only then you want to overcome your unawareness.

But when you consider yourself as smart, educated and born on the right side of this planet, then you tend to be a hopeless case and awareness is too much to ask for.

The Valley of the Unaware used to be defined by geography, now it is defined by a state of mind. Most are already so dumped down that awareness is not interesting to them anymore.

Welcome to the New World!

No matter, friends from Berlin, or Madrid, or Los Angeles. Most of them live in the Valley of the Unaware.

I don't know a single one who would be willing to see the growing danger or even act against it. That's not a reproach, it's just a fact.

I try to put these friends / acquaintances into three categories. No, I am not playing "divide and conquer", I am playing "classify and try to understand":

in the first category I put the silent ones, I mean all those that answer some cheap joke or some titties pic right away, but when I share

my observations about the sky their only answer is a gaping silence. And if I dare to follow up on my last sharing, the silence becomes so silent that it hurts your ears. I believe that they believe that by ignoring it they can avoid it. Then they only can pray, that the next double-tornado (brand new! finally also in Germany) will please save our street. As long only the Eastside gets hit, the city will be safe, says the one from Westside.

In second category I put people that answer my sharings. As a voluntary, honorary advocate of our system. These are the so-called sceptics who trust blindly our mainstream media, but anything that is from YouTube will be not be taken into consideration. They need a seal of quality, just as they only dress in e.g. ARMANI, they only accept news from e.g. REUTERS. In many cases these people are disciples of big pharma, advocates of vaccination, voters, depot owners. In one term: they are the Crème de la Crème of our culture, thus the biggest defenders of our system.

One of them even told me, that he would not advocate nor my observations neither my activism. He does not advocate it? Well, he sticks to the official narrative like a junkie to his tiny bag of powder.

Or recently someone, very close to me, said: "Tim you suffer tube view!"

Isn't it just the other way around? But if I would have said so, someone close to me would have been insulted and a crack would have opened in my family's fundament.

So I skipped any answer that might have been offending and swallowed my tube view with potatoes. Whatever.

Those people seem to have forgotten that on September 11th three buildings turned into finest powder, although there were only two planes (if these have been planes in the first place).

Those people also say that this world is a big pile of shit, and only climbing up that pile and looking for a place in the sun is all that one can do. You can't expect more than that. We are all on our own, make sure you don't stay back.

But where do we stay when the sun doesn't shine anymore?

The richer (in money) someone has got, the more difficult it is for him to doubt the system. They stick to cheap propaganda that the other -

again and again Putin - is the cause of our problems, and they believe in "climate change" because TV said so.

They like to stick to the track that was pointed out to them by the system's ushers.

And they are deeply scared of any deep and profound observations that may cause own thinking. The consequences could be that they come to realize that this world is not exactly a big pile of shit like they wanted to imagine, but all our money is just a shitty scam.

The whole system is interwoven so cleverly, once you realize this, you also know that actually money has no value at all. That's why the one's who have money do not want to look so deeply. They prefer to close their eyes and just keep going.

Yet rich people today could do so much: for example they could help by paying for necessary analysis of our rain, soil and blood. Or they could help to shout out, placard, print, spread what's happening to us.

We are under attack! They could help to SAVE LIFE.

But before that they need to look closely, swallow it and digest it. But they are afraid of that because just thinking a bit and they'll understand that their cash won't be of value in the world of tomorrow. And they fear this more than the last day.

And instead of helping with their still valid money to give birth to the new, they concentrate only on defending their digital treasure.

They say Yes to change! But without touching my cash!

In the end the just extend the war that is being waged against all of us.

Now we come to the third category of people. They are the ones who realize what is going on and they say: "that is the way it is, and we can't do anything about it!" They take it as it would have been given by God. They carry this burden with the pride of a just man. They feel the tragic reach and just shrug their shoulders. And then again they talk about the many beautiful banalities. There is always something new. A new movie. A new book. A new wine. A new trip. A new Super Bowl. And some even have a new love. There is always something new one can share.

But how can it be that you understand the reach of this crime but yet pay your taxes or your penalty for the wrongly parked bicycle?

How can that happen? It doesn't fit, does it?

Maybe we're actually walking on tracks of an old upbringing and conditioning. And the rest overwhelms us.

Whatever.

Most of my friends don't know or don't want to know that I am the Repugnant Pilot. About this they all remain in silence. And in the meantime I understand that this is the only way to go. That's the only way my dramaturgy feels right. Only this way could I find my way: alone.

Not only did I find my way, I walked it too, and now it's time for me to come home.

And I hope my friends will receive me and listen to me this time.

Chapter 18

Battle on Facebook

In the old days such a lonely one like me would have looked very old and silly. One would then have remained the marginalized. But not anymore today, today luckily we have Facebook.

Luckily, like-minded people can be found there. A few people scattered across the globe, who have understood that Facebook serves for more than just posting parties and meals. But it took time until I found the right people.

Some say that Facebook was founded by the CIA and that Zuckerfeller in reality is a Rockefeller. Well, yes, I could imagine that. Why not?

Because deception was and always has been part of the ruling. Just the word Zuckerberg describes exactly what Facebook is: it is a big mountain (Berg) of sugar (Zucker) on which stick more than 2 billion people and counting.

And also this is evolution: back then even threatened with torture we didn't want to speak and tell what is on our minds. Today everyone shouts out loudly: look at me, that's me, that's what I think, that's what I like. It all reminds me of the fox and the raven.

The raven has a delicious piece of cheese in its beak. The fox says: may I have a bit of your cheese? And the raven replies: No!

Then the fox tried a new strategy: I have heard that you have such a wonderful voice, please sing something for me.

We all know what happens. The raven begins to croak and the cheese drops from his beak. The fox doesn't only get a piece, he gets the entire cheese.

My first Facebook was full of cheese. I did not have the right friends yet. I read daily updates by Naiara - no, not officer Naiara, there are some Naiaras in the Basque region - and how she admires and adores her handsome husband. Everyday they posted a photo sharing moments of love like having a nice dinner or a beautiful walk at the beach. And she commented it all with: you are my life!

A year later they were divorced, Naiara not only needed a psychiatrist to clean up her heart and soul, she also needed a computer scientist to rearrange her Online-Life and Web-Presence. Besides that in those days I read a lot about formula 1 and once even how my nephew had a dream about French Fries. And as I found one day on the wall of my former girlfriend that some Luigi told her she had forgotten her ear-rings last night at his place, I was finally completely fed up with Facebook. I just deleted my account and I remember very well that this was quite an obstacle. So my first thought was that Facebook is like a sect, easy to get in, difficult to leave.

A few years later around 2011, the unfaithful bitch was history, I returned to Facebook on a new account just for one reason: I wanted to promote my documentary about blindness: APAGA LA LUZ Y VERÁS (Turn the light off and you'll see). I opened my first Facebook-page and called it "blofeldcine", that is how I call my production company that hardly produces.

But it was the foundation of THE REPUGNANT PILOT which made me meet new and interesting people. Suddenly I was drawn into groups of highly interesting themes and material. Stuff you don't see on TV.

And as always, I talked openly and curiously with everyone. On digital distance it is quite easy to be honest. And of course you have to be polite and respectful, if not, one click is enough to end the conversation.

This kind of approach is completely new. On one side it has been always easier to open to some complete stranger on a trip far, far away than to your lifetime neighbor who knows you since your days of diapers.

Why is this so? Maybe it is that we fear more the mocking in our own street than far away, maybe we just want to appear as a normal part of the tribe when we are at home.

But during the dark nights inside the deep caves of Facebook we dive into a familiarity like on a gang-bang orgy. Everyone is doing it with anyone, and everyone shows what he has got and can do. And everyone speaks and stands for himself or herself. And here is where one can feel the person you are dealing with. The essence reaches you, no matter how far this person is, no matter if he/she uses a real name or a real profile picture.

It is the sum of what is said and shown, through which the person comes filtered, and you can feel quickly through all the mega-bytes how this person is ticking. One can sense the beat of an honest heart through all the digits. When someone enters you with bad intentions, you spot it right away, just like you easily spot a pederast in the children's pool. You can feel his tense posture, his urge not to expose himself. Because the honest heart can expose itself any time any given day. But the liar needs a wall, behind which he can hide.

Why some people prefer a life hiding behind walls is another story, a story I can't tell because it is not my story. All I wanted to say is that you feel quickly if someone has any intentions. Most of us Earthlings are indeed occupied with French Fries or lost ear-rings. Or for a change: football. But in certain "darkrooms" you find people that want to know. People that look for satisfaction. Because their intuition makes them restless, worried, partly even crazy. And their desire screams for answers, for clarity, for solutions. Yes, and there you meet for a collective detective game. And something like that has never happened before! Several people meet with the same concern. And they talk to each other.

An exchange takes place, and it is completely horizontal, there is no command hierarchy, people act out of intuition. And in this group the color of skin, religion, size of account, or of breasts does not matter. This group consists of all the people that want to breathe clean air. And everybody contributes in his very own way.

For example, one puts something out for discussion, another one adds something similar and then the game begins: are these two findings somehow related. And the more people join the game, the more eyes see, the more ears hear, the more findings are being shared, the clearer it gets what is happening with our sky.

Knowledge is power. And as long as we know as little as necessary, even living in the mistaken belief that we are educated and free, nothing ever will change about our earthly conditions. Nothing at all.

Bread and games, once and then interrupted by some terror, make us tremble in our core, and we all stay in line, where everyone just repeats the same words over and over again: That's the way it is.

Increasing prices. That's the way it is.
Unemployment. That's the way it is.
Corrupt politicians. That's the way it is.
Vaccination. That's the way it is.
Digital money. That's the way it is.
Wars. That's the way it is.
Inflation. That's the way it is.
Bad nutrition. That's the way it is.
A shitty job. That's the way it is.
Taking pills. That's the way it is.
Expensive divorce. That's the way it is.
Fight hard, just to be ripped off. That's the way it is.
Environmental pollution. That's the way it is.
Humans are bad by nature. That's the way it is.
Climate-change. That's the way it is.
And no one cares. That's the way it is.
Win the Super Bowl. That's the way it is.

Lose the Super Bowl. No way! Yes, only this leads to a large, wide-spreading depression. All the rest, no matter what you point at, all you hear, will be: That's the way it is.

But not all of us say it, there are some few who say: it doesn't need to be like this. Or they even say: can't we do it differently?

And these people - thanks to Facebook - can now join together in a big herd. Herd might not be the right word, since there is no leitwolf. But herd can be the right word, once you realize how efficient such a group can become.

Once I established a group on Facebook and I called it "the kiss you awake pack". This way we all knew when some-one posted, for example, underneath a government thread. This way your post has not been alone, it was followed up and liked by parts of "the kiss you awake pack". Actually with this group we just copy the structures that uses the Special Task Force "Tinfoil Hat", those who are our invisible opponents in this online battle of the Facebook-Universe. Yes, there is a battle in the far

away galaxies of internet, and this battle is as real as the truth that has to remain hidden at any price. This battle is about truth, because truth will set us free.

This battle has been completely ignored by public opinion and mainstream media. Unfortunately, there are too many real bloody conflicts that distract from this battle and secondly, our rulers do not want the people to realize that there is a battle for the truth. Because the more people become aware of this battle, the faster it is won.

It is almost like STAR WARS. Through meticulous observation, rebels have decoded, studied and understood the blueprints of this parasitic, misanthropic system. When this knowledge spreads and the people realize what is being done to them, then ruling stops. And from now on. Sure that a small group of parasites is afraid of this.

And since this battle is the decisive one and should not be forgotten, I'm so free to name a few protagonists. That's the great thing about today. Everything is getting faster. For the first time comes a history book while the history is still playing out.

And I want to write down this story quickly before "the kiss you awake pack" will be the official winners. Because that history books will only be written by the winners will also become obsolete.

History is recorded by meticulous observers. Therefore, I can only encourage everyone to observe and write down his or her own story. And to stop, to just let yourself be sprinkled with colorful TV spots.

Chapter 19

The Last Ones

Even though I have still not met my Facebook friends - with very few exceptions - in real life, some of them have become dear to my heart.

Maybe because in recent years I have found more advice and consolation with them than with my real-life friendships. And I have noticed that those who are active on the net, fighting for the benefit of all, unsalaried and with the purest conscience, are in many cases people who are often not so healthy themselves, or are on the margins of society.

From those people, who we are too happy to overlook in our educated value system, the so needed help for our entire planet is coming.

I know some on Facebook who are struggling with multiple sclerosis, for example, tied to the wheelchair and simply not be able to do the hot tiger all night on a dance floor. Although we do not want to see or love such fringe figures, these fringe figures love us and the planet enough to help us. At the end time, Jesus said, the first becomes the last and the last the first.

Now it is one minute to twelve, back then it was about poor against rich, or left against right, but time has been running and never stopped, and today, when you read these words it is all about just one thing:

Who is committed to life, and who works against it?

And among the really beautiful and the really rich, there is hardly anyone who is committed to life. Such people will one day be unburdened, because they could not do otherwise. After all, they have personified exactly what has been glorified in our system. That such a life can become a trap, what the common - unfortunately often envious - people do not want to know.

I like to quote Woody Allen: "Do you really think I enjoy it when a twentyfive-year-old, busty blonde sucks my cock?"

When our celebrities finally realize that the last true fun that remains to be discovered is to save the world for generations to come, then the dam will break.

But we will never forget: the last were the first.

Chapter 20

My First Troll

For me the penny dropped slowly. And this time it took even longer because I can not think as evil as it is. In fact, the following had to happen to me three times, at the second time I was startled, at the third time I finally got it.

I always shared my - for me new - concerns and worries on Facebook, where climate was the topic. Of course I did that because I really hoped for a serious answer back then. I still thought that the federal government would actually be interested in my concerns. At least I had a lot of my own, interesting evidence to present.



And what happened? All, but really all "authority" - no matter whether government, broadcaster, print media or weather station - they all just ignored my question. Instead some veery noormal Facebook-users showed up and attacked me. The first time it surprises you. Suddenly you get insulted, ridiculed and mocked, you get called an idiot that is resistant to intelligence and never paid attention at school. It is true. I didn't pay attention at school. But why am I getting insulted just because I present pictures of clouds?

When I was attacked by the same people for the third time, at the third post, I then realized what was going on.

These people only come to make noise, to distract and disturb. And it's always the same three to twelve players. And it is the job of this soulless brood to stop, intimidate and silence people like me.

If they could, they would have my book banned here. And so that does not happen, I will NOT name these worm-like creatures.

But I will gladly tell each friendly police officer their names, also I doubt that they do this dirty battle under their real identity. The diligent readers can find their names and intimidation attempts in my collection. Just look in the folder "Screenshots", then you will see what I will not mention here. There you can also see that I was threatened that I had to be careful that someone like me would not be picked up someday. To throw verbal paving stones - at us, the worried people - is the troll's bread and butter.

It is clear that these people have backing. If an activist were to engage in such aggressive bullying, his Facebook account would have been suspended long ago. Several times I've seen clearly how these people act in an organized way. You can see it again and again how two or three of them fall on my post or comment within the very same minute.

As if very quickly a bucket of water, better, two or three buckets of water have to be dumped onto the little fire that I set before it can spread.

At such moments it seems to me that they are all sitting at the same table in the same office. Drinking the same coffee, all have the same haircut and certainly all survived a traumatic experience in their early childhood, because a healthy, well-balanced person would never do this job.

And this job is available worldwide. Since I am on guard constantly in three languages, I can confirm that these troll columns - which I like to call Special Task Force "Tinfoil Hat" - are everywhere. And the methods are always the same. Because the bosses who order this are the same. After all, that's a global plot.

The sole purpose of the trolls is to instantly divert the eye of a randomly passing reader from unnecessary discoveries in those online discussions.

"Do not listen to the Repugnant Pilot, he's a dorky neurotic, begging for money and attention." But that does not work anymore as it

was planned. Because the troll loses effectiveness with each additional move, it is getting more and more obvious what they are up to.

Every day, new people wake up in the face of this great crime. Every day, more and more people are sharing and posting the weird sky, which they suddenly consciously perceive and have just photographed. Often such photos reach me first. And I say "thank you", and really hot photos are then spotlighted on my page.

It is becoming more and more visible what is happening in our sky. And it is becoming ever more visible who belongs to the troll guard. They are defeating themselves through their behavior. You just have to read attentively the comments on any Facebook post, and you will recognize it right away. Where-ever five trolls turn up, twenty-five activists will respond and sound the alarm, providing further strong evidence that something is fishy here, that water vapor does simply not look nor behave like that.

In addition to the trolls, there are then only three possible responses from the respective "authority":

First: you get ignored. The most normal.

Second: you get deleted.

Third: you get snitched on and Facebook blocks you because you have broken the "Community Standards".

But the troll can insult and denigrate you. But with that his potency and skills are exhausted. Every day a global online battle is raging to bring the truth to the people. Every hour someone tries to sell the smeared sky as beautiful, and every minute there are a few new eyes that see, recognize, understand, until the next heart cries out and will help.

Sometimes it feels like a race: Eyes that open vs. eyes that can be fogged. Light from inside vs. poison from outside.

But there are still too many people who have no idea what's going on. Because they can not imagine a wanton intervention on the climate, and certainly not that there is a battle in the online universe, where people get oppressed, intimidated and censored.

These people, the normal citizen - the one who has nothing to hide - would immediately think of Turkey or North Korea as "repressed, intimidated and censored", but never of Frau Merkel or Herr Maas (or their American counterparts).

And such citizens regularly get angry when they come across my shocking news. Some of them insult or mock me, some of them "unfriend" me. But these people finally shut up, when they realize the vast amount of scary pictures I collect. They then swallow it to just quickly forget it.

And who knows? In some, it may continue to tick until the seed rises, and then they understand it, and then they will help to stop it.

But the troll never shuts up. He makes a stink to keep making stinks. He sticks to you like dog shit to your shoe. And just then comes my test question: "Hey you, I'm here on a daily basis because I'm very worried. What is your motivation? Why do you spend so much time to mob people who are worried? When only water vapor fogs our sky, then who would care about some fools saying differently? Don't you have an own life? What is your motivation?"

One answered: so that you do not have to live in this paranoid idea of being deliberately sprayed on.

Sure, continuous service around the clock to save another lost soul you might find at the spiritual welfare, but not on Facebook. So much easier to find sex on the internet than solace for your soul. After my question, what is your motivation, usually there was never an answer. That was a checkmate question in most cases. And since most trolls are not very intelligent, and perhaps copy and post only pre-prepared phrases, they are overwhelmed with such a question, thrown out of their script and then only remain silent. Or they bark out aggressively (to make themselves popular with their superiors?).

In their condescending tone and their know-it-all attitude, such trolls remind me very much of Roland Freisler and his unforgettable, filmed performance in the trial of the Stauffenberg process.

Always nicely from above, screaming, attacking, in short: intimidating. Such behavior you only display when you feel protected and favored by authority. And everything that stands in the way of the "official" version gets beaten up or shouted away. And thus it has always been. At any time there always have been enough toads and worms that helped for money to beat up and shout away human dignity.

But this time something has changed completely. This time there is something new: the communication technology. In our example it is Facebook. Maybe Facebook was indeed founded only to be able to control us better. But what if we use it to awaken each other? The more of us participate in the battle in the Onlineversum, the more overwhelmed the trolls will be. The more of us get involved, the more difficult it will be to hide the enlightening content. That I am now monitored and censored is no surprise, more on that later. But Facebook won't be able to monitor all of us. Well, yes they can monitor all of us, but who will be able to read and process all of this?

The alternative would be to block the entire Facebook or to just switch it off, to save freedom of speech.

One thing for sure: the more of us know about this battle, the faster we will have won it.

Do you recognize that?
Can you see it?
Do you now understand?

Chapter 21

Leander's List

With every devastating storm, the movement of "chemtrail believers" grows larger. With every tornado that rages - nowadays also - over Germany, a bus full of new spectators arrives on my site The Repugnant Pilot. With every torrential downpour the LIKES rise steeply upwards. My side is like the thermometer in the sick patient's asshole. I see the fever rising. And fever is a defensive reaction to disease.

Speaking of chemtrail believers. Who was so bold as to dismiss people like me as a chemtrail believer? What I see has nothing to do with believing. And what I believe, I don't necessarily have to see. That facts are dismissed as belief is part of this crime, because if everything we believe is wrong, then we're at their mercy. Everything is turned upside down. Facts are beliefs. Or a belief becomes a fact, as with digital money, for example. All we do is believe that the money is on the chip. The fact is that with that not only bread and games, but also bombs and murderers can be paid for. And something like this happens exclusively and always only for democracy and for freedom. That's how it is today, and that's how it was then. And they used to say at Auschwitz for example, "Work makes you free." And even the chemical desecration of the sky has a flowery name in newspeak. It is called "Advanced Sustainability". Because it is seen as a saving measure and is being promoted by the Institute for Advanced Sustainability Studies Potsdam (Short: IASS).

Everything that's already happening secretly has a permanent position. In an older text I had translated Sustainability with Life Support. It can also be translated as environmental compatibility or sustainability. So maybe only I interpret Sustainability as something that promises us a future.

If one uses the translation "sustainability" or the elegant combination of words "transformative sustainability research", as translated by IASS itself, then one could quickly say: yes, we will be poisoned sustainably, so that everything will be transformed ...

And nobody wants that, do we? And our Klaus Töpfer, ex- and worldwide first Minister of Environment, was honorary President in that organized association of sustainable life sustainers, or life cooling sustainers.

And who really takes the time to listen to these boring IASS videos on YouTube, learns from Klaus that several millions are invested every year to control the language, because whoever controls the language controls the subject.

And millions are actually squandered! Because where I am today, I can see that very well.

A part of my evidence collection clearly shows that a lot of money was spent to knead our minds. To put shit into our brain has a price. Because the shit has to be produced first.

So long before the mean, stupid troll is sent into battle as a foot soldier, umbrella organizations a la IASS or IPCC (Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change) are founded that propose a line or direction that is then cleverly placed in our media by the opinion makers.

The opinion makers are mostly popular TV presenters, who entertain us nicely, "inform" us and, incidentally, stake out what goes and what doesn't go, what applies and what doesn't apply.

Opinion makers are usually a bit craftier in their rhetoric than the common troll, but they also drive on a track specified by the client, that is, they are far away from any spiritual intuition, even they have long since lost contact with Mother Nature, be it because of bloated celebrity ego, too much cocaine or you just because someone holds them by their balls.

So here I am spitting a few names into my instant history book. These a some of the German players I noticed from my watch guard. I am sure you meet similar creatures in any country or culture.

There's the well-known weatherman Jörg Kachelmann, such a jovial chatterbox, who comes along so sovereign, casual and from above and tells us that you can't influence the weather at all.

Such a thing is complete nonsense, and all those who claim something different are not particularly intelligent. "They're not the crispiest chips in the bag." That's how he said it.

Yes, Jörg is rhetorically very crafty. The whole world is still waiting for his book.

By the way, there are internet rumors that Jörg Kachelmann admitted to chemtrails at first, but then rowed back drastically. Something had happened.

And I think I heard that a sexual harassment complaint was withdrawn because he's now in the game. Whatever is written on the Internet or told at the hairdresser's, I only capture it if it fits the picture. There's a lot of gossip going on. Especially in politics. And weather plus IASS = politics.

Let's continue in my "ZARAH LEANDER Memorial List". That's right, you've read correctly. I name my list after the pretty Swedish woman who, on behalf of Dr. Goebbels, had been singing "I know a miracle will happen some day" three days before the end of the war. In the nineties in Berlin, my film colleagues and I wondered how a woman like that ultimately could make such a shit. Well, maybe she still hadn't realized that it was over? Maybe she was under pressure? Or maybe she was just a stupid whore?

In any case, she symbolizes all those qualities that the media person of today needs to appear on the "Zarah Leander Memorial List". A list that unfortunately will not be complete. I can only tell you what I've been witnessing from my limited perspective. I don't feel like going out and looking for who else belongs on that list. The police can make this effort the day they use their eyes to see again.

So let's move on to the Zarah Leander Memorial List (by the way: my list is done in Germany, you might not know the names but see them as a placeholder, certainly in any language you find the same set of sad TV whores):

Then there's this ZDF guy named Rayk Anders. He looks like Grandma's best little boy. Another cuddly creep for the anesthetized dreamboat-gazers. Now seriously. Who does the casting for people who want to make a career in television? With his soft smile he certainly

arrives at all the people who really still believe that representatives of the people represent the people and that the media are free.

It seems to me: the more cuddly-creepy one is, the further he gets.

After all, Rayk has shot a worthy successor to Dr. Goebbels magnificent documentary THE ETERNAL JEW. With his documentary film LIVING IN MADNESS, financed by ZDF, Rayk has made a big hit. He catapulted himself straight into history. First-hand I know how the interview, an important part of the film, with my co-activist Ria den Breejen was simply completely screwed up and twisted. Since I constantly assemble films myself, I know how to do it. It's just like Gaddafi and his speech to the United Nations. If you look at the two-minute version on American television, you think Gaddafi is talking nonsense and has a drug problem. If you look at the whole lecture, you inevitably wonder whether Gaddafi only took the drugs to find the courage to say what we all are not allowed to say or hear. And he did it in front of the UN. Rayk Anders and his director Marc Quambusch at least tried to make Ria look like a fool. At first glance you could say "Poor Ria!", but once you've seen through this lousy game, you can see who the really poor are here.

A Rayk like that isn't alone. The list of those cuddly creeps doesn't stop anymore. Just take a good look at them. They all look as if they were chronic victims of bullying at school. That is the least those poor souls had to endure in order to participate so blindly in this false cry for recognition.

Then there is a "real" conspiracy theory expert named Sebastian Bartoschek. That he is an expert is always written underneath so that you can recognize it immediately. For example, I am not an expert, I am only an attentive observer and stupid questioner. But Sebastian is an expert, our press never gets tired of pointing that out. Sebastian is an expert in the tradition of Max Eichler, who was also an expert and responsible for the Reich's Citizen Book "You understand right away". Back then. There you got a vivid and quick explanation of what goes on in the Reich and what doesn't. And so can Sebastian. In no time at all, he draws on a sheet of paper what the prerequisites are for becoming a conspiracy theorist.

Strangely, no better: ironically, the addiction to recognition plays a very important role for him.

Well, Sebastian, if you're reading this: of course I am also happy about recognition! But it's my worry that calls me to the plan. You don't have those worries. So, what calls you to the plan?

Now let me guess: of course, you're a cuddly creep, too!

Let's go on:

Not only TV editors, documentary directors, experts and weather men are digging their own graves these days, even real star comedians.

Since the privatization of television, German humor has been going steeply downhill for my terms. We're talking about the early '90s.

Suddenly all kinds of comedy clubs were booming, and these shows all had one thing in common: when you saw it alone, you didn't find it funny.

But when you saw them in a clique, you laughed loudly at every moment you suspected to be funny, so that the others wouldn't think you hadn't understood the joke. Laughter is known to be contagious. Suddenly the whole clique laughed, and from then on people laughed weekly.

And so a new generation of comedians and cabaret artists was nailed into our perception, with money and broadcasting time of the big private stations, which have thrown millions around themselves in the increasingly intensifying quota fight.

Of course, in the shadow of big money, in the small clubs or regional broadcasters, even a few capable comedians flourished. I'm thinking Volker Pispers and Christoph Sieber. They're people of wit and conscience. And you can't say that about Oliver - fat boy - Kalkofe. He thought it was funny to call the two fat singers "Klaus & Klaus" fat boys. That is how his humor works. For me it became funny when in the meantime he himself has turned into a fat boy. It is always like this: you point your index finger at another person, your little finger, ring finger and middle finger point to yourself.

Kalkofe likes to dress up and thinks of himself as a good voice imitator. If he was really funny once, then I would be happy if one of you would point me to that place.

Now to the low point of his career pushed by money:

The German band VitaVision has written a musically good and lyrically very clever song with the theme and title: CHEMTRAILS. I think the song is good and have also mirrored it on my Facebook page. Because in the public radio stations this song is not to be heard. Or if only as a parody. Oliver - like the singer - tied a headscarf around himself and again made the funny voice imitator. Again he was not funny, but this time he had a job to do. And with that, Fat-Boy No. 3 went straight to the judges on the dock.

And his comedian colleague Lutz van der Horst can sit right next to him. Another cuddly creep clown who is also not sorry to mock concerned citizens. Where was it shown? On the ZDF Today Show. You find it on my page. Unfortunately.

You poor cuddly creeps! This has nothing to do with humor but a lot with accessory to murder. Maybe you will get your head out of the noose when you unpack and tell how such a topic is planned, pushed and executed from above. Then there will certainly be criminal easement.

Because - and now comes another razor-sharp observation:

is it a coincidence that the comedians, of all people, who were so quickly washed up and raised to the throne by the new German private television stations, are also the comedians, of all people, who now (must) laugh the loudest about "Chemmmies".

I can imagine how they were told: "Well, have you forgotten to whom you owe everything here? Without us, you'd have stuck with your talent as a dishwasher. Now do as you're told and don't ask stupid questions!"

The scriptwriter in me must immediately paint the scene ...

But Oli, Lutzi, do you realize I'm building you a loophole? Now your time has come: if there's anything to my suspicion, it's best to tell it all. You've got an audience. And make sure you don't die suddenly before that. And if there was nothing to my suspicions, then you're just really completely dopey and stupid. And I can't quite believe that.

To all who are affected: if we all get out of the closet together now, the bad game is over.

Do you recognize this?



Let's continue in Leander's List:

We must not forget the free rider Giulia Nouhi Silberberger.

She is the host of the GOLDEN TINFOIL HAT, an annual award for the most paranoid freak among conspiracy theorists.

Giulia is a free rider, because she didn't invent the tinfoil hat. It was invented by the marketing department of the CIA, together with the term "conspiracy theorist".

The concept with the tinfoil hat is exactly the same as the one with the Jewish star. Once you are marked with a Jewish star or a tinfoil hat, you no longer belong, you have nothing more to say. We know the rest of the story. I just feel sorry for Giulia. Where her male colleagues are still cuddly or creepy-cuddly, ... well, she's not even that. She's just a poor and ponging swamp dork, plagued by the trauma that she was never asked to dance at parties and always stayed seated. Well, I can say that because I was the one who stayed seated then, too. But I dealt with it differently! My God, Giulia! That's no reason to sink so low!

But instead of thinking, Giulia clings to her new role and imagines that what she is doing is influential and significant. Here, too, we find the same pattern as with all the colleagues mentioned above: Now she finally has attention, now she's someone. Too bad she's doing this to such a dishonorable cause. Much more honorable would be to make porn movies. But for that you need a minimum of talent. And the looks. Just like Zarah for example.

So far, so good. Everyone is a prisoner of his own traumas, the wounds that were done to us at some point. But you have to be careful that your own trauma doesn't completely screw up your life. Meanwhile the burden of circumstantial evidence has become so overwhelming that people who now claim the opposite are missing out if they have only their trauma as a defense. The motivation of these people to take part in this cruel crime can only be guessed, and one day we will know more, just as one day we learned for the first time that Heinrich Himmler's father had a chicken farm, and that it was a great inspiration for little Heinrich.

So one day we will find out what the inspiring moments were for Giulia, Sebastian, Rayk and Jörg. And they will notice that they have always written their names underneath all their doings.

Is someone complaining because I'm listing this gang and mentioning them explicitly? Well, why? These names will soon be in every history book. Because they wrote themselves into it.

But where there is much shadow, there is also much light. Thanks to those fellow human beings who in that online battle are up against the dull media and troll rubbish.

But before I tell you about the light, I'd like to quickly take a closer look at the mean Internet troll and its puny, cowardly, wormy creature.

Chapter 22

Troll-House

For me, the troll is the definitive proof that my photo collection is really harmful for certain interest groups and manipulations. Only through the troll and his slobbering my photos are ennobled. Troll-slobber is a seal of quality.

When you find troll-slobber, it is probably about truth or something that could lead us to the truth. In Newspeak they call it "Fake News".

Do you see it? At all levels, precautions have been taken and done with the sole aim of bending our compass needle. So that we lose our orientation and don't find the truth.

And this disinformation program is indeed lasting and multi-layered, and so that it could spread in such a way that we not only do nothing against it, but also don't recognize and see anything, it actually cost several million euros, as our Klaus frankly admitted. Whoever has the sovereignty to interpret, it is applied by the media and in the last row by the trolls. You can look at it like an army. Or like a chessboard.

If the interpretive sovereignty says "this is only water vapour", then the troll has to fight until the other one says so: "Yeah, you're right. All just water vapor. And your quoted sources and arguments are really great. Now I am convinced. It's all just steam."

With the quoted sources (Metabunk, Psiram and there are so many more) we arrived - in the military language - in the trenches.

The mean troll may storm out on the battlefield with his bayonet in the attack. He gets his cover from the trench. And the trench carries out the orders of the strategic planning office.

And so it goes back successively, and deeper and deeper behind the enemy line, up to its general, and he serves the king. And if you look closely, you see that he serves our king. And that's the damn thing about this whole thing.

The troll bases his argumentation on troll pages, which refer to troll institutes and which prove everything with the theses of troll scientists. Anyone who thinks that I am going too far now should first explain to me

why Obama, the warmonger, was awarded a Nobel Peace Prize when he took office. It's like being awarded an Oscar for Best Foreign Language Film just because I have a camera and a curvy muse in her dirndl.

What? Have you not yet noticed how the trolls really spit us into consciousness on all levels and from all sides?

Well, I feel so free and secure to claim all this, even though I personally have no interpretive sovereignty, I have the fruit of meticulous continuity.

Also my blood carries that over-particular German way of being. Yes, the over-particular way of a German, this element in our being the world has often suffered from, but when used in the right way, it produces best cars and brews the tastiest beer.

My over 23,000 photos are not to be overseen and speak for themselves. And it certainly is my over-particular way, which pushes me to write it all down so the last hillbilly will get it aswell. Because it is also about his life! And about your life.

In addition to the already mentioned writing trolls - which, by the way, have been getting quieter and quieter for a few months now, perhaps because they simply have nothing more to say against my evidence - there is now also a new generation of trolls.

I call them the Troll 2.0. That includes:

The techno-trolls. They work silently and discreetly in the background. They hack our accounts, they block or cut connections like for example they unlock my followers so that my news don't show up there anymore. I've heard that from people who've been affected. "Hey Tim, I knew I liked your side! And now you were gone. I had to liken it again. Of course I did!"

I even got written the other day: "every time I go to your post, my Facebook crashes. And always only with you and your posts." Ain't that strange?

The techno-trolls push the kitten pictures right to the top into the newsfeed and push meaningful cloud photos right to the bottom into the last place. If they deleted my posts, I would immediately notice their intervention, and I would possibly complain to Facebook or let all my friends know immediately that I was already censored again. But I hardly

notice when they put my article in the last row of the whole newsfeed. Because if I check to see if the post is still there, I find it. But when the others look, they often don't find it. "I rarely see your things" I hear from my readers again and again. This is soft censorship and not a technical blunder. The techno-trolls set up a virtual fence around all those who could be dangerous to the system with their contributions.

Because a few post stubbornly and daily, they drum to shake up the others ... and at least I feel a little better from the post alone, I feel liberated, like after a successful bowel movement ... So I open my window and am happy that my fragrance is now being driven out into the net of nets to multiply there. Well, that's what we think. In fact, they put me and a few other fellow stinkers under a virtual bell. There, in invisible quarantine, we can stink at each other, and only very, very seldom does someone new take the floor. After all, how many of us are involved in the daily active use on the Facebook front? How many of us are there, posting, commenting, helping to bring this crime to light?

How many?

It looks to me like there are always the same two to three dozen drumming and writing.

Every now and then a new guy or a new girl comes along. But where new members appear more quickly is in the newly diagnosed Alzheimer cases. Here you can see the diabolic race again: Truth vs. Alzheimer's. Waking up vs. being put to sleep. The small group of people who figured it out is growing steadily. More and more realize that 9/11 was the starting point for a very bad script that is being imposed on our world. But when someone suddenly awakens - "awakening" the favorite word of esoteric conspiracy theorists - then in the vast majority of cases this means that he only blinks briefly, looks briefly, and with shock closes his eyes again and immediately continues to sleep. The fluoride in the toothpaste and in the drinking water, and the sodium glutamate in the tasty chips do the rest. And for the minority who don't have a damaged pineal gland yet, the trolls have to push overtime on the front all day.

Not only the settings on Facebook are being manipulated, you get sneaked on and denounced. The stealth-troll is a reality. I know that firsthand, too.

If you are once under observation because of spreading of possible "fake news", then someone extra will be assigned to search your side until he finds something that could be reported. That's why it's so damn important never to use the word damn.

The stealth-troll is perhaps the precursor and aspirant of the so-called backstabbing psycho-troll. These are trolls who approach you in a personal and confidential way, but they only want to undermine your belief that you can do something.

Here comes a good example, original troll fabric:

"So you reach politicians?! And environmentalists?! And that makes you move something? Well, that's great; soon we won't have any chemtrails anymore thanks to your help ..."

What common man takes the time to leave such a comment?

Nobody. Just psycho-trolls.

But it gets better.

Recently this troll fabric came to me, was presented to me by co-activist Ute Thamm, but I had already been approached in exactly the same way, this trick goes very nasty to the root of our consciousness:

"If you concentrate on the negative and fight against what you do NOT want, you have not only understood nothing, but are harming our efforts!"

Did you hear that?! Someone is already trying, so don't stand in the way and don't ruin everything just because you have the negative in front of you all the time, just because you're trying to fight it. Because the more you deal with it, the bigger it will get, we all know that now.

At the latest since The Secret.

In fact, I've already asked myself whether the chemtrails are getting less if I look less. Or: If you don't know about the poison, it won't do you any harm.

Well, I just can't believe it. I think if there is a problem, a deviation in the natural order, only one thing will help: to recognize it, and the sooner you recognize it, the easier it is to correct it, and the later you recognize it, the harder it is to correct it. That's my feeling about this. And no sneaky psycho troll can talk me out of it.

In this context it is also very advisable to enjoy the whole esoteric reading á la THE SECRET with caution.

It goes without saying that our consciousness shapes our world, it is proven that the mind directs matter, but such top-seller books work just like the false prophets: slowly we learn of our spiritual power that we actually have. But we do not learn everything.

And I have the feeling that all the "success for you too" instructions are deliberately distributed, so that you are inoculated with everything that you want to be done, at the latest in forty days, you just have to wish it hard enough with all your heart ...

... and then forty days later nothing has changed. Well, why didn't it work out? You can then blame it on yourself. Maybe you are a loser after all. Your father had already hinted at that. You know ... But that stays between us.

But you have lost your interest to explore your intentions and mind-power, haven't you?

Many, who these days realize that our earthly existence is only about the soul, lose just the overview in the hocus-pocus, which is organized around our souls.

And that has a plan, and it's done on purpose. They make us so confused that many of us would even pay a troll a fat fee, just for the great advice to put your head in the sand in case of danger.



And then there's the treacherous topo-troll. Topo is Spanish for mole. Topos were the secret police who were infiltrated into the ETA. They pretend to belong to it, to blow the whistle at the right moment.

I am sure that one or the other of us online activists is a topo, working side by side with us, but then hiding the truth behind a partial truth or to peach on planned actions.

Allegedly the Mossad founded the NPD. Surely one or the other "good" Geo-Engineering Forum has been founded by trolls in the same way. There we can get loud and nobody notices how we are held behind a gate for state observation. The Stasi 2.0, or Gestapo 2.0, is already among us. It's a good thing that this is becoming known and that all their activities are finally revealed.

I am happy to announce: we know what you are doing, we know who you are! Thanks to attentive co-activists who list all those involved by name. So that nobody is forgotten, at the Nuremberg Trial RELOADED.

What doesn't surprise me at all in this context is that I had half a million readers (total range) at that time with only three thousand followers. Now I have more than twelve thousand, four times the number of daily followers, and with a lot of luck and tailwind I reach just fifty thousand readers, only a tenth of half a million. How is that possible?

I suspect that if I posted cute kittens, I would have reached more than twenty thousand followers today and a total reach of five million or more.

It's just an intuition. But the fact is that I can now be happy on Facebook if I don't slide below a total range of 30,000. And that's strange. And certainly not a coincidence, and certainly has nothing to do with a lack of interest.

On the contrary, I can see how my subscribers are increasing daily, but the total number of readers is constantly decreasing.

And that happens not only to me, but also to my colleagues. That's why we're all busy with having a presence on other channels as well.

This discussion, or the awakening, will, thank God, become more and more comprehensive, and soon we can say:

"Facebook, thanks for helping me get started! And now get lost."

You can find me also here: therepugnantpilot.com

Please subscribe to the newsletter ;-)

Facebook was created to spy on us, and we use it to wake each other up. The battlefield is our perception. Do we agree and co-operate in our own extinction? Or do we recognize what's being played?

It's up to you.

One thing's for sure. We're living through a precedent.

Chapter 23

Tim's List

People who not only wake up, but also have the strength to get up and then are able to do something, can be counted on one hand. And those who do something are all world champions. I can see that because there's one of us. Antony Spatola, two-time world champion in kickboxing.

Of course, none of us can beat your face like Antony. But each one of us activists shares the will it takes to become world champion. You can tell a world champion by the fact that he doesn't give up. He falls down, but he doesn't stay down. A world champion is someone who grows with the challenges.

And not one in all the troll patrol knows that will and that power. It's universal law. This is the hero's journey. And a troll is no hero.

So all they can do is sabotage, snitch and intimidate. And that's exactly where the hero grows.

Now I come to the light, which, thank God, also exists.

Just as I know from my own experience that trolls are real, I know that there are a handful of like-minded people out there who don't rest until the truth is on every breakfast TV and the song CHEMTRAILS by VitaVision Deutschland is represented at the Eurovision Song Contest. Now I come to that list, the infamous "kiss you awake pack", on which man or woman would like to stand. And if I missed one here, he might get angry. Not the forgotten troll, he'll be happy. That's the difference between the two lists. One you want to be on it, the other you don't. Yes and this time you have a choice, because you can choose on which list you belong. And if I forgot someone, you are welcome to point this out to me, and he/she will appear in the next edition, which will certainly come then.

So who's with the rebels in the fight against the Empire?

Well, in the USA the most active are Clifford Carnicom and his Carnicom Institute, the scientist J. Marvin Herndon, Rosalind Peterson,

Patrick Roddie, the whistleblower Kristen Meghan, Edward Mann, Matt Landmann, Nicole Vettraino, Mike Decker, Eric E Cypher, Harold Saive, George Metrik, Wayne Casteen and counting.

I don't trust the very active chemtrail guru Dane Wigington very much anymore.

He blocked me because I claim that all climate change was artificially and deliberately produced. My film GLOBAL FALSE FLAG annoyed him so much and didn't fit into his rigid dogma at all, he threw me out of his side and broke the contact. Dane also clings to the CO2 fairy tale and insists too much on global warming. And so he sticks to the official narrative - although he addresses wrongdoings and accuses them. One thing's for sure. The curtain falls and everything will be out. And the current rulers have already positioned the new strong man for this day. So who could that be?

I doubt it is Michael Murphy. Michael made very good documentaries. Among them "What in the world are they spraying?". Unfortunately, his recent contributions are so confused that he sabotages himself and all his work. Now it says: WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENS WITH MICHAEL?

The people who know Michael know what I'm talking about. And those who do not know him shall seek to judge him for themselves. I just say: I hope he gets his act together. Because with Michael, I always had the feeling that he was one of the good guys.

Then there are the English Max Bliss, Harry R. and from down under Neil P. In Spain Josefina Fraile. I've already told you about her. And in Austria there is Franz Miller.

But most of the action runs for me personally in Germany, mother tongue remains mother tongue. And: once a Wuppertaler, always a Wuppertaler.

Here in Germany, the first activist I noticed was a woman. Ria den Breejen. A native Dutchwoman who emigrated to West Berlin for the sake of art. Today she is the co-organizer GLOBAL MARCH AGAINST GEO-ENGINEERING.

She's the mother of the movement. She is always in the front row when it comes to swallowing public laughter. She is maliciously called the Chemtrail Queen. Rayk Anders dedicated his film LIVING WITH

MADNESS to her. After THE ETERNAL JEW another milestone among German documentaries.

Ria is a magnificent woman with healthy instincts and a sharp mind. And with her heart in the right place. At least that's my perception. In the not too distant future, a square in Berlin, complete with a bronze statue, will be named after her. I'm sure of it.

Next I'll mention Antony Spatola, the two-time world champion in kickboxing.

I remember the first time I heard about him: on October 3, 2015, the Day of German Unity, we both had the same idea:

each of us uploaded a video on Facebook talking about the manipulations in the sky. And on that day, our videos both performed extremely well.

When I found out that Antony was such a professional fighter, I felt flattered and directly stronger because I was allowed to stand by his side.

Maybe something like this can be measured energetically, but since I am in contact with Antony, I feel more powerful ;-). It's funny that all our brain acrobats have nothing to say about this topic, but our action men like Antony and Chuck Norris, they do talk about it. Is it possible that the muscles are closer to nature than the brain?

The rock in the high seas for me is Jürgen Frankenberger. A blogger who digs for facts and is certainly at the top of the STASI 2.0 surveillance list. But he was already on it with STASI 1.0.

Jürgen is an old veteran, and when the wall fell, he quickly realized that there was still another wall standing. I think he's extremely well-read, he's known the game of those dark powers all his life. He knows almost every trick in the book. He is a pool of experience and information. If I jump into the battle as a clown, Jürgen will be my trench. He has the stuff they don't want us to know about.

I am in daily contact with the latter three. And I consider that an honor. Together we support the Lower Saxon CDU delegate Martin Bäumer with words and deeds. The only politician who has the courage to touch on this subject. Of course, so far all his inquiries have been denied, only stupid blabla answers came back from the authorities. And the press got a kick out of crazy Martin and his Nazi or tinfoil hat wearing friends.

Unfortunately, in Germany one is directly labelled a Nazi if one recognizes certain worrying developments. If this continues, the word Nazi, just like the troll-slobber, will become a seal of quality.

Martin seems to be the only politician who knows how to interpret my photo collection. Wouldn't you have expected this from the Greens? The CDU, out of all parties, has someone who recognizes it. Well, just another indication that all parties and party ideologies have now mixed under the influence of Political Correctness, constant TV entertainment and fluoride in the drinking water to form a wobbly mass. Cola or Pepsi. Democrats or Republicans. Hip or Hop. There's no difference anymore. This form of duality has had its day. There are only people with contact to nature, or people who have lost this contact. There are people who are committed to life, or there are people who want to subjugate and control life. Or you can say: there are people who are self-determined, and there are people who are other-determined. Money - that digital ghost - is one of the greatest seducers, and has destroyed so many self-determined ones already. Well, I don't know money, and I don't know fear. But one thing I say loud and clear today:

if I make money with this book, I would like to invite Ria, Antony, Jürgen and Martin to me to the Basque Country for a long weekend.

And you can help me make it work, too!

Just buy the book and if you like it, please recommend the book or gift it. And we say thank you.

More ... who do something, more ... who are there. Werner Altnickel must be mentioned in this book. Actually in Germany in first place. But I have no contact with him, only that he uploaded a video translated by me on his channel, and thanks to his distribution list it became a hit. I am talking about the Spanish TV interview with Josefina Fraile. Very informative! Werner is the grey eminence, also behind the chemtrail movement. He was an active member of Greenpeace for a very long time, until Greenpeace separated from him because he considered the "chemtrail hypothesis". Or was he sorted out because he realized how the original idea behind Greenpeace was completely corrupted? Anyone who thinks today that Greenpeace is doing something for the environment also believes that the stork will bring the babies. Werner is a prehistoric rock and his videos are as pale as his sweaters. But he lies with his finger

exactly in the wound, consistently and from the beginning. Hats off to the old fighter! He never got corrupted. Not even by fashion.

I know that there are other names that should be mentioned here, and that will be the case in the next edition.

For now, I'm just talking about all the people I subjectively perceived from my sentry. And there I see the chatter on Facebook. And I see it increasing.

More and more people are making contributions, more and more people are collecting photos, more and more people are digging up something bizarre, more and more people are active in bringing to light the greatest crime of all time.

Some have created their own site or group, or have created their own specialty, such as a party, or like Corren in New Zealand who specializes in Wikileaks and Julian Assange (more on this later). To briefly describe all these good fellow combatants in their activities goes beyond the scope of my time. I hope that my detention will not last so long that I have to tell everything about the others. They better tell their own story. Then it will be more honest. But since they're also in my story, I'm now throwing all the other names from around the globe into the same pot, whether he or she produces or writes content, or just shares and comments. But this is the list of my daily fellow fighters, and I want to thank you all for standing side by side. And if I missed one, be indulgent, the next edition will come even more so. The order is alphabetically sorted by first name. Here again: I mention the surnames only to those who have given me their consent:

Alfred J., Albert Friedrich L., Alessa L., Anette K., Anja P., Anne B., Barbara F., Beate S., Ben F., Betti W., Birgit G., Birgit K., the brilliant violinist Birgit Kolar, Boban R., Cassandra S., Charlie H., Chrissy G., Christian R., Christian S., Christin A., Claudia W., Clemens V., Conny G., Corinna S., Corren G., Dagmar S., Dan D., Dan W., Dani Graf, Debbie S., Désirée R., Diego Williner, his hypnotic music so adorns some of my Skyporn movies, Dieter K., Dieter W., Dimitri Rueger, Dome D., Dumitra S., Ebru Elly Neumann, Erik W., Erwin H., Eva G., Eva H., Evu C., Evelyn Köstenberger, she had real stress with Facebook because of her disgusting findings.

Eyota M., Felipe V., Francisco Jose F., Gabriele H., Gerd H., Gianfranco P., Glenn K., Hannelore H., Hans Huber, his passion is quantum physics, Hans Ö., Hansruedi T., Hardy D., Hazel P., Heidi von M., Heinz K., Hektor D., Holly F., Ina E. and her Graph O., Irv E., Isa P., Isabella H., Jan Karl-Heinz B., Jan E., Jed M., Jodie F., John B. and his hot Beach-Brides from Florida, John G., John S., Jose Angel D., Jose D., José Manuel E., Jose Villegas in L.A. with his great mini works of art, which he drops off on my site almost every day. He's always there with his silent outcry. Just awesome.

Let's continue with Jörg C., Jürgen B., Jürgen C., Justyna S., Karina B., Karl M., the musician Karsten Wolff, Katja P., Kaysen G., Kerstin D., Kirsten S., Klaus G., Lars Richter, Len Duggan, my man in London, Lenny Z., Leonor N., Lukas Zitz, another top sportsman and supplier of the very finest photos. I have created a separate folder for him in my collection: The Zitz Collection. It's going to be famous.

More: Lutz S., Manuela M., Marc R., Marcel M., Maria Jose L., Marian W., Maribel A., Markus B., Markus B., Markus Henne in the Black Forest, Markus H., Markus R., Markus S., Mathias G., Matthias A., Mesut A., Michael R., Michael Stapf, the man with the gas mask and the smart video clips, Mirko W., Monika H., Meritxell Castells, Nasul Ö. Nicole S., who knows a lot about orgonites, Norman F., Oliver B., Oliver R., Otto S., Pascal Assink, probably the most active Dutchman, Pedro L., Petr K., Petra Baumgartner, Petra C., Pippilotta W., Rachael S., Ralf B., Ralf K., Randy M., Raymond B., Renée D., Reno M., Renzo C., Ricky D., Rico A., Rico L., Rita S., Robert B., Robin H., the naughty Rudy H., Samuel S., Sandra H., Sandra H., Sandy B., Sebastian B., Silke G., Silvia W., Sonia V., Sonja M., Steven Baker aus Irland, Stipan F., Susanne Plaar, Susanna W., Suzanne M., Teh M., Tim M., Tim M., Tina Harsem (RIP), Thomas Allen M., Thomas F., Thomas M., Thomas Wassermann, Thomas Z., Tom J., Ursina E., Ute Thamm, Uwe M., Valentin H., Vincent G., Virna B., Yvonne B. und last but never ever least Wolfgang Speer.

The beauty of this list is that it's getting longer all the time. And certainly one or the other Reich citizen, Q anus follower, Bitcoin or flat-earth disciple, candy-ass, Bayern München-fan, boozier or transvestite is also there. Let everyone do what he or she or it wants, but we all have to

breathe. And the above-mentioned people have understood that. And that's all that matters to me right now.

By the way: Wolfgang Speer was already active in Görlitz before 1989. He also had to realize that there was another one behind the fallen wall. Here the East Germans have a clear advantage over the Western-ones in terms of experience. The former East Germans have a finger much closer on today's pulse, they already know what it looks like when the facades crumble, they know the mood and the signs. While the average West German still wants to be applauded for his post-war growth and his belly of prosperity.

But unfortunately there are still too many - especially among the good guys - so among you! By that I mean you who is reading this. There are still too many who think that this is all just a spectator sport, that with the "Like" you have saved another tree at the Amazon. I'd like to know how many are now informed, but live in the belief that the world is getting better from remaining silent or clicking. Always nicely according to the motto: don't attract attention. And when I spend a euro, it's for something I enjoy. Like cigarettes or chocolate. But I don't have to pay for a rainwater analysis if I get the results free of charge. And indeed, you can request all the rainwater analyses free of charge! Yes, guys, we are glad if you just look and manage to get your eyes off the football or the boobs for a moment.

When the penny drops, it drops slowly. Doesn't it?

As I scribble this down, the battle goes on out there. Recently, for example, FOX News once again sold a glaring sunhalo as "oh how beautiful". Thereupon "the kiss you awake pack" comments under the video. A short time later, FOX will remove the comments until the next wave of activist comments will be dropped, and they will be removed again. But every day we reach a small handful of people who suddenly realize how they are shitting in our brains and polluting our skies.

How many are there who recognize it and immediately slam the door shut? I find it blatant how some people are able to recognize

something, and in the next moment they have already repressed it. And we all know how bad the suppression is. Or has word not spread yet?

If you want us to win this battle, it's only possible if we all get active and get from the online to the street. It's like flirting online. If it comes to no direct meeting, then the thing dozes off sometime. You can light a small fire online, but the fire must be consumed on the street or in bed, or would you see it differently?

Meanwhile with every new storm hundreds of new people become aware that our climate has been transformed into an enemy, that our climate is misused as a weapon.

Now the time has come to carry the spark on the road.

Just go to the police, go to the mayor, go to the health department, besiege the local press, file lawsuits, again and again, again and again, and more and more of you. And always stay nice and friendly. This time it's not about ideology, it's about facts, facts, facts. And if you have no material of your own to present, then please help yourself by using mine.

On therepugnantpilot.com I have deposited my collected works (THE METICULOUS WORK OF TERROR) finely sorted. Available and downloadable for everyone. Letters, photos, movies. Skyporn at its finest. What the heart desires. I call my collection: The Testimony of The Repugnant Pilot. Or in short: the coffin nail. The coffin nail for our system. And my heart desires that once you have seen through it, please set yourself in motion!

And that's exactly how we're gonna stop this crime.

Chapter 24

The normal Fortress

The rules were always made for the servant only. The servant must abide by the rules. The one who makes the rules can break them as and when he wants. Or he'll just change them. And usually he then has the sovereignty to interpret.

The subject - that is, most of us - abides by all that is prescribed to him by the sovereignty of interpretation. And that will never change as long as there is bread and games. And as long as the subject is well fed and well entertained, he would never suspect what is really going on.

" The government would never do that to us" "and if I so, it would have been on TV" are the two biggest errors in today's time of intentional misinformation and disinformation.

And to keep it that way, we are regularly wished a fantastic day with photos of chemistry-smearred sunrises.

Actually no moment is left out to sell us this scratched, filthy sky as normal and beautiful. In all print media, in TV shows, in films, in advertising, sports events such as Wimbledon or Olympics, even in schoolbooks. Even on the Nivea can chemtrails showed up. To deepen your knowledge I can only recommend to have a look at my collection called NORMALIZING.



It becomes especially interesting when chemtrails appear in LEGO films, on Playmobil packaging or in Tom&Jerry comics. In Spain, children learn the right angle at two chemtrails.



The multinational toy companies are like the press, like schoolbook publishers, like film studios, like our pharmaceutical and food industry only a small part of the octopus that holds us in a stranglehold.

Here you can see the financial interdependencies that Glattfelder has uncovered, and which are needed to insist that these stripes are normal in the sky. And with even greater persistence I refute that ;-)

Imagine we live in a society where it is normal for three out of five women to have a black eye. I mean a violet because she got hit. But if they all have that, and even appear in films, photos and schoolbooks, then the child growing up there must think that this is quite normal.

There would then still be few who claim that a bruise in the middle of the face is not normal, but such voices are quickly discredited as madmen and conspiracy theorists.

So what's normal?

It's normal for the nun to get up early to pray. It's normal for a whore to go to bed late to finally rest. A child would find both normal depending on where he grew up. And with our mainstream media, it's normal to perform in a casual, amusing tone that such a condensation trail can take on bizarre proportions. That's funny and crazy, how sometimes the water vapor plays like that.

But true circumstantial evidence, patents and rainwater analysis are systematically and completely ignored.

And so are my 23,000 photos and 110 movies. And that's normal, too.

The mainstream media remind me of a great fortress from the fourteenth century. The wall is high and impenetrable. Sometimes a bucket of hot cat piss is poured from above onto the demanding intruder. Mockery included. Does that look familiar to you?

And within that fortress live the chosen people. Those who work in television already think they are special by default.

The press card is the most sought-after identification card on our planet after the diplomat's card. Board and lodging on the house, and since you belong to the chosen circle, you don't have to think anymore. And the few who think these are the ones who steer.

And these are usually Command Recipients 2.0. The command recipient 1.0 obeys for a medal made of tin, the 2.0 does it for a bag of digital wealth. The remedies have already changed, as has the haircut. But the main thing is that the man or woman does what you tell him or her to do. And so the wall stays closed. The rules are followed.

And that was and is normal.

In Spain it is said that God gives bread to those who have no teeth. And eyes to those who don't want to see. Such people are not an isolated case, otherwise they would not have had their own saying.

Now that the fortress of mainstream media has been sketched out, I would like to introduce someone who has been sitting inside the fortress for years.

José is an experienced foreign correspondent for Basque television. Constantly in Africa. Constantly in crisis. He constantly has this tense, serious expression on his face.

For many years he made a good living on television, but since the crisis he has also had to fight, because even the spoiled television people's bread basket was hung higher.

I showed him my finds the other day. A homemade time-lapse film with clearly visible HAARP ribs in the clouds, and then I showed him the "Walt Disneys Science Factual Presentation EYES IN OUTER SPACE" from 1959 in collaboration with UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE, ARMY, NAVY, AIR FORCE AND ARMY SIGNAL RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LABORATORY."

Here we are told in the best Disney manner how our weather makes life possible in the first place, how weather was always the big enemy, and that in the not too distant future there will be techniques to control and dominate the weather when it gets bad. According to Uncle Walt, this technology will be used for a better future for the benefit of all.

I undercut this Disney with current tornado and flood shots and mixed some self-filmed rib clouds on time lapse. This mixture called SCIENCE FACT hit my Facebook like a bomb. Everyone grasped the statement my little film montage. Everyone saw it, only TV journalist José didn't.

To me, my evidence was as clear in its meaning as a knife in the belly of the corpse. I finally had something you can't miss.

"What are you talking about? Explain it to me," only José said. And then he said, "Don't give up!" That means between the lines, "you're gonna spend a lot of energy on nothing." Because he had already decided in advance that there was nothing to my story.

Talking about such experts I ask myself, what is he doing when he is on duty in his beloved Africa?

Is he really curious about researching on his own? Do some real research, like he doesn't do with me. Or is he just driving by a consulate, where he is given a piece of paper with the official narrative in a few words. Now he can embellish them beautifully in some tropical hotel with whisky and cigarettes and live out his Hemingway Blues. Or how's that functioning? Well, why doesn't he see anything in my photos and movies, or in my suspicions and conclusions? Why can't he see?

Are people who work for television exposed to a very special mind control? It doesn't sound that far-fetched now. After all, they are the voices that shape our opinion.

Or is he just afraid of losing his job? I could imagine that. Although by now he has hardly anything left. He is sitting on a shrinking chair, and instead of looking under his ass to see why his butter is getting thinner and thinner, he goes where people are even worse off than he is. This helps not only the poor, but also his ego. And on the track runs his train.

Well, what I really believe, what is going on with our José - and people like him - is the following:

Not only does he not recognize the extraordinary dimension of the negative, he also does not recognize the much stronger dimension of the good. As little as José can grasp the greatest crime against all life, just as little can he imagine why all this could happen. And where it will lead us.

The battle for good and evil is real, is within us and around us. And is fought by all means.

If José really wanted to help his beloved Congo, he would not only look at the symptoms of the poorest of the poor, but also look for where the disturbing pressure comes from, which then manifests itself in unrest, war or illness. Especially in Africa.

But not only there anymore, as we now know.

Chapter 25

In the old Days

In the past, we only had the German TV guide HÖRZU and three television stations, the ARD, ZDF and the respective local stations. That made it quite easy to track all the information needed.

In the mid 1980's, the government approved the concession of private radio and television stations resulting in a boom in the TV guide sector. New magazines popped up at every corner. From that point on we had only sensationally beautiful smiling and lightly dressed tabloid women offering an oversupply to the entertainment industry. The era of Alice Schwarzer, a prominent German feminist and publisher, was finally over. And that was the good part about it.

From then on, came the time of the attractive, or rather beautiful women presenting the news on television. Suddenly, it was all about ranking. With ranking and ratings there was a lot of money to be made and with that quick money one could sponsor his coke.

It seemed everything spiraled into acceleration. If it was not the beauty, then it was the horror. After the horror, came the light entertainment again. After catastrophic reports came the erotic or action films. After the war reports we saw the Island of Dreams. At the end of the day we went to bed exhausted, tangled and tired, because we had absorbed more impressions in one day than our forefathers did in a whole lifetime.

We did not realize that this merry-go-around we were on was always spinning faster, like in a Hitchcock movie, until it spun so fast and broke off of its foundation into a vortex. And nobody noticed that the child named Truth was torn from his plastic elephant and landed hard on the pavement. Ouch!

Yet, did this hurt only the child? No one even noticed it as the carousel kept whirling, always faster in an endless circle. Few could hear the agony through all the cheerful atmosphere.

Then in the 1990's, people seemed so overwhelmed and glued to the television that their interest for TV guides diminished. Why, you ask? Simply no one read them anymore, because they were so thick you would need a whole day to read through one. It seemed that delving through a TV guide was more intense and tiresome than watching television itself.

From then onwards, we were zapping through the programs, and stayed where the merry-go-around turned the fastest.

This happened, of course, before the internet.

As the internet arrived, certain television shows established themselves as product brands. No matter what device one was using, the broadcasters got mashed into one large blob. The viewers got hooked on late night shows such as those of Stefan Raab and sporting events like Formula 1 racing. It seemed everybody was looking for his own preferences on TV, as well as the internet.

Then the program managers lost their influence slowly. Many viewers decided to take things into their own hands and began searching for content that interested their needs. The classic program director - the forerunner was Dr. Joseph Goebbels - was dead. For it was he who decided what to watch and what not. But now for the first time, it is we who have the choice. Or do we choose only out of fear or habit?

Meanwhile, every household is flooded by the internet, just like a flood of water. Lest we forget back when the first water pipes were laid. The time when we sat on the toilet, then pulled the string and watched in awe as the flushed pile disappeared into the hole. There, where it would not bother us anymore.

Or the times when we kept our heads under the running water in the faucet and wondered why the water never stopped pouring. Sure, it is a

poor comparison to what is going on today. This wonder of technology, the window to the whole world in my hand, which takes thousands of hours of deep worship until it has been processed. The machine shows me, the machine hears me. It replaces my psychologist since it listens to me.

And how nice it is to know that a spy is reading what I post. At this moment you know that technology connects, and you're never all alone.

Meanwhile, half a century after HÖRZU, hundreds of new channels around the world emerged. And many of the old channels that were already there were bundled by large purchases. Who does not remember the horrendous sums of money that were offered to buy up media conglomerates, and everyone said in unison: How can this be possible?

Well, today we know how and why.

These newly purchased channels turned out to be particularly entertaining and sexy. Yet, as it turned out, it was all about lulling the audience, distracting and misleading them while putting on the old public claim: "We represent the sovereignty of interpretation!" We became more and more accustomed to the TV. This culminated in: if you see it on TV, then it must be true. But if you do not see it on TV, then it does not exist.

Sadly many well-intended internet reporter colleagues do not enjoy having this advantage of being labeled credible.

Then came 9/11. From then on, the internet flourished for the first time ever. An increasingly large number of truth seekers appeared web wide, none of them were to be seen on television though. As 2013 rolled in so did the REPUGNANT PILOT. My quest is quite simple: real photographs, and questions coming from the depth of my heart. That is how it all started, yet it didn't go much further. Every so often, I have to let my frustration free, just as I am doing at this moment.

Honestly, other researchers on the net have come further. Not because they are maybe more diligent, but, who knows, maybe they are pushed by tailwinds.

May I present you a small and of course a subjective summary of all the 'new' broadcasters I follow on the internet. Here is a sample of a program overview just like the ones back in the days of HÖRZU. I believe, I do not have to present the dates, as the internet is a medium that never takes a break. If you should miss a beginning, it is not because you are maybe stuck in traffic, but because you just didn't look.

Chapter 26

CAUTION, TRAP!

It goes without saying that everyone in my group has long known how very few families own, control and cleverly manipulate the media of almost the entire world. Honest journalism doesn't exist anymore. "Lying press!" we call in the choir, and gladly refer to Dr. Udo Ulfkotte. For some a heroic whistleblower, for others a profile neurotic with the urge for recognition. Whatever, his book BOUGHT JOURNALISTS aroused great curiosity, and his sudden death was then again just a coincidence.

People from my group know that you can't trust the media anymore, they search the internet of course, they find their news and evidence there. And their gods.

And that's why I say: CAUTION, TRAP! Because the enemy is more sophisticated than we can imagine now. The rabbit hole goes deeper than we think. Or one can also say: the onion has another layer of wrapping. Thanks to the internet new people suddenly appeared who came to open our eyes. At least for me it was so that I could only listen in amazement and could not sleep for days. Or to put it another way: if they hadn't put that messenger on YouTube for me, then I wouldn't have got it straight to this day either, and like all the other dear fellow men I would have got caught between Formula 1, barbecuing sausages, talking shop about parties and presidents. I would then have taken up the arguments for my shop talk in my fetish newspaper. For some it is THE WASHINGTON POST, for others the NEW YORK TIMES. And if I had still the feeling that something was not right, the psychiatrist would have prescribed a psychotropic drug for me.

It was foreseeable that even in a blunted, anaesthetized population, the level of knowledge pressure would slowly increase, whatever the cause. I guess it's the Mayan calendar. I had already written about it, that it doesn't mean an end, but a new beginning. The cosmic wind now comes from another direction, and all this secret technology has only one purpose: to keep us away from this new good energy. I will shed more light on this, because I have a whistleblower who came to me to publish

his story on my channel. It's about electromagnetic frequencies (EMF), and that this is a weapon. Disguised as mobile communication.

The elite knows that at some point the truth will come out, namely that we have been ruled by sociopaths since Babylon at the latest. And they pursue only one thing: to subjugate us. The whole swindle and deception blows up, because it's already mathematically proven. It's only a matter of time now. Besides, it's simply impossible to eliminate all witnesses at a time when everyone has a camera and so some have turned into a whistle blower, unless ... yes, unless the big powder barrel still explodes and erases everything. And even that's what they're trying to do. But until that happens, you have to distract the masses. For most it still works with sex and football, and for a minority that is constantly growing, you do it with the "truth".

So they prefer to tell the story themselves, the way they want it to be told, before someone else does. As a screenwriter I know that: it is very important how what is told, what is shown and what is not.

Slice by slice you can tell the story and control the flow of information. And you can leave something out here and there to continue hiding the real culprits. Just like they've always done.

Furthermore, the new, out-of-the box journalist/enlightener/guru gains so much respect and trust among his audience of the awakened light fighters, that when the curtain falls and the usual, now obsolete squad of placeholders is finally discovered and condemned, this new journalist/enlightener/pastor is immediately available as a new mouthpiece. Such people sometimes make it to the Bundespräsident. The Ratcatcher of Hameln sends his regards. Everything that is mentioned on TV is always very suspicious. Especially when it's treated like a nightmare to the establishment. For example in Germany the AfD or in Spain the new out-of-the-box party PODEMOS, which is already of the word a one to one copy of Obama's YES WE CAN.

And Obama showed that he can only bomb. Does anyone really think PODEMOS can do more? PODEMOS can't even tell what's going on in the sky. Podemos no puede nada (we can, can nothing). Or is there someone else here who really believes this will work this time?

For me, all those who completely ignore the great danger of chemtrails and EMF towers are doubtful. Some do it because they haven't

noticed it yet, because it actually takes time to recognize it. And others do it because they are simply instructed not to talk about it.

But meanwhile the burden of proof is so overwhelming and those who still look away, but entertain us with partial truths (such as Alex Jones with Pizza-Gate), belong to the deliberately placed and controlled opposition. And the net of nets is full of them.

And it is important to understand that these so-called gatekeepers - the opposition controlled from above and keeping us down in check - actually share explosive and true material with us. That's why we admire them. For that, we follow them. For this we trust them. And overlooking the fact that this info, no matter what truth, would have come out anyway. Because everything always comes to light, the only question is when.

So what I'm saying is listen to everything, take what you can with you. And always pay attention to what your belly says. And finally accept that the last instance is always within you, no matter what they want to explain to you on the net or at the hairdresser.

You can learn from anyone. And that is why I am also happy about the false prophets, because they have certainly widened my view, only that I never let them explain to me where far ends, my "far" perhaps goes further than their "far". And so the hour has come to slaughter a few sacred cows:

Let's stay directly with Alex Jones, the rough-and-ready Texan who likes to rumble so loudly, who managed to get into Bohemian Grove, who ambushes the Bilderbergers at their meetings - never reported by the media - and loudly attacks all participants with a whispering bag in his hand ... but never swallows a bullet, whereby he always stands in the first row in a well-targeted manner.

Alex started his show Infowars in 1995. His close ties to the CIA and big business are creepy and undeniable.

Just that year, the terror started with the Oklahoma City bombing. Was it just a coincidence that Alex went on the air the same year? At least he's talking about chemtrails. But not often enough, and it seems to me that he does not see through the true motives or is not allowed to mention them.

His interview with David De Rothschild on climate change is controversial. David De Rothschild is an adventurer and environmentalist

by profession and tries to look like a Jesus, he belongs to the younger generation of that family. He sounds the alarm, worries about our kids. He no longer wants to analyze whether climate change is man-made, i.e. caused by overpopulation and its exhaust gases, or cyclical, because fact is that climate change is there and the next generations are threatened. And we must act immediately.

Alex rumbles in his aroused way: "What do we do to save ourselves? What do we do to save ourselves?" He's crying it out twice.

I'm yelling in between: Just stop the ongoing geo-engineering!

But I'm not part of that radio show, my cry goes unheard. Neither David nor Alex have come up with the idea that climate change was produced deliberately, that chemtrails are a weather weapon. Neither of them say that.

Neither of the two noble fighters wants to hear that climate change may also be due to daily pollution, but was mainly produced with HAARP and chemtrails. That's the taboo of taboos.

Instead, Alex Jones takes advantage of the hour to have a real Rothschild on the line and then attacks him at the worst: since Napoleon, the Rothschilds have financed every war on both sides. His family is to blame for the suffering of the whole world. And Alex, the sturdy boxer, is punching hard, again and again. For the first time, I felt sorry for a Rothschild. But today I know that both of them only played a role here.

Truths came out, Alex fought like a pit bull and David still remained flawless, because he only came to talk about the threat of climate change, worried about our children and even looks good with his beard.

Both sides were able to score. But the true truth remains hidden: we are gradually poisoned or maneuvered into famine. What decomposes faster from the sprayed aluminum? Our brains or our fields? And that's why it doesn't matter any more if we find out a minute before our end that the Rothschilds since Napoleon were that hidden power.

Well, maybe my conclusions are premature, after all, my perspective is limited, and if anyone finds any other reflections on those

players, I'd be happy to hear that. But please spare me the troll talk if a criminal investigation would be more than appropriate.



Alongside Alex Jones and his InfoWars and PrisonPlanet, ZEITGEIST is another cornerstone in the network of truth seekers. Anyone who starts to take an interest in such topics will undoubtedly come across ZEITGEIST. As I already mentioned, for me the three ZEITGEIST films were the first eye-openers. But a few years later I have to say that Zeitgeist couldn't do more than wake kissing me. And I say thank you for that. But I couldn't find any more there, because Zeitgeist and the whole Zeitgeist movement belongs also to the controlled opposition.

Sorry, fellas. Sorry. Sorry. Yes, I liked the movies too, I was impressed by the questions that came up, by the montage, and especially by the music which is super hip. And the Creator is ... yes, here began my first suspicion ... too biblical. Peter Joseph, just way too good to be real. And then his beard! You see him, you like him. You want to directly follow his ideas and goals. At least that's what he looked like to me.

I was so enthusiastic that I organized the ZEITGEIST Day here in San Sebastián on 15 March 2008. Therefore I got a DVD with the first part for free. And an article in the local newspaper. After all.

Later I found out that in the whole Zeitgeist movement NO one listens. I know that from Tevin Chidester in Colorado. Tevin formulated the "We Agree To Life Principles". These are the new 10 Commandments, according to which every human being commits himself in good conscience to live in this world in respect and harmony. It is about agreeing on basic values that will remain even if the system around us disintegrates. I think Tevin's idea is great! It is good to endorse everything you feel and carry deep in your heart as a responsible person. Check it out: **WeAgree.Life**.

The Zeitgeist movement is not interested in Tevin's idea. It could act like a parachute, soothing the fall. Zeitgeist wants us to discover certain truths (false flag 9/11) and then run into raging chaos. Zeitgeist wants to drive the car against the wall and then introduce their computer-controlled RBE. RBE stands for Resource Based Economy. In plain

language this means: everything is rationed and the computer tells you when you can drink your next glass of water.

And of course Zeitgeist doesn't talk about our weather with a word or a picture. And if so, then only within the framework of the CO2 fairy tale. In this context it is interesting to note that David De Rothschild of all people performed at ZEITGEIST EUROPA 2007.

And when you read ZEITGEIST between the lines, you realize that Jesus and every spiritual power are completely denied. This means that man is not saved by his soul, but by scientists and their super-computers. This dogma comes subconsciously and free of charge with the ZEITGEIST films.

In retrospect I am not surprised that the film ZEITGEIST became famous at a film festival sponsored by the Rockefellers. (Which one was that? I am grateful to any attentive reader who helps me to glue the puzzle.)



The film THRIVE is much more complete and goes deeper. Foster Gamble, the black sheep of the elite, reveals. He spent a fortune on a super production that premiered on 11/11/11.

The film is now available in almost all languages. Here we learn that the elites have not only staged 9/11 - as ZEITGEIST has told us, now we also learn that the elites already have free energy and a technology that we have no idea that such a thing exists. It goes even further: the film THRIVE provides evidence that we are in contact with other intelligent beings from other galaxies or dimensions. Impressive are all the drawings in the cornfields, especially the huge drawing, which was an exact answer to the message we as humanity had sent into space decades ago.

The film doesn't explain how advanced and developed this contact actually is, but this contact does exist, and that shifts our paradigm. Doesn't it?

And THRIVE talks about the chemtrails, even if only marginally. But in the THRIVE worldview, it's a fact that we're being sprayed with nanotechnology. It's just not their theme, they leave it to others to tell. And in THRIVE's view of the world, cancer has long been curable.

But the biggest news in the movie for me is that there's free energy. You simply tap it from nowhere around us, without burning, without contamination and without wars.

Is that even possible? Supposedly yes, of course I want to see it with my own eyes to believe it. There is much talk of it, of all the scientists who have all been persecuted, arrested or murdered. And all the labs and equipment seized or destroyed. Nicola Tesla was perhaps the most prominent and most gifted of them, and certainly the first. But he and his work had also been destroyed. That was before the First World War. (For those who don't know Tesla and don't know when he lived. Because in school we didn't learn anything about him.)

But outside of Facebook I haven't met the free energy yet. No, not exactly. Not true. There is something else that happened to me. Just in those days one morning my phone rang. I was in the shower, jumped out, wrapped myself in a towel and picked up.

"This is Mohorn!" I didn't even know who he was or what he wanted. And then the penny dropped. If it drops, it drops slowly. In the neighborhood there is a shop that sells equipment to vitalize the water according to the Grandeur principle. And this dealer was also interested in the products of Aquapol in Austria and asked me if he could pass on my telephone number in order to speak with them.

And now I had the founder and inventor, Prof. Dr. Wilhelm Mohorn himself on the line. You know him, too. That's the one who drains old moist buildings. With an antenna device that smells like hocus-pocus and costs four thousand euros. You hang this box with antennas under the ceiling, and lo and behold, the water flows slowly, but surely, out of the walls. It actually works.

But how? Well, this device builds a torus of energy around it, and you can adjust it so that the energy in the torus moves up or down. THRIVE tells exactly the same story. And at THRIVE we learn that the torus runs through all of creation. A galaxy, a star, a human being, an apple, an atom -- everything is organized according to this toroidal form. Sacred geometry.

And so it happened that Willy - we were immediately comfortable with each other - and I had a long conversation. This was another one of my Forrest-Gump moments.

The free energy is in the room, you just have to tap into it. Willy talked about the nothingness, in former times it was called the ether, and the other Wilhelm, the Wilhelm Reich called it Orgon, the Chinese call it Qi, and Tesla already knew everything, the whole universe is held together by this nothingness and from this nothingness comes the power of life. Here one of the most important pioneers of free energy explained the world to me in the morning after a shower. And I listened fascinated.

Willy also told me that he had bought Einstein's speech at auction, the one in which he had apologized for his stupid theory of relativity. Because in the end Einstein also realized: without the ether, without Qi, or call it nothing, there is no life, there is no order, there is nothing at all. After the conversation, I had to take another shower. Too hot the implications, and too funny that it keeps coming towards me without my trying.

This is one of the reasons why I finally write down my experiences to share what I have experienced, because there is geometry in it. Or synchronicity.



Synchronicity is the dialogue with the universe. And that's what David Wilcock is talking about. His divinecosmos.com is the next big voice on the Internet.

THE SYNCHRONICITY KEY by David Wilcock was one of my most exciting reading experiences. And I've been stuck with two essential mental images:

The cycles of time work like a mill, with each rebirth our souls are ground and grinded over the millennia, in the end we are so fine that we pass through the filter and ascend - or not ...

And he says that the universe responds with synchronicity when you're on the right track. We've all seen it before. Sometimes it slides. It runs by itself, and that is because at that moment we are doing exactly what we are supposed to do. He also tells us about the FINANCIAL TYRANNY and talks about the World Bank as the ultimate weapon of the so-called Cabal. That secret lodge. Now I'm starting to wonder. What other name gives David the Cabal? Is he really showing us their nest or is he just distracting us again with his intergalactic battles?

Because meanwhile David says that our moon as well as other moons in our solar system have underground military bases for aliens.

But he doesn't see the chemtrails. At least David leaves my comments with him on his page, but he never answered.

If you believe David, Star Trek is reality. If a civilization is a million years further than we are, then they can do anything, and of course get in touch with us. And of course they also clean up everything once the good alliance has won. Then they come with the magic broom and clean everything up. But according to David there is still a war raging over the earth right now, and his top-insiders have confirmed this to him from four different top-insider sources, and in the end it's all about the souls. Biblical dimensions. And he knows that from the LAW OF ONE series. It's all been channeled.

Well, all well and good. I can live with that. I can even imagine it, I have a blossoming fantasy too. But that David doesn't see the threat of the chemtrails and the EMF towers and doesn't use his big channel to warn us, I find that very suspicious.

✱

Then there's Benjamin Fulford, whom I had read before the Repugnant Pilot and at some point I couldn't bear his gibberish any more. And I suspect he was able to build all his Internet fame because he actually has a filmed interview with David Rockefeller and then asked him if he was the secret ruler of this planet.

Ben lives in Japan and, as he says, has been chosen by the White Dragon Society as its ambassador to transmit their ultimatum to the western Cabal families. The Asians are no longer in the mood to let United Nations, Rockefeller, Rothschild and the like boss them around. According to Ben, the 2011 tsunami was also an attack on Japan, carried out by the Cabal families to intimidate the Japanese.

Now, after a few years of Ben abstinence and to finish this list here (after my release), I have quickly dealt with him again, and on second look I have to say that what he says is not entirely up to nothing. At least he calls the rat by its name. And the White Dragon pays 1 ton of gold, \$46 million as a bounty for just one dead rat on Ben's list. At least Ben's entertaining. Stories from the Wild East.

He knows about chemtrails, but he hardly sees them in Japan, so they are not his first concern. In fact, in Asia you don't get sprayed every day like here. That only happens in NATO's Alzheimer's Paradise. I say this because the countries where NATO has the say are the countries with the highest rates of Alzheimer's disease. Certainly just another stupid coincidence.

And Ben of course knows about HAARP, he had talked about it so many times back then, and also in connection with the tsunami, and I think that produced that moment when I had to switch off Ben and his gobbledygook. Well, now I understand him better ...

Ben, if you're reading this, please look at my work. You find it at therepugnantpilot.com. Maybe the white dragon can help me and my colleagues, too. We're not bounty hunters, but damn good collective detectives, and finally we share the same enemy. I'm serious, Ben! We have no support in Europe or America. It can only come from the outside. SOS ... SOS ... White Dragon, we need your help!



Then there's David Icke. He's very well informed about chemtrails, fluoride and EMF weapons. David speaks of a deliberately controlled attack on our pineal gland.

The pineal gland is a pine cone-shaped, small organ in the middle of our brain. On the forehead it is also often marked as the third eye. It's the gateway to the other dimension. It is our bridge to God.

It's our intuition and it's our compass. And even more: if this door is opened, then we get from here everything we need to heal. Individual or global.

Now, who is surprised that the rulers want to take this ability away from us? Throwing sand in your eyes is as old as the Bible.

Interestingly, the mixture of fluoride (toothpaste and tap water) and aluminum (chemtrails) causes clogging of the pineal gland. Autopsies prove that most of us have a soiled, clogged or already completely calcified pineal gland. And David Icke says that's what this is all about. To keep ourselves spiritually blind, we are dependent on help and guidance. This is the only way to accept our rulers.

David is a former soccer player who has been trying to wake us up since the late seventies. We're all trapped in a vibrating matrix. And those who rule us are reptiloid beings, and they feed on keeping us trapped in a low vibration. And that is exactly why David is mocked.

But David has never been distracted and shows us that the reptiloids hide their dominion directly in front of our eyes. Reptiloid creatures, dragons and other devils adorn some royal houses, churches and even watch over the City of London.

Who has ever heard of the Unholy Trinity? David explains it to us:

This is Vatican City, Washington DC and City of London. All political, financial, military and religious/spiritual affairs worldwide are controlled from there. It becomes interesting to hear that these three mini states have arisen artificially, have their own laws, have their own government bodies and are not supposed to be part of the EU or the USA.

We have no authority to look into them, but from there we are all controlled.

But not only there, the BIS (Bank for International Settlements) in Basel also has its own police force, its own laws and is outside

Switzerland. Or isn't it? A skilled lawyer might be able to explain to us better what exactly is going on and how it works. But given the overwhelming facts, it's funny, no, it's true that the power uses artificial entities to hover above us free like a bird.

And it is certainly no coincidence that in 1985 the Vatican had a coin minted on which exactly a plane with a chemtrail can be seen.



Here I can only advise everyone to inform themselves. Here in custody, I can only briefly touch on what I have heard. I can only tell you exactly if I have experienced it myself.

David Icke also talks about the satanic cult, about pedophiles among the elite. David said it long before Pizzagate.

It seems that certain families are the interface to demonic units. And these demons demand sacrifices and give earthly power in return. Or in other words: these demons act through certain persons here on earth.

And they feed on our suffering. The more we suffer, the stronger they become.

Well, all that hadn't really knocked me off my chair after all. My Basque ghost healer friend Xabi tells a similar story. But he also tells us that those demons are in retreat. At least in the astral. And there it must first happen before it can manifest itself here on earth.

But the demons here in San Sebastián still adorn the famous bridge built for Queen Isabel II. Lots and lots of little dragons watch every step we do. Is this an architectural-historical coincidence? At least it's not an isolated case.

David Icke helped me see certain things. And he speaks about everything. And when he gets laughed at for his demons or reptiloids, Xabi and I do understand him. David Icke, as far as I can tell, is authentic. If anyone can and wants to prove me wrong, I will listen.



But now we are in the Twilight Zone and so we continue with Harald Kautz-Vella. Or do you know him already? Well, those who know him have already been able to form their own impression. Those who do not know him will now for the first time encounter a borderline experience within the unspeakable.

Harald has fully integrated chemtrails into his worldview, as well as the resulting Morgellons disease. Here synthetic organisms are formed in our body, under our skin, from the components of inhaled nanotechnology. This is the nightmare on earth.

In the end, it's all about hacking, overwriting and dominating nature. People are to become organic robots. Spiritual computers. Transhumanism is what this is called. A certain Dr. Ray Kurzweil boasts

that thanks to nanotechnology, the universe is finally being traversed with intelligence. Only then is everything ONE. Ray, wow! What would we all do without you?

Ray calls it singularity. And I'm gonna puke. Back to Harald. Harald also likes to talk about Black Goo. Black Goo is an oily stone that carries consciousness. And Black Goo works like the mirror of the collective subconscious. The earthly Black Goo stores our experiences.

But at some point alien Black Goo came along, and that had stored negative experiences, because it came from a species that had completely destroyed their planet. Since then, this negative Black Goo has ensured that the traumatic events of that time, when one had destroyed one's own home planet completely and properly, are now repeated here on Earth. Drama always repeats itself. Unless you recognize and forgive. Only forgiveness and love can save us.

Hmm. The latter, with the forgiveness, I've heard somewhere before, haven't I?

Harald also tells us that the Falkland War was all about Black Goo sources. And: If one comes close to this stone, then one's own heart becomes ice-cold and empathieless. The Waffen SS had experimented with this stone. And according to Harald, Black Goo was built into every church. And the famous Black Stone, the cult stone in the center of the Kaaba in Mecca, was made of Black Goo. That is why in religious places you feel awe and not necessarily God's love. You can feel it faster and more clearly in the forest.

It's so weird what Harald says with his calm, self-confident way, that it's still a pill to digest, and while I'm writing this, I have no other opinion than to mention Harald and give him his place. He's not unsympathetic to me. And I am sure that time will tell us where the core of the poodle was buried.

Nevertheless, I consider the words and ideas of the above-mentioned Ray Kurzweils to be much, much more insane, more presumptuous and crazier than anything Harald has ever said. What Ray Kurzweil is saying with his singularity thanks to nanotechnology is sick megalomania, but interestingly enough our science, politics and world are listening to it.

He has even become one of the very, very high top dogs at google. (Goo -- gle??)

Ray always wants to know exactly where you are looking right now ;-) The all-seeing eye. And Ray wants to look into every heart, maybe because he doesn't have his own.



And now, finally, I'm going to slaughter some very fat cows in one passing: Assange, Wikileaks and also Snowden. Here again the golden rule of thumb applies: what is shown on TV should neither be believed nor eaten.

I'm still waiting for what Snowden and Assange say about 9/11. Or, for example, the planned ban on cash. Wasn't it Assange himself who said that the 9/11 Truthers would annoy him with their silly conspiracy theory?

You once watched Fox News, then you realized you couldn't stand it anymore. Then you switched to WikiLeaks. In the end, WikiLeaks is just a channel, like CNN or CBS, but differently structured, differently packaged. From here we expect to be informed "truthfully".

WikiLeaks says nothing about the deliberately produced climate change, says nothing about the chemtrails, says nothing about the EMF technology being built in our front yard. At least WikiLeaks says something about the pedophile entanglements of the Podesta brothers, who are very close to the Clintons. This whole story is known as Pizzagate.

It seemed to all of us that Pizzagate on WikiLeaks influenced the elections in America. Trump took advantage of the opportunity and promised to get to the bottom of this. Emotions and expectations climbed high. It was just another trick to make us feel like we could influence.

Nothing's changed. Donald does what Hillary would have done otherwise. And Pizzagate has become another YouTube self-runner, where the knowledgeable are eager to discuss it, and the ignorant - the great majority - have no idea what's going on, because their president doesn't talk about it anymore.



Well, there is another source on the Internet that talks about it, and it has been since the 80s, and it has to be mentioned now, even if she doesn't have her own webpage, but she has written a book. We are talking

about "TRANCEformation of America" by Cathy O'Brien. The worst thing I've ever read.

The first thing we read is how in infancy, when Cathy was hungry and screaming for food, she had her father's penis pushed into her mouth. And since her father was registered by the authorities anyway, he was also willing to give his daughter to the CIA for a good price, where she was then further researched or trained.

We are talking about MK Ultra. Trauma-based mind control. And since Cathy's soul had a big crack from an early age, she was good human material for sick games. Cathy was raised a presidential slave. When she was in third grade, she had been fucked by the soon-to-be president Gerald Ford. As a young woman she had been the slave of Ronald Reagan.

It's just totally repulsive what Cathy has to say. And you can only hope that Cathy and her story are just an invention of Chinese propaganda.

But there are some relevant clues in her book about today, only she had already said that at the beginning of the 80s.

Cathy's reports clearly show that Ronald Reagan had nothing to say in the White House, behind closed doors, as soon as they were alone. He just played along. But the driving force was George Bush Sr. and his funny friend Dick Cheney. They were in charge. And they were on heroin all the time. By the way, with heroin you can get very old if you have access to pure, clean substance. And very few people have that.

Cheney also liked to organize the "most dangerous game", where he invited the elite to hunt naked children in his private forest. Of course Cathy also knows Bohemian Grove, she was there as an "entertainer", and Cathy also knows a lot of other indecent acts.

If you want to spoil your day, you can read all about it in her book. This sick world of the powerful that Cathy describes, it actually exists. I know that first hand, too. I know a cracked soul that survived that. She too was raped first by her father and then by all his friends, all important and powerful men, in rituals for at least ten years.

This happened in some castle, then she was flown by helicopter to a hospital where the chief physician was part of that group. There she was repaired, there she could finally feel safe again. I had already written about her in my text TABULA RASA (you can find her in my digital online collection, by the way). And as far as she is concerned, I can only say that

it is the depth of her soul's crack which tells me that she did not lie to me when she entrusted me with her "little secret".

And now for the most striking thing about Cathy's memoirs, she mentions the Clintons. And the Clintons weren't even known back then. They were still too young and too unknown, at least for the masses. But Cathy takes a lot of time for the Clintons in her book. She says Bush Sr. built them up because he knew the voters would eventually want a Democrat president again. That's how it's sold to us.

In fact, Clintons and Bush's are sports friends, abusing small children for the same club. And it was especially Hillary that Cathy was afraid of. The Clintons probably didn't leave out any disgusting act just to be a part of that narrow circle of absolute power. That's what Cathy said thirty years before Pizzagate.

If you have strong nerves, you can dig a little more at this point. In any case, such hideous stories are congruent with the wanton destruction of our livelihood. Whether you want to fragment a child's soul through trauma or hack and overwrite our genetic code with nanotechnology, there is one and the same life-despising will at work.



And someone who's constantly trying to make us see, with a focus on all the technologies that already exist to subdue and extinguish us, who warns us with crisply mounted mini-videos about what they're already doing to us, is Ron Johnson from STRANGER THAN FICTION News.

Who's Ron? I can't figure it out, he doesn't tell me, although he answers me, because he likes my videos, and I like his videos. And that says it all between us. (By now, 2019, he has been banned from Facebook and YouTube, you can catch him now on Telegram)



And now I come to the last and perhaps most important mouthpiece on the Internet. Important because he told the chronicle, the story about the interdependencies that James B. Glattfelder mathematically has proven.

Andrew Carrington Hitchcock brings all the threads together in his book THE SYNAGOGE OF SATAN. On the one hand, from my limited perspective, it feels right what he says. On the other hand, I wonder from where he has such a heap of information.

I can recommend everyone to read this book, and slowly. And you see the web of the spider, and you see where the spider comes from. And that was from the kingdom of the Khazars, Satanists who had to hide under the Jewish faith. Since then Judaism has been infiltrated. Since then there has been the Talmud, who preaches that all gentiles (i.e. all not-Jews) must be subjugated or exterminated. The Jews who descend from those Khazars are called Ashkanazi Jews, and these are the ones who from then on until today seek to control the destinies of our world.

As a German you are not allowed to say or think such things, but I feel free and entitled to think for myself, and I owe that to my grandparents. I know I'm not guilty because my grandparents didn't commit the crime. Not all of them were system engineers and followers at the time, and even fewer were concentration camp guards or Gestapo stooges. Of course, there were character toads like that back then. And they still exist today, otherwise I wouldn't have to write everything down here. But in my family, my grandparents were no toads and no cuddly creeps. And maybe that's why I'm here today to pour the wine of truth.

Andrew puts a lot of emphasis on explaining to us the ADL, the Anti-Defamation League. It was founded in the shadow of the Holocaust to punish all those who question the Jewish victim. But that's not all. The ADL is the headquarters that tells us what works and what doesn't work. Who is a victim and who is a perpetrator. In the meantime, the ADL has seized the power of interpretation and was founded and financed by the Rothschilds.

Andrew also talks about the Mossad, and how their motto is "wage war by deceiving". And Andrew says that the Mossad controls the CIA, but the CIA is not allowed to look into the Mossad books. It is funny that the American president has Israel's flag on his limousine, that hexagram, symbol of black magic, and originally it was red, because it is the Rothschild family emblem. But their media tell us it is the Star of David.

Andrew says the Rothschilds ignited the Holocaust to drive the Jews to Israel. And that the more the Jewish people had to suffer, the better it would be for the Rothschild family, because they use this

suffering skilfully in order to unscrupulously go their way of exploitation behind the protection of the so-called "anti-Semitism" introduced by them.

And the ADL takes care of what the official version is in the history books, not only about the Holocaust, also about 9/11 and about what happens today with our climate and sky. The hand that writes our history is most likely the same. And this hand rams its versions down our throats until we have swallowed them all. Anyone who thinks otherwise will be sorted out, screamed away or beaten to pieces. I wouldn't be surprised if we learned that the Task Force Tinfoil Hat was a little nephew of the ADL. They have related methodology and certainly also related sponsors.

On Andrew's page you can also see interesting articles about Chemtrails and HAARP. I am inclined to say, with Andrew we find the core of the poodle. But also here I say as always: I only report what I see from my watchtower.

And the first were my own photos, and my own time-lapse movies from the sky. And since then I have been looking for those or those who are big enough to be able to commit such a big global crime. For that you need power without end, and you have to stand in a very central place, best you hide so high up at the top that people immediately get dizzy as soon as they try to look up at the top.

For my sensation, and this builds on all my Forrest Gump moments and the over 23,000 photos from the sky, it is conclusive what Andrew tells us in his book about the nice family R. originally from F. at the Main.

And the fact that this book is forbidden or tabooed, that you end up on that rancid Nazi list just because you talk about it, only makes it much more persuasive.



All right, then. Those were my modest 5 cents. My small program overview ends here. At least one thing should already be clear to all of us: the time to be passively sprinkled with news is over once and for all.

Those who still believe that Reuters delivers real news also believe the troll that tells us YouTube videos are not sources. He still hasn't

noticed the barbed wire fence pulled through his mind. Because you don't notice a barbed wire fence like that when you barely move.

If you really want to know something, then you have to actively search for the information yourself. Nowadays you don't have to go through the traffic jam to the city library and then pay for an expensive parking garage just because you want to look something up in old books.

Today you can do everything online - but with everything you read and hear, let it sink before you worship or demonize it. A drop of time always helps to digest things better. All the more so when our emotions skyrocket as they do when we first learn all this.

Before you take out your pitchfork to lynch someone, you better sleep over it for another night, and tomorrow you'll see that it's enough when we all know. You can't end violence with violence. You'd better give my book away and give several copies to several friends at the same time. And if you don't have any friends, give my book to the local chief of police. He will certainly be happy about a gift other than the usual ties, cigars and socks.

Chapter 27

The German Legacy

Thanks to my grandparents, the war didn't traumatize us too much. And my father was just a little kid in those years. Nothing happened in my bloodline to be ashamed of. There were no Nazis, no followers, no murderers. And I am grateful for that. Because when during my adolescence, year after year out, the collective guilt was squeezed again and again, I always stood a little apart from that. This pressure had never quite reached me. On the contrary, my grandfathers fill me with pride, and I feel a special affinity for Otto Dabringhaus, who was Senatspräsident (one of the highest judges), before Hitler, with Hitler, after Hitler. Not corruptible, just and persevering. He was some kind of Gandhi. Sometimes I imagine I owe it to him to do this now.

But my family also asked themselves the question: How was such a thing possible at all?

We all wondered about that, but only afterwards. I grew up with this question in Germany, it lay like a cross on me and on all those who had their childhood in the shadow of war. And so we all constantly looked back and asked ourselves again and again: how was that possible at all? How could something like that happen?

This question was so omnipresent and so loud, and so kept alive, that two very simple signposts had been carved into the compass of our post-war mental confusion:

First, we're guilty, yes, we are, and we've never forgotten it.

And this led to the fact that the Germans belong to the very few people who have analyzed, admitted and processed their guilt. And that is the good aspect.

The Germans have learned from their mistakes. This is especially noticeable when you live in a country that still has very nationalistic daydreams, such as the Basques. Could it be that nationalism is the childhood disease of a nation? If you had measles, you won't get it again any time soon. Before that, the others get it. The whole international

community now knows that we have learned a lesson. Although there is still a bit of guilt on us all the time ... and especially when someone wants to have German nuclear submarines donated for free.

The guilt works the same as the broken nose of my childhood neighbor Peter. You only had to tap his nose slightly and then you had forced him to his knees. One has to squeeze us only a little bit on the guilt bulge and already we start spitting out submarines, tanks and billions. Unfortunately, this question of guilt was dragged into the absurd and extreme, as a gag, abused as a psychological muzzle, and so peu a peu succeeded in keeping all the people in a sweatbox, bent far down and with their naked ass up. Ready to get fucked.

And anyone who tries to free himself from this sweatbox is directly called a Nazi pig. Unfortunately, there are enough Germans, especially in politics, who have made themselves at home in this bent position.

Because in this sweatbox there are very clear and simple rules: we know exactly where evil is and where it is not. And so that we never forget it, we are reminded of it by our - free - media on average a hundred and thirty-seven times a day. This number is not an invention but a daily find, as for example one day in the weekly newspaper DIE ZEIT. There was a porn actress on the title page and the gaping headline: FROM OUTSIDE PORNO AND INSIDE PRUDE.

The special topic of that issue was modern sexuality in Germany. I haven't spent money on our trash press in a long time. But I was waiting for a connecting flight, and DIE ZEIT was given to me by Lufthansa. And the horny he-goat in me jumped directly at the word wanking.

How often do you think I was reminded of the SA, its henchmen or the Gestapo between petting and oral sex? Approximately three times per printed page. I was really astonished that even in the pornographic context Hitler still scored without end.

This seemed so grafted that I could see the editorial meeting in front of my inner eye: "Meyer, what you're writing about the clitoris is all very well. But can't you build a bridge to Goebbels or Himmler? So many people feel guilty about sex, we have to use that. You know what I mean".

Do I have too much imagination? Who knows.

The important thing with all this guilt-blaming is that you recognize the role play. There is the rebuked one and there is the rebuking

one (see ADL). The rebuked one who learns from his mistakes grows in a good direction. The rebuking one cannot necessarily be spoken of as healthy growth. The only growth he has is the appetite for rebuking more people.

And that goes on until the rebuking one himself bursts and then has to be rebuked himself. Everything repeats itself. But with each round, the horror and what we learn from it grow. This is the sacred geometry of the universe. This is how the snail shell is built. This is how our life is built.

The second signpost that was carved into our consciousness is that now it is exactly defined where and when evil was. We learned to associate it with space and time. And today we know that it was then in Germany. And never in the now, and never with the people who helped us to get back on our feet and let us thrive again so lovingly. Now we finally have freedom. In XXL. And the choir cheers YES WE CAN. We are the world, we are the children. Flag waving is finally fun again. Sponsored by our nice, multinational beverage manufacturers and sports event organizers.

I can't stand another Holocaust movie. Schindler's list should have been the last one. But no, a new Holocaust drama is regularly staged, and in some cases even real money is made with it. It's normal to make money with good movies. It is not normal that - if you believe Hollywood, except for a few exceptions - Germany still has the World Cup for the biggest war, the biggest genocide and the biggest mess of all time in its cupboard.

When it comes to showing a terrible dictatorship or a villain supported by a blinded people, Germany is still number 1. At least on the American big screen.

Both Josef Stalin and Mao Tse-Tung briefly competed for that trophy, but no, they couldn't take the trophy from the Germans. They didn't succeed. And this despite the fact that they had surpassed our Adolf quantitatively - by a few million victims. But no, it wasn't enough for them to take first place among the super villains with their evil minions. They remained unnoticed, their massacres were forgotten relatively quickly, they just did not have the necessary backing of the ADL.

It's becoming increasingly clear who told us the history. And it's a good thing we never forget the victims, but the other victims also belong to it. But they are probably not of interest to the ADL.

And with the film DENIAL with Rachel Weisz, the onion of not forgetting has slipped into the next layer. Not only that we are reminded of the Holocaust again, but also that Hollywood is now directly crushing those who today question the official version of all the terrible events of that time.

Finally, a little anecdote from the very first row, and perhaps one of my most spectacular Forrest Gump moments ever:

On the first of December 1994 I met Richard von Weizsäcker for an interview, he had just left his office as Federal President. I had interviewed all the people who knew Axel von dem Bussche for a Danish producer. There were over forty failed assassinations against Hitler. Only two of them were so-called kamikaze attacks. And Axel wanted to do one of them, but he didn't get a chance, because he lost a leg on the eastern front. Axel survived the war, from him came the saying "about the guilt to have survived", and Axel was Richard's most intimate and best friend for life.

How often was our ex-president attacked during his term of office by our ADL controlled Guttmensch-media because of his father? He was accused of defending his own father as a young law student during the Nuremberg Trials. After all, he was the secretary of the Nazi foreign minister Joachim von Ribbentrop. How many times did Richard have to justify and apologize for his father?

In the first few seconds of our encounter I felt his fear, I could be another one who trumped up with annoying questions about his father. Yes, Herr von Weizsäcker was afraid of me, even if only for a fraction of a second.

When he realized it was all about his friend Axel, he thawed visibly. He even liked that I had put myself in the shoes of his best friend to talk from there about things I couldn't hear from Axel anymore, because he had passed away a few months before the interview and the shooting began. Herr von Weizsäcker and I then had a warm, intensive conversation.

And at that time I didn't know anything about the fact that Prescott Bush, among others, had financed the Nazi concentration camps. His sons and grandchildren have never been publicly addressed about it. And

George Walker and George Junior also don't know this fear that Richard knew all his life when asked about his family past.

Well, history books have always been written by the victorious powers. And whoever loses takes the full blame.

Even though Prescott Bush pre-financed the concentration camps, it was German hands and German zeal that operated these facilities. And that's sad enough. But for real, you still can't see us being gagged slowly but surely?

The fact that Germany today is so under the yoke of such a degenerated, ball-less self-hater is not due to the guilt of having started the war, but rather to the fact of having lost the war and the resulting guilt censorship of the ADL.

From the beginning, they knew how to milk the cow. And who had something against it and dared to say so, became directly an anti-Semite and was put on the milking list. (Please make sure you read Andrew Carrington Hitchcock's book. There is enough in his book for the first world peace to break out, but they do not want that, and why not, he also explains).

I say it again loud and clearly, for all the good people out there who now too gladly want to label me as a Nazi: I am not a Holocaust denier. It cannot be denied that terrible things happened in Germany and from Germany at that time.

But the Holocaust has become an industry. Gerard Menuhin's work "Tell the truth and shame the devil" is very detailed and informative. Here a Jew tells us how the whole Holocaust industry was built up and what could be achieved with it. And even he says that a sacrifice of 6 million would have been impossible, and that this symbolic number of 6 million Jews sacrificed in a Holocaust was mentioned in other contexts long before the Third Reich.

Since 1915, the media (mainly the New York Times) have been talking permanently about 6,000,000 Jews sacrificed; and the word Holocaust has already appeared. It's not a satire, it's a completely forgotten history.

The one thing is what a writer like Andrew Carrington Hitchcock says. Critics can say what the man writes are the confused fantasies of a would-be historian. All just assertions. "Anyone can say that!"

The other thing is what can be found in the archives of old newspapers. And the fact that from 1915 onwards there is repeated talk of the 6,000,000 endangered / sacrificed / suffering Jews is already ... MIND-BLOWING!

If you don't believe it, then please have a look at the following posting, it was even deleted from the Russian Facebook VK and blocked on YouTube almost everywhere, but only not yet in Spain! So I used the moment to download the movie, and then upload it to my mega collection. That's what I do so that you can see it in Germany and the USA aswell. So please access it:

SIX MILLION JEWS 1915-1938. Search the folder: Last Puzzle Pieces. Subfolder: Forbidden Knowledge. The film is only stored there, to watch it you have to download it beforehand.

Why is it that I have the feeling that the same people who explain to us how the Second World War and its Holocaust went are the same people who explain to us what happened on September 11, 2001, and it is the same people who explain to us today that climate change is the greatest threat of all and that we must finally act?

But thanks to my enormous photo collection I know that the latter story, the one with the weather, stinks up to the sky and is a lie. So how can I tell that the other stories don't stink and lie? Or at least were severely distorted.

Chapter 28

Nobody does that!

Naiara had brought me breakfast. I slept on a flatbed. Actually, I slept well. Because writing helps me to sort my thoughts, and once you've sorted and tidied up, you'll stand more firmly in life. How else do I sort myself out? Sleep is always important, actually the be-all and end-all. Sleeping badly and my chance to survive in this world slips rapidly into the cellar. What also helps, is an hour of jogging. Or swimming. Or a good fuck. Or simply go into the forest and let nature work its magic. Sometimes a big sip of Killepitsch can help. But for me sorting means to make a re-start i.e. to detach oneself from all disturbing thoughts, from all foreign influences. To find his way back to himself in his inner essence. And there waits our strength, and from there one can begin a new day with energy and humor.

Even here in Ertzaintza's station. Naiara brought me toast with jam and a cafe con leche. This woke me up. Today she wears her hair open. On purpose? I don't think it's so great, this blue-red uniform fits better with a strictly tied knot.

Naiara browses through my notes, is impressed how much it already is, but is not pleased that I wrote everything in German. Then she leaves the cell again. Greetingless.

She seems very busy to me. Of course, she has other candidates to deal with. Who are different from me. She certainly doesn't bring breakfast to the others. And this idea cheers me up.

Now I realize again how small the cell is. And the table is so narrow that I have to put the paper on the floor, otherwise I wipe it off the table with my elbow while writing. When I write, I become very intense and passionate, also in my movements. Because I live what I feel, I feel what I think, I think what I write. I write what I live.



The spectators on my Repugnant Pilot climb and climb, with every storm comes another bus full of new LIKES. I'm there when people

discover it, when they realize for the very first time what's going on. I stand next to them, hold their hands and say: you are not alone! Just like Olaf at Jörg's. Two childhood friends. Jörg had his first intercourse with a girl, Olaf was there and held his hand. You were never alone in Wuppertal.

Just as with the first coitus, there is also a before and after with the unspeakable. Once you have experienced it, you cannot go back. Then you can no longer say, "I don't know that. I don't know what you mean."

One morning I found a crying girl on Facebook, she had recognized it, she wiped away her tears and then asked me: "But I still don't understand any of this. Why do they spray themselves? Or are they immune?"

"Yes exactly!" an Alice interferred, "these poisons have been sprayed on us ever since I can remember. They are also people who do that, they breathe the same air. But why do they do that? ... and why shouldn't they get sick? Mass murder can also be easier, why this effort?"

These are good and important questions, and the reason why you just don't want to believe that it will happen at all. As a normal person, you can't even imagine doing anything like that.

But now, after a few years of experience as a front observer, I was able to write my heartfelt answer to the two girls:

The whole subject is like an onion, it's multi-layered. At the very end is the slow death, a planned depopulation. It's even announced. Even if it is not spoken out loud by the media, but it was still announced. And it is announced, because this is the only way the perpetrators get our approval. In the occult lodges one knows that the energy can move only if it is invited. If you announce something very bad and nobody reacts to it or says something against it, then it is like an agreement. Yeah, you could say that's like an invitation. First they get our consent, and then the worst can happen. So we became unsuspecting accomplices in their gloomy game.

But nobody wants to know that, just as nobody wants to see the announcements. Well, who took the trouble to read Hitler's MEIN KAMPF?

Nobody. And since we hardly read any more anyway, and if we do, then only very short phrases or sayings like in Facebook, in Chinese fortune cookies or on the toilet wall, and since they not only know our minimal reading behavior, but have also shaped it, this time the

announcement is much shorter and shorter. Everything in a nutshell with just a few words.

This time it became so short that you could carve everything on a stone. Just like a gravestone. Yes, exactly, we are talking about the Georgia Guidestones. Don't you know them? Well, then please google directly.

Who googles, finds. Giant stones stand on a meadow in Georgia and carved in twelve different languages carry the new ten commandments for the AGE OF REASON. The most important point is that in order to maintain a good balance with nature, the entire earth's population should not exceed 500 million.

In the name of nature conservation, 7.5 billion people have to disappear. What do you do when the dog has so many, so many lice? One tries it with all means.

These stones have been standing on a public property in Elbert County, Georgia, about 90 miles east of Atlanta, since 1980; and nobody blows them up, nobody pisses on them, and nobody talks about it. Except for the evil conspiracy theorists.

Try to build such a big stone on a public property and see how long it stays standing! Once you recognize the destination of the journey or the core of the onion, then you better understand what can or should happen on the way there: Insiders can still make good money from it, from catastrophes or from new diseases. This is also elegantly called "Biotec" or "Biotech". The H is a matter of taste, but not the content.

Why don't you ask the husband of our Defense Minister Ursula von der Leyen? He will tell you that BioTec is an excellent investment opportunity. You can buy shares. Get it quickly while you're still alive!

Small throw-in: With the word "bio" one has pooped into our mind. If it says "bio", it's automatically good for us. Do you notice how our perception has been manipulated?

But back to the little onion, it goes on: not only will BioTec shares provide big profits on the stock exchange, but this is also the pretext to secure the complicity of the greedy. It goes even further: it is about domination, control, manipulation, subjugation.

Once again, the recipients of orders are not fully informed, or they are simply told that they have to do this for "national security", and the pea

brain starts jumping off. As always in history, military command recipients are usually only trained monkeys.

And those who sit at the top and concoct it certainly have an antidote or a technology we have no idea about. But with the will that our elite has, this technology is used to oppress and destroy, and unfortunately not to purify, heal and create. Unfortunately, not for the common good. It is no longer a question of technology. It's all just a matter of intention.

But at the moment there is still the intention that nanobots will invade us to cut up our genetics and then modify them. We should be subjected biologically for the purpose of control, but everything happens only for the protection of nature, as we will be told. But in fact they want to bring us to our knees before we finally are allowed to peg out.

There used to be the whip, now there is nanotechnology. And so that our minds can process it, there is "MK Ultra". Watch out Now the onion becomes transparent for a moment. Because now you know that you know.

Good faith, where do you come from? How often has our good faith been abused? Nobody does that! ... one can no longer say today. One should better ask: Would one not do it, although there is the possibility? Were the weapons invented to stay in the closet?

As humans still tick, they have always not only invented and developed everything, from the slingshot to the EMF technology, but also used it. And yet they tell us: Nobody does that!

Well, the nobodies who don't do it all have names. There are institutes (WMO, IPCC, IASS, etc), there are people (Al Gore, Bill Gates, David Keith, Ken Caldeira, etc) who make it palatable, always according to the motto: this is a bad idea, but unfortunately we have no other choice. We have to save you!

There's a script. The story runs from top to bottom. First our perception is bent, the media stake out the public discourse, and those who don't fit in are sorted out.

And in the meantime the sky stage is covered with an unspeakable smear show, so that the next big thunderstorm puts us in fear and horror. Man has always wanted to play God. The ego inflates so much for the first time that everything threatens to burst.

We're inevitably headed for a big boom. The question is: does he come from outside and knocks us down, or does he come from inside and free us.

Chapter 29

How is it done?

We are mainly sprayed in the NATO countries, regularly perhaps for twenty years already. None of us knows exactly when this started. It started so insidiously that nobody could see it coming. The first field tests known to us already took place during the Second World War, and in the Vietnam War this climate weapon was used for the first time and had a direct and resounding success.

It was possible to extend the monsoon rain by almost fifty days, so that the Ho Chi Minh path, which was the supply route for the Vietnamese, sank into mud and mush. The effects were so devastating that the United Nations subsequently banned climate weapons for armed conflicts.

The climate weapon is not new, it would be new if you would finally recognize that such a weapon exists. And what would be new if you were to ask yourself this question: do we live in a world where "forbidden" would mean "does not happen" or "does not exist"?

The climate weapon has several components, of which I know only two. One component is spraying the troposphere or stratosphere with nanoparticles. And the other component are the EMF waves, which can be used to direct or activate the nanoparticles and, if necessary, even directly heat the entire ionosphere.

This requires larger systems such as HAARP - for those who do not yet know HAARP (High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program) - it is a huge microwave. The most famous is located in Alaska, and how many more there are, spread around the globe, only the omniscient eye on top of the pyramid knows. I will come back to the topic of EMF technology later.

But first of all about spray technology, my knowledge is very superficial, because I am not an expert; but I am happy to share what I have been able to collect:

In the flying military one finds not only bombers and transporters, but also Stratotankers. These are the flying petrol stations for jet fighters.

A frequently used model is the KC-135 built by Boeing. Between 1955 and 1965, 803 of these were built for the USAirforce. Most of them are still in use. Maybe not anymore as Stratotankers. Because if you are interested in this tin bird, you quickly learn that the KC-135 has taken up various jobs over the years. This means that the KC-135 is an all-purpose machine that can be converted and adapted at will.

My Facebook friend Wayne Casteen was at a flight show in North Carolina in May 2017 and got very close to such a plane. Now we have photos of how the wings, directly above the turbine, were retrofitted with small metal tubes. And just above the turbine, then the sprayed substances do not need to be directed through the turbines, and it would still look from below as if the "contrail" was coming from the engines.

I took Wayne's photos directly into my collection, of course, they're a good example of how collective detective work works. As long as the police look the other way, we'll have to do forensics. The main thing is that someone records it.

There are also lots of photos of the interior of various airplanes, where the tanks with the substances to be sprayed are mounted. In addition to the KC-135, the larger KC-10 "Expander" is also popular. These bugs are certainly responsible for the very fat "contrails".

But not only the military sprays, unfortunately also the commercial planes do it. The poison tanks are then considerably smaller, and all the preparatory measures, such as refilling with nanoparticles, are much more secretive. So who on the airport crew fills up the secret chem depots of the civilian planes?

Could it be that the toilet personnel, i.e. those who drain the shit from the outside and refill with fresh rinse water, are also the ones who fill the small Chem tank?

This is how Cara StLouis tells it in her "fictional" book THE SUN THIEF. (Remember Cara, she'll turn up again.)

And this chem depot is, I suspect, activated or deactivated via GPS. The pilot doesn't have to notice that, he just has to make sure that the plane lands well and that the crew is on their toes. And sometimes a stewardess (or - depending on the inclination - a steward) needs to be comforted. And that's all you can expect from a line pilot.

I can see the foothills of the Pyrenees from my apartment. And sometimes you see all the planes start spraying at the same latitude. I even filmed and photographed it.



And that has nothing to do with pressure difference, like the trolls tell us. But it has to do with pressure, with press the button. Someone, and if it was only the GPS, pressed ON and the spraying started suddenly. And sometimes you see how the chem-tube farts at the beginning, spits out small clouds at first, until then - whoosh! - the full stream begins.

Thanks to ZOOM recordings and the "flightradar24" app, it was possible to identify and record which airlines are participating in Operation SLOW DEATH. One had once suspected that in first place the cheap airlines have their fingers in the game. It was mumbled that they even finance themselves with it.

No wonder that you can sell flight-tickets for only 1 €. But I have lost track who sprays more Ryanair or Lufthansa. It seems to me that everyone is spraying today because there is simply more spraying overall. ALL airplanes were retracted. March, march! Everyone to the front. Also old airplanes and the very, very small ones too. VOLKSSTURM 2.0, this

time the other way around. If you don't believe it, just have a look at my "best of" photo collection.

"Is it even affordable?" is also a favorite question for all the clever doubters. Then I always like to say: whoever controls the money press can pay for everything. And they don't pay what they can, but only what they want. The little man doesn't notice it, not even when the money supply has been inflated to finance treacherous, cowardly secret operations. But even if our own poisoning is paid for with our hard-earned taxes, don't get angry. Because it's not that expensive. Ray Kurzweil explains that nanoparticles are no more expensive to produce than potatoes.

And some of these nanoparticles or nanobots can supposedly reproduce themselves. The more you read, the worse you get. But everyone agrees that a load of nanoparticles does not take up more space than a kilo of freshly ground coffee. Even the tiniest amount of nanoparticles is enough to leave a large "stain" in the sky.

In the meantime, another variant of spraying has become official: the nanoparticles are added directly to the kerosene, the aluminum potentiates the thrust of the turbine. And that's the excuse for doing it. In that case, the choice of fuel would decide whether to spray today or not. If you google Kerosingate, you'll find it.

And you can also find on the Internet the suppliers who produce the substances for spraying, and you can order almost any composition. Nano-particles, bacteria, fungi, dried blood corpuscles, radioactive substances and even more disgusting stuff, you can have it all mixed as you wish. With such companies you are still king as a customer.

But even such a complex story becomes routine at some point.

Just as every animation studio has at least one employee who makes sure that chemtrails show up at Tom & Jerry, there are certainly a few trained technicians in every maintenance hangar who know how to retrofit such a spray system into any aircraft. And once the system has been installed, it is also serviced from then on. And that's it.

All large companies occupy their employees according to the need-to-know principle. The employee only knows what he needs to know in order to do his job. Not the rest. For example, if a bank lowers the interest

rate, the branch manager does not need to understand it, he just has to apply it. Whether it was the toilet team that refilled the nanoparticles in the fullest consciousness, or believing that would be dry soap, I don't know, and maybe it was the gardener in the end, but I can imagine some varieties of how something like this could be organized.

And only the No. 1 at the top of the pyramid has the overview. The further down you go, the more tube eyes and expert idiots there are.

Suppose it's really the toilet team that refuels the airline, how many people would it take worldwide to pull this off? And how many aircraft technicians do we have to add to convert the machines? And how many suppliers do we have to bring the substance to the airport? And how many secret storage rooms for the freshly ground coffee?

It's all pretty manageable. Isn't it? How many thousands worked on the first atomic bomb under the camouflage name Manhattan Project? And we didn't hear anything about it. One hundred and fifty thousand have participated directly or indirectly in the strictest secrecy. And it wasn't until the bomb went off that we realized it. But not before. How was that possible?

I have already said that Edward Teller, the father of the hydrogen bomb, is also the inventor of solar radiation management. But Edward himself didn't believe that this was a good idea to protect us from the sun. So his idea must be good for something else, right? It's good enough for poisoning us. Noam Chomsky may have meant that when he said, "People don't know what is being done to them. And they don't know that they don't know."

And there are other spraying methods ...

After 4 years of looking at the sky and Facebook-like, I came across different pictures and movies where an airplane is not visible, and still it sprays like mad. I have created a folder THE UNKNOWN SPRAYER, because more and more material has appeared where you can't see the plane, or it just flickers for a short time, like a projection, and then you only see a light that spits out a fat chemtrail.

This is supposed to be Hologram technology, some people comment again and again. My reaction is always: I don't know, may be, show it to me.

On a Sunday afternoon in December 2013 I went for a walk with a friend in La Zurriola, the surfing beach of San Sebastián. I noticed four parallel and extremely deep chemtrails, which all started at the same place above the city and all ended abruptly above the sea. And all of them were on no usual flight route. I guess these trails weren't higher than two or three thousand meters and they lay side by side like made with a ruler. And just then we saw a fifth trail being pulled. A rhombus-shaped, silvery shining object pulled a fat smoking trail, up to that point above the sea, and the smoking stopped. And then the silvery rhombus became invisible. Read correctly: invisible. Suddenly it was gone. In such moments it's good to have a witness with you.

Was that the hologram technique mentioned on Facebook? Or even cloaking, a technique to make things invisible? Or was it just a Barium Release Rocket that burned up in the end?

And if it was one, what the fuck makes a Barium Release Rocket about San Sebastián? What have we done to deserve this? Are there any more questions about "how is it done"? Then please google. There are endless patents. One thing should now please be clear to us: We no longer live in an atmosphere, we now live in plasma. Welcome to the future! Meanwhile our whole air is filled with nanoparticles all over the world. Saturation is certainly greater in some places than in others, but in my feeling, not forgetting that I am only a sentient observer, the whole globe has come into contact with these artificially generated, deliberately sprayed nanoparticles.

And recently I read that these nanoparticles can easily cross the blood-brain barrier. And then it was discovered on any pathological brain sample that we already have the nanoparticles in our brain.

All right, nanoparticles alone, what can they do? ... the attentive reader will wonder now. Before they clog our micro veins and cause Alzheimer's, exciting experiments can be carried out by exposing the nanoparticles to electromagnetic frequencies (EMF). I'm just saying microwave. Like, for example, all the 4G transmission towers. There are five in each city block, and one alone would be enough to cover 32 kilometers of radius.

HAARP, Nexrad etc are then the military version for the big boys. Plasma plus microwave works like a two-component adhesive. So clouds can be formed in the sky plasma, and the state of mind in the brain plasma.

What do we do against such a complete invasion? Do we have antibodies like for viruses? I think we have protection when we go deep inside. Where the spark of life comes from, where God gives us His hand. This is stronger than all the manipulations of the 3D world, which is slowly encrusting.

How do we get to that deep, inner point where God gives us a hand?

Be honest, first to ourselves, then we automatically become honest with the others. Only then do we find God, the substance that gives us life.

We no longer have a choice, we must now learn that Mind is over Matter, that mind moves matter. That our intention is everything. And only with loving intent are we protected. When this knowledge spreads like a fire in our souls, then we can let go of the burden that is being imposed on us. And then we will also use that technology, which is still used today for domination and suppression, for healing and cleaning. And so it will be.

Chapter 30

Social Engineering

A child who cannot wipe his or her own ass will be dependent on authority for the rest of his or her life. Or also: a nursing case cannot defend itself and is always grateful for every alms.

We are talking about social engineering. Consciously controlled infantilization of society. Even if we are told that it would be fun, we are gradually made incapable, sluggish and underage. Under the pretext of living more comfortably, we are deprived of everything we could have grown from.

The challenges that made a man a man and a woman a woman were gradually sorted out. And mixed. Because now men can also be women, this is called trans gender, and - completely new - old men can also be little girls. That is then a mixture of Trans-Gender and Trans-Age.

I think it's nice that everyone has the opportunity to be how they feel. But do I have to watch it all the time? It is interesting to see here again how such topics, which live perhaps 0.2% of the population, are pushed down our throats around the clock.

A man is a woman.

Hate is love.

War is peace.

And now: summer is winter.

While we are twisting and bending words and values, we are at least making life easier in the third dimension. Technology gives us so many comforts. But be careful if you make yourself dependent on it!

Escalators prevent us from developing strong leg and bottom muscles. It's a pity when pretty young girls let McDonald's design their buttocks. The XXL training pants in pink will then be available complimentary. The drone that flies our shopping bag home is coming soon. If we're not holding a smartphone in our fingers, then we're holding a remote control. We are constantly searching and choosing. Fast & Immediate has become more important to us than calm & deep. Our lives

have become a single click-and-zapping. The thumb and its neurological connection with the brain is being redefined.

But only with cream, please.

Only for your happiness.

But please only with airbag.

Only for your protection.

Who still knows how to drive a shift car today? With the new generation of cars, in five years no one will know how to get into a narrow parking space manually. We also no longer know how to write a sentence with more than four words. We communicate our emotional state, from lust, boredom to anger or worry, with the emoticons. These little smiley faces that suddenly appeared as sticky pictures in my youth. Were we prepared for the reduction of vocabulary as slowly as for the stripes in the sky?

It all started with a nice Smiley and now we have to be very careful: our thoughts give us power. But what kind of thoughts do we have when we no longer speak the language? When our communication is just thumbs up, grins or puke? Did one then still construct thoughts from clearly structured sentences? Or did we then come back to howling and growling?

Can you see the connection? I suppose so. If you have managed to follow me up to here, then there is still hope. Once you've grasped how we're shaped and guided, even in a prefabricated cheese sandwich you can sense the secret plot to really deprive us of any ability.

I also buy prefabricated lasagna, because preparing lasagna is quite complex and in the truest sense of the word multi-layered. But slicing up a loaf of bread and putting a spread in between, nowadays many Super Marios and Marias don't even know how to do that anymore.

And the latest summer fashion helps us to look like our idols from the virtual world. If this trend continues, then it is to be feared that the big machine mother will accustom us again to the pacifier and diapers will become obligatory. And anyone who laughs about it will be put up against the wall and shot because they were not tolerant enough and violated the anti-discrimination agreement of the NWO (New World Order). But

nobody will complain about that anymore, because fun and entertainment without limits keep us captive and busy. The scarcity had driven us into the streets of the East. And thank God that's over now. Finally everyone has jeans and chewing gum, and plenty of them. And whoever makes it big can also chew the really big chewing gums. But nobody can say: we haven't had anything. No, now we have everything. Something for everyone. And that in abundance.

The fun consumer does not want to see how he is slowly but surely converted into a fat biomass, which can then be burst at will. When the time comes, if it has not long since come, we will depend entirely on the grace of our now total system.

Our increasingly wobbly biomass, peppered with inhaled or swallowed nanotechnology, and controlled by the microwaves of the transmitter masts, hundreds of which have shot out of the ground like mushrooms, makes me fear only one thing: it won't be a pretty sight if someone presses the red button and briefly pushes the power up to FULL. Everywhere bursting grease stains, ... and I am one of them.

But until that day comes, we still have cognitive twitching, like a rabbit twitching at certain key stimuli. It doesn't matter whether it was a terrorist attack or a special offer in Walmart. If it excites us, then we twitch and run there or run away. But we no longer flinch when barriers obstruct our access to the platform. We accept that and buy the ticket. Only what happens when a mother wants to accompany her two little sons to the train?

That's not possible anymore. The two boys had to hoist the heavy suitcase into the train on their own, the mother no longer had the authority to go onto the platform. The mother could not be given an extra permit in a hurry, because the stationmaster was in his lunch break. Kafka meets The Third Reich. Today in Spain. I was there live.

And completely new - and what everybody swallows - cash deposits to an account are only possible until 10.30 am at some Spanish banks. And: Transfers from current account to current account cost in Spain today between three and five euros, if one wants to indicate a purpose, it costs eight euros more, unless the recipient account is with the same bank.

So in Spain they keep busy withdrawing the money from their account, then taking it to the other bank to deposit it there. Because a five euro fee is insulting if you only transfer small amounts. And then it can happen that you come too late and can no longer deposit the money!

Last banker I had to deposit money to was cool. I came twenty minutes late and then told him that I had worked at the Sparkasse in the eighties and at the time had the impression that current accounts served to make daily payments easier and to help people.

And today it's the other way around. The bank does what it wants and the customer is no longer king, as we learned in the Sparkasse. Today, the customer swallows whatever the bank puts in front of him. And it is quite clear that the handling of cash will become more and more complicated, and will certainly soon even be illegal, because we are heading straight for it. And it follows that dealing with digital money will become more and more expensive. Because we will become more and more dependent on digital money, and are therefore at the mercy of any arbitrariness. And very expensive are the penalties if you have no cover. But only the people who play in the lowest league in this Nintendo Points system know that. I know that firsthand, too.

The cool banker also thought so, shrugged his shoulders, then told me that he had played tennis against the Sparkasse Saarbrücken in the eighties. Those were still times! He then realized that the technical possibility to accept cash was still there now, twenty minutes later, and let me make my deposit. Man, I was so glad I didn't have to go out again tomorrow morning to pay in my twenty euros. If the customer is allowed to feel like a king today, then the urge to fall to his knees in gratitude comes directly to him.

Never before has an empire been as perfidious and absolute as it is today. Our system, which always means so well to us, has completely taken us hostage. Welcome to the Matrix!

But the game's not over yet. We are not yet completely subjugated. We can still win. I can still write this here. You can still read it here.

And that is a beginning. At least in our heads.

Chapter 31

MK "Get it"

The interventions in our lives are getting bigger and bigger, and less and less we are interested in them. This is paradoxical. How can this be possible? Unless there is MK.

MK stands for Mind Control. The K in MK comes from Kontrolle, because one of the fathers of this beautiful discipline was German. It was Dr. Joseph Mengele.

Not all Nazis were bad, but the really bad ones were directly recruited again by the USA under Operation Paperclip. The Head Hunters were quickly at work, they didn't want to miss such great talents.

But whether it was Mengele himself or just one of his many disciples, I don't know. But if you first recognize the mountain of lies with which we grew up, then I can imagine that Mengele found a new job in the USA as Dr. Green (Mr. White von Bond sends his greetings), and I can even imagine that Hitler has retired in Argentina. There are some "facts" circulating on the Internet. I don't know, but considering the global situation and the smeared sky I wouldn't be surprised anymore.

The Nazis had two great talents: rocketry and mind control. And Mind Control is now everywhere, from soft and gentle to MK-Ultra and deadly. From a simple advertising poster on an advertising pillar to an inhaled nanobot that can be activated by microwave.

And in between there are even more variants. We all know hypnosis, but only a few of us have heard of trauma-based programming. Under great shock or pain, our interior fragments into multiple personalities, into which we flee, behind which we hide in order to survive the shock.

And there in the shattered and fragmented self we are disoriented and writeable like a hard disk.

Child abuse can be found again and again in this context. Fortunately, this did not go so badly for all of us. But all of us have become victims of subliminal programming, at the latest by that

millisecond that flickers on TV, but that is enough to arouse desire or fear in us.

We've all read magazines and seen films where chemtrails are normalized, and now we all live in neighborhoods with at least one microwave transmitter pointed directly at us. And we all think it's great and beautiful. The main thing is that we are online around the clock. That's progress in action. That's how they show it to us, and that's all we see.

Mind Control can be found where the divine order is bent for the purpose of control and submission. A traumatized person can be better controlled. A traumatized child will make sure that his children will be traumatized later. The trauma that was done to us from above is passed down. One only has to give the impulse at the beginning (or at the top), through a traumatizing event, and now and then do something that refreshes the memory.

And already everyone is running in the same groove, from which it is so very difficult to get out. This creates a self-generating system of self-controlling slaves. And we are all part of it.

There is absolutely no life without Mind Control anymore. Advertising, propaganda, fashion, music, movies, books, education, food, pharmacy, everything, really everything, shapes our mind. And what you shape, you can control.

Mind Control tells us where the top and where the bottom is. Mind Control lulls us into the acceptance of our own extermination. Mind Control turns police officers and soldiers into empathieless henchmen. There are very few soldiers or policemen who have not lost a great deal of themselves in the brutal, life-despising, traumatizing drill they have to go through.

Of course they still have their inner flames of life, but hard leather boots have been put in between. They were trained like monkeys to follow orders. It doesn't matter what the order is. The civil servant of today is again so trimmed that he mercilessly obeys every command in the belief that he is doing good. Heinrich Himmler once said about the SS full of fervour "with all the bad things that we had to do, we are proud to have always remained decent despite everything".

That's why the pilot of a spray plane is also a decent man. He doesn't need any microchips in his brain to do such a mess as a remote-controlled robot. It doesn't have to be like that!

Such a pilot flies out as soon as you give him the feeling that he belongs to a chosen circle, where very important things that are ultimately good are treated. That and a tap on his shoulder is enough, and he will fly smilingly away to his own ruin.

You really can't expect a pilot like that to consciously notice what he's doing if you haven't even seen him do anything at all ...

I hope you notice that we are all sitting together in the trap of Mind-Control.

The lecture by Heiner Gehring on YouTube and now also in my folder LAST PUZZLE PIECES is very worthwhile. Heiner is unfortunately not the only one who dealt with this topic and then died much too young. That also makes you think, doesn't it?

The crux of the whole story is that Mind Control only works when you don't know it's being used against you. If one considers the possibility that actual external influences - no matter if hypnosis, scalar waves or Smart-Dust (another word for nanobots) - want to overwrite us, then the spell is as good as broken, at least very weakened.

Nothing, but really nothing at all, can overwrite our inner being, this own fire of life.

You cannot overwrite it, you cannot extinguish it. You can destroy a body, but never the inner flame.

Even death will not extinguish this flame, then only the body has been released, but the flame remains, and it continues to burn in the belly of God.

God's will cannot be overwritten, and this is also the reason why this last, desperate attempt of that sick, megalomaniac Egos, who so gladly imagine that they are the great studs here, fails.

The fart they swallowed, makes them all burst. And I hope you don't too!

Therefore you must finally awaken from your Sleeping Beauty sleep!

If you realize that it was desired, ordered, and programmed for you to inflate into such a smug, self-righteous good person, then you may find it easier to rethink and discard your pose. And then it will also be easier for you to focus your energy on the really vital things.

But to make sure that doesn't happen, MK de Luxe is there for you. Only the finest for you! Because you really deserve it. You have worked hard. And the others are all lazy, stupid, envious and evil.

It used to be called divide and rule. Today one can call it: divide and poison everyone. And as long as we remain divided, we cannot defend ourselves.

Only MK "Get It" helps against that.

Chapter 32

The Big Brain Shit

Now that we collectively are so close to discovering the truth, everything is really being done to bend the compass, shit in our brains, break our hearts, or just distract us, everything becomes a weapon in this final battle. Even the truth is decomposed and becomes a weapon.

Earlier I was still talking about the names, about all the new mouthpieces that exist thanks to the Internet, now I'm going to touch on a few topics that keep coming up as soon as you descend into the basement of "conspiracy theories".

Let's start with a simple example: the moon. I can remember watching with my grandmother the moon landing live when I was only three years old in 1969. We all didn't ask ourselves who put the camera so that we could witness Armstrong's first step live.

In the nineties I heard for the first time that the moon landing was fake, and probably Stanley Kubrick had filmed it. That might explain why he had barely left his property. He knew too much, and knew that if he locked himself up voluntarily, he would be left alone by those who knew he knew too much.

Kubrick told us in his last film EYES WIDE SHUT that he had some insight into those circles. And it's also suspicious that he borrowed an extremely precious camera lens from NASA for his BARRY LYNDON. Apparently he could be trusted.

For me it was then clear that the moon landing had taken place in the studio, but that doesn't mean that the moon landing didn't happen at all. I can imagine, since it's about the power of images, and since there was no experience of getting images sent live and in no time from the moon to Earth, that one had taken precautions not to disappoint the billions of viewers worldwide.

And so there was probably the moon landing, but the pictures came from the can, previously shot under the utmost secrecy. After all, it was all

about putting the USA on the throne worldwide. Where they still are today or where they believe themselves to be.

Then I heard it was impossible to leave our planet. Because nobody can break through the Van Allen Radiation Belt without burning up. Nobody gets through alive. The moon is unreachable for us.

Then I heard that we already have secret settlements on Mars, and that the Secret Space program was already bringing us to the outer galaxy.

And then I heard that the moon is hollow and a military base for aliens.

The fact that there are aliens or beings from another dimension is in line with my view of the world. To believe that we are alone is completely presumptuous and arrogant. I remember exactly how I saw an UFO in broad daylight over San Sebastián on February 6, 2011. I have a witness. And even if I have to argue today that I don't know if this UFO was alien or just Secret Technology, I am convinced that we are not alone. And I don't feel threatened at all, because if we were, they would have eaten us like a bag of chips with that superior technology long ago.

Here I should mention that allegedly a false alien invasion is also planned and ready to be carried out. The whole plasma sky can be used as a huge LCD screen, where you can project what you want into it. If you google Project Blue Beam, you can deepen that.

When the big UFOs come, it's probably just the last card drawn to bring all the races together under one thumb in the face of a global threat.

Besides the chaotic financial markets and the weather, the aliens are another welcome bogeyman to put us all in the same sack worldwide. For our protection, of course. Anyone who claims otherwise can only be a tinfoil hat-wearing conspiracy theorist with a big appetite for admiration.

There are certainly aggressive aliens, but our rulers seem more dangerous to me. When the aliens come, I think they come to help us.

There are even many reports that the UFOs are coming to protect us. With the invention of the atomic bomb, visits by aliens have apparently increased, and UFOs are said to have sabotaged nuclear warheads in various cases.

The circles in the cornfield are also a clear indication that a higher intelligence is seeking contact with us. And if one decodes the symbolism

of these cornfields, one often finds that someone wants to explain the torus to us. Again and again the torus. Why probably?

But I really don't know what's going on on the moon right now. With all the things I hear or read about the moon, whom can I trust?

NASA, huh? Even if I have heard in the meantime that NASA was founded by German exile scientists? Yes, Frau Merkel, at that time the immigrants were still real skilled workers. From our German perspective, it was the emigrants. Some go, others come.

But I still don't know what's going on on the moon. Who explains it to me? Can I trust the BILD newspaper? Even if I've heard in the meantime that BILD was founded by the CIA?

The only thing I really know is what's going on right in front of my nose. What I see, what I feel, what I smell, what I sense.

The only thing I know about the moon is that it's really affecting me. At the approaching full moon I turn the wheel, sometimes to the left, sometimes to the right, and mostly it ends in an effusion, creative or sexual.

The moon is like a magnet, it takes the souls with it, all those who only hang on the thin thread. In my short time as a funeral director I noticed that with every full moon the corpses piled up.

Even if I don't know what's going on on the moon, I can feel it. And it is the same with mother earth. I can feel her. And we should all feel our earth, then we would feel that we now have to help. We must now accept and protect our mother, otherwise we will not only lose her, but everything.

But instead of feeling what the earth wants, we discuss, recently again, whether the earth is round, flat or even hollow. Now that the truth is almost revealed, we fall back into different camps: the enlightened against the totally enlightened. Instead of focusing together on things to finally end the continuing and increasingly obvious abuse of humanity, we fall into the next trap and quarrel about things that don't threaten us. That's the joke! Because to be honest, whether round or flat, because of that I do not go on the street.

When I look at my fellow men like that, sometimes the idea comes over me that we are a huge settlement on the snout of a space monster. At least that's how we act.

Flat earth or hollow earth, it is clear that no effort is too small to lead our serious and necessary educational work on "climate change" into the absurd and ridiculous. Psy-Ops at its best!

If I post lightly dressed women on my page, then there will be one or the other feminist who is clapped in, but the number of spectators increases in a flash. But if I were to share contributions about the flat earth on my Repugnant Pilot, I would lose a large part of my audience. And that's exactly why there's this discussion. That is exactly why it is being reanimated. That's exactly why there is a budget for so many flat-earth films, which are supposed to wear us down with beautiful, animated pictures.

To all my Flat-Earth friends, don't be offended now. And if at some point it still turns out that you are right, and the world is flat as a board, then I wouldn't care. Just don't give a shit.

But until then, I ask only one thing of you: recognize what threatens us, and don't let yourself be divided now that we are collectively about to do the leap. We are on the final spurt to truth, now please don't cause unnecessary stress. The stress that is done to us every day, such as the never-ending wave of terrorist attacks, is enough.

That's right, the attack wave also belongs in the chapter "The Big Brain Shit". And that's because it's repeated every fifteen minutes throughout the day, because then - when something bad happens again - every daily newspaper pornographically exploits suffering in large, colorful pictures. Because when a man pulls his pistol out in Munich, the whole of Germany is banned from flying.

The reactions to such horror are then only emotional. Some scream for more security, others scream "all lies" and often overlook the pain of the actual victims and their relatives.

In order to better understand this, I would like to divide the terrorist attacks into three categories:

Category 1 is an attack that really took place as the mainstream media tell us. An evil, fanatical Arab hijacked an airplane with a knife, then steered the plane into a skyscraper, which later turned into fine dust because of a kerosene fire.

Category 2 would be where the evil Arab was actually controlled by one of our own secret services and used to do something horrible. And to make the abominable even more abominable, enough explosives have been placed in the house beforehand. Category 2 stands for False Flag, or you can also say Inside Job. In plain language: not the enemy kills us, no, our own people kill us just to create an intended mood.

And thanks to Facebook, we all now also know Category 3: everything is just a film, nothing happened as the mainstream media tell us several times an hour. In which cases that was the case, I can only guess. The fact is that there is also a version with artificial blood. There are too many indications that this is the case.

Who of you still knows the film WAG THE DOG? Hardly anyone, because the film has simply fallen into oblivion. And it's quite clear why: Robert de Niro is a secret envoy of the American government, he visits a big Hollywood producer (Dustin Hoffman) and commissions him to stage a war so that the acting president wins the election again. Thus the American population then learns of a terrible despot in a distant country. One sees there the suffering population and later one sees the heroic engagement of the US Army, and already the president has all sympathies as savior and liberator.

The despot as well as the rescue mission of the Army were only a virtual story produced in the studio. And you can also create an intended mood with it. That's what WAG THE DOG says.

But if you take a closer look at today's world, you learn that there are crisis actors, where the perpetrators, victims, witnesses and survivors are recruited (crisiscast.com). The old site crisisactors.org has disappeared, perhaps because it had gotten around too much.

And there is one actress who has become famous in the meantime because she has been noticed as a crybaby at so many crime scenes, like in Manchester recently. It's strange.

Even if you can say that it's good that in one case or another there weren't any real deaths, but it gets all the worse when you see that people let themselves be steered by it.

Wait a minute. Can someone still be steered? Or are we dulling more and more? Do we experience so much fake death that when the real one comes, we can no longer recognize it?

Whether with or without real victims, pay attention to how often a day we get the horror smeared on our bread. And ask yourself why. Where you look, you find brain shit. At least I do.

Another example, this time a completely different one: take a look at the art market. Has anyone ever wondered why several millions were spent on a picture that is only blue - just blue?

Those who have to work for their money would never spend such a fortune on a blue wall. You only spend that much when you can swim in money without effort, or when you act as a middleman for those who can print any sum they want every morning at breakfast.

And when such people up there at the money tap raise a painter to an artist because such a purchase goes through the whole press, then their joke is no different than that of a child who sits in front of a hamster enclosure and puts on only one hamster a tiny hat.

Then what do the other hamsters do? They are amazed. And they wonder why they didn't get a hat.

But they would never ask where the hat came from. First they ask themselves whether the earth is flat or hollow. And when the pressure in the enclosure increases, they would bite each other to death again.

And what remains? A laughing joker.

Chapter 33

Highs & Lows

After almost four REPUGNANT years here a small interim balance. Finally I come to tell you a few collected low and high points of what I could see. Whether that was a low or a high depends entirely on the perspective.

One after the other, sorted chronologically. Careful, this will be the longest chapter. In the four years too much has happened, so it should be told:

On 22 September 2013 my page "The Repugnant Pilot" was launched on Facebook. Now that I had started to see, I couldn't stop looking. On October 9th I uploaded my first pictures.

2014

On February 5th I saw a perfectly circular punch-hole cloud. The sky was covered by a screened, white mat, which was cut off smoothly on one side. Only later did I learn that these are electromagnetic frequencies that produce this uniform, grooved pattern. There was a circular opening in that white blanket. The punch-hole. The photo is still one of my ten most blatant pictures ever. Here you can see it:

At that time I actually still believed that it was enough to collect nine months of photos. From this I then made the short film: The SILENT WAR IN PARADISE. I repeated the whole game in English, and



Josefina did the Spanish translation for me. These nine months I saw symbolically as a pregnancy of realization.

Well, today I'm afraid that ninety months of pregnancy won't bring any realization either, because who needs his eyes when his mind is asleep? AS WITH MOST ... as I had to learn in the meantime.

Now that I had good, convincing material to show for the first time, I noticed that nobody wanted to see it, or if someone saw it, they just said "well, hmm". And that was it.

Thanks to the iPhone I found, my photo collection had already grown to an impressive size. It quickly became clear to me that what was happening in the sky was neither coincidences nor individual cases, but was happening deliberately, with a plan and with intent, and certainly not a good one, otherwise they would be able to talk freely about it and would not have to be so cowardly and deny it.

It's just the unspeakable. But my persistent continuity will still break our collective silence.



On the seventh of October 2014 I was finally admitted to the town hall and had an appointment with Asier J., the man responsible for environmental protection at the time. I was made to wait a whole seven months for this appointment. In March I submitted a petition, seven months later I got a phone call, and the date was dictated to me.

The town hall was now in the hands of the bildu, that infamous pro-Basque party, and one could also say the political wing of ETA, which had not been active for years (I'll come to that!).

Josefina wasn't enthusiastic about my one-man operation, and I told her that I don't care who is sitting in the town hall, because it concerns all of us. And that is still my attitude today. **The problem we are dealing with here is greater than all the ideological or religious differences into which we are so eagerly pressed.**

Josefina stressed that her platform now would have to ban me, and I replied: "The Repugnant Pilot does not belong to any platform, to any group, to any party. I am completely independent and free. That's how it was then, and that's how it is now. That's why I'll never share my site with an admin, someone who has access to my data. The Repugnant Pilot is

only a small spark in the sky, but an authentic one. Here only one speaks, and that is me.

Armed with 4 GB of material burned on a DVD, I confidently entered the town hall of San Sebastián, it is directly on the Concha, the beautiful Shell Bay.

I was finally admitted to the sacred chambers. The town hall is very beautiful, originally it was built as a casino. I always like to tell German tourists that San Sebastián is Baden-Baden of Spain. A king's bath. And it all started with Isabel II, she had a skin condition and her doctor recommended her to stay at the fresh, humid Atlantic. That was in 1862.

My conversation with Asier and a lady, he did not come alone, I considered as actually good. Both listened to me with amazement and attention. Both said that this was not within their competence, both said that they would forward my material to the Basque government in Vitoria. Both of them wished me a nice day and good luck.

In the meantime, the government has changed. After three years a question comes to me: is my forwarding still being forwarded or do I have to go back to Start, draw a number and wait until I can get back to it? It's obvious that my collar has now burst.

At least now I use the time in custody to write everything down, I take every opportunity so THAT YOU UNDERSTAND it, because giving up is not my way.

How long have I been sitting here in my cell with Ertzaintza? It doesn't matter, I've been in the jail of knowledge for much longer. Wasn't life easier when you hadn't known all this yet?

✱

2015

The Repugnant Pilot had maybe 300 Likes. And with Josefina it went on like before: I helped her to translate letters and films, she helped me to translate letters and films. The excitement about my visit to the Town Hall was in vain, in every respect.

I was once again in Germany, on the flight Frankfurt-Bilbao I observed and photographed for the first time an airplane, which spit out a black, long, fat Trail. And that was not the shadow, because the plane was below us, and above us only the sun.

Black chemtrails have photographed other activists. I don't know what they do, I just note that they exist.



I would like to thank the pilot Jesús Benito-Sendín Velasco for making this photo available to me.

An independent journalist from Leipzig, Hagen G., inspired me to make a video contribution and so I started filming myself jogging on the beach. Jogging is always very inspiring for me. I talked eight minutes into the camera and uploaded it all to my Vimeo with the beautiful title: I WOULD RATHER TALK ABOUT TITTIES, which I actually would have done.

In no time at all, this video had four hundred viewers. I had never had so many at once. But from my own friends nobody responded to this film. I told my personal real-life contacts by email about my tits film, but the response was ZERO. Nobody commented on this film. Neither my father, nor my brother, nor my cousins, nor my friends or colleagues. Absolutely nobody gave me a feedback.

All the more I was happy that I suddenly got a private message from a Dani Graf from Bavaria: "Tim, thank you for having the courage to say this! I stand behind you!" His spontaneous and honest words went down like honey. And then I knew that I would continue, even if only Dani was watching.

By the way: Dani is also a competitive athlete. An action man. Again an athlete and not a so-called intellectual. What's the matter with all the mental workers? Does the aluminum already show its effect?



Now I come to May 15, 2015. I must emphasize the day extra. The online battle that took place that day will go down in history.

First of all I have to explain that for this day, May 15, three job offers as a tourist guide slipped away from me. Something like this has never happened to me before. It happens that one is booked, and shortly afterwards everything is cancelled. But three times in a row is funny. So, what did I do?

I sat down at a public computer and looked what was happening on Facebook. I still had only the iPhone I found, my own computer was no longer Internet-capable, the the old operating system couldn't process the new browsers.

Fortunately, I knew where there was a computer that I could use as long as it was free. And that day I read that the federal government had announced on its Facebook page that there was a 2% limit (whatever it was) to slow climate change.

All right, then. Without thinking long and hard, I interfered in the discussion thread. And I was not alone. I remember the backing that Matthias A. gave me. And Jürgen Frankenberger paved the way for us with his good research, which he knew how to place. I then posted my

"best of" photos to the federal government. And I wrote a very friendly, eloquent letter about it. I came with roses, but was not noticed.

The answer then came from a troll I already knew. The cheeky Schnörch rushed forward in a hurry. Then I got him muzzled at the sight of my own photos. It felt like a checkmate. Schnörch was at the end with his Troll Latin. But then something interesting happened: suddenly, within only two minutes, four new comments appeared under mine. They were all written to make me look like the ignorant, paranoid fool. They mocked and insulted me, from a tinfoil hat wearer to a Nazi, everything was there. Four comments in two minutes! That was clearly orchestrated. And on that day it was the third time for me that I had to experience such a planned attack, and of course everything only because I showed my photos.

The whole troll number was so desperate and obvious, that I called this sad club by its name and unmasked them: "You guys are so smart! Now I have caught the Special Task Force Tinfoil Hat in the act! Of course, my little collection makes you extremely nervous, and now you have to come quickly to put out the fire!

So I wrote it like this, then I pressed the return key and posted this comment in the thread. Then I briefly went to the toilet, and when I came back, the whole thread was completely gone. Not there anymore.

On the same evening, a friend heard on German radio that a cyber attack had taken place on Facebook on the German government's website. And that's why so many things disappeared.

So, so, a cyber attack. What a pity that I was all alone, I thought that evening, and hardly anyone noticed what was really happening.

The next day I opened my Facebook on the iPhone and saw a three-digit number for friend requests. 101. How can I forget? 101 new friends a day may be known to pop or porn stars. But for me it was an indication that there were many more people out there following the controversy than I thought. People who don't leave tracks, who don't liken, don't comment, don't share, but they get what's going on.

And on that day, some of them sent me their thanks by personal message. A few days later The Repugnant Pilot had broken the 1,000 Like barrier, and then I uploaded the tits movie again to Facebook and reached twenty full thousand viewers in no time. In the aftershock of 5/15. I tried

several more times to get an answer from the federal government. This action was in vain. Although I have expressed myself chosen. I understand that the government will not react to words like "corrupt assholes, wankers, pederasts, parasites". No one reacts to such words, and certainly not those who are. And I am angry about co-activists, comrades-in-arms and companions who descend to such a level.

These are verbal bricks, and where they are thrown, the police starts beating in SELF-DEFENCE. Then we give them the reason to lock, block and delete us. I always preach: "Say it with flowers" or "Skipper, always smile and wave". But even a charming gigolo like me gets simply ignored.



In the summer of 2015, one of my very best real-life friends sponsored me an used MacBook Pro. The time when I edited my Facebook page or wrote letters to the German government from an iPhone was over. In the fight David against Goliath there was only one white stone, now I got a super good slingshot. Fantastic was the help from a fantastic friend, and fantastic what you can do with a MacBook.

From then on, I expanded my collection to include homemade time-lapse films. If the sky was suspicious, I screwed my camera onto a tripod, filmed two hours and made a two-minute time-lapse clip out of it. And that opened up a whole new dimension of horror. Certain things can only be recognized when you change the perspective or the time.

Only in fast motion do we see that we are all sitting like frogs in a cooking pot and that the temperature is slowly rising, so slowly that we do not react, but only become tired and sluggish. And only at a great distance does our planet look like an anthill, and the tragedy becomes a comedy.

Today, two years later, I have not only taken 23,000 photos, 3,100 of which are more than alarming, but I have also made over 110 time-lapse films that clearly show how the sky is deliberately smeared. And besides my own homemade horror movies, more and more shots from all over the world reached me on my Facebook page, which only confirm what I see.

Then came the moment when I saw nothing else. If they weren't my own shots, I saw some from Colorado or Italy, everywhere they sprayed non-stop. And as I slowly noticed, mainly in the NATO countries!

Sure, if Putin sprayed us, we'd know by now. But you don't even want to imagine our own "boys" doing it. And nobody really wants to know that the Alzheimer rate is highest in the NATO countries of all places.

I had to explain to myself why all this was happening. I had to write something against the fear that was always there since I knew what they were doing to us. I had to find a way out of this labyrinth. And the trigger was Canan, a young Turk who lives in Germany. She heard that I had met my Facebook girlfriend Meritxell Castells.

Meritxell came to visit me in July, she lives in Santander, and she said she knew how to deal with the chemtrail poisons. And what she said coincided with my deep knowledge that nothing can happen here on earth that is not blessed by God, no matter how bad it may seem to us from our little perspective.

And since I am convinced that everything has a blueprint and that everything has its solution, I went to a retreat and typed "TABULA RASA and the Three Steps of Awakening" into my new MacBook. The text was so well received that I found Facebook friends who translated it for me in English and Spanish. Thank you Conny! Thank you Leonor!

In August 2015, when I wrote that text, I had 572 photos in my "best of" folder and I asked when they would notice it. I asked: Do I really have to collect 5720 photos?

By now I have more than half of them. If I continue to collect so quickly, I will have the 5720 in a year and a half, i.e. by the end of 2018. If the sky has not fallen on our heads by then.

✱

At that time a young, elegant man contacted me via Facebook (I call him Sven), he absolutely wanted to talk to me on the phone. With his voice he appeared even younger than on his photos. And on his photos one recognized that this boy leads a life with class and money.

We chatted excitedly for maybe two hours. Sven told me that his father belonged to an important lodge and that he had seen books where the future of mankind is planned.

We talked about new technologies, about control, about guided depopulation. He said that terrible things were coming upon us. Apparently it made him feel good to confide in me. I felt that he wanted to help.

Months later I made a donation call because the wind had knocked over my camera and tripod and the repair was expensive. Sven then contacted me again and said he would support me, but first we had to talk, he would come and visit me.

And I haven't heard from him since. Every now and then I knock on his door, he reads my messages, but he doesn't answer anymore. What's going on? I don't think he's a psycho-troll. I suspect rather that he is afraid to be seen in my company. We are no longer Facebook friends either. He has covered the tracks. Maybe he will lose his place in the underground luxury bunker if he shows up with me?

I had to tell this because he was talking about those books where our fate was sealed inside, and because I, we, the whole movement, absolutely need the help of such people!

There are very wealthy people out there. If they join forces with us now, we can trigger an avalanche of enlightenment. To be rich does not mean to want to take part in such a crime. Being rich is a responsibility that, if used correctly, can have a great effect. I now call on all the rich to think about whether it still helps you to be rich, whether digitally or with diamonds, if all of us, including you, are to live in plasma with nanotechnology overwriting our biology?

Which one of you will be the first to recognize this and have the civil courage to act?

✱

Let's continue:

This year there's another date I remember well. October 3, 2015: The day of German reunification. On that day there was horror sky again here in San Sebastián. And that forces me to react every time. Only when I react to it, when I act and do, I overcome the impotence. But I've certainly already said that.

What was current was that Obama met the Pope, and together they warned that climate change is the greatest threat to humanity today. Then I delivered my message, with a video that found a huge audience in no time. That day I also met Antony Spatola, who had the same idea. His video went even better.

And then it happened: for the first time I was threatened. I was told that clever guys like me had to be careful not to disappear suddenly.

Something like that is a blatant announcement and even now, when I remember it, I feel queasy again. And that's why I tell it, because publicity is the best protection. But then I noticed that my collection on Facebook could disappear even more easily and quickly than I did.

If it's gone, it's no use anymore. Even if I have a backup on an external hard drive, then what good is it if nobody sees it?

I can't remember who of my Facebook friends it was, Thomas, Robert or Hans, but finally one of them pointed me to the New Zealand site mega.nz. It is run by the mega-great man Kim Schmitz, whom I had thought to be a gasbag until then. And today I have Kim to thank for the fact that my complete collection, thanks to his brilliant site mega.nz, is finally available for everyone to download.

It didn't take long and somebody called my collection "the toil of terror". I call it THE TESTIMONY OF THE REPUGNANT PILOT or the coffin nail for our system.

You can find everything at therepugnantpilot.com.



And in all the hustle and bustle, someone kept knocking at my door saying he wanted to talk, he had something I needed to know, he wanted to use my growing online popularity to get his words echoed.

But I was so tired of it and I didn't feel like talking to him. In addition to the threat, there were other troll attacks and insults.

Now a troll on the phone as well, it's getting too much. But somehow the guy remained so persistent and finally I called him. And since then again and again. He doesn't want to be named. He actually has so much to say that I will dedicate a chapter to him afterwards. Which I call: Mr. W and the fence.

And that was not the end of the year. In November I was with the car in Germany, the return trip to Spain we made by the burgundy country, one of the most beautiful little places on earth.



Wide plains, green hills, canals, castles. And wine. What was sprayed that day was gross. But the saddest thing was that the vines were all clogged and glued with those strange polymer fibers. I've never seen so many of these spun-net-like fibers at once. They were known to me, Josefina showed them in her TV interview, Evelyn Köstenberger had specialized in it and I also had found such a fiber in front of my door at the lantern.

But what happened here in the dreamy Burgundy was without equal. And none of the others had noticed. The main thing is that the new wine still tastes good.

Those sticky, gooey threads. Whatever that is. Obviously it is seen in connection with spraying, because it falls out of the sky. It is not clear why it is done. But somehow I doubt it is a reason for joy.



2016

In the course of the year I made a lot of new time-lapse movies from the sky. And the best of them, the ones that will be added to my mega collection, are now more than a hundred and ten. All can be found in the folder REAL REPUGNANT FILMS.

My camera was finally repaired, I paid for it myself, with money that I earned in the spring with a reportage.

My call for donations - I had opened a new account - had brought me once 30€ (thanks, Karsten) and once 15€ (thanks, Diego). On patreon I get a total of 2\$ monthly from all my sponsors.

And just then I met someone who works as a sailor for Greenpeace on the Rainbow-Warrior. He earns 4.000€ per month, which he cannot spend because he is on the ship.

The Rainbow Warrior prefers to travel in the Pacific. On the most beautiful beaches with the best tastings. Even if certain fish species are not allowed to be fished, the Greenpeace Warriors are allowed to do so. The little bit, what they consume, for a good feast, nature can cope with that.

There is also a lot of scuba diving, and there are always pretty, young biology students from good parent's homes, who are now allowed to feel good, not because of the palm beaches, but because they have joined such a positive and important cause.

What happens today at Greenpiss was already shown by visionary advertising clip directors in the 80s in the Bacardi Rum advertisement. Pretty young people, a boat, a beach, music, cheerful mood and of course a good sip of Bacardi Rum.

Werner Altnickel has missed these parties for a long time. But he does it right. You have to be quite blinded and ignorant if you imagine that you can still do something important today as a Rainbow Warrior. And you have to be quite blinded and ignorant if you imagine that you're making a good contribution because you support Greenpiss on a monthly basis. They don't even need your help anymore! They have long been sponsored by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Greenpeace is also doing subliminal advertising for a sky smeared with chemistry.



Nor does Greenpeace take the trouble to approach this topic in any way. The biggest environmental disaster we are dealing with right now - besides Fukushima - does not exist for Greenpeace at all. They have no place for it on their world map, they have no word for it in their vocabulary. They don't have a researcher in their team for it.

I then offered myself at Greenpeace to occupy that empty space to fill their gaps in knowledge. Is there only one reader here who believes Greenpeace has answered me?

*

Almost every day I take new "funny photos" or find new clues on the Internet. In the meantime, word has got around that I exist, and my REPUGNANT PILOT has become the meeting point and collection point for all the other "funny photos". Everything comes to me, photos from the

Black Forest, Montreal, Mongolia or Oslo. I now see daily what is happening globally in the sky and regularly find things that most of you don't even know exist.

On May 5, 2016 I changed my page name on Facebook to THE REPUGNANT PILOT 2.0. Originally the motto of my page was: I suspect that the climate is being manipulated, I now try to find a pattern by daily observation.

Now - two and a half years later - the pattern was found. What I didn't know then, I can no longer ignore today. Now I KNOW that the climate is being manipulated on a daily basis. Just thanks to my photo collection, which unfortunately grows daily.

The collected normalization attempts and the experienced troll attacks are only the tip of the iceberg for me.

Climate change is a perfidious setup. The climate has been stylized into an enemy. And I have now been able to prove this empirically. And that should mark a before and an after. Hence THE REPUGNANT PILOT 2.0, because now comes the more difficult part of my task: to communicate my findings to you out there in such a way that you too can finally see what's going on; and that you don't immediately close your eyes in horror.



On August 8, 2016 I broke through the 10,000 Like barrier, and when the Repugnant pilot turned three in October, he already had more than eleven thousand Likes. And hardly any spectators. I already mentioned that. The more people follow me, the smaller is my total reach.

This year André Löhner also asked me if I would like to participate in his BLAUE HAND. They already attracted my attention several times as an interesting source of information. André's vision is to bring together many free-thinking and independent authors and journalists, because together we are stronger. That's a clever concept. I'd love to be a part of it. From then on, once a week, every Thursday, I work on a new article for DIE BLAUE HAND or reissue an old one. Because as long as the old contributions are not solved, they remain current.

Documents, photos, films, MEMES, letters I have so many, more than pieces on the chessboard. And they are all nicely sorted in my online box and waiting to be drawn.

Whenever someone feeds us climate lies and bullshit, I only put one of my "figurines" in front of him, for every game situation I have the right one, and then I only need to place it. Emotionally these "discussions" do not excite me anymore. I place my figurines, the knight, the castle and sometimes also a queen, and that's it!

*

Shortly before the end of the year there was another real trouble. The children's channel KIKA deactivated my Facebook temporarily. Because I always used the same tiny excerpt of only a few seconds in several of my videos. A nice man explains to the children that the clouds have names. They are not called Maria, Tilda or Frieda or anything. Some clouds are called stripe clouds. And while he's saying that, he draws long stripes of chalk on the blackboard.

It was said that I had infringed copyright, that I had been asked to immediately delete any post that contained this scene. And before I could act, my Facebook was blocked for three days.

Of course, I then removed the contributions in question and uploaded new self-censored versions. Of course, I didn't show the copyrighted material in the self-censored versions, but reminded what KIKA showed us at that point. Against Forgetting! Finally I come from the country Against Forgetting! So every Sunday in Advent I uploaded another revised, self-censored film. Always according to the motto: Advent, Advent, KIKA burns.

All that matters is that we record and list who helped to cover up this unspeakable crime. And KIKA won't come down from this dock anymore, after all, they have placed themselves there. If you don't want to believe it, you can look it up in the KIKA media library for yourself. Check the Baumhaus (tree house) broadcast of 17 September 2016:

<http://www.kika.de/baumhaus/videos/video34644.html>

ADDITION, April 2018: KIKA has already removed the above link, of course this original KIKA contribution is in my repugnant MEGA collection and for a quick impression here is a still from that Baumhaus episode:



Well, if you don't recognize anything yet, I advise you to start the book again from the beginning, but please spare me the discussion that all this means nothing. Of course it means something! It is child abuse, in subliminal-bestial form!

*

In 2016, a new man appeared in politics. CDU member of parliament Martin Bäumer took the issue of chemtrails seriously and began to ask questions and to investigate. But all his enquiries to the competent authorities were rejected, even at the third attempt he was not given a satisfactory answer, but all the more ridicule on the part of the press.

Since then we have been in constant contact with Martin and advise him wherever we can. We, these are the Klimakids, a small group sitting on granite hard facts, and anyone who reads the book attentively can imagine who belongs to it.

Together we try to make the taboo a topic. But it seems to me that we are not making any progress at all. Martin may see it, but all his fellow politicians are not in the condition to interpret my meticulously compiled collection.

Why can't they interpret my self-made three thousand plus best-of photos and a hundred plus best-of films? What's going on? What happened to us? My photos speak as loudly as the knife in the belly of the body, and yet nobody wants to guess what caused the death (or will be in our case).

✱

2017

In January it went straight on. A Green member of all people, the parliamentarian Volker Bajus, attacks our Martin Bäumer badly and says:

"The people who make their encouragement public mix the worst conspiracy theory with right-wing extremist ideas. Martin Bäumer gives such people parliamentary legitimacy. I think this is highly questionable."

I find it more than highly questionable that Mr. Volker Bajus did not take the time to study my concerns. And I find it silly that he takes out the Nazi hunch where there are no Nazis at all. What's more, I have proof that he's as stupid as a piece of toast or has extreme vision problems. He had actually clicked on my film WHERE EVERYBODY SEES NOTHING and answered my question about what was there to see:

"Clouds."

You can find it in the REAL REPUGNANT FILMS folder (or here <https://youtu.be/hfxDRJYXbtg>) and then you can decide for yourself whether these are natural clouds or not.



Here is a still from that time-lapse film.

Anyway, he never came back after that. He probably noticed that he had now fallen into a trap. Fortunately I still have the screenshot. Also to be found in my Mega-Collection. And I collect all this, because I come from the country against forgetting.

Mr. Bajus also overheard and deleted the comments of Ria, Antony and Jürgen. It is always the same wearisome game: if the discussion starts somewhere, the KLIMAKIDS come with flowers and information. And there is never an objective answer. If one is lucky, one's own comment stays, even if it is never answered, but mostly our comments are deleted, especially if they explain too easily and clearly what is going on in the sky.

✱

When it comes to incompetent political morons, Bodo Ramelow is another one to remember. I noticed him by his cheap mocking of us, the

"Chemmys". We all like to remember how he posted the picture of the famous chocolate RITTER-SPORT, but this time with "chemtrail taste".

I didn't even know who this Bodo was at first. Here in the Basques Country one is so well informed about things in Germany, as if one were living behind the mountains with the seven dwarves. I first had to google to find out that he is Prime Minister of Thuringia and not an RTL comedian.

And now - in February - he celebrated the resistance fighter Sophie Scholl on his Facebook wall. And that called me on the plan. Something like that, of course, immediately seduced me to join in. Such things come to me like the ball in tennis. As a player I know that I have to react if I want to stay in the game and then it takes a millisecond and I know exactly how I will react. And already I spurted towards the ball and wrote him:

"Sophie Scholl is my idol too! In 1994 I was lucky to meet two survivors of the Stauffenberg Group. This was part of a work for a Danish TV documentary on the 50th anniversary of the end of the war. Both - I met each of them individually - said the same thing that haunts me until today:

"Mr. Dabringhaus, today we are the honor and the good conscience of Germany, but what nobody knows any more and what nobody tells any more is that we were persecuted, mocked and sued at that time. We were the traitors, the idiots, the madmen, the terrorists!"

Well, dear Mr. Ramelow, unfortunately our attempts to draw your attention to the secret geoengineering were only answered with a mockery. Something is not right, isn't it? I would ask you to find four minutes ..."

... then I attached him the link to a short film that explains quickly and easily what's going on in the sky. As time went by my films got better and better. Meanwhile I tell in scary hypnotic four minutes on several examples how the clouds are sprayed, formed and moved by HAARP, how from Wimbledon, Deutsche Bahn, Mercedes Benz to Playmobil and LEGO all of them are busy rubbing the streaked sky under our noses. And then I show a flood or a tornado. Of the thousands of viewers who watch my films, most understand the message. But trolls, media whores and politicians strangely don't.

Also this post was immediately removed again, and I got blocked. Fortunately I found a Facebook friend who had posted my text again on Bodo's wall, under his name with greetings from Tim. Thank you Clemens! But that was then also deleted.

Just like on May 15, 2015 everything was gone. But this time I was prepared. Because the busy, mad, activist constantly learns more: this time I have complete screenshots. And here I would like to thank Bodo again for taking the trouble to answer me twice. That way you can at least see that he (or a secretary) has read my messages. That is, my text was not simply removed, it was perceived and then suppressed in full consciousness. And I tell you, also this time I came with flowers.

That Bodo likes to overheat and has to pick on the "Chememies" again and again is probably due to his own family. Once you get to know Bodo, you'll quickly find what you're looking for.

His sister-in-law, Cara StLouis, has written the book THE SUN THIEF, a novel, an invented story that explains how such an operation to spray the entire globe could work from an organizational point of view.

And his brother, Joska Ramelow, he's awesome! You can find him on YouTube. I find Joska very interesting, he is a natural healer, I can only advise everyone to listen to this Joska. In what he says, he reminds me hard of my Basque healer friend Xabi. Joska knows about the power of thoughts, the free energy, and he recognizes the parasite that holds our world hostage.

Luke, I'm your brother! I can well imagine what happened at Ramelow's house on a Sunday morning.

Sometimes I wonder if I lean too far out of the window when I make public what I experienced with Bodo Ramelow. Well, I didn't rhyme anything to it, I only record it for posterity. I simply display it in a frame, clearly visible to all. But the unspeakable content was chosen by the Prime Minister himself. You will also find these screenshots in my collection. It's time for everyone to be recognized for what he does and says.

Mr. Ramelow, hold your hand to your ear and listen carefully. Then you can hear Sophie Scholl crying in her grave.



Since I had found so little support in my Ramelow mission, I left the chat group which I had founded. I am talking about my "kiss you awake pack". I established it with the aim to back each other underneath some important posts, or to jump in where-ever the press celebrates a "romantic sunset".

At first it worked well, but the group then changed the name to "Skywatch", more and more people joined, and more and more people complained and less and less was done. I got a hundred unread messages every day and they were all like: "Oh damn what they're spraying again today" "These pigs, in hell they're supposed to roast" "It is unbelievable!" "And nobody says anything!" "And nobody notices anything!" "But we do!" "All the others are sleeping sheep!" "And we are awake!" ... and so on ...

The spark for an active, homogeneous group that holds together like a pack unfortunately did not ignite. Too bad actually. Because, if not you, who then?

Really, guys, I don't read chat for that blah-blah anymore. I know it's hard to deal with it mentally. But to become active is to become active, and soul care is soul care. If you mix it up, you go round in circles.

From now on I only follow one chat group, the KLIMAKIDS, where things are more professional, and I feel honored to be able to share that hot wire.



And otherwise, as always, I was looking for a solution to rub the definite proof under the nose of the ignorant. Blood samples, rainwater samples, all the patents, all the funny photos, all this is obviously not enough to prove that we are poisoned. And unfortunately no one is looking at the great bee mortality in this context. And just as little we are interested that we - humans - will not survive without bees.

It was Patrick Roddie who showed an excerpt from THE ITALIAN JOB (with Michael Caine from 1969) in which a chemtrail appeared just in the most exciting moment of the most exciting scene.

The successful gangsters flee with the captured gold bars in a bus and start skidding. Half of the bus slides over a cliff. It gets stuck there and swings like a scale. The gold in the rear tears down into the abyss, the men have to stay in the front of the bus, otherwise they fall into the canyon. A nice picture to end a gangster comedy.

Just when the camera looks from below at the free swinging half of the bus, you can see a fat chemtrail on the left side of the picture. Patrick Roddie screamed: "What a cheap fake!"



If chemtrails appear in modern films, i.e. from 2000 plus, then it was probably on the day the film was shot. But not when chemtrails appear in animated films. They were intentionally painted into the film. My own small collection shows that this is the case. Even if the judiciary is still not interested, the evidence remains overwhelming.

It is also rumored that chemtrails were retroactively incorporated into older films so that we have the feeling that the sky has always been like this. Even back then.

Millions are allegedly spent to revise old films. And further millions are paid, so that the performers remain silent. But some of them can't help themselves and have to confide in their psychiatrist. And some of the psychiatrists were chatting. And this is where I write it down. I have only been hearing, but might be right.

All the old films that were released on DVD were digitally re-mastered. The colors became richer, the sound better. Could it be that the sky became more streaky? And only for fractions of a second, that's enough for a subliminal programming. Like now with the ITALIAN JOB!

Now I got you! ... I was thinking when I even found an old VHS from 1992 on Ebay. It only cost three dollars, the shipping thirty. I pulled out my VISA and ordered.

I had it all organized very well. As soon as the film was there, I was with the technician who can play NTSC VHS tapes. And so that no one would accuse me of manipulating the VHS, I filmed the whole action: the hands ripping open the envelope, then pulling out THE ITALIAN JOB as used old VHS, and putting the cassette directly into the slot of the recorder. Then we set the film to fast forward and finally we came to the ending, which we saw now at normal speed, all the time I was capturing everything with my camera.

The bus shot over the cliff, the view from below, and also here in the version from 1992 the fat chemtrail was in it.

What?! ...I had to sit first. Let that sink. The funny thing is that I always find a new trace. Such moments are never a dead end. Three days later I happened to hear the song THE WINDMILLS OF YOUR MIND. I've known the song for a long time, and I knew it belonged to the old movie THE THOMAS CROWN AFFAIR with Steve McQueen. And since I had nothing better to do that evening, I watched the film.

Faye Dunaway and Steve McQueen look great, and the moral of the story is: being rich is awesome, and being richer is even cooler. A rather shallow film. In the end Thomas Crown flees, takes a scheduled flight and takes off. The final picture is the plane he is sitting in. And this plane pulls a fat, never-ending "contrail" behind it.

That was 1968, and I'm sure that nothing was subsequently inserted here, I even now have the feeling that this otherwise meaningless film was only financed and made to show that final picture, to establish such "scheduled flights" in our perception. It was perhaps even the maiden flight of a Chembomber, disguised as a passenger plane, in a subliminal propaganda work, disguised as cinema entertainment.

If this is the case, then it is also possible that one year later that exciting scene on the cliff with the bus from ITALIAN JOB was deliberately shot and planted. Anyone who has ever been on a shoot knows that nothing is left to chance. If it had really been just an isolated experiment in the sky - which has existed since the Second World War - then the cameraman would have advised the director to wait a bit until the sky was clear again.

And also here I saw again only confirmed that the rabbit burrow is deeper than first assumed. Or you can say again: the onion has another layer. Sorry if I keep talking about the onion, but it fits so well. We've been wrapped up in so many lies for a very long time, our minds have been insidiously kneaded, but that's finally known. At least to all those who read this.

And after these two (and how many more?) old movies, Hollywood is going to gear up this year and change to turbo. In October a new disaster film, GEOSTORM, will be released, where weather weapons will be used against the population. Now the trailer is already running, and every activist is sounding the alarm. When Godzilla attacks New York, it is entertainment, but when a storm triggered by weather weapons sinks the city, it is predictive programming. Or you could say: they hide their crime on the big screen right in front of our eyes.

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Inspired by BLAUE HAND, which has had its own website since January, and alarmed by the increasing censorship on Facebook, I decided to run my own website. Thanks to Alex, one of the blue hands, it was launched on April 26, 2017.

At therepugnantpilot.com you can now find everything I've collected so far, everything that's in this book and much more; simply and clearly sorted, ready for download.

If you want to help with the educational work, you will find here everything you need to arm yourself with facts. My collection should please be understood as ammunition storage: please take what you want; and please show it where you can.



Then something big happened in April 2017, something we've been waiting for in the "Chemmie" scene for a long time.

Finally the cat was let out of the bag. Now it has been made official that the scientists at last want to help us through their geoengineering. From now on, it will have to be tried out to protect us from the evil climate change. The hour has finally come, we can no longer get around it. Now we must dare to apply the technology that was previously dismissed as a conspiracy theory.

Or in other words: what until yesterday was a conspiracy theory has suddenly become a scientific protocol.

In addition to the new types of clouds that appeared in March (a separate chapter on this), this is the next step to legalize this crime step by step. At this point I would like to remind you that at the time of the Third Reich the deportation of Jews was also legal. Legal is always that which the sovereign interpreter has labelled as legal.

In my youth there were no tornadoes in Germany and certainly no double tornadoes. Now they have become normal. And nobody says anything. We are talking about all the catastrophes that haunt us in Germany and in the rest of the world, on an unprecedented scale; but we never ask ourselves why this is the case.

Braunsbach (destroyed by a flood) was only the beginning, we stick to those frightening pictures of absolute destruction, then our necks get sticky because the sun is so burning, and shortly afterwards the temperature falls into the cellar. Meanwhile it is normal that we get all four seasons served on only one single day. If this continues, we will be shock-frozen or flash-fried at some point.

We notice it, we talk about it, the press calls it yo-yo weather. We learn a new term and confuse it with an explanation. We swallow new word imprints and feel informed and educated afterwards. And the more Latin the vocabulary, the more educated we may feel.

Fact is, with the new ideas and words one has only defined our mental concept of these unknown things. And in such a way that we don't

see what's really going on, but remain stuck to Hegel's dialectic "Problem - Reaction - Solution", to be guided and directed from there.

If you look at our history, you will always find a big, artificially created problem that caused a tremendous reaction among the people. He who then knew the way out of the mess and had a solution, could extend and strengthen his claim to leadership.

Again we recognize a problem, though not the true one, and cry out again for a solution. And they finally give it to us. Now the patient is so softly beaten that the perpetrators - the perpetrators of the yo-yo weather - come out of the closet, disguised as doctors.

They have managed to lull us so far that we now knowingly and voluntarily swallow the rest of the poison. And that only becomes clear to me now that I am writing this down here in jail.

We became cozy in the slaughterhouse. We feel comfortable there, we want to stay there. And we don't want to spoil the remaining two minutes with bad news.

Obviously, we activists are getting signs of fatigue. We scream, we drum. We're going to jail for this, like me now, for example. The most important thing is to be constantly on the alert. Every time the sky is funny, I capture it.

We see it, we think about it, we talk about it. We annoy our families and friends with it. And every day. We are ridiculed for it and dismissed as weirdos. We do it for you and your children, but you don't notice it, and if you notice it, you don't want to see it.

Even if nobody looks, but now it shows that all the tinfoil hat wearers and spinners were right in the first place. And nobody is interested in that either. So what has changed?

Nothing, just that our moaning about the yo-yo weather or climate chaos gets a little louder every time. And right now it looks as if this moaning will turn into desperate howling when the first harvests have completely failed because our plants can no longer cope with these climate attacks.

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Speaking of harvest failure. In May 2017 I was once again in Alava, which is right next to LaRioja. A beautiful region where wine, oats and wheat are grown. In Radio Vitoria it was said that a large part of the vines were destroyed by the double frost at the end of April, and since it had not rained for a long time here, the wheat and oats this year will not make it. There was talk of a loss of eight figures. And they wondered whether the EU is in a position to help the farmers financially who suffered losses. As long as the money flows again, it cannot be so bad.

But nobody wondered what will happen if the product is missing from the shelf. How many oat plants and how many vines can die without us having to tighten our belts?

And while this special broadcast was on the radio, the sky was one big mess - by now you know what I mean by that - but nobody sees the connection. Why does nobody realize that this poisoned sky is the reason why our weather is crazy and our food is destroyed?



And the latest craze in June was that the German media, to be precise "exakt/FAKT" from MDR - the very name of this show is arrogant and presumptuous - post a photo of fat chemtrails and write below: "Do you believe in chemtrails? We don't." And then we're asked to finally provide evidence.

That is a triple mockery, with both ass cheeks and the stinking balls the press sits down on our feeling for right and wrong.

On the one hand, not only I, but so many others have regularly provided evidence, and have EVERY time at least been ignored, sometimes even deleted and blocked.

And secondly, which journalist would say "please bring me the evidence?"

Only the journalist who is used to writing off what he is given. Whoever no longer manages to search for himself swallows everything that is put on his table or pushed into his mouth. Just like a hooker.

And the third mockery, while we have to let ourselves be bluntly attacked by the press, to finally provide evidence to justify our paranoid "belief", the same media on another day in another show or newspaper make a fat contribution to how important solar radiation management can

be to protect us from climate change. The cat is biting its tail here, and hardly anyone does notice that.

Ria's starting to think we've lost. On some days I can also believe that. Especially now in custody. Well, then I write down how we slip and crash. The main thing is that I write, because as long as I write, I will not go down. The feeling of telling this story here gives me strength. And also lets me forget my sparse cell.

Books are weapons too, and this one you are reading is a Trojan horse. Yes, I have seduced you to look at things afresh! And to your and all of our advantage!

One thing is for sure. No matter what happens - without divine intervention there is nothing left. The only thing I can still do is build small boats with messages, mount sails on them and set them up, but the wind, so that the message reaches the critical mass, YOU have to do it.

And once the critical mass is reached, we will see how everything will tip. Tipping is what chemistry calls the change from one state to another. And if that doesn't work, we still can tip over. So above as below.

So, always remember: Only the will counts! And that's why they want to take it from us.

And if you ever doubt whether an individual has enough power, never forget that a single pubic hair is enough to close an entire restaurant. I take all the trouble to tell all this here exactly as it happened, not only because I finally found the time to do it, thanks to detention. I've been making the effort, and I've been doing so for four years, because I feel deep inside that we can stop this crime! And the more we are, the easier and faster it will be.

Chapter 34

New Clouds

The full moon shines through the small barred hatch. If only I could get some sleep. Outside the cats howl. Cats! I had to laugh. These are all the cats that are gradually being let out of the bag here. Now they are free, and completely at the mercy of the moon. Do you hear the howling?

Finally they want to try geoengineering to save us!

I'm whining it again because I don't think you've fully understood. And I admit it is difficult to understand.

They kneaded our minds before they got carried away with nature. Our brains were mutilated before nature was ruined. We do not see the stripes in the sky at all, but immediately recognize the scratch on our car.

And so that what suddenly appeared in the sky above our heads is seen as normal and is not questioned, it was enough to simply give it a name and put it on an official list.

The WMO (World Meteorological Organization) recently extended its cloud atlas by twelve new cloud types in March 2017. The atlas just got a few pages thicker. This reminds me of Blue Bunny. A new bathing season begins. You stand in line in front of the outdoor pool kiosk and study the ice cream bar chart.

All the classics are there, Heath, Cookies N' Cream, BIG Vanilla and suddenly for the very first time you see Chocolate Eclair. Who can still remember that moment?

And Chocolate Eclair has always been there ever since. And since recently Undulatus Asperatus, Cumulus Asperatus, Homomutatus, Cirrus Aviaticus, Volutus and Cirrus Fibratus are also always present.

Did only one weatherman start dancing over it? Of course not. Funny, isn't it? You would think that a weatherman would be curious to

see new clouds. But no, it seems they don't have any professional curiosity anymore, like a funeral director would get when he hears an ambulance.

And if the weather still plays yo-yo, we just call it yo-yo weather. The main thing is that we have a word to explain it and the technique to do something about it.

The cloud thing's like the tits thing. I still belong to the generation that recognizes the difference between false and real. And you don't have to have studied medicine to do that, just as the trolls want to talk us into it. You only have to grab it once, tenderly. Or look closely. Time-lapse helps.

And what I kept filming were rib clouds or ribbed clouds. That the clouds format themselves in ribs, okay, I can still take that to be natural, but that clouds themselves consist of umpteen small ribs or grooves drawn with the ruler, well, that's EMF technology. And that is simply unspeakable.

You will find an extremely good example here, the photo is by me, one of the 3.000 best of pictures:



And as we can see here, you can even see the rib clouds from a satellite:



And so that one can say the unspeakable, not only the cloud atlas was enlarged, but new word creations were invented by the hour. Ria has collected so many of them which I will now show you here. These are all terms used by meteorologists, weathermen and the media!

I recommend to you: Now sit down, buckle up and let each word creation work individually. So here we go:

Veil clouds (known to us all, aren't they?)

Unstable air.

Rainbow clouds.

Cloud roller.

Road clouds.

A low altitude.

Minor elongated clouds.
Real clouds !!!
Ships of clouds.

Or we were told: "It can rain out of the high fog."
Or, "With the sky overcast and clear..."

High and deep fog.
Wave clouds.
Night shining clouds.
Diffuse sunshine.
Persistent condensation trails.
Fog snakes.



Fog snake, persistent condensation trail or nevertheless
a condensation trail drifts?

Once we were even told: "Military planes must have deployed this
- it has nothing to do with the weather!"

That was the only comment of such nature. Does this weatherman, who said that, still exist? Do any of you have any further information on him?

The shelf clouds were reported to us from Warsaw.

Then there are still:

High fog fields.

Condensation circles.

Streak clouds (Beware the © on this word is KIKA's).

Elongated, fine clouds.



Decorative clouds.

Saturated air.

Condensation trail torn off by different layers of air lying next to each other.

On/Off condensation trails.



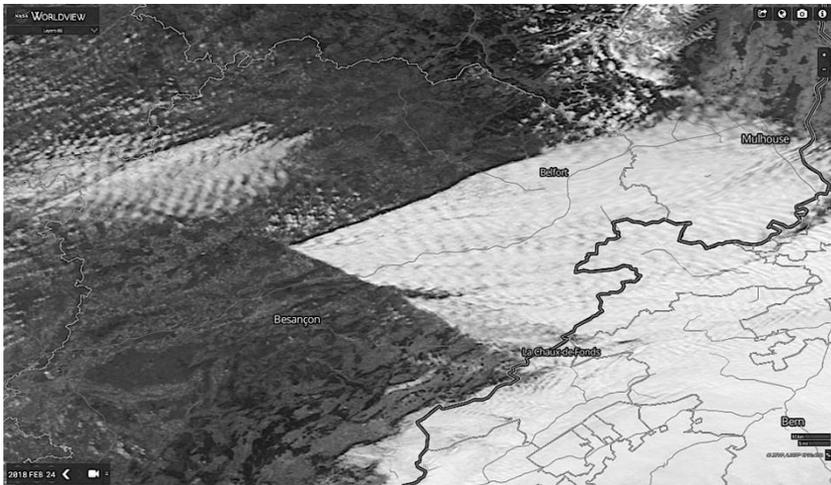
Contrail drifts.
Rough cloud.
Wavy cloud.
Curly cloud.
High veil clouds.
Fair weather pale blue.
Scattered clouds.
Feather clouds.
Channel cloud.
Low pressure swamp.
High-pressure sausage ... ain't that somethin'?
Heat mountain.
Cold air plugs.
Clouds, as if cut off with a ruler.



Oh, come on! Well, unfortunately I have already photographed and posted them far too often, and always asked if it was the good Lord. I call such clouds "CCC", which stands for Clean Cut Cloud:



Of course the CCCs also appear at NASA's WORLDVIEW (<https://worldview.earthdata.nasa.gov/>). Well, NASA sees that, knows about it, but apparently something like that doesn't seem to be worth reporting.



Then there's still:

Sahara dust (as excuse for sprayed substances)

Rain of blood, blood snow (due to Sahara dust)

Long clouds.

Persistent fog.

Harmless clouds !!!

Milky clouds.

Clouds.

Jellyfish clouds.

Clouds like ocean waves.

Sun dogs or parhelia. I have often photographed them. They sometimes occur naturally, especially in Scandinavia. But since they can be seen all over the world, several times a week in the meantime, one can only deduce the effects of the sprayed metal particles. So Ria told me, so it seems to me conclusive.



The sun and its little doggie.

Lightning sun.

Thunderstorm asthma. Pant, pant.

Industrial snow. Tastes so good.

Or:

"The sun shines undisturbed today." But the cats are still howling.

Can you hear it?

Chapter 35

Mr. W and the Fence

Finally I get to my whistleblower. He wants to remain anonymous, so I respect that. After all, he has had enough problems already ...

It doesn't have to be, but wouldn't it be cool if we all dared to come out of the closet to tell our story? Wouldn't that be healing? Because so many of us are in the process of making sure that this system is and remains exactly as it is and annoys us.

Set up surveillance systems, use surveillance personnel, manufacture medicines, sell medicines. All this is now part of the gross national product, thanks to which unemployment has fallen again.

In the end, the pharmacist next door is just as involved as my whistleblower. The latter only noticed at some point that he couldn't get his conscience together anymore. And since his exit he is intimidated to keep his mouth shut.

He's scared, really scared, and why, I'm gonna tell you.

W (like whistle) I'll call him. I remember how we met in the loud chatter of the Facebook. In October 2015, when I was threatened and as a consequence made my collection publicly accessible on mega.nz, W also contacted me. He really wanted to talk to me on the phone, and I simply wasn't up for it, because the trolls pulled me down. Yes, for a moment they made it, and I was afraid that I would have to experience a troll on the phone, or that a troll might get my phone number.

Well, this W didn't stop pushing, so I gave in and called him. And to my surprise I found a nice, normal man who lives somewhere in Germany near a big city.

We had a good conversation once we realized that we were working on the same puzzle, that we were both trying to solve the same story.

W told of his profession, which was also a vocation for him. There are children who have a talent for something at an early age and then stay consistently on their path.

As a young boy, W had already worked on his grandfather's old transistor radio and tapped completely new frequencies. Although only a boy fiddled with the screwdriver on an old radio and nothing unusual happened in the town on that quiet summer's day, it was all the more unusual that it didn't take long for the police to show up at the little W's home and take the modified radio away!

At that time they could already "read" what a boy did with a screwdriver and a transistor radio behind a house wall. Apparently he had tapped into or transmitted some frequencies that were not meant for us.

I remember another childhood story of another boy, he also remained more or less true to his early career: he became a slot machine operator and pimp.

When he was eight years old, he made fake 5 Mark pieces. With the tin of the tin soldiers. And they were - no doubt - good enough that he had managed to put a few of them into circulation. And immediately the local cops stood at his doorstep.

I am sure that for no other crime, including murder and manslaughter, will the police respond as quickly as they do when it comes to defending monetary and frequency sovereignty. That has system. That is system. Our system.

W had recently set up transmitter masts for mobile radio and measured emissions. And as he had to find out again and again, these are far above the permissible values. The employees who have a problem with this are sorted out.

At some point, W no longer felt comfortable with the fact that, because of his contribution and work, at least three such overpowered microwave ovens were set up in each city block. W reported his worries to a superior, who laconically replied: "Yes, dear Mr. W, you must not put any emotions into your work!"

But W couldn't suppress his emotions, he complained again. The answer was "let it be", and then he was sorted out. Early retirement. At 42.

And to make sure he kept quiet, he was demonstratively intimidated twice. While W was driving his car, he was shaken by violent cramps, he barely managed to stop his car. Since W knew radiation

weapons, he had a hunch and knew what to watch out for. And he found the traces that only strengthened his suspicion.

W sent me photos of it: after each of the two attacks he found an exact circular loop print in the dust on the paint of his car. Clearly, these prints were fresh and certainly too geometric to have been made by chance. W suggested these were traces of a resonance weapon. From the one aimed at him. That was an electromagnetic attack. In the dust it remained visible ...



A photo with greetings to you from W.

At the same time I found a photo by Alessa and a photo by Ben, and both show similar circles, only this time much bigger. On Alessa's photo you can see the circles above a forest, and on Ben's photo you can see the circles from an airplane. But also here you can see the circles very clearly.

With the old video cameras it was easier to capture those frequency ranges that were no longer visible to the eye. But with so much secretly going on in those invisible frequency bands, the industry was encouraged to reduce the frequency range of the new cameras.

But every now and then the new cameras also catch those waves, and if you play a bit with the settings, change the contrast, the unspeakable suddenly becomes visible.



The photo by Alessa.

There are resonance weapons. And in all sizes. I already knew about HAARP and Nexrad, but not about the mobile phone towers. And certainly not that there exist already the same weapons that FANTOMAS used in the 60s French movie FANTOMAS AGAINST INTERPOL.

If my life hadn't prepared me so well for that phone call with Mr. W, I would have barked at him to tell his nonsense to his hairdresser, and please spare me.

But Mr. W was anything but an idiot, and he provided me with facts that I'm trying to briefly outline here. I've always been a complete loser in physics and chemistry, I'm not trying to explain EMF-etc technology to you now, I'm satisfied if you're aware that there is such a thing.

It has been proven that electromagnetic fields can affect animals and plants. Of course, they can also influence humans, but nobody wants to have proven that.

This question disturbs. This question is asked only by stupid conspiracy theorists, such idiots who also "believe" in chemtrails. And those who don't want us to talk about electromagnetic waves influencing all life are the same people who tell us about electro-smog or junk DNA.

Junk DNA doesn't exist. The whole DNA is sacred and has its meaning. What presumptuous scientist calls God's creation junk? Now we know this is only done to mislead us.

And the word electro-smog also misleads us. Whereby the word is fitting: where there is smog, it is difficult to see what else there is. Maybe there are some surprises hidden in electro-smog, like scalar waves, which are only meant for you!

Yes exactly, personal greetings can be sent. That goes over frequencies. Every snowflake is different, and every body has its own individual frequency, and that is between 62 and 68 Hz for healthy people. Before the comma we are separated by a maximum of 7 Hz, after the comma the creation is endless.

Every human being has his very own vibration code, which functions like an IP address on a computer, making it recognizable, traceable, controllable. Just like a YouTube movie is loaded on your

smartphone, you can transfer a state of mind or a disease only to me or only to you.

Or to a race that shares a common denominator in code. It is possible to attack biogenetically related people.

All the technology Tesla had already recognized was not only suppressed over a hundred years ago, but also secretly advanced by the military. Today it is possible to shift clouds and ideas with frequencies, both the weather and our minds can be heated or cooled. As needed. Because everything has become plasma, and so biomass is finally controllable. Who doesn't remember the Iraqi soldiers who surrendered with a happy smile?

Synthetic feelings. Controlled history. Fueled conflicts. Controlled destiny. According to W, we are being tested as bio-robots: when are we going to hit each other on the head again?

Our instincts are artificially misdirected, first they tested it on the birds that crashed in swarms, then they tested it on the whales that were stranded in herds. Now they are testing it on us. In military terms it even has a name, they call it "Full Spectrum Dominance".

One can also explain it this way: the frequencies of nature are influenced by artificially generated frequencies and thus we get isolated from nature. (This is the same as what David Icke tells us: they want to keep us trapped in a low vibrating matrix.)

There's actually a fence of frequencies. And whoever stays with the horde in the enclosure will not be able to recognize this fence. But once you have left the horde and discovered this fence - just as Jürgen and Wolfgang already did back then after they first recognized that there was a wall behind the fallen wall - it was bad luck for them.

You get laughed at and no-one will believe you. And depending on where you work (for example press), you will lose your job. People who know about this fence are not welcome. They could infect others with their knowledge. As long as you don't know where the fence is, you don't know it does exist.

Mr. W sent me some interesting links and pdfs to study. From him I know who Heiner Gehring is, his lecture "Enslaved Brains" may have cost him his life.

W also showed me the site e-waffen.de, he drew my attention to the GPEC (General Police Equipment Exhibition & Conference), and to SAR-Lupe. Thanks to him I listened to the interesting lectures about scalar waves by Prof. Dr. Konstantin Meyl.

W tells me you can measure frequencies, but not all. Aaronia is the leading manufacturer of measuring instruments for all frequencies. There is a special device for every frequency range. But no commercially available device is able to measure the range 9.5-10 GigaHertz. Is something hidden from us?

According to W, some of them died too young, talking about mobile radio and the sold health. Because they talked about the secrets of those frequencies that are not visible to us.

And when W followed up and didn't let go, someone always stood in his way. Once he was even told: "Look at it with different eyes, certain things have to happen." Said someone who had contacts to higher circles. And that's what Sven, son of the higher circles, told me, too, when we once talked on the phone: certain things have to happen, and they're not nice.

W also sent me links to two videos by Dipl.Ing. Volkhard Zukale, but since they were long, I put them into my reminder. When I finally wanted to see the videos, they were gone. I wrote to Mr. Zukale and he said, both videos are no longer available. The producer got a visit from an "inner security", they confiscated the computer with all the film material. The films are lost and I, donkey, once again reacted too late.

Now little donkey is a little known, so I asked my followers if any of them happened to know where to find the Zukale movies. And lo and behold, a follower had downloaded one and then shared it with us. And another follower knew where the other film was. In the meantime, the two films have multiplied in such a way that they can no longer be deleted.

1:0 for Collective Detectives against STASI 2.0.

We're talking about "Mobile phone progression or the psychotronic holocaust?" and "Psychotronics, the perfect crime in front of everyone in a blind society."

Mr. Zukale does not belong to those media-talented, supple permanent grins. He comes across a bit brittle. And that is exactly why I

consider him to be true and a sincere man. Finally he took the trouble to answer me.

That his videos had disappeared and were deleted from the producer's computer was something hardly anyone noticed at all. And it just didn't matter at all. But that will change as soon as you look at this material, too.

And for those who don't have time, here's the bottom line. Careful, spoiler! Now please do not lose the desire to live. We can fix that too! That's why I'm taking the trouble to write all this down here! Therefore the hostage-taking! Fuck the hostage, that is yesterday's snow. Today it is about what W had told me. And Mr. Zukale confirms this in his two videos, where everything was done to suppress them.

Volkhard Zukale's talking about psychotronics. What is that?

They can manipulate our feelings. They can drive us mad. They can mislead us until we instinctively do the wrong thing. Or they can trigger our self-destruction through cancer or self-punishment (suicide). As soon as someone wants to break out of the herd, he gets electromagnetically overfried. Whoever comes a step closer to the truth is a threat and is distracted electromagnetically. They can locate you via your specific frequency and slowly simmer you until your body is gassed inwardly.

And if the whole mob should wake up and go on a riot, they can simply push the knob to full power. Meanwhile there have been enough microwaves secretly sneaking up on our houses, if it really has to be, because the crowd is running out of control, they can fry us at the push of a button, like marshmallows at a campfire.

The nuke is obsolete. Today we have the bioweapon: electromagnetic frequencies plus nano elements in the body. Nobody says it, but that's how it is. Because where the money comes from, that's where the research goes. And the same money then determines what we are told about it and what not. That's like with some frequencies: not visible and still effective.

This whole story about W and Mr. Z, all the emotions I felt because, thanks to me, Mr. Z's films reappeared and can no longer be erased, put me in a state of gentle lust. I felt excited that I could help out with something so important. Important information that was suppressed has now become accessible to all thanks to me.

But this ecstasy didn't last three days, because then I realized again that Zukale & Co doesn't interest anyone! W gets to the point when he says that the facts and the ignorance of the masses kill him. We have been pleasantly numbed.

Today, W only calls to speak to a friend. Nobody else listens to us anymore, so we comfort each other. Every now and then he has news, such as that since the beginning of the year the EM radiation, which is normally 2-400 mG (milliGaus), is now 5-700 mG. He has measured it himself.

He didn't know why that was. But we both know that, once again, most people will not be interested. And quite clearly, that also ignited me. Now the day came closer where I had to do something, something that attracts attention and gets around, like for example a hostage situation. Now I was ready to shift a gear up.

Chapter 36

Elite for Beginners

Before I reflect on the elite, I would like to talk a little about the psychology of the absurd situation it takes for something like an elite to exist.

We all know the VIP zone at a film festival, for example. It is closed off, and we are only onlookers. The nice VIP (Very Important Person) comes briefly to the fence, gives us his hand and autograph, then he goes back to the other VIPs. But the fence stays so that we just stay on our side.

Some manage to cross this fence in the course of their lives, and from then on they also live on the other side of that fence, and have become VIPs themselves. Many people get so much into their heads, there are very few who still keep in touch with Mother and Mother Earth. And remember from which hole they came crawling.

There was a bad joke when Helmut Kohl was chancellor. For Turks to acquire German citizenship, they had to swim across the Rhine at its most dangerous point. With the greatest effort the father manages it, he arrives at the other bank of the Rhine and receives his German citizenship. The mother manages it also after large troubles and receives the citizenship.

And then the children have to cross the Rhine. But the little ones don't have enough strength and the river threatens to swallow them. The mother begs the father to do something, to help them. And the father answers laconically: but they are only Turkish children.

Whoever comes from the people and is then elected changes the side of the river or the side of the fence. No matter which picture you use, it's about a perceived state. Now I am somebody! On the other side of the wall I was only a face in the grey mass. But now I am the mayor.

As soon as you become someone, a lot of people come running up to you and say: can't you help me? Can you build me a bridge over the fence? We've known each other for so long, and now please help me over the fence. Nobody says it so flatly, but that is the intention of all those old

friends who suddenly remember us again. Because so many also want to go to the top.

The urge to cross the fence is as old as the fence itself. Divide and rule is now genetically conditioned. And our urge to live on the sunny side of the fence makes the elite possible in the first place.

When we look at the elite, we have to look at all those who want to be part of it. The elite is only so sure of their cause because there is a long line of people who want to be part of it. There are enough eager aspirants and bootlickers who will do anything just to be there.

But those who suddenly show human feelings are seen as danger and sorted out. But his place never remains empty for long, and the next fraternity member (google: skull & bones) is already there, just waiting for his chance to do everything you expect him to do for a little bit of money and power. There's pecking order there. The strongest prevails, which meanwhile translates into the meanest, the sneakiest, the most devilish has the say.

If humanity is a train, then the elite is the locomotive. They determine the direction of the journey. They are the hook on which the whole system is suspended. They spit the money it needs for the mill to turn. They are the head of the dead fish, they are the ones that stink most.

The elite exists as long as history has been written. Did it start in Babylon? In Atlantis? Were they aliens after all? Fallen angels who mixed with humans, but always made sure that as much bloodline as possible was preserved? Is it the Anunnakis or the reptiloid beings behind this? The eggheads or the grey ones?

Or were they just extremely successful pirates who became so rich that they acquired a title of nobility and sent their sons to college?

There certainly were, but there have always been families who knew a little more than we did and who have always planned deceitfully and extensively.

How many families dominate the whole world? And how could these families have thought so farsightedly hundreds of years ago that they had already set everything in motion back then to stand where they stand today?

How did they do that? Of course they did it by force and later with superior technology. But how did they make them think so predictably, while back then the common man was happy when he had a candle in the evening to light his dark room.

How were they at that time already in the knowledge of founding an order that had brought us into the geopolitical world situation of today? Where did this intelligence come from, to plan as far in advance as a chess player who can oversee the next ten moves?

Are such families in contact with the devil?

One of their most brilliant moves was to exclusively take care of printing the money, and that it is them who decide which money is real and which is wrong. This trick is so ingenious, you don't need UFOs anymore to control the world, but you'll certainly get so filthy rich that you can financially push any UFO development.

It has been mathematically proven that 80% of the world's wealth flows through the same pocket. The web of the spider exists. Everything runs towards one point. Glattfelder showed it in a 3 D simulation. And to this day, this point has always been hidden from us with the greatest success.

We were always distracted and kept on our toes with old tricks. With psychology for beginners. Or you can also say: Mice are best caught with bacon. We've been told we can get rich too. And that worked. It worked for me too, especially in my younger years, when my exuberance hadn't lost its teeth yet. But to persuade the poor to live like the rich, that's where the control and the steering starts.

You go to college, you fight your way up. But nobody studies economics anymore to discover new, healthier economic models. You only study economics to memorize the given system so that you never forget how it works.

And the greater the sum of virtual points we earn, the thicker our car gets and the more bloated our ego becomes. This is the first trick.

They give us Nintendo points, and we feel rich. Of course, that only works if the car dealer also believes in Nintendo Points. And the fact that the car dealer believes in the Nintendo Points is ensured by the

judiciary, who immediately take up the weapons if someone doesn't want to believe in the Nintendo Points. Virtual money doesn't give us religious freedom, like all the "other" religions.

And the second trick is a never-ending hurdle race imposed on us, in which we are repeatedly divided into "passed" and "failed". Those who have not passed are sorted out at the end. And this game accompanies us the whole life. In school it starts, only those who pass will be allowed to continue. And so slowly the world is divided into those who have the red carpet laid out and those who push and jostle to see who goes over the red carpet.

On this hurdle race one is formed, calibrated and sworn in. All those who never question the dictate of money created from thin air are calibrated. Those who buckle up and kick down. Only this way the pyramid can remain standing.

We are also calibrated to our knowledge of history. Those who question the official history books quickly become unpopular.

We are also calibrated to a certain consumer behavior, especially when it comes to fashion and sex. Have you ever noticed that?

And we are calibrated to not see the stripes in the sky anymore. But not me! I see them. Not all of us are so over-calibrated that we take a cat as a mouse dog.

But it became clear to me: the better calibrated you are, the further you get.

He who then climbs the career ladder, especially in these important key companies such as media, communication, banking or technology, will be sent to a training weekend. Not only is team spirit forged here, but as an ambitious employee, married with two small children, one can also meet a lonely, pretty young woman at the hotel bar who is just waiting to be picked. It's called a honey trap.

If you fall in there, you get promoted fast, because you have him by the balls. And if you are so decent that you don't accept the honey trap, you will remain a decent clerk all your life. And he won't come down from that chair again. Not because he is incapable, but because he was too decent, not corruptible.

And so it goes successively further into the rat hole. The drugs become harder and the methods of seduction more and more special. In

other words, the girls are getting younger and younger and the sexual practices more and more perverse. This is how you are slowly pulled over to the dark side.

I don't mean to say that today every VIP belongs to that dark side. On the contrary, fortunately we still have VIPs who have become VIPs by their own efforts and talent, and who have always remained in their spiritual center. But in that VIP circus, just like everywhere else where the big money is made, talent scouts lurk who work for the devil. And they always find someone who goes with them. And that's enough to maintain the status quo.

Our search for recognition often drives us into diabolical circles. The desire to belong and to find confirmation is especially felt by those who are not enough for themselves, who are plagued by inferiority complexes. Sometimes a bad acne in youth was enough to later sell one's soul, give away one's daughter to pederasts or publicly humiliate one's brother. I know the daughter who was given away and I know the two brothers.

They were twins. I knew them when I was 13, a mean age. As a bad prank a few boys from the neighborhood had the idea to decorate one brother's prick with a tattoo. These tattoo stickers, which were free with the chewing gums at that time.

What happened? In order to find the recognition of the others, and not to become the victim himself, it was the brother himself who overpowered his brother and took off his trousers. It's like the Jews collaborating with the Nazis. They did it for two cigarettes and a pat on the shoulder. It doesn't surprise me that the perpetrator-brother became a public prosecutor, apparently he knows how to move in order to get further.

Was it a coincidence, then, that such toads progressed again? Or is the world just so knitted in my perception? Just as I don't know the whole Internet, I don't know all public prosecutors. Here I can only report from my limited view and tiny perspective. Whether a rule can be generalized from it, I leave to each reader himself.

The search for recognition can become a big addiction if you had serious deficits with it in your childhood. Then we do things that one

should never do. But we have to do them, because otherwise our cry for recognition never stops.

It's our addiction to recognition that makes us seducible.

And it is money that has become the most important substitute or - better - the most faithful agent of recognition. With money we will finally become someone.

And once you've crossed the first fence, the next one's waiting. If you are suddenly on the other side, in the VIP area, you can see that there is a VIP VIP area. And not all VIPs are VIP VIPs. And then the game starts all over again. Do you know anyone? Can he invite me? Can he build me a bridge?

And then you suddenly arrived at the VIP VIPs. Here, an even better champagne is served, and the hostesses are much prettier. But here, too, you find a door that remains locked. And you learn that only the VIP VIP VIPs are allowed in here. So the search starts all over again. Who can get me access to the VIP-VIP-VIP area? Some develop then a genuine ambition to open also this door.

And so it goes on and on, and at the very end we come across the spider in the web. Everyone can research the names for himself, but the names exist. Andrew Carrington Hitchcock dares to talk about it, and he also proves how well these people have been hiding all these years. But that's changing now that the Internet is around. And since the collective detective game has begun.

If you open the last VIP-VIP-VIP-VIP-VIP door, you are where all the threads of evil come together. Where our dimension is connected to the other. Where you make sacrifices for the devil.

Whoever now manages to abuse a child is made of the right wood and may then ascend to the giants of this world. He may then feel like God. For he decides on life and death.

Crushing children like cockroaches is the glue sociopaths stick together on. Because you can't buy anything here with sums of money. Each of them has money for more than a thousand lives. Didn't Harald Kautz-Vella also say that it's about Loosh, the suffering of the victims, an

energy that these demonic beings get drunk and high on? In the end it is all about energy, and energy is power.

Oh, you've never heard of Loosh? Now this is another crazy story from the Internet. Interestingly enough, it coincides with things my healer friend Xabi also tells me. Thus, we are not only ruled by a few families, but these families are the interface for demons from another world to our world. The demons use these families as their hands. The demons give these families power in exchange for the suffering they do to us and cause in the world.

The more we suffer, the more Loosh can be harvested. And these demons get refreshed and high from it. Sounds like Grimm's fairy tale, but in the end they always spoke the truth. Of course in pictures that we understand. Some things are hard to put into words, some things are just unspeakable. But therefore no less true.

For our elite, "we're all one" is just esoteric gibberish. The sheep are one, and the wolves are another one, so they think. So they joined together in secret societies, because it is easier to snatch the sheep in the pack. And it's more fun.

Ritual child abuse as group therapy promotes a strong sense of togetherness. We are allowed to do that! We are above the law! We decide about life and death! Because we rule! This is the hardest drug ever.

"We stick together and we all shut up. And you are too weak to do anything about it, because most of you are too stupid to even recognize it. And when you recognize it, you run away in fear."

But now we can't run and look away anymore! Because these crimes do not happen by chance. They happen in the center of power and with full intent.

If you haven't noticed it yet, google "Pedogate", for example. Cathy O'Brian also knew about it. And my friend, who I already told you about, survived it too. At this point I have to say that her brother didn't survive. He took his own life. You can't blame the poor guy.

Yes, you heard right, my friend, who confided "her little secret" to me at that time, had a brother who was there from an early age, he was also "lent" by dad, he was also flown to the hospital by helicopter after the nice party. They didn't believe him either, not even in the hospital, because that belonged to his father's friend. One doesn't believe a little girl or a little boy.

There are many other testimonies on YouTube from children or former children that you don't want to believe. Especially not the names that were present at such parties. Again and again the Clintons appear, not only with Cathy O'Brian. Please do your own research, make your own picture, but please be careful! Here the wolves do not understand any fun at all. When we uncover their dark, sick, sad secrets, they become mad and even more dangerous.

The singer Chris Cornell recently went to the hotel on May 18, 2017 after a normal concert evening. Half an hour later he was found dead, dangling from a rope. On Wikipedia it says that he was depressed and addicted to drugs. I thought the guy always looked quite healthy and balanced. That's also what his wife said. And who of you knows that good Chris did a lot for these children, whom you don't want to believe, and found a hot trail, and here again the name Clinton appeared. There are coincidences, aren't t there?

And anyone who says that such bad things happen in an organized and systematic way is then taught that the world is not as simple as conspiracy theory wants to explain. And then they seamlessly attack, which is the best defense, and say: Conspiracy theorists are unstable, stupid, uneducated people who can't cope with a complex reality, and therefore seek an easy explanation for everything. And some of them even have a profile neurosis, at least a deep urge for recognition, because they have finally found a subject with which they think they can show off.

Well, I tell you, from my perspective, from my experience, which I hope I have now described clearly enough, and based on the 23,000 photos I have taken of the sky, I have only one sad conclusion left to me:

Our system is actually as simply knitted and built, as simple as the soul of most people still is!

Again, this is psychology for beginners.

Most of us are so ashamed of our existence, because most of us don't look as gorgeous as the media makes us look. We are implanted with insecurity, which then turns into a desire for recognition, and it is precisely here that we become available for purchase.

For a little piece of chocolate, a better job, a flowery title, or a sweet Bunny that's put into your bed, we'll go along, tattoo our own

brother's little prick, and whoever goes this path all the way down will be ultimately handed the chalice of child's blood on a satanic ritual. Then you have arrived in the middle of power. And far too many of us then accept this cup, and drink of it, out of fear of being ostracized.

Not only our primitive psychology, but also Glattfelder with applied mathematics has proven that our system is actually as simply knitted as one can imagine as a crazy conspiracy theorist.

It goes without saying that a lot of cocoa is produced to hide the truth behind a sticky sauce. But the truth is simple. And it hurts.

And this whole deeply sad and depressing story about child abuse must unfortunately be mentioned here. It belongs here to understand whom we are dealing with.

Because behind the ecocide with cowardly sprayed nanoparticles and the torture of an infant I recognize the same handwriting, the same sick will, the same life-despising value system, the same arrogance, the same sick ego, in short: the same circle of perverted perpetrators.

If the wolf has torn a sheep, all the others have acted as if nothing had happened and felt happy to have survived. Even if not every child is kidnapped by such people on order (who remembers the Belgian child dealer Marc Dutroux?), but every child inhales the nanoparticles of the chemtrails. Every child is abused by these people, in one way or another.

George Bush Jr. had said it himself: if people knew what we were doing to them, we would be lynched today. So my question to you is: how long are we going to let this happen?

Chapter 37

Down in the Bunker

Once all this has been digested and processed, it is no longer far fetched to imagine that our elite will crawl into underground cities for the coming collapse.

The desire to hide in a protective bunker is as old as the elite itself. They invented the bunkers, the simple soldier did not know any bunkers, and if they did, they would never have let him in.

Hitler's Führer bunker plus Hussein's bunker complex plus all the golden bathtubs found among former Communist leaders are nothing compared to the underground bunkers that our elite is said to have secretly built. With a nuclear-powered laser tunnel drilling machine, it is possible to excavate a tunnel eighteen meters wide and ten kilometers long every day. Laser technology turns the hardest granite soft as butter.

Allegedly in the USA since the 1940s there has been daily digging under the greatest secrecy to build the D.U.M.B.s.. D.U.M.B. stands for Deep Underground Military Base. The normal D.U.M.B. is two miles underground, and the size of the underground facility can be up to thirty miles in diameter. Supposedly everything is there underground to disappear for a long time. Free energy power plants. Water purifier. Air purifiers. Truelight lamps. Underground greenhouses. And of course presidential and luxury suites. A great wine cellar. And it is rumored that our elite may have bred a few slaves there who, like Kasper Hauser, know nothing of the world outside the bunker. Mr. Fritzl from Austria and his daughter demonstrated how easy it was to keep her imprisoned in the cellar for 24 years.

And of these so-called D.U.M.B.'s there are only one hundred and twenty in the USA alone. Supposedly they are also connected with underground high-speed trains. If they really exist, we will certainly be able to see and visit them one day. Then the school classes make their trips to underground cities and the children are shown the underground hospital, which was specially built so that Henry Kissinger and George Soros could get even older.

Robert Vicino confirms that there are D.U.M.B.'s. He had once accompanied a friend who belonged to the Congress to the door, his friend came into the bunker, but he did not. He had no "Security Clearance", he was not one of the chosen ones, who in the case of emergency could make themselves comfortable in such an underground village.

And that's when he realized his niche in the market. Now he is building luxurious underground bunker complexes for all the wealthy who are not among the "chosen" of our elite.

Robert founded the VIVOS Group. He built an underground bunker in South Dakota. In Rothenstein (Germany), he walled off 283,000 square meters of land, including a hill, and began digging there. Today an underground luxury complex stands there and proudly calls itself VIVOS EUROPA ONE.

The fact that a private businessman is remodeling an entire mountain near Jena into a luxury bunker now makes me believe more quickly that these D.U.M.B.'s actually exist, because where there is budget, there are people who start digging and building. And where the budget is astronomical, you can certainly build more astronomical facilities.

What has also become a very successful business are all these tubular mini bunkers that look like a big cigar case. You bury a thing like that in your own garden. But these tubes quickly turn into coffins, says Robert; with him the customers have more comfort and an infrastructure. He makes sure that the talents are well distributed among his bunker residents and that the community functions well. So, you only need one dentist.

While the little millionaire slowly suffocates in his tube bunker, the bigger millionaires slowly go crazy playing daily Poker, Backgammon or QANGO. Speaking of QANGO, it's an ingenious, fast strategy game where you're quickly pushed to the limit of your perception. It's good for us to realize that we have a limit in our perception. And that what is not perceived can be just as dangerous and devastating. That's why I love QANGO, it trains the attentive eye.

But who benefits from that if the daily perception is always the same: instead of sunlight you get humming neon light, and instead of á la carte, you get every day the same dry porridge. After one year the tasty

canned food will be used up, I hope Robert has a bigger greenhouse to offer than the four flower boxes he shows in his promotion video.

It is clear that those who are very rich must feel threatened by the other seven to eight billion fellow human beings. Everybody comes begging, everybody wants something, everybody wants to suck it up. Or they just want to cheat or steal. And since that never ends, the rich begin to despise their fellow men. What is the best way to protect yourself from the whole horde?

The instinct to dig oneself in comes into play now. There have always been bunkers and shelters everywhere. And beyond that, there have always been the cowards and treacherous ones who always do anything to have an ace up their sleeve. They always play the same cards: first they secretly poison someone, then they run away quickly and hide - deep underground - until the death convulsions are over.

Here the character of the toad is revealed. Maybe we really originate from reptiles and toads, at least some of us do.

I don't need a bunker. I don't know fear and money. And my father finds me everywhere, you can't hide from him. And my father will take me home when the time has come. There is no more protection.

The toads are gonna have another problem digging themselves in. They dig their selves into the ground as well. Unfortunately their self does not stay outside and never goes away. You can dig as deep as you want, they won't get rid of their selves. And such a toad self hurts even more in the dark than in sunlight. And all that with astronaut diet. Only caviar tastes more disgusting. Well then, enjoy your meal.

Chapter 38

As Within as Without

When I see how my fellow human beings nowadays leave the beach after a nightly party, or what some fellow human beings do with a public toilet, then I ask myself, how can such a thing be possible? Can't we really do it better?

Even after the biggest binge drinking in the wild, I still managed to find and remove the garbage. At the latest in the early morning hour. Of course I already slipped one or two beer bottles and broke them because of the disorders one gets when working on a crate of Diebels Alt all night long.

But it never occurred to me to just leave everything behind. And when I then see today how stupid (better: stupidly bred) kids simply leave their chip bags, Coke and vodka bottles lying in the most beautiful nature and then roughly estimate how our nature will look like, when seven, eight or nine billion people are all such little pissers, shitheads and vomiters, yes, then I suddenly get full understanding for our elite and their plan to initiate the "Age of Reason".

If we behave like a plague, then we should not be surprised that they want to smoke us out like a plague. Since most of us are unfortunately still selfish, stingy, greedy, narrow-minded, quarrelsome, cowardly, dishonest, vain and/or pompous and generate more rubbish than good for our biosphere, one can understand that someone feels called to intervene firmly, and to clean up and free the world from us.

Only at the moment when we stop being the plague, at the moment when we open our eyes and remember that we are human beings, that we have feelings, that we are more than a bio-robot, that we perhaps have a spiritual sense, yes, if you suddenly remember all this, two things happen:

You'll see then how they play with all of us and of course with you. And you will recognize the big cleaning rag in the sky with which they want to wipe us away.

And if you then stand in the face of this horror - just fall over in fright is totally okay! But then you must not stay lying down! - So, he who remains standing, makes then a strange experience:

Not only the horror has become much greater, also the connection to God becomes more powerful. In the past we had a thin copper wire, today we have optical broadband fibers. This analogy to the Internet applies. Our spiritual connectedness and power is getting better and better. And this is exactly why our pineal gland stands in the crossfire of our system.

This is the path that awaits us: become a bio-robot or wake up, that is, take responsibility for yourself. But don't always point to the evil elite. Because as long as we live like pigs, they feel they have the right to sausage us up. And since our complicity is so complete, we don't just let them poison us, we help with both hands. As scientists, as politicians, as media, as silent peepers. Everyone helps to dig our grave.

Is it because of bad parenting?

Whatever. As above, as below. As within, as without.

Can you see that now? Our complicity with this system is absolute. Not only the technology marks our behavior. No, we have also been tricked into believing that we belong to the good guys and know everything better. And apart from that, we don't notice anything anymore. Neither the garbage on the beach nor the scratches in the sky.

If we weren't so quickly lulled by our complacency, if we were a little brighter in our heads, a little more mentally fit and a little more deeply rooted in our hearts, the self-proclaimed leaders would be silent with shock and lose their power over us immediately.

We're in a nightmare right now that only stops when we wake up collectively. When we all realize what is being done to us. And when we admit to ourselves how much we have become accomplices. And when we are ready to take responsibility for ourselves and our world around us. And to that point we run collectively. Because this is the only way it will continue for us.

We will see what pain we have done to Mother Earth and to each other. And since it is so absolute and total this time, it will tear everyone's heart apart. And then through this fissure a tsunami of love will come, fill everything and melt the ice in every heart.

Unfortunately, we need another collective, traumatic experience to find a higher, more loving form of being.

Just like after World War II. With the bitter end, a new form of being emerged all over the world. The day after there was a huge hangover, not only in Germany, but everywhere where blood had been spilled. Everyone was suddenly aware that something like this must never happen again! We were sick and tired of what we had done. And now we should put an end to it. From now on it should get better. In this faith I grew up.

The older I got, the clearer it became to me that my belief was only a wish. Because even if it looked like peace in Germany, the war continued. And we became used to that as well.

Now that we will realize that the war is not only being waged in the Middle East or in the poor South, but is being waged everywhere and against everyone, including us in the so-called First World, and that the weapons have long since ceased to be only firearms and explosive weapons, and that our weather, our health, our daily bread, and even the refugees are now being used and abused as weapons, there will certainly come collectively the greatest soul hangover we have ever had.

The horror that will be recognized and first must be digested will be a whole round bigger than last time. This is cosmic geometry. Like a record that is played from the inside out, like a galaxy, or like a snail shell, now we come to the last round and to the end. Not only the Mayas talked about it, there are thirty further prophecies that point to it.

In the cosmic snail shell we have now found the exit area. This opening, from which one comes into something new. And nobody can escape it. And nobody knows what is coming.

Nothing in this world happens that has not already been blessed by God. Only he knows why it is happening, and I trust him that it is necessary for it to happen so that we can grow from it - it's about time - and finally make a big round of progress.

I trust in the protection of God, that we may carry his power within us. Because if this were not so, one would not make such a huge effort to keep us small, to keep us sick and stupid.

I trust in the protection of God, that we may carry his power within us. Because if that were not the case, I would not be so confident about keeping the ball rolling.

I trust in the protection of God, that we may carry his power within us. Because if I wouldn't, I never would have dared to commit such a stupid hostage situation.

But okay, everything went right. In the end I finally found the necessary time to capture my experiences thanks to my imprisonment.

Who knows, maybe it will be helpful this time.

Chapter 39

Of unspeakable Bliss

It's nothing new that we get screwed by them up there. Ever since man has existed, he has been lied to, exploited and abused by his rulers. We have already become accustomed to the fact that our pensions are being gambled away on the stock exchange.

But what I can never get used to is that we are really not allowed the simple, naked life anymore, that they have decided over us to just exterminate us. And all this while our children at school are still being practiced in dismay and learning almost solely from the terrible Holocaust in Germany. Do you recognize the arc I am drawing?

What happens when we all collectively realize that?

This is then an unspeakably great bliss, because then comes the change that so many of us have been waiting for for a long time.

Then *susto* (shock) becomes *gusto* (pleasure).

At some point, we'll all realize that everyone is always at the top of the world, no matter where he is. All the power structures that could not protect us from this fall will become obsolete. Because they are absurd and have never worked. Or if so, then only to subjugate us.

Finally you realize that you are number 1 in your life, and deep down you understand that it is you who has the responsibility for your life. Actually, you have always had it, but now at the latest you realize it fully.

We will finally understand that there is no point in leaving our power and responsibility to someone else. Because now at the very latest it has become clear that we can no longer trust those up there.

Such a treacherous, cowardly action is deliberate deception and really every contract becomes null and void. Such a crime against us frees us from any obligation to a so-called authority. And in the same step we find the duty to do justice to ourselves, we then finally find self-responsibility.

There's no time left for petty hatred. All disputes must finally be brought to an end. We are only on this earth for such a short time. Do not forget the concern for the next generation, and the next and the next. Because if we do not manage to save the planet from this destruction, then at some point there will be no next generation.

But the duties that were always imposed on us have become obsolete as soon as you realize what is going on. Why pay TV fees? Why pay bank debts? Why clean the stairs in the sweeping week? And why pay taxes and other levies at all? Why defend the fatherland if it wants to exterminate its own children? None of this makes any sense anymore. And this is the funny side of this big shit.

We have no guilt, we have no duty. The only thing that remains is the desire for a healthy, peaceful life. And the responsibility to achieve that lies with each of us, but has nothing to do with guilt or duty. Rather with honesty and gratitude.

Guilt and duty is a misbelief, presumably this concept was installed by religions. But no religion will be able to protect us from this wanton, creeping poisoning. Only God can do that. And if he wants, then he can do it with a single breath.

I now feel an inner peace to have done what I could do; and to trust God that there is nothing for which there is no solution. All that we perceive today as bad or terrible is exactly what we needed to get ahead.

And in all the unspeakable things that have now been said, I feel the unspeakable bliss of knowing who we really are. Not only the crime done to us is unspeakable, but also the power that is growing within us. What is happening here is the breaking of the eggshell, I mean that spiritually. As below as above. Everyone who takes a moment to think about this metaphor will feel it.

The matter becomes encrusted, the soul power gets more physicality, as if the souls become more visible, and the vehicle body will no longer be quite so important. These are of course only diffuse intuitions. As clear as a dream you can't remember. But with the caterpillar, everything crusts before it rises as a butterfly.

There are more and more people who feel this change in their hearts. It starts with feeling what is good and what is bad. And those who

cannot do that will no longer be happy here on earth. Perhaps they will then be reborn on a planet for parasites.

But here on earth, a new age is beginning. And everyone has the chance to join, if he fits through the filter of honesty.

And this is an unspeakable bliss.

Chapter 40

Careful, Tolerance!

There are still so many exciting things to tell. So many more interesting observations that help to make the puzzle even more vivid. Whether it's the secret meetings of the Bilderberg people, the mighty Bohemian Grove camp in northern California, or the CERN particle accelerator in Switzerland. Or what happened in Area 51? That's where they allegedly stored alien technology. Joska, the brother of our Bodo Ramelow, likes to talk about it.

There are so many interesting things in the depths of the Internet, and it seems to me that it doesn't matter which stone you find, but if you pick it up and look underneath, you always find the same worms.

I can only encourage everyone to throw away the TV, or just use it for Playstation. Please find your information yourself!

Read everything you are interested in. And don't believe everything directly. But once you have started to look for your news on your own, you get a feeling for truth and for cacao.

As a last find I share one interesting thing that I learned on the internet and not in our media:

It's about a new bill. It is the law for tolerance. That sounds great at first. But it is a perfidious trap. Because with such positively occupied words, like e.g. tolerance, they will steer us.

Back then you had to be loyal to a party. And the respective ideology told you what goes and what doesn't. Today you just have to be tolerant. No matter how and when, the main thing is to be tolerant. Maybe even when you are raped. If you don't understand it, you'll soon be considered intolerant. Well, it does not have to come so hard. But if you don't understand it and don't like the fact that old men want to be little girls (we remember: Trans-Gender / Trans-Age) or old men want to marry little boys, you can be denounced for your intolerance - if things continue to develop the way they are at the moment. And you are already in the focus of justice !!!

To be true to the party line or to be tolerant, in both cases we are bent and led away from our self. Instead of listening to our inner voice, we are concerned to be considered intolerant or politically incorrect.

Tolerance as the last ideology is the last craze to keep the masses in line. The whole issue smells like a brood of the ADL, like our whole view of the world including the climate, which is being forced upon us any moment.

Once this "tolerance" bill's through, then good night, Jack. Then it will no longer be tolerated to talk about Andrew Carrington Hitchcock's book. Then the ethics police will strike. Because especially the minorities are protected by the Tolerance Law. But not only gay and lesbian, but especially parasitic minorities. And everything they don't like is labelled "anti-Semitic". This word means alarm level RED. One is then reprimanded and, if the law is through, certainly also punished.

And it is also forbidden to doubt Al-Gore's climate change, because that is intolerant if you do not believe Mr. Gore. America already wants to punish those who question the official concept of "climate change". So people like me. People who say that climate change was deliberately provoked and produced. People who say that climate change is another false flag, only this time global.

And if you still don't recognize the abuse of our eco-system, then those who recognize it and don't tolerate it can be labeled intolerant and convicted.

But in a truly tolerant society this should not happen, and I very much hope that you tolerate my observations and conclusions! At the very least tolerate, even if you are still not able to interpret my three thousand best-of photos.

But if you tolerate my concerns, I'll say thank you. No plant needs more than tolerance to grow. And a little rain. That' s what we are talking about here too.

Speaking of conclusions. I still have one:

If you look the other way, you'll make a fool of yourself or an accomplice to the perpetrators.

Chapter 41

Mind Is Over Matter

Some can bend spoons with their minds. Or is it better to say with their willpower or with their imagination? I don't know what this power is called, but I know that it does exist.

Who remembers Uri Geller? As a skeptic, I'm not a conspiracy theory believer, I wonder if all this wasn't faked on TV. Since I wasn't there directly, I can only believe again.

As soon as I wrote this down, I remembered my girlfriend who once told me that she had the spoon in her mouth, while a Spanish magician had mentally bent it. And that was the normal spoon from the cafeteria. I can't explain it, but I believe it now. Thanks to my girlfriend, whom I trust.

Whether our will is strong enough to bend spoons or not, it doesn't matter. The fact is that our will, our intention, is pure power and energy. Without this will, I would never have held hostages, without this will, I would never have found the strength to write it all down.

We won't go to war without will. Without will we do not make peace. And on the individual level our will, desire or intention moves our little world. We shape our destiny. Even if we look away passively, we are not free from the creative power that is our own.

That the mind moves matter is empirically proven. Mind is over Matter. And Mind forms Matter. First comes the mental impulse, then the material body forms itself. Atoms, as we know them now, do not always have to stay that way, they can completely change their structure. Depending on what impulse they get, because first comes the idea and then the birth in the material world. The little carrot that we hang in front of our nose determines the journey we go on.

Praying and wishing actually works. Enough studies prove this. And the larger the collective that prays, the stronger the influence on events becomes.

Each of us has power. I only remind here of the pubic hair. But even more dangerous than our pubic hair is our imagination. The power

with which we imagine something, which we then form into an intention, which we then focus on and then begin to shape. Until something comes into being.

And that's exactly what the elite is afraid of. Especially if, despite all their efforts to divide us, a critical minority could come together to bundle their will energy. And this is exactly why there are chemical attacks on our pineal gland and why they feed us never-ending "news", which make us afraid of our neighbor, and which only pull us down by nature.

We are trapped in a dark tunnel, and only our imagination shows us the light at the other end. When we have seen the light, we just have to walk towards it. But certainly you will never see this light in the mainstream media. Because people who have found the light, like Eckhart Tolle for example, like to be ignored, Eckhart never criticizes the system, he just shows us where the light is. And that's too much already.

Without imagination you can not only not see the light, you can also not see how they play with us. Because you first have to be able to imagine it in order to see it. And when you see it, you can try to interpret it. And then at some point you find out what it is. But the first step is the imagination. If you can't imagine it, you don't look for it and then you won't see it. Which of course doesn't mean that it doesn't exist.

You can ask the Indians about that. When the first boats appeared on the horizon of the Atlantic, the Indians couldn't imagine such a thing, and that's why they didn't see it at all. Nevertheless they had to bear the bitter consequences.

Imagination does not only have defensive qualities. This means that one suddenly recognizes and understands. Imagination also has very active elements. For example, one can heal with imagination.

And if we have a duty, then the duty to heal and cleanse our planet from all that we have done to it, consciously or unconsciously.

And we can do that! No, not as Frau Merkel means it, but as I mean it. When all our hearts bow to Mother Nature, then there is a jolt and the poison disintegrates. And the lies also.

Chemtrails encrust the world. We are the ones who will break this crust. The wilfully destroyed 3D world becomes the shell from which we

climb out strengthened. Or we get stuck in it and die. But that's then up to everyone himself.

If you recognize and see through such a big crime, how can you survive it?

By getting bigger! You have to swallow it and fart it out as a violet scent. I like to think of Jim Carrey in *THE MASK*. The film asked a brilliant question: what would you use your superpower for? Yes, what would you do if you could do anything?

Shoot bullets out of your mouth and frighten others like the antagonist did, or would you suck all the Fukushima radio activity out of the sea and turn it into a pink burp cloud? These are not children's fantasies. It shows us only a direction. A way. But then everyone has to go that way for himself.

In my heart I feel that we, united with our own energy plus all the suppressed technologies, have the power to clean this planet completely. The bonus with the suppressed technologies should not stop you now from activating your own energies! Because we have the power. It flows in us, it gives us life.

And that's why we should never forget to say thank you. Gratitude opens the right doors in this universe. Gratitude is a high vibration. Only love vibrates higher. And vibrations can change everything. The whole life consists of vibrations, and therefore they are deliberately being disturbed everywhere.

The world is destroyed by desk criminals, so you can save it from your desk. With a simple smartphone you can conquer more territory than with an army, which can only destroy. If the computer that a friend of mine gave me is added, then I say to the system: Good night, Hugo! That's it. You can go home.

When we are free, we will be so well off that we will no longer need to hate the people who caused us the suffering. These people exclude themselves. They have always been excluded, but this time they are completely offside.

If you change your perspective and look at our anthill from far, far away, then you can only feel sorry for the perpetrators. The biggest

punishment for them will be to recognize the role they played in this theatre. In the end everything was a divine comedy. But karma remains karma. How it sings and laughs. But not for everyone.

And so it happened that on the paper I killed the dragon. I trust the entanglements, as quantum physics shows us, and soon the seed that my scribbled sheets of paper leave behind about our collective detective game will open up.

It's like Rumpelstiltskin, whose terror only lasted as long as you didn't know what it was called. If you recognize it, if you call it by its name, it loses its power and dissolves.

And it's time. More and more know that. More and more talk about it. More and more are persecuted because of it. Even Roger Waters rightly asks these days:

Is this the life we really want?

My answer:

Of course not! I want the life I can imagine!

My dear aunt Margret, the one who still knew my great-grandmother - and I will come to her soon - had put it this way:

I'm not sure of anything except the brightness of my heart and the truth of my imagination.

Chapter 42

Healing Howl

Now I've been in custody for more than three days. I am amazed at how much I have written. It just flowed out of me. Today they let me briefly into the yard. And I am surprised to see other prisoners. It seems that the side wing of the police headquarters was converted into a small prison.

I look up into the sky and see the usual zigzag. Should I now draw the attention of the others to it? That's what I always think in reflex.

But no, not today. I keep strolling. In search for Naiara. I only saw her at the beginning, then she brought me breakfast once. And that was it. Since then I have been waiting to see her again. And with every hour I don't see her, the chance of seeing her again slips into a greater distance. This is how it feels.

She's not in the canteen either. But there is a TV screen. There is a live broadcast of a kickboxing fight on it. I order a coffee and watch the fight. What impresses me is not only the technique and the speed, but that you can clearly feel the will of the fighters, the will to win the battle. As with us ...

I drift away in my thoughts and suddenly find myself with Antony Spatola. My kickboxing Klimakid friend, the Sicilian in Wolfsburg. How I would have loved to see his fights live! Unfortunately his time was still before YouTube and all the small, digital cameras, which everyone now has in his pocket.

If there were good recordings of his fights, he would have an audience of millions, and not only the few thousand for his tireless activism, which is also a fight. A good activist is also a fighter. To get up again and again. And when the threat increases, you get up all the more.

And now I remember again that Antony had sent me a link to a lecture weeks ago and urged me to watch it now. This lecture is available on YouTube. What was its name? Yes, exactly: It was Dr. Dietrich Klinghardt. He held a four-hour lecture in German/English simultaneously translated. Oh man, please not now, I thought back then and just left it in the inbox, until further notice, like so many other things.

The other day Antony asked me again if I had finally seen it. And I didn't answer him at all, because what should I tell him?

And now here in jail, I'm overcome with the desire to see this lecture. So I swear to myself that I will watch this lecture in a marathon session as soon as I am at home.



A week later - after hearing Dr. Klinghardt's lecture - I wrote the following down:

When the penny drops, then it drops slowly.

Now I know I've already experienced what it takes to heal. Only that I had not yet recognized. But thanks to Antony I found the missing link in my story.

Dr. Dietrich Klinghardt's lecture can be found on the YouTube channel of Bert Hellinger. That made me keen-eyed. And the longer I listened to Dr. Klinghardt, the bigger my eyes became, because fourteen years ago I had not only experienced what he was talking about, but was also allowed to feel it for myself.

Back in 2003, when I didn't have a clue yet, at a time in my biography when I actually believed that two passenger planes could convert three skyscrapers into fine dust.

Dr. Klinghardt is talking about epigenetics. Our genetics determines who we are, what we look like, how we behave. And epigenetics determines our genetics. Epigenetics is in the astral, in another dimension, and it is from there that our genetics are played on.

I can illustrate this quite well on a piano: the sound and the melody is our life in the flow of time, the keys are then our genetics, and the epigenetics is the hand that plays on the keys.

And a lot depends on that hand. Is this hand free and light? Or is it heavy and slow? Does the hand have an injury? Has it been traumatized? Is one finger missing or even three ... ?

It's about recognizing this hand and then healing it. And Dr. Bert Hellinger has figured out how to do that. Most of you will have heard about him and his family constellations. For those who haven't heard of

him yet, I'll just say briefly that Mr. Hellinger went into the bush as a Catholic missionary to missionize the "savages".

And then it had gone exactly the other way around. He had learned EVERYTHING from the savages. Also to heal as Jesus did it.

In his lecture, Dr. Klinghardt will also very clearly address the creeping poisoning caused by GMOs, vaccinations and chemtrails. "And if I were an evil man, I'd suspect this was being done according to a sinister plan."

Dr. Klinghardt smiles and adds: "But I am a good person and can't imagine such an evil plan. So it all has to be just stupid coincidences."

But according to Klinghardt, the greater threat to us is the burden of the past. Man is not only attacked by the current poisons that have been deliberately used against him. Even more torture us the accumulated damages of our ancestors, which we get passed on with our epigenetics. The hand on the piano. If your great-grandfather's hand has been broken, then it is very likely that you will continue to be played with the same hand.

After two world wars there is not one among us who did not have traumatized grandparents. We all have a wounded hand playing on our own genetics. No one is free of it!

That is why, despite seventy years of peace and prosperity, we have not become healthier and happier. We carry with us the pain of our ancestors in an invisible balloon. Eckhart Tolle calls it "pain body". He is there, always with us. And if one pronounces the three wrong, magic words, which activate the pain body individually, then one can hear the clock ticking, or see the fuse still briefly burning, and already someone explodes. Because the pain body keeps us constantly under pressure. And the pain body has made the pharmaceutical industry rich.

But then a certain Bert Hellinger had learned from the wild how to release the pressure in the pain body. It's like the valve in a pressure cooker. If there is no built-in safety device, then everything blows up. The best thing to do is to learn to open the valve.

And that's what you do with family constellations. Strictly speaking, it is a form of exorcism. Or you could say ghost exorcism. But all words seem to me too small for what happened there. In 2003 I was there myself. Finally the day has come where I can talk about it. And very important: enough time has passed to know that it actually worked.

Dr. Klinghardt also says that people who have been cleansed of their epigenetic traumas are now on much firmer ground when it comes to spreading the full human power needed to master current manipulations such as nanoparticles or microwaves.

Here again: the intention to cope with it is more than half the battle. Our will is strong. And that's why they want to take it from us.

But that is no longer working, because WE are becoming aware of it.

And so that the abstract finally comes to its conclusion, I tell you about my personal constellation experiences.

That was in Egia, a former proletarian district of San Sebastián. In 2003 a Basque friend - at that time my novia, as they say here - took me to a family constellation á la Bert Hellinger. Bert did not come, a woman named Surabi came, she was one of the first Spaniards to be trained by Bert.

In a large parish room, almost seventy people sat in a circle of chairs around a free center. The people who were present seemed to me as randomly thrown together as the walkers on the boulevard on Saturday morning. So what I mean to say is, they were no freaks, no sect, no clique, no uniforms, no peers, as you might say when vegans, for example, meet. So what I noticed first was how normal the participants were. All people like you and me.

The second thing I noticed was that there was one Kleenex box next to each of two chairs. Of course I had to say something like "hopefully this won't be a group masturbation" and got a bad look right away.

After everyone had taken their seats, Surabi introduced herself and her two assistants. One of the assistants is a good friend of my ex-novia, and thanks to him I was able to experience my own constellation despite so many people.

Surabi explained the rules to us. And they are very simple. Suppose your life is constellated, then you are looking for a person who will represent you. Age doesn't matter, but gender should be respected.

Then it goes on in the family. Any man present can represent your father or brother. Any woman present can play your mother or sister. You then select the most important family members and arrange them on the

square in the middle of the room. With both hands on his shoulders you gently move a man into position and say: you are my father. Then you move any woman into position and say: you are my mother.

And that was it. That's all you say. No directing instructions, for example like in psychodrama. Then you say: my mother was always worried about doing everything right. And my father hid behind the newspaper all day long.

No, only the roles are assigned in the family constellation. First your own, then that of the family around you. You are me. You are my father. You are my mother. That's all you say, and you push the substitutes into position, just as you think they should be in order with each other.

Then you sit down and wait. The actors just stop and breathe calmly. Not thinking is important. Just stand and feel. And after only a few minutes there are clear reactions. People feel attracted to each other. Or repelled. Joy or fear comes over them. Everyone starts to move and rearrange themselves.

Before you make your own constellation, it makes sense to have participated in another constellation in the role of a family member. In this way, one experiences first-hand what it means to step into the energetic blueprint of a family. The actors show us a mirror image of what happened in the actual family. The actors are moved, as if pulled or pushed by invisible hands. No one can escape it.

Once I was the son in a family where the father was a violent man. The "mother" rushed to protect me. And my teeth clattered every time my "father" approached. You can fake things, some women are supposed to fake orgasms, but have you ever tried to fake "rattling your teeth"? That's not possible! But my teeth rattled faster than the rattle of the rattlesnake. It was immediately clear to me that it was not me who was rattling. There was someone from that family who rattled on me.

In another role I had taken over a twitch once, shrugged my shoulders, and I took it home with me! For three days I kept shrugging and asked my friend what to do. And he said: bow to the soul you have the twitch from and tell him that it is his tick and he should please take it back. And it worked.

Even if you're only there as a spectator, there are constellations where you intuitively recognize and share the problem or the vibration, and then you start crying. Hence the Kleenex boxes everywhere. Or the

line-up that is currently taking place has nothing to do with your own resonances at all, and you just watch curiously.

But as soon as a vibration is treated and cleansed through a reconciliation of the family, then all those present who enter into that vibration are affected and also cleaned.

It is desirable to close each constellation with a reconciliation of the present "family members". This is not always possible. But even then the forgotten and clogged energies will still move. And a healing can begin.

Usually such a constellation event runs over two to three days. With two to three constellations in the morning, and two to three in the afternoon. Sometimes a constellation lasts thirty minutes, sometimes two hours or more.

As an operator you need a detective intuition. If the game doesn't go on, then Surabi brought another family member on stage.

"Maybe it's the grandfather! Can you please make the grandfather?" And the grandfather comes and all the characters don't react at all. Wrong track. Now finally we are in my own family constellation. How could I forget it? Because my life changed fundamentally afterwards.

"Maybe it's the grandmother! Can someone please make the grandmother?" And a lady made herself available to make my grandmother.

As soon as she stood on stage with the others, the moaning and nagging continued. That was so obvious. I just watched with amazement. And slowly Surabi groped her way through my ancestral tree.

Then she had an idea. She spread out a blanket and asked a woman, new from the audience, to lie down there.

As soon as the woman lay down on the blanket, all the family members gathered around her, caressed her gently and howled. One big, loud whimpering and crying. It was freezing down my back.

The woman on the blanket then said that her pelvis aches. She had been hurt badly.

Surabi then explained to us that the woman on the blanket stood for a deceased person who had been completely suppressed. And the more a soul is suppressed, the more powerful it becomes.

Surabi then managed to reposition the tree of my ancestors, and now for the first time completely. This time with the soul unknown to us

so far. As soon as the unknown soul was integrated, peace and reconciliation was possible for all family members.

That night I came home tired and moved. Everything seemed normal, the moon smiled at me and I asked him: what should happen now?

A year later, I completely abandoned my parents because of a trifle. The conflict of my life had been simmering for a long time: my parents' security thinking collided with my artist ambitions.

Now the barrel ran over, or as my father said: now the jug broke. On his seventieth birthday he had uninvited me and warned me not to show up on his honour day. We had never seen anything like it before. That was the low point in our family history.

It seemed to me as if I had porked around with the constellation in the clogged drain pipes of my ancestors, and now everything started to build up until the whole shit flew around our ears. Everything that stinks came up. The whole bathroom was torn down. The family was dirty. And it was all my fault. It felt exactly like this.

But life has reunited what belongs together. My father became ill a few months later, I had time and was immediately available until his healing was arranged. From then on I finally had a healthy relationship with my parents. A turning point had actually happened.

The contact with each other became more peaceful, more humorous, more patient. Never again did we feel this demon, this pressure that caused stress and terror. That was over for good. And that is a fact. Fourteen years later I can say whether the train could change course or not. Yes, and the train changed course.

My parents still say today that I suffer from a fantasy that is too vivid, and that has been so since I've lived, and that I have to come down to earth of - their - realities, and they think I'm a weirdo because I blame the constellation for our peace. But back then, such a contrary opinion could have quickly turned into a quarrel.

Today we shrug our shoulders and just change the subject. The fire-giving demon, the Rumpelstiltskin, is definitely no longer there. Ask my parents.



Of course, I asked myself who the unknown dead woman was. And on one of my next visits to my old, beloved hometown Wuppertal, I went to the registration office and requested the birth certificate of my great-grandmother and her siblings. There was, however, no information about the date or cause of death. Only the birth was registered.

I knew that my great-grandmother had four more siblings from my old and deceased Aunt Margret, my grandmother's cousin, to whom I had a particularly good connection. So there were five children.

It took no longer than a cup of coffee until the official with the birth certificates came up from the archive again. He brought six copies and made me a photocopy of each. Six? One more? I asked myself. Then I sorted the documents by date. And found out that my grandmother had the same name as a sister who was born four years before her.

How can something like this happen?

Perhaps something like this happens when the first child has passed away and when the next pregnancy raises hopes that the deceased child will return to us on earth.

And then the new girl gets the name of the older sister and gets her energetically unhappy fingerprint. I have often heard and observed that every soul needs its own name! The family members, who are named after a beloved member who was lost too soon, have drawn the arse card. That is generally known, or not yet?

Interestingly, my great-grandmother, named after the forgotten girl, was the only one of all her siblings who had children. All the others remained childless.

Only my great-grandmother had two daughters. That was my grandmother and her sexy sister, who never said "no" and still never got pregnant. When she was older, they found out that her ovaries were never really developed.

My grandmother only had one child, my mother. It was an extremely complicated pregnancy. My mother remained an only child and was thus the only offspring from the whole family and the whole drama around the disappeared, older sister. My mother had to carry this epigenetic cross all by herself. Until then I was born ...

Very probably I was the first and only one who after 130 years finally knew about the existence of this little girl. The siblings, if they were alive at the time, were far too small to remember that there was an older sister. But even if one forgets the cause, the pain remains.

In those years they also didn't take daily pictures of their little ones, like today. And when this girl had died of a great disgrace, there was no more talk about it.

During one of my last phone calls with my dear aunt Margret she told me again about my great-grandmother. Margret was the last person who knew my great-grandmother personally. And Margret said that my great-grandmother was a good-hearted woman, but her house was so gloomy, oppressive, sad and lifeless.

Doesn't it fit the picture?

The constellation was guided intuitively and with experience by Surabi, the emotions that came up there were real, the crying enormously loud, and the reconciliation with the unknown dead was beneficial. But that I now held her birth certificate in my hands, could read her name in black and white, that's like when a dowser says where the mine is, you dig a little and you're a millionaire.

The question "Does such a family constellation work at all?" should please be answered here.

My constellation has changed my life and also influenced my mother's life positively. The power that was released afterwards had put everything together in such a way that it could flow again. Once the plug is out, the energy finds its way again. And life takes over. And what was wrong will be corrected or at least straightened out.



And I can tell that directly from another, now much bigger and more blatant example. On the same weekend - another constellation. This time it was about a young Basque girl, in her early twenties, and she had cancer.

She started building her family. And in every generation there was at least one victim or one perpetrator. A murdered person or a murderer. Her family was right in the middle of the Basque-Spanish conflict, which boiled up with Franco in the civil war and led to the founding of ETA in 1959.

And all those who are from here can sing a song about it. That's what you carry in your blood here, like in Germany the shadow of the Third Reich. And both the Basques and the Germans are much more than their pain, but our pain is still there, immediate and formative for the world we are shaping.

After the first shot grandfather appeared in this constellation, the howling started. And the deeper Surabi penetrated into the ancestral gallery, the more suffering was dug out, the more spectators joined in the howling, the louder and more painful their screaming became. And suddenly all ignited.

Everybody around me was freaking out. The assistants were really busy. One man fell into a cramping state, where he kept hitting the floor with his head. Quickly a pillow had to be found!

Loud crying came from all corners, it was a horrible group howl. I even remember seeing a woman start foaming out of her mouth, as if she had swallowed an effervescent tablet, obsessively twisting her eyes.

Several thousand Basques who were simply shot and buried away in mass graves during the civil war. Then ETA killed a thousand. And a thousand political prisoners who were tortured. Here the offspring sat and collectively puked it out.

And since this drama was not present in my epigenetics, and this resonance was not recognized by me at all, I was the ONLY one next to Surabi and her team in the whole room who did not resonate in this vibration. I just sat there, with goose bumps and looked very closely. Never before had I so much wished for a triple Whiskey on the Rocks as at that moment. Around me the demons raged, and I sat in the eye of the hurricane.

I don't know how long the screaming lasted, but it subsided. And Surabi had managed perhaps not to completely reconcile the two sides of this conflict, but at least to become aware of the crimes each had committed. To finally admit the pain they have inflicted on each other.

And then we all went home. I don't know what happened to this girl. I hope she could heal. I hope she is well.

But I know for a fact that ETA hasn't killed since that constellation. The pressure in the pain body, which often ended with a finger on the trigger of a pistol, was simply gone. The valve was open long enough to let the accumulated pain escape.

Exactly, there was one more death, but that was - as Obama would say - only collateral damage. The ETA had blown up the parking garage at Madrid's Barajas airport in 2005. And a passenger waited asleep in the car for his flight, and it got him. This is unfortunate, but it was not intended.

Shortly before this constellation, the ETA murders were different. Dissidents were shot at dinner in the best restaurants of this city.

I can still remember very well how the ETA shot a young policewoman who was controlling traffic at a crossroads into her head in broad daylight. Only because she was wearing the uniform of the "others". There are several police bodies here, as we know.

She left an infant, a toddler and a widower. That happened twenty minutes from my front door. And that hasn't happened since that constellation. Coincidence? Or did I have another Forrest Gump moment and was watching Elvis Presley learn to dance?

One thing I'm sure of: if there is ever another murder in the name of ETA, it's a false flag. The real ETA has found peace. I have seen and heard this demon disappear under screaming. The Kleenex packs were completely used up in the end.

The forces from the beyond decide what happens here, and not the crazy murderers who are so bent that they want to bend the whole world at the same time.

This certainty that things will work out once you clear them, I now do have. And I think it will repeat itself on a global level:

If we once shovel free who is biting our calves all the time or peeing in our coffee, then this energy - which is expressed by different people - will also say goodbye. Just don't show up anymore, leave us all alone from now on.

What happened to the demon of my great-grandmother and the demon of ETA will happen again to the demon of the elite.

As soon as the matter comes to light, it gets bumpy at first, but then it quickly gets better. The boils come from deep inside and far below. If it comes to the surface, it becomes painful, if it breaks through the skin, it becomes disgusting. But afterwards the wound can dry and heal.

And once the hand on our piano is light and free again, we can heal ourselves and our planet.

Chapter 43

Which Ending would you like?

Finally I come to the end of my OPUS REPUGNANTI. Now that the unspeakable has been said, it is time to finish my work here and start my life afterwards. After all, it was and is only about life and how hopefully one can defend it so that it can be lived freely and healthily.

You will certainly start a new life now after reading my writings. Well, perhaps you will not change your life so quickly, but your view of life has hopefully become deeper and sharper.

Or can you still pretend now that the unspeakable doesn't exist? Continue to pretend that you still know nothing about the unspeakable? Or, if you admit it now that you know it, can you still pretend that the unspeakable does not affect you personally?

Well then maybe you are a diver who has compressed air bottle and compressor with filter for nanoparticles, if such a thing exists at all. And who is willing to breathe only from the bottle. It would be most advisable to be completely enclosed in a tin can. Darth Vader can rustle a song about it.



But first to the end of my story: the death of Mrs. Möckelmann was a natural cause. The autopsy cleared up any doubts. Of course this happened at my "hostage-taking", but it turned out that she had no heart attack and no stroke, nothing that could have been provoked by stress or excitement. On the contrary. Apparently she fell asleep at the table and then died.

The autopsy showed that she had not double but at least three portions of dessert in her intestines. In the end, the hot raspberries over the homemade vanilla ice cream were more suspicious than me when it came to blaming someone for Mrs. Möckelmann's death.

Of course I didn't know all this until later. Mr. Möller wrote it to me. We stayed in contact, he now follows me on my REPUGNANT PILOT. And comments diligently about my contributions.

I have heard nothing more from Mrs. Rittenbach, I have never chatted with Mr. Möller about it. If the old Rittenbach would have been thirty years younger, I would look for her on Facebook and hope to find photos of her in a bikini. Sometimes I wonder if she had denigrated me at the travel company, because strangely enough my tourism orders declined drastically after the hostage-taking. Somehow word got around that I had shot the big buck.

After almost four days in prison, my cell was opened on July 20, 2017. Today of all days, the day of the Stauffenberg assassination. Is there still a survivor this year who can be proudly shown? And imagine the last survivor, an old man of almost a hundred years, using the moment of national attention to finally get rid of it. He stands up, swings his walking stick angrily and thunders into the microphone: "Every year the same silly ritual and never before was it mentioned that at that time we were the dangerous weirdoes, the confused, the crazy, the terrorists! We had been laughed at, we had been defamed, we had been censored, we had been hunted down and then killed. And that no longer interests anyone today! And that is why history must repeat itself, so that we finally learn and understand". The old man pauses for breath and energetically continues: "What good is it to be paid homage to us as icons of resistance if our grandchildren are defamed and persecuted today?"

I see it as a good omen that I was released on this very day. Two guards came, whom I had never seen before. They reminded me of Stan and Ollie. The two told me to come out. Then they took me to an office. There they gave me my things back. Then I had to sign something.

During this whole procedure, my eyes looked for Naiara. But she was nowhere to be seen. Should I ask about her? Exactly, I'll just leave my written confession there for her. To the hands of Naiara. Finally she brought the paper to my cell.

My description of the course of events was no longer necessary, said the fatter one. That perplexed me. The thinner prison guard winked encouragingly at me: "You have reason to rejoice! It became clear that you were innocent of that woman's death. You are now set free."

"Then could you please pass on my text here to the Basque Minister for the Environment? Please! ... because for his sake I have taken

hostages, and for him I have written all this down here." I held the stack of written paper under their noses.

Now both stared at me silently and with open mouth: "What shall we please? The Environment Minister? What do we have to do with that?" Of course, they had no idea. That they knew about a dead person was already a lot. But how would they know my motives, my whole history here?

I then tried to impose my manuscript on them, asking them to pass it on to the Basque Ministry of the Environment. If the minister has no time to read, then perhaps one of his ministry. That should be possible.

While I was trying to get rid of what I had written, the two of them slowly but forcefully led me to the exit door. I was pushed over the threshold and behind me the gate fell into the castle. "Now you better go home fast! Before we have to lock you up for mischief."

I wish I'd gone straight back to jail to find Naiara. How much I would have liked to see her again.

And if not the whole text, should I leave her a note? With Stan and Ollie? No, better not, because in a hundred years' time these guys will still talk about it: "That German of yours, your prisoner, who wrote you a love letter, do you remember?" Of course, they would only hold on to something like this, because a) they themselves have no chance with her and b) they are too unimaginative to do something so romantic.

But I didn't do anything romantic today either and went home first. Since I had been imprisoned, I thought it wrong to leave a note for her with her colleagues. If you write small letters, then you have to deliver them yourself. And as a prisoner you are on a different card than the guest at the bar who wants to flirt with the waitress. But I don't give up that quickly. That should be known by now. So I did what the police does: I did some research. And I found out that Naiara was driving a little red Mini Cooper. And that was my chance. Under the windshield wipers I stuck my little letter. A short greeting and the wish to see her again. Plus telephone number.

But she never called. At least not yet.

Weeks later, a court appointment was made for the hostage-taking at the Mirador de Ulia. I was sentenced to a fine of € 1.700,-- or alternatively to complete fifty-two hours of service. As a street sweeper. Since I have no money, I decided on the alternative. I managed to get on the list for the Cristina Enea city park during the distribution. A beautiful green area in the Egia district. There are frogs, ducks and a few peacocks. Here I always liked to come to do Qi Gong. At that time I did that daily. Now I come to rake the leaves. And it does me good.

If I do my job well now, maybe I can get a job here. A quiet, honest job. In constant contact with nature while it is still there. And what would be outstanding for me as a scriptwriter spat out by the system: a monthly income that is sufficient for shopping in Lidl and a holiday at a camping site in Galicia or Asturias.

And in the evening I sit at the computer, uploading the photos of the day again onto the Repugnant Pilot, but I can't tell you anything more, because now everything is said, even the unspeakable.



And how does the global story end? The history of mankind? So your story? How does it end?

We can only determine this end together. Yes, only together can we shape the end and then fill it with our life. Because we are all players. And whoever reads this here is a - now - conscious player.

The only thing I can do now is propose different end scenarios. It's like a script meeting with director and producer where you try to find the right scene together. The screenwriter throws various balls into the game, all ideas for a possible ending, which are then played or discarded until only the right ball remains in the game.

So here are a few suggestions for a possible end, consistent and coherent with the story told so far:

Scenario a): we all go on as if nothing had happened, we are gradually poisoned, more and more ill, weather catastrophes are increasing, harvests are more and more often lost, but perhaps this happens slowly and gradually, and we are lucky and it doesn't hurt us - wealthy

citizens - so badly. Because we are distracted by the fun that lurks around us. And if you can't afford this fun, you fight to be able to afford it.

When the final dose of poison reaches us or even the microwave is pushed to FULL POWER - now we know that this exists - yes, if these weapons are really used, then hopefully without pain. It would be best if that moment caught us with a spoonful of Nutella in our mouth. So it would be a sweet moment. And then our cause of death was: put down in comforting inertia.

In this scenario, the Morgellons and all those mysterious synthetic fibers that I've been telling you about fit perfectly. Maybe it's exactly these artificial fungus-like organisms that help us compost. Perhaps they are there to decompose our bleating biomass into a compost heap as quickly as possible. Because if this murder is planned, why shouldn't the disposal of the corpses also be planned?

Do you think that's a good ending? Well, as long as the Nutella lasts, you can think about it.

The b) scenario is in theory like the a) scenario, but with significantly less Nutella. Here everything goes faster, the fall is faster and harder. The harvests are drastically missing. Famine and anarchy break out. People kill to get food. The elites hide in their bunkers and underground cities and wait until we have slaughtered each other and then repopulate the planet. According to their imagination and without all the "useless eaters", as super-elitist Henry Kissinger called us.

Well, such an ending would fit perfectly with the announcements on the Georgia Guidestone. But now my question:

Do you think that's a cool ending?

Well, I don't. I'm going to stay a bit longer, with the director and the producer. If it has to be, we push overtime. The main thing is to find a good ending. And hopefully God will be there this time.

Scenario c): a highly endowed panel of experts worldwide studies my collection THE TESTIMONY OF THE REPUGNANT PILOT, i.e. all my 3,000 plus best-of photos, and my hundred and eighteen plus movies,

and all the official documents that I meticulously manage on mega.nz and make available to the whole world for study and evaluation.

After a close examination one comes to the conclusion that there is NOTHING to be seen in my collection. That my photos all show a completely normal sky and my assumptions are null and void.

In this scenario it also comes out that I have a pronounced profile neurosis because my mother had not given me the breast and fed me Nestlé products from an early age. Or so.

Besides, I've always wanted to do something big and important, and since I've never had the pleasure of making movies for hundreds of millions, I now have to knead the whole world into a paranoid story that I'm just imagining and constantly ramming down the throat of my loyal Facebook audience.

But, in fact, this blatant story only exists in my sick mind. And the wine did the rest and encouraged me to paste it all into a too long and boring book. Therefore I better belong locked away, and with that this unspeakable story is finally off the table, because with the messenger the message has disappeared again.

Who would believe such an end now, after this reading?

Certainly a few more toads among us, aren't there? I'm already looking forward to hearing from them the first quack about this book.

Well, there's still a possible ending. The happy ending. The d) scenario. D like Dabringhaus.

The D version is the version we all want to see, at least those who enjoy life. And those who realize that we all need to help, like this:

Just don't look away anymore and pretend like nothing happened. Please make sure that the ball stays in the game. It is best to turn the ball into an avalanche. You can find material to share on therepugnantpilot.com, or you can pass on my book as a gift.

And please keep in mind that people like me all drum out of their own strength and heart's desire.

Unfortunately GREENPEACE does not consider it necessary to support my small but effective work. They prefer to organize exclusive cruises to remote tropical islands.

This book here will please give me some financial security in case this job in the park doesn't work out.

But more important than the messenger's belly of prosperity is to carry the message further. Best of all, simply give my book to those who are convinced skeptics. And step on the toes of the police, the press, the doctors, the judges until the subject is finally objectively investigated.

The louder and clearer this topic is pronounced in and by the population, the more frightened the powerful react in their high floors.

Our constant and friendly pressure from below will then call the Wendehals 2.0 on the plan. More and more authorities crawl out of their closets and say: "You see! That's exactly what I've always said!" (Wendehals were called the former communists that have changed colors the moment the wall went down.)

Once the dam breaks, it's quick. In chemistry this is called tipping. Whether it's a substance or our consciousness, the condition can change abruptly.

And since life is crazier than cinema, I have included a surprise in this scenario:

I can only give you a brief hint, more about this perhaps later: because of a friendship, I managed to make my voice heard at the executive level of the Federal Criminal Police Office (BKA). I wanted them to study and observe my site THE REPUGNANT PILOT. I have been silent about this so far. But now enough time should have passed and the lead should be secured.

Of course everything starts in Germany again this time. It comes to a coup, better said to a mass arrest, which will take place on the minute at the same time in the whole Federal Republic. The action is carried out so thoroughly and cleanly that this will be the model for France and England, which will follow one day later with a similar action immediately. In the USA people do not act so fast (they are still waiting for Q). But then it starts in the US as well, some get shot on the run, or arrested in their shelter in the mountains of Venezuela. All just big names we know too well.

The fear in the uninformed population that this is a military coup and leads to a dictatorship is only temporary. Because despite these mass arrests, the airports remain open, the roads stay unblocked, life goes on as

normal as far as can be said, because once again everyone sticks only to the screen or the radio and follows the latest events.

The mass arrests, which not only affect politicians and bankers, but also the leadership of the press and TV, are now on everyone's lips, sensation and headline. Some well-known moderators were prepared in advance for this change and now help to calm the audience, while the ones that were big pillars of the system are simply exchanged.

Suddenly there will be a new tone, new courage to tell the truth, the free riders will make sure that the car really gets rolling, and for the first time the media will not only share fear and panic in their news, but also enlightenment and confidence.

And all this is told in the usual cuddly way, just as it was during the Disney educational show. Many have to be slowly introduced to this story, not all were lucky enough to read my book here before.

Trials are then convened, as in Nuremberg, but this time the judges look at the burden of proof from all sides, and not just those of the overwhelmed losers. At that time, for example, the judges were not allowed to include what Prescott Bush had done for building Nazi power. One does not have to be a Holocaust denier in order to recognize and pronounce the strong and vital connection between World Bankers and the Nazis.

Now we will find out that if we want honest, genuine peace, we must also be honest in the evaluation of all evidence.

This night of arrests marks the beginning of the Golden Age. The statistics will be like this:

Arrests worldwide: 13,435

Suicides worldwide: 6,666

Mrs. Goebbels showed us how to do it. First give the children the sleeping pill, then push the poison capsule between the sleeping child's teeth, push the jaw upwards, the child's teeth crack the capsule. Then in sleep a short fight with death. And then there is rest. Mrs. Goebbels said that something like this is better than living without National Socialism. Well, that will repeat itself. Only the word National Socialism is exchanged for a new one.

Who cares about the few suicides compared to all the "useless eaters" who don't have to feel useless anymore? Who then get a fair chance in this world for the first time? Because they are no longer trapped in the interest loop, while the poison is stuffed into them at the back and front. That will all be over then.

Last entry in this statistic:

People who from then on will find life easier, healthier, more beautiful, more peaceful and more worthy: 7,778,323,127.

And counting.

Back to the present: Whether or not I achieve something with my meticulous collection and my efforts, well, that has long since ceased to be my case. I would be happy if the spark ignited. And if the spark doesn't jump over, then it's not because of my hard work of horror, but rather because your firing head has got wet.

Then please lie down in the sun - if you find it - and come to your senses. Then switch off all the machines around you and ask your heart whether I - well, I like to chat - but ask yourself whether I am completely wrong or whether there is something to it. And just have a closer look at my complete collection. And then you decide for yourself. But please be attentive to this decision, because it will mark your life.

So, I have now said everything I wanted to say, and whatever may come, I have peace, at least with myself.

I'd be delighted if you'd find that peace too.

My work is done. Or did one of you say that I have to explain it all again? If you still don't understand it, please let God take care of you. And the others - so us - should finally start to help our dear God,

Agur (this is how the Basques say goodbye),
Tim Dabringhaus ◊ The Repugnant Pilot
San Sebastián, December 2017

Chapter 44

The Meticulous Work of Terror

If you do not use your eyes to see, you will need them to cry.

Jean Paul



Photo of Unknown from Cologne, Los Angeles, Córdoba or directly above your head! ... from there, where the sky is grilled.

therepugnantpilot.com

<https://www.facebook.com/therepugnantpilot/>

In case the two upper links do not work anymore:

<https://mega.nz/#F!2w51ISQS!3NBf9KBr0ik4YI9nwl97tQ>

I ask all those who are still quick in their minds to mirror my collection. Download what you want and upload again where you can. And please add the hashtag #therepugnantpilot so one can always find it.

If this book becomes known here, they will do anything to hack and destroy my collection.

Thanks to the Volkhard Zukale videos the collective detectives have already scored a solid goal against STASI 2.0. We will win the whole game if you simply help us to ensure that THE TESTAMENT OF THE REPUGNANT PILOT is no longer lost, but on the contrary is distributed as widely as possible.

Writing desk criminals are trying to destroy the world, from the desk we will save it. But for that the spark must jump, now from this book to YOU!

Stop waiting for the others!

How can you help? Everyone will find the answer in his own heart. I trust that the necessary impulses from the morphogenetic fields will reach and inspire us. This is the field where creation begins. And that's where currently the new is being cooked.

And if the world saving still doesn't light up yet - because we are much too anaesthetized, because our pineal gland is hopelessly clogged, or because GAME OF THRONES is much too exciting, and we are much too keen on putrefaction and destruction, then I hope that I could at least make you smile a little or maybe even make you laugh a little bit.

Because humor is when you laugh anyway.

And who knows, maybe it's not just the laughing that is contagious.

Chapter 45

Addendum 2019 - Generation Greta

Unfortunately the job in the park didn't work out, I didn't see Naiara anymore and I didn't give a damn about it. If two people are to find each other, then they find each other. And if they don't, then there is a reason. Only what should happen happens. And so I told myself that it was better for me not to have met Naiara after all. That would never have worked out with us anyway. For what do I need a woman in uniform?

Besides, I've had enough to do. In the last two years I have written a new book, MICHEL AWAKENS, a vision, an invented story about a skeptic who awakens against his will. A fable, small and handy, well suited as a present and souvenir for all those who need an inspiration, not to say a slap on the head. And then I had this book translated into English. As you can read here.

Now there is THE AWAKENING BEGINS worldwide and soon also EL DESPERTAR COMIENZA, the Spanish version. With that I have marked out my territory, more I can't do anymore. But there's one more thing: to let you have the book as cheap as possible. That's why I'm back at Amazon. If you want to hold it in your hand as ebook or print, you can get it in all 3 languages at Amazon. Now please don't cry because I say Amazon. I know who is behind it, but why not use the possibilities the system gives us to break it up. Amazon, Facebook, YouTube, where would you hear about the Klimakids, if not there?

By the way, I earn 2€ on every copy. I hope I am granted that. All the interjections made me sad, from all those who think that I am doing all this here only to make cash. Such hecklers are often people who don't do anything themselves except to nag. But even they have a right to enlightenment, so I give away my book for free in all three languages as a pdf, to be found in my mega-collection. So everybody can decide in which format he wants to read it and if he wants to support me. May many people find it, no matter how.

Of course I had remained true to my activism all the time, I took my photos every day and I uploaded them to my site every day. There was only one day in six years when I forgot to take a sky photo and couldn't post. That was this February, I was distracted with the new book. For a moment I wondered if I should just take a photo from the day before, nobody would notice anyway. But, I notice it! And I would then notice that I have left the space of my honesty, and I don't want to notice something like that. Then I'd rather miss a day and know I've been convicted of my fallibility. I am not a machine after all.

But I've kept the ball rolling all the time. Today, October 12, 2019, I have 34,805 photos of my own and 7,081 of them are more than creepy. But only for the elderly and insiders, not for those who grew up under such a sky. **Our youth may find such a fine ribbed and grilled sky "totally crazy" or just cool, but they're not afraid of it, they're afraid of CO2. Because that's what they have learned.**

And otherwise I was allowed to continue to stumble over people, documents or other interesting objects that fit into the picture, into the book, on my way. My Forrest Gump moments didn't stop. And I haven't stopped reporting it on my Facebook page either. Well, I didn't tell everything, some things I shared only with KLIMAKIDS. Like for example this anecdote:

As soon as the book was finished, a job brought me right into the middle of the Basque climate summit, where I met a nice lady from the Max Planck Institute. On that day the sky was unfortunately not "conspicuous", otherwise I would have had it easier to talk to her. So I only gave her my book. Was there an answer?

Now you already know what happened. Absolutely nothing.

What good is it if I extend the song, of the arrogance and ignorance chronically shown to me, by an encore? What is the point of naming more names if the judiciary or the criminal investigation department does not even want to hear them?

I leave this list for now, that means I continue to collect, but without publishing. I do not yet give up hope that the judiciary will be interested in my finds.

Because everything is coming to a head right now! Everything is becoming clearer and clearer, and the point where even the judiciary can no longer ignore it is getting closer and closer.

Only a few months ago did the certainty creep up on me to finally understand why the unspeakable is taking place at all.

Now that all the children who were born in the shadow of 9/11 and only know this chemical sky are getting to be eighteen years old, the third act can finally begin. You found the first and the second act in this book.

It is certainly no coincidence that this year of all times our youth is being incited by the state and all the state journalists to the assisted resistance.

Now I understand why everything I was supposed to discover happened at all. For the first time I see the destination of the journey we were forced to make. And I can only take my hat off to those who have arranged it all. It really couldn't be more sophisticated!

Again one recognizes the Hegelian dialectic in pure form or this time one can say: now we have caught the climate change in flagranti.

The **problem** is the weird climate.

The **reaction** comes from the youth.

The **solution** will be presented to us now.

And I'm afraid the CO2 tax is just the beginning ...

✱

But a lot has also happened with the activists. Today we know much more, our collective detective work is bearing fruit. We - and by this I mean all those who are driven by their consciences and not oiled by the public propaganda apparatus - are one step further when it comes to exposing the unspeakable.

So I would like to highlight and share three more news. Thank God they are currently being discussed everywhere on the Internet, the word is getting around. And they fit into the picture that I sketch in this book.

Also this time I should learn, as soon as I moved, i.e. I went so far, until I met resistance and then looked, WHY there is resistance.

I was on vacation in Wuppertal. Shortly before that, on May 29, 2018, the whole valley was flooded on an unprecedented scale. A torrential rain has let the manhole covers shoot out of the ground, at my old employer, the Sparkasse, the safe-room was under water.

Obviously, I contacted RADIO WUPPERTAL and told them I was a boy from the valley, I had written a book that would suit this storm and I would like to introduce it. They listened to me enthusiastically and invited me immediately to an interview, today at 14h. Great!

Yeah, I thought so. Twenty minutes later they called back and a Mr. R. stammered that he wanted to refrain from an interview with such a publisher. Swallow.

Then I heard from friends, who told me about half-friends, who behind my back whispered that Tim publishes at a rightist publishing house. Some even say Nazi publishing house.

And that was the reason why two mainstream celebrities and fans of this book didn't write a foreword for the first edition.

Pretending I didn't know anything about it, that's bullshit. But then to feel this exclusion is something else.

The publishing house has earned itself a bad reputation with the book THE SYNAGOGUE OF SATAN. It was written by a British man who worked for the secret service. But I think my publisher's reputation was born with his pure intention: eleven years ago he founded a publishing house with the intention of publishing system-critical books. There are only a handful of such publishers in the whole of Germany and they are all stamped RIGHT.

What happened in the next days on the bigger stage was honey on our mill and a milestone in the Enlightenment. Now I come to the former ZDF journalist Dirk Pohlmann and his YouTube teammate Markus Fiedler. Even if the mainstream stubbornly conceals their amazing actions, it has changed the world. There is a before and an after. At least for those who know what the two have accomplished. And that also fits too well into this book.

We're talking about Wikipedia. Dirk and Markus have proved how they say that the well of our knowledge has been poisoned. When we draw our knowledge from Wikipedia, and more and more tend to do so, we consume poisoned information.

In plain language: if we read about dog breeds, Formula 1 or football, then Wikipedia is certainly a wonderful treasure trove.

But with topics like 9/11, Federal Reserve or vaccinations and of course now climate change, the attentive Wikipedia user recognizes, and Dirk and Markus were very attentive, that these articles are improved again and again, by the same very few Wikipedia users who appear under pseudonyms. Around the clock, the same eyes watch over the history written on Wikipedia. And the story is clearly combed in one direction. In which direction? I can only recommend that you take a look at this fact on the Internet. Google: Pohlmann Feliks. That's enough. And that's new! Well, and so far this case is only in German, but I am sure it affects any language given.

Even if one is deformed and defamed on Wikipedia, as happened to the Swiss peace researcher Dr. Daniele Ganser, there is still a residual hope that one will get the stain washed out again. After all, Wikipedia wants to be democratic.

And that is why PSIRAM is now available (in the German speaking world). This is a site that is very similar to Wikipedia. What is PSIRAM? So let's ask Wikipedia:

Psiram is a website close to the skeptic movement that describes itself as a "consumer protection site" and a "wiki of irrational persuasion

systems" and opposes pseudoscience, esotericism and conspiracy theories. The operators as well as the authors of the website are anonymous.

Wikipedia

The interesting thing about PSIRAM is that if you google my publisher, for example, then the PSIRAM entry always appears at the top of the list, unmissable, actually the first reference to the publisher, so you click and read:

The J.K. Fischer publishing house is a small publishing house (...), which is specialized in - frequently right-oriented - conspiracy theories.

And Mr. R. of RADIO WUPPERTAL read that too! And since he doesn't want to lose any sponsors or licenses, he refrained from the interview. Who is on the PSIRAM list is "persona non grata". Locked out, no longer wanted in the discussion and no longer available at some larger booksellers' chains. Yes, that's what you hear as an unsuspecting customer.

Dirk Pohlmann also looked behind the scenes of PSIRAM and noticed that there are none. PSIRAM acts out of anonymity, with company headquarters in FarAway and server in VeryFarAway and there are no names. But it is interesting that such an illegal site is often quoted as a source by the Amadeu Antonio Foundation. And the Amadeu Antonio Foundation gets its financial budget and tailwind from our government, so that it can stand up against hatred, racism, anti-Semitism, right-wing extremism. And of course against all those who stand in the way of this system.

PSIRAM is a digital dung pump, a virtual pillory, who hangs here, and these are not only publishers, but also vaccination opponents or homeopathy proponents, is released to ridicule, and can be glad, if not still to the shooting. The entry in PSIRAM remains engraved in the eternally unreachable vastness of the network, there is no door at which one can knock to complain. And yes, again: the PSIRAM entry is always at the top of a Google search query. Unless you've already been discovered and crucified by mainstream media. Then PSIRAM is only in second place.



And the second, for me new, discovery - so actually this is not at all new, but I have never been the fastest - was to find the confirmation to which I have already speculated and written here in this book.

It's about the cuddly creeps. Those YouTubers, "independent journalists" and influencers who pretend to be one of us. I've written that they all look like they've been casted. What's new for me now is that they were indeed casted.

Many of them belong to FUNK, an Internet clique sponsored by ARD and ZDF that all speak the same jargon of youth, all radiate the same low-budget charm and pretend to have been improvised in the children's room. Well, nothing is further away! These are all professional productions where there are very clear instructions.

Maybe one or the other actually started out as a small YouTuber, but how happy he must have felt when he was then discovered by FUNK or the government-related investment group Ströer, was promoted, and probably still doesn't notice how he has been used from then on.

The independent journalist Oliver Janich has done a lot of research on this topic. His contributions on YouTube are very worth listening to, he proves very clearly that there is only state journalism left. It is again like back in the GDR! This time it is only more perfidiously structured, this time it is hidden. Oliver Janich does really good work, but unfortunately, unfortunately, he does not want to recognize the unspeakable.

I'm tired of trying to find solidarity with other truthers, because together we are stronger. Whoever follows me on the Internet knows what I'm talking about. A large part of the so-called Truther scene, which thrives colorfully on the Internet, also doesn't want to know anything about the unspeakable. Although it is now known in all corners of the net who is financing Greta and that CO2 is only the bogeyman, nobody wonders what is going on in the sky and whether this could possibly have an influence on our weather.

Some people haven't figured it out yet. Some people don't want to understand. And others must not understand it. But one thing struck me: cuddly creeps lurk everywhere.

And now, very recently, one of them, a YouTuber named Rezo, took an unfortunate step further. He referred to the climate crisis and said there was "only one legitimate attitude" (that of PSIRAM!).

Just one legitimate attitude! ... a quote that bestselling author Gerhard Wisnewski skilfully picked up and reminds us in his videos how the Cultural Revolution began in China under Mao. The youth was agitated against the establishment and even got school-free. In the end, there were several million deaths.

If the climate crisis threatens the continuity of our lives, then - and young people are supposed to believe this - there really is only one legitimate attitude. After all, their survival is at stake ... so "climate justice" will justify everything and anything, doesn't it?



And that brings us the third news, the beginning of the third act. It started a few months ago with the new word "climate emergency". And that was only the beginning. Still it is only the news that is being kneaded in us daily. On the one hand tornadoes, droughts and floods. On the other hand, more and more students who jump for their survival at (still) funny, LOVE-PARADE like events, drink beer and leave garbage dumps behind.

Still, because they have not yet understood that there is only one legitimate attitude left, yet they have not understood that call. And there is still no end in sight. The next hailstorm, the next flood lurk around every corner, the next crop failure unfortunately also, and the next Friday for Future comes, as always after every Thursday.



The climate emergency remains until we've all been brought to our knees. And it is accelerated by the generational incitement. Extinction Rebellion is just one step further into planned chaos, a gear harder than Fridays For Future. Greta's battle cry HOW DARE YOU powers up the youth and those who doubt the role of her holiness are showered with mockery, but our little media star with praise, awards and honors.

How often have the media hammered into us what all this little, not even quite healthy girl with her own will has created out of nothing. To save us all!

Nothing would she have done without the tailwind of some very powerful forces that she "accidentally" encountered. Adolf wouldn't have been able to do anything without "that" support either. And in both cases the traces of the supporters are documented, but still largely unknown, because it is none of our business or is always dismissed as a right-wing esoteric conspiracy theory.

The fact that Greta functions so well and is so popular is only possible because the climate is de facto completely crazy. And you have now read why the climate is so crazy.

I would be so grateful if my book could get around to younger people. Maybe there are still courageous teachers who want to read my book in class. I also like to drop by and bring photos, films and cakes with me.

In the end a quote from Herrmann Hesse, who was a great teacher for me. Especially as a young man I internalized this sentence:

To whom fate comes from without, it kills, like the arrow kills the deer. To whom fate comes from within and from his own most, it strengthens him and makes him a god.

Tim Dabringhaus
October 12, 2019



And here are a few quotes of a different kind. A collective detective has collected them. Also this time please discuss in school lessons or just let it sink:

„ We need to dwell on the issue of global warming. Even if the theory of global warming is wrong, we are doing the right thing in terms of economic and environmental policy.“ Timothy Wirth, President of the UN Foundation

„ We need something to gain the broad support, to capture the public imagination... We must therefore come up with frightening scenarios, make simplified, dramatic statements and express little doubt about them... Each of us has to decide what is the right balance between effectiveness and honesty.“ Stephen Schneider, Stanford Professor of Climate Research, leading author of many IPCC reports

“If we don't announce disasters, no one will listen to us.” Sir John Houghton, Chairman of the IPCC

„ It doesn't matter what's true, what's important is what people believe what's true.“ Paul Watson, Greenpeace

“It doesn't matter whether the science of global warming is completely at loggerheads, since climate change gives us the greatest opportunity to bring justice and equality into the world.“ Christine Stewart, former Canadian Environment Minister

„The only way to really change our society is to frighten people with a possible catastrophe.“ Professor Daniel Botkin

PART III
ANNEX

Appendix 1

Jean's Special Christmas

The original post could be found here, ... not anymore, I wonder what happened to Jean and her Blog:

<https://jhaines6.wordpress.com/2012/12/25/a-special-day-december-25th-as-we-celebrate-the-establishment-of-the-christ-consciousness-grid-and-a-special-sharing-from-a-long-time-reader-tim/>

Posted on 25 December 2012 by Jean Haines

"I found the following article in my email this morning. This is from my long-term reader Tim, and it was synchronicity that his words reached me just now, and so I would like to share them with you.

Thank you Tim for your contribution on this special day where we receive Christ Consciousness and go into the Unity Grid that will take us to higher dimensions.

Without the creation of this network a transition will not be possible. So many masters have worked hard on this network for 13,000 years, and how to complete it, writes Drunvalo Melchizedek in his book "The Serpent of Light".

I believe that Jesus came to us on the planet to spread only one teaching: love your neighbor as yourself.

He knew how important it is to plant love in our collective consciousness and in our hearts, for this is the only way to reach the new cycle called the Golden Age.

This age, as I now see it, does not simply come upon us like a miracle, but it does come when we focus on it and build it together.

If you agree, then let us join forces to help our true mother, Mother Earth, give birth to the new age. After all, this is the most important task for all of humanity.

Can we please get this started now?

My heart's desires and love to all of you, ~ Jean"

Merry Christmas dear Jean!

Here my five cents about the end of time, if you want to post it, I would be honored,

much love TIM

Coming close to the December 21, 2012 I suddenly and vividly started remembering the experience I had some 20 years ago at the Skookumchuck Narrows. The Sechelet Inlet is a huge fjord on the Sunshine Coast north of Vancouver, B.C. It is big and narrow, looks like a river from outside, but inside it is Pacific.

The Skookumchuck Narrows attract tourists, because when the tide changes a several meter high wave builds here up, and then it falls into the new direction.

I have not seen it, but I felt it. I was some 20 meters down in the water, inside the Narrows, scuba-diving.

15 Minutes before the tide changed we, a group of maybe 4 or 5, jumped into the water, it felt like jumping on a train. It was one crazy, fast ride. You could cling to a rock, but your legs would then be rattling like a flag in the wind. NOW I SEE the Hopi saying that you have to let go, and celebrate the flow.

The ground was covered with tall plants, they all were bended under the strong stream.

Then suddenly it slowed down. It became slower and slower until everything came to a complete halt. Then there was a pause. Like a frozen image, nothing moved. All the plants stood up, straight and tall now. Time has stopped.

And here the most important observation: before it started again, before this enormous force came back, one suddenly could sense it beforehand! I don't know how I sensed it, because yet all remained

perfectly in freeze frame. But there was some sort of rumbling coming in that was not physical, it was some kind of energy building up and I felt it, and seconds later the physical followed, and this enormous push came back, this time just from the other side.

The plants bended now in the new direction and here we were on the new ride with a new perspective. Some 15 minutes later we were back at our cars.

As above as below.

The nine energies, and the evolution from the cell to internet, are necessary tools* to bring us to oneness, and Carl Johan Calleman has explained us how they have arrived in time and history, and that now these tools are available to us.

* Tools contains EVERYTHING the soul needs to immerse itself in matter and experience life.

And look around: for the first time there is a whole new discussion about real alternatives going on world-wide! The internet and films like THRIVE are very important. All parts of the same puzzle, of the same awakening.

The end of time, the end of calendar, I suddenly understand as the end of the push from that „separating“ direction. Now the push will come from the other side.

And there are only two cosmic directions: away from each other or toward each other. Separate or unite. Push or hug. Hate or love.

The new push that will come can't be stopped – I have felt the smaller version with my own body in the Skookumchuck Narrows – and it will switch on our hearts.

Just as the plants all bowed in a new direction, we will now bow to new values. There is no way around it anymore.

The tide has changed. As above as below.

Merry Christmas

Yours,
Tim Dabringhaus

PS, Mai 2018:

Five years and five months later, I can confirm that there is really no way around it now. When I posted my contribution to Jean, I didn't know anything about the unspeakable. And today I know that it is the unspeakable that will bring about that long awaited turn. Must bring. And if not, then good night beautiful world!

The mockers who laughed about the Mayan calendar or who wanted to scare us with the end of time, I would like to greet you again.

If I remember correctly, back in the Skookumchuck Narrows there was a total standstill between the tide change that happens about every six hours, which lasted a few minutes. A few minutes to six hours are ... how many years to the larger cycle?

And doesn't it actually feel like standstill now?
Watch your heart, you'll feel any moment that

THE AWAKENING BEGINS.

Appendix 2

Open Letter to the USA Military

Col Tamzy J. House, Lt Col James B. Near, Jr., LTC William B. Shields (USA), Maj Ronald J. Celentano, Maj David M. Husband, Maj Ann E. Mercer, Maj James E. Pugh - Authors of the Research Paper entitled **Weather as a Force Multiplier: Owning the Weather in 2025, Presented to Air Force 2025** (published in August 1996)

I am Josefina Fraile Martín, Spanish by birth and citizen of the world. It is in this perspective that I wish to answer to your research paper "Weather as a Force Multiplier - Owning the weather in 2025" once I realized that it doesn't derive of a science fiction literary exercise but that truly reflects an alarming reality. I find myself obliged to this feedback on behalf of the global family of human beings, whom you totally ignore in your delirious approaches to planetary control, so as a way to express my (our) concerns.

By global family, I mean the billions of people who inhabit the planet, - the same planet with which you play sorcerer's apprentices -, and who rise every day to face with dignity an ever more threatened survival by those who in the name of power and greed have set themselves up as warlords of the world, otherwise known as the international oligarchy and their servants.

It is frightening, dismaying, and infuriating for we citizens who believe in freedom, equity, and fraternity - core values of our democratic roots - to see that those institutions who have the sacred duty to protect the people - the legal holder of a country's sovereignty -, such as the army and the government, work hand in hand towards our annihilation, with those psychopathic oligarchies behind our backs.

I have not seen in this document, nor in its predecessor Spacecast 2020, nor in all the public documents of military projects aimed at controlling

space and communications undertaken by the United States from 1958 to the present day, a single paragraph of mindfulness on the ethics of ends, nor on the possible consequences thereof for the planet and people's lives.

To cite the best known: Argus (1958), Starfish (1962), SPS /1968), Saturn V (1975), SPS (1978), OMS - STS (1981), Transborder experiments 1985, Mighty Oaks (1986), Desert Storm (1991), HAARP (1993), not to mention the failed Star Wars experiments with President Reagan, or BMDO, with President Clinton].

The only clear fact in the development of the theoretical foundations of your projects is the immense coldness of indoctrinated minds, trained to carry out orders without questioning ends or means, however perverse they may be, under the banner of national security. Avoiding all responsibility in the acts you carry out, and perverting the language to qualify the bloodiest horror as collateral damage. Even though, these damages imply the destruction of the planet. You, like any other citizen in a State governed by the rule of law, are morally and legally responsible for your actions. And there can be no language perversion to change that.

National security would be a null concept if it excluded the security of those who make up the nation: mainly today's citizens, who in turn must protect the rights of their offspring, the future generations.

To each his own cross or his own government -, which amounts to the same. But what those of us who are not part of the American citizenry cannot understand is why the National Security of the United States means the annulment of the national sovereignties of other countries, allies or not, preventing them from effectively defending their own territory citizens comprised. In the document "possessing the climate by 2025" you assert:

In the United States, weather-modification will likely become a part of national security policy with both domestic and international applications. Our government will pursue such a policy, depending on its interests, at various levels. These levels could include unilateral actions, participation in a security

framework such as NATO, membership in an international organization such as the UN, or participation in a coalition. Assuming that in 2025 our national security strategy includes weather-modification, its use in our national military strategy will naturally follow. Besides the significant benefits an operational capability would provide, another motivation to pursue weather-modification is to deter and counter potential adversaries.

Page 5-6 of your report reads:

In the broadest sense, weather-modification can be divided into two major categories: suppression and intensification of weather patterns. In extreme cases, it might involve the creation of completely new weather patterns, attenuation or control of severe storms, or even alteration of global climate on a far-reaching and/or long-lasting scale. In the mildest and least controversial cases it may consist of inducing or suppressing precipitation, clouds, or fog for short times over a small-scale region. Other low-intensity applications might include the alteration and/or use of near space as a medium to enhance communications, disrupt active or passive sensing, or other purposes. In conducting the research for this study, the broadest possible interpretation of weather-modification was initially embraced, so that the widest range of opportunities available for our military in 2025 were thoughtfully considered.

The beginning of chapter 4 is read:

The essential ingredient of the weather-modification system is the set of intervention techniques used to modify the weather. The number of specific

intervention methodologies is limited only by the imagination, but with few exceptions they involve infusing either energy or chemicals into the meteorological process in the right way, at the right place and time. The intervention could be designed to modify the weather in a number of ways, such as influencing clouds and precipitation, storm intensity, climate, space, or fog.

In the second paragraph on page 19

Weather-modification technologies might involve techniques that would increase latent heat release in the atmosphere, provide additional water vapor for cloud cell development, and provide additional surface and lower atmospheric heating to increase atmospheric instability.

One of the most documented sections of this report is that which concerns the modification and control of the ionosphere and the near space environment, in order to increase communications, detection and navigation capacity, as this is crucial for the battle space domain.

The second paragraph on page 21 reads:

[A number of methods have been explored or proposed to modify the ionosphere, including injection of chemical vapors and heating or charging via electromagnetic radiation or particle beams (such as ions, neutral particles, x-rays, MeV particles, and energetic electrons).²⁷ It is important to note that many techniques to modify the upper atmosphere have been successfully demonstrated experimentally. Groundbased modification techniques employed by the FSU include vertical HF heating, oblique HF heating, microwave heating, and magnetospheric modification.²⁸ Significant military applications of

such operations include low frequency (LF) communication production, HF ducted communications, and creation of an artificial ionosphere]

On page 27 the possibility of generating an artificial climate is considered:

Nanotechnology also offers possibilities for creating simulated weather. A cloud, or several clouds, of microscopic computer particles, all communicating with each other and with a larger control system could provide tremendous capability. Interconnected, atmospherically buoyant, and having navigation capability in three dimensions, such clouds could be designed to have a wide-range of properties. They might exclusively block optical sensors or could adjust to become impermeable to other surveillance methods. They could also provide an atmospheric electrical potential difference, which otherwise might not exist, to achieve precisely aimed and timed lightning strikes. Even if power levels achieved were insufficient to be an effective strike weapon, the potential for psychological operations in many situations could be fantastic.

Cheap and convenient...

One major advantage of using simulated weather to achieve a desired effect is that unlike other approaches, it makes what are otherwise the results of deliberate actions appear to be the consequences of natural weather phenomena. In addition, it is potentially relatively inexpensive to do. According to J. Storrs Hall, a scientist at Rutgers University conducting research on nanotechnology, production

costs of these nanoparticles could be about the same price per pound as potatoes.

Despite my total rejection of your inadmissible and immoral proposals, I must say in your favor that you have at least had the intellectual decency to publish this report for the knowledge of society and to present climate modification in its proper perspective. That is to say the prospect of war and economic interests. And even though you prepared your document after the 1992 Rio Convention on Climate Change, you have not become embroiled in lying to global society by saying that climate manipulation is the magic formula to alleviate global warming, supposedly produced by man-made CO₂. - Warming which, in the light of the reading of the second paragraph on page 19 above underlined, we can deduce would be a consequence of climate manipulation - . In fact, the example used to convince the reader of the need to control the climate and communications, is not global warming, but a topical scenario of struggle against a drug cartel in South America consolidated and politically powerful... Thank you!

[The purpose of this paper is to outline a strategy for the use of a future weather-modification system to achieve military objectives...] A high-risk, high-reward endeavor...]. Pág. (vi) The motivation exists. The potential benefits and power are extremely lucrative and alluring for those who have the resources to develop it (page 34)

Let's see however what the manipulation of climate in the hands of those who have the resources could turn out to be: a cartel of rich and powerful in South America, with climate modification technology acquired in Russia, China, or the United States, could decide to take over the fertile lands of a given region for free where peasants don't want to sell. The powerful, with weather modification technology, could impose in that region a prolonged drought incompatible with the survival of the inhabitants. Their economic, social, productive, and family structures disintegrate... In this situation a famine takes place that decimates the population. And those who remain decide to migrate to other places in

search of outlets for their own. - Weather warfare of powerful groups for property stealing and promoting migration is not a fictitious scenario in 2025. It has been a reality for a decade in South American countries such as Argentina!

According to your report, from 1947 onwards, legal consequences derived from the deliberate alteration of large storm systems were already foreseen, which left little room for experimentation with storms that touched land. This did not prevent the deliberate alteration of weather in Vietnam, nor the constant experimentation first on a regional scale and then on a global scale in spite of the ENMOD Convention of 1977, nor the continued experiments from 1958 to the present day to know and control the upper atmosphere. Moreover, you are convinced that legislative frameworks will be more sensitive to great rewards than to high risk, because in your words

The increasing urgency to realize the benefits of this capability stimulates laws and treaties, and some unilateral actions, making the risks required to validate and refine it acceptable. (page 5)

In other words, the corruption of the legislator is taken for granted.

Incidentally, society will not only have to pay individually and collectively for the consequences of actions that put the planet at risk of destruction in the medium term, and that threaten people's health and integrity in the short term, but, in the opinion of the report's drafting team, society will have to provide the resources and legal bases to develop a serious potential for climate change. Can a society that has not been informed about these activities, is unaware of these practices and their consequences, and has not consented to them, pay such a price?

As almost two decades have passed since the publication of your document, the evidence over the years denies that it was a simple working hypothesis. The lamentable state of our skies and the breakdown of natural weather patterns at the global level are the best example that the objectives for "Owning the Weather in 2025" have been achieved 16 years in

advance. And all that ignoring legality, ignoring society, omitting to establish a clear responsibility between the facts and their consequences, reversing the cause and effect law, and disregarding the most elementary precautionary principle. However, according to you:

The lessons of history indicate a real weather-modification capability will eventually exist despite the risk. The drive exists. People have always wanted to control the weather and their desire will compel them to collectively and continuously pursue their goal.

Such a simplistic vision! The lessons of universal history seen from civil society are quite different from those that can be drawn by the military and their travelling companions, the international oligarchy. Civil society in the 21st century is an educated society, it believes deeply in democratic values that protect people's fundamental rights, and it rejects the perpetual war dynamics of military industry and its corporate complex. It also rejects the end justifying the means. Civil society in the 21st century has learned the lessons of the atomic bomb and the nuclear industry. And that is why it does not believe that the simple desire to achieve something legitimizes acts contrary to life, nature, dignity and law, such as climate manipulation. We believe that we only have one planet earth, which is our common home, which deserves protection and respect, and which cannot be treated like a clandestine laboratory by a bunch of psychopaths.

The global community believes in justice, peace, equity and the healthy coexistence of races and creeds. Be sure that the civil society of the 21st century, duly informed, will oppose climate manipulation in its immense majority. And given the perversion of the use and abuse of the concept of national security, it will succeed to subject to democratic and parliamentary control all military research programs at the global level. The civil society of the 21st century will know how to create the international civil tribunals that will judge, in a New Nuremberg Process, those directly or indirectly responsible, alive or dead, for these genocidal activities, by action or omission. Because, as George Clemenceau said, we believe that war is too serious a thing to leave to the generals. No doubt

today I would also add that science, justice or politics are matters too serious to leave in the hands of scientists, judges and servile politicians. The civil society of the 21st century has work ahead of it, but it will know how to live up to this historical challenge because its own survival depends on it.

I bid you farewell with the proverb "it is better to turn back than to get lost on the way", understood as the duty to rectify immediately on the part of those who, having unilaterally, arbitrarily and deliberately taken a path incompatible with life on the planet, for reasons of domination and profit, have imposed it on the global society without its legal mandate, knowledge, or consent.

Yours sincerely,

Josefina Fraile Martín / Spokesperson of the Guardacielos / Skyguards Civic Platform

Guardacielos / Skyguards is an international platform comprising civic associations from 22 EU countries created to address climate manipulation/geoengineering issues and defend citizens' interests at all possible levels: research, educational, corporate, institutional, political, courts, etc. This civic platform took the concerns of European civil society to the European Parliament on 8th and 9th April 2013 and filed a formal petition in May to demand an independent investigation. The Committee on Petitions accepted the demand but three years later closed the issue based on the [opposition of the European Commission!](#)

**DIE BIBEL
FÜR ALLE!**

**ICH WARTE AUF
DEINE HILFE, HERR.**

Die Bibel: Psalm 119,166
www.bibleserver.com

Bild: Free-Photos | pixabay.com
Text: Neue Genfer Übersetzung, Genfer Bibelgesellschaft

BibleServer 100%

Lord, I am waiting for your help.