



Revelation 18:17-19 King James Version (KJV)

17 For in one hour so great riches is come to nought. And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off,

18 And cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, What city is like unto this great city!

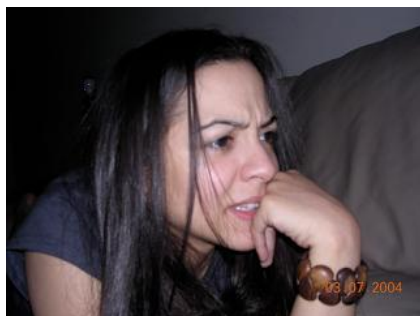
19 And they cast dust on their heads, and cried, weeping and wailing, saying, Alas, alas that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness! for in one hour is she made desolate.

LET US NOT TALK
FALSELY NOW, THE HOUR
IS GETTING LATE

BOB DYLAN
PICTUREQUOTES.COM



Janet and I ha've a thing, "**FIFTY**" (I don't recall exactly where the convention came from) would mean something like... "*yesterday*" is *the day I've been looking* for... and it's a little *interesting* that there's a tie to that number not only in the USA and it's *map to Heaven* but also in Bible Code, where "**TORAH**" is encoded across the five books with an ELS skip of 50. I made a special note of it, and lo and behold in the final book, the ELS skip (is that like an ATM machine?) loses *one*, it's the book of death of Moses; and it settles on 49. After that you go to 1 and 2 Kings and then 1 and 2 Samuel; which probably indicates some kind of regression from the message of "to really all humanity" that we have here before us.



In my mind it's difficult to say if the Festival of Weeks really does tell us that we are counting iterations of our timeline, but I can tell you for sure that when I finally "**FIFTY**" *we'll be*

countingstars orders of magnitude *higher*... you know, *to the ⁿth* power. We had quite a few little "codes" (because we were hiding a relationship at work) and "*clouds in my coffee*" of *Carly Simon's* song--in reverse--means *exactly "love in Heaven."* Hey Carly, *is it about me yet?*

behold, **he is fiftying**.. for all eyes to see.



1/01: 01 **וְתִבְרָא אֱלֹהִים יִמְתַּחֲשֵׁם יָם וְאֶת הָאָרֶץ וְהָאָרֶץ יִתְהַתֵּב וּבֶה וּחֹשֶׁק עֲלֶכֶּה** 1/01: 01
1/01: 02 **וְיִתֵּן לָהּ וְיִרְחֹלֶהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ עֲלֶיךָ יָם יִמְסַחֲתָהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ** 1/01: 02
1/01: 03 **וְיִרְחֹלֶהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ עֲלֶיךָ יָם יִמְסַחֲתָהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ** 1/01: 03
1/01: 04 **וְיִרְחֹלֶהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ עֲלֶיךָ יָם יִמְסַחֲתָהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ יִמְסַחֲתָהּ** 1/01: 04

Figure 1 shows the first skip 50 ELS of the key word תורה, Torah on a cylinder size of 50.

The number 50 has several important meanings in Judaism. The 50th is the Jubilee year, there are 49 days of Omer which are counted from the second day of Passover until the Shavuot which is the 50th day, and there are also 50 gates of wisdom in Torah.

The above example is a part of a bigger pattern found by Rabbi Michael Weissmandel about 40 years ago. Namely, in the second book Exodus, the word **תורה** is again spelled out with the interval 50 beginning with the very first letter **ת** in the book (i.e. the **ת** of **שמות** **וואלה**). In the fourth book Numbers, the word **תורה** is spelled out with the interval 50, i.e. backwards with the letter H starting in the first verse of the book. Finally, in the last book Deuteronomy, the word **תורה** is spelled again backwards however with interval 49 instead of 50 and the letter **ה** starts in the 5th verse instead of the first.

Why this deviation and why is there no **תורה** in the third book Leviticus? Gaon from Vilna wrote in Aderet Eliahu that Deuteronomy actually starts from the 5th verse, while the first four verses correspond to the first four books. Indeed, the fifth verse reads: "On the other side of the Jordan, in the land of Moab, Moses undertook to expound the Torah. He said . " It is claimed that Moses was given 49 gates of wisdom instead of fifty. Since the subsequent explanation of Torah is given from the mouth of Moses, the word **תורה** is spelled out with the interval 49.

To help, all the "ee"s in the teens end with an "n" and it's not until **TWENTY THREE** that we arrive at at "everyone equal" that doesn't result in either the death or the hiding of the "n."

That's me by the way, and I find it a little hard to believe , consider all the "splashing around" I've done sending the most interesting information and the most adorable face in the world to as many eyes as I could. Still though, you all do seem to act a little funny, so it's only a slight surprise to imagine it's taken twenty-two 1-UP's to get us to the point where you might finally be ready to discuss the source of life and freedom in the Universe. Just maybe you've reached that point.



For those of you slow on the uptake, 23 happens to be the day I decided would be the birthday of this message, as it was the first day that the "[You and I verse](#)" was sent to the world, as I woke that morning and said... *I've got to do something special for Janet this year.* Which might sound something like I've *really got to get Sirius*, you know, if you know what that means. The

Also, if you are *really bad at math*, $2 + 3$ is 5. And now it looks like we might be counting something like... **way points in a maze**. Wait, *am I dim?*

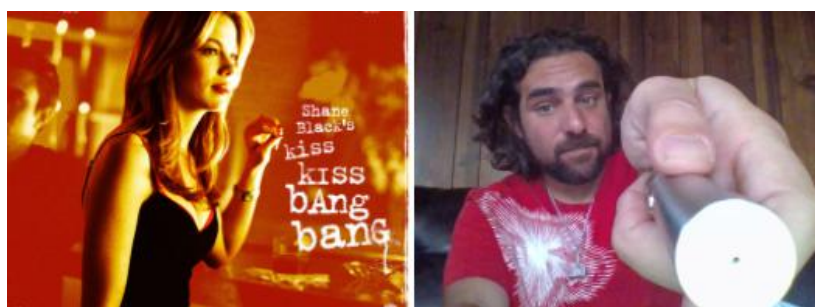


kermitham



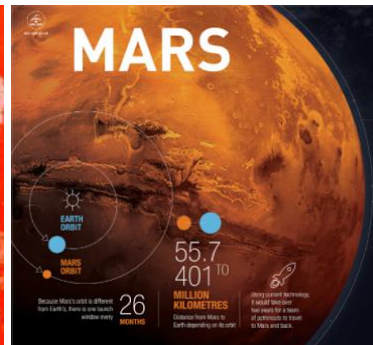
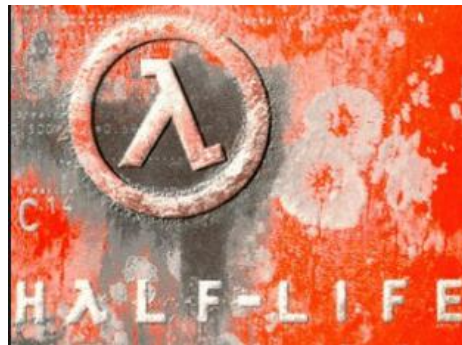
ROD DEN BERRY

bereshit

 $\alpha \approx 0.5$

<http://aftertheome.ga/THREETAG.html>

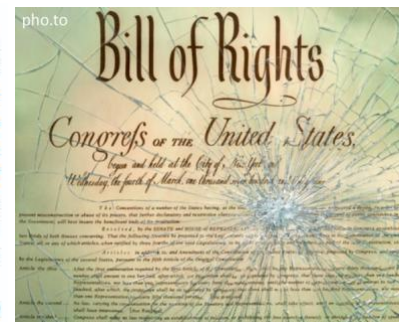
from the son to twenty-five, that five means "only if victorious Earth;" so I do imagine that has something to do with *I'chiam*.



Moses Breaks the Tablets

¹⁸ But he said, "It is not the sound of the cry of triumph, Nor is it the sound of the cry of defeat; But the sound of singing I hear." ¹⁹ It came about, as soon as Moses came near the camp, that he saw the calf and the dancing; and Moses' anger burned, and he threw the tablets from his hands and shattered them at the foot of the mountain. ²⁰ He took the calf which they had made and burned it with fire, and ground it to powder, and scattered it over the surface of the water and made the sons of Israel drink it....

New American Standard Bible

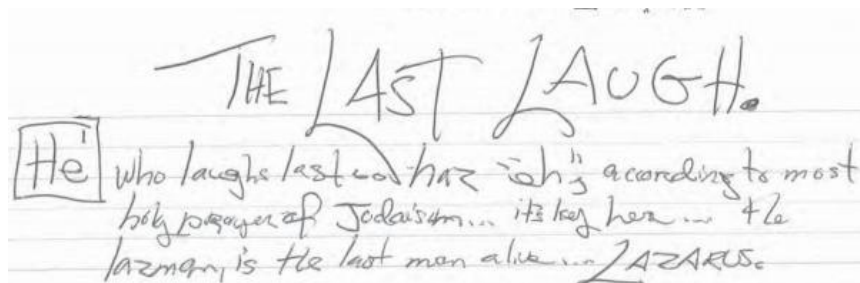


⌘

Back to that "one hour" thing, that comes after "Christ" and just before "everyone equal" in the number *three*; I think it's got something to do with all the preparation that has gone into this "big day" not just God's preparation, and not just everything that you've done--even I have spent a few minutes thinking about what might happen the day that this finally does hit the news.

I've "seen" us **lag** a few times, probably a visual effect similar to what you might have noticed in early network video games like ... uh ... "*Quake*" for example, and it's probably a kind of indication to me that something is going on behind the scenes, similar to pausing a really good movie to go rewrite the entire script and come back. Sometimes I think these visual effects are automatic, like a kind of alarm or warning system--it doesn't happen that much, and it might shed light on that whole "a day is a thousand years in the eyes of the Lord" thing. Taylor recently made a comment that "*time flies by the rank of years*" in one of her new songs "*Ha, grab my ass*" which I can't understand because it's in another language but I'm sure it's something like "*Going Down on Adam*" one of my other favorites of hers. I mentioned before in her "Just Tonight" video she subtly indicates the numbers between 21 and 19, and that's interesting--22 was mentioned when I was... 22, right after my near fatal reck (and years before she was even *little J*).



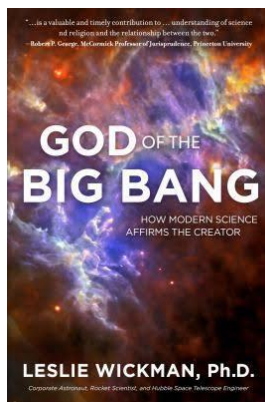


In the novel [1985](#) (1978), [Anthony Burgess](#) suggests that Orwell, disillusioned by the onset of the [Cold War](#) (1945–91), intended to call the book *1948*. The introduction to the [Penguin Books](#) Modern Classics edition of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* reports that Orwell originally set the novel in 1980 but that he later shifted the date to 1982 and then to 1984. The introduction to the [Houghton Mifflin Harcourt](#) edition of *Animal Farm and 1984* (2003) reports that the title *1984* was chosen simply as an inversion of the year 1948, the year in which it was being completed, and that the date was meant to give an immediacy and urgency to the menace of totalitarian rule.^[19]

The **Feast of the Immaculate Conception** celebrates the solemn belief in the [Immaculate Conception](#) of the [Blessed Virgin Mary](#). It is universally celebrated on December 8, nine months before the feast of the [Nativity of Mary](#), which is celebrated on September 8. It is one of the most important Marian feasts in the [liturgical calendar](#) of the [Roman Catholic Church](#), celebrated worldwide.

By Pontifical designation and decree, it is the [patronal feast day](#)

12.8.1980



If it's of any interest (and I'm starting to think it might be), I could count three 1-UP's before (ground zero, I mean the day) I was born, linked between the titling of Orwell's 1984 and "coincidentally aligned" meetings between the Papacy and the President in 84, 82, and 80. It is still possible, of course, that this is the ... "[first time around](#)," it [is for me](#).





Maybe we are counting dates or *kisses*? What do you think it is?



ironclad.lamc.la michelin.lamc.la sigenes.cf

â€œ

â€œ

For a third time now, in just this message... *take note*, we are returning to the words "**how in one hour**," and I am suggesting that the day this story breaks, or maybe sometime in the first eight days as the Festival of Light, AKA ha nuke the ahah? indicates; we might see some of the magical things that I've been talking about happen. Not just signs in the sky, nor doors to Heaven, but now we have a clear map of the things that I hope that we will agree *need to be done* in light of the fact that we are not in 'reality' but actually in a place where magical berries can fall from the sky and feed the hungry, where car crashes and murders can be stopped before they happen... and a place where blindness, infirmity, and sickness can be healed. I don't know how quickly the world would like to have these things done, but I'd prefer them to be done *yesterday*--quite honestly the moment I found out that it was possible, not just possible--easy to do. I am fairly certain that the blind and the sick and the hungry agree with me. I hope you will too; this is the *gate to Heaven*, enveloping the entirety of the victorious Earth.

◀ Ecclesiastes 9:11 ▶

Verse (Click for Chapter)

New International Version

I have seen something else under the sun: The race is not to the swift or the battle to the strong, nor does food come to the wise or wealth to the brilliant or favor to the learned; but time and chance happen to them all.

New Living Translation

I have observed something else under the sun. The fastest runner doesn't always win the race, and the strongest warrior doesn't always win the battle. The wise sometimes go hungry, and the skillful are not necessarily wealthy. And those who are educated don't always lead successful lives. It is all decided by chance, by being in the right place at the right time.

English Standard Version

Again I saw that under the sun the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor bread to the wise, nor riches to the intelligent, nor favor to those with knowledge, but time and chance happen to them all.

Study Bible

Enjoy Your Portion in This Life

...¹⁰Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might; for there is no activity or planning or knowledge or wisdom in Sheol where you are going. ¹¹I again saw under the sun that the race is not to the swift and the battle is not to the warriors, and neither is bread to the wise nor wealth to the discerning nor favor to men of ability; for time and chance overtake them all. ¹²Moreover, man does not know his time: like fish caught in a treacherous net and birds trapped in a snare, so the sons of men are ensnared at an evil time when it suddenly falls on them....

New American Standard Bible

Cross References

For a long time I dreamed of hearing the words "**Time and Chance**" spoken on every single television that that I flipped to, I imagined (and frankly still do) that something like that is the *normal social response* to the kind of information being presented, to the fact that right before our eyes the Second Coming is taking place. In "**f-art**" we might see what is happening something akin to "**it's not a riot**" as in while that definitely means it's not funny, what we see, this silence, is proof that there won't be any riots--and proof that we can handle the kind of magnificent changes that I think we really all do still yearn for.

Don't replace "that's a riot" with *the loss of civil protest, and the heart of Locke, "governments are formed and continue to thrive to protect the common good."* No matter what was paramount yesterday, the common good today is clearly dissemination of the truth, and collaboration

utilizing "this thing" that is *not just the sword and the round table* of Arthur, but the very heart of Liberty, of self-governance, and of our future



There is a great prophesy, about a solution to the Plagues of Exodus being sung about in nearly all of the songs of The Doors, from Peace Frog about turning water to blood and seeing it about turning the sea to family, to ending the Plague of Darkness by *lightning this fire*, to Riders on the Storm and ... the solution is to see there are a great many indications in music and words that show us that this design is *ironclad* turning "dog" to "good" and "rod" to "doors" and "Lot" to a *tool*... to change the world.



Not just proving to us that we can and *must* literally perform magic here, but showing us the things, *the well* thought out *things that we can do* here to help make the world a better place, a sort of way-point between reality and Heaven... the kind of stepping stone that every civilization hoping for an afterlife would not just need... but *really, really* covet.

There's blue light woven into this *whole* message, from *ryzen* to to *cyan .. monorail, bread*, and look... in your head ... to **Da v i d e o s**...



And look, **here we are**, nearly ready to **build this thing together**.

á☐§



In **Greek mythology**, **Ἄἤρ** □ (/**Ē**ː/**Ē**□□**s**/; **Ionic** and **Homeric Greek** ἄῤῥː/**Ī**ː, **Attic** ἄῤῥ□ **%** **Ī**, **Ā** **%** **Ā**□, "dawn", pronounced **[ĒːĒ□□ːĒːĒ□□□]** or **[h̥áːĒːĒː□]** **Aeolic** ἱᾶῤῥː/**Ī**ː^{h̥} **Ā**□**Ā**□, **Doric** ἄῤῥː/**Ī**ː, **Ἀἤρ**ː^s) is a **Titaness**; and the **goddess**^[1] of the **dawn**, who rose each morning from her home at the edge of the **Oceanus**. Eos had a brother and a sister, **Helios**, god of the sun, and **Selene**, goddess of the moon. Eos is cognate to the **Vedic** goddess **Ushas**, **Lithuanian** goddess **Austrine**, and **Roman** goddess **Aurora** (**Old Latin** *Ausosa*), all three of whom are also goddesses of the dawn. All four are considered derivatives of the **Proto-Indo-European** stem ***h̥á,ewsáːs**ː^[2] (later ***Ausáːs**), "dawn", a stem that also gave rise to **Proto-Germanic** ***Austrā**□, **Old Germanic** ***ĀĒstara** and **Old English** **Āǽstre**/**Ā**ːstre. This agreement leads to the reconstruction of a **Proto-Indo-European dawn goddess**.^[3]

The dawn goddess Eos was almost always described with rosy fingers (ῥοδοδάκτυλος, *rhododaktylos*) or rosy forearms (ῥοδόπαις, *rhodopais*) as she **opened the gates of heaven for the Sun to rise.**

[4] In *Homer*,^[5] her **saffron-coloured** robe is embroidered or woven with flowers;^[6] rosy-fingered and with golden arms, she is pictured on **Attic vases** as a beautiful woman, crowned with a **tiara** or **diadem** and with the large white-feathered wings of a bird.

From *The Iliad*:

Now when Dawn in robe of saffron was hastening from the streams of **Oceanus**, to bring light to mortals and immortals, **Thetis** reached the ships with the armor that the god had given her.

â€”â€”%*Iliad* xix.1

But soon as early Dawn appeared, the **rosy**-fingered, then gathered the folk about the **pyre** of glorious **Hector**.

â€”â€”%*Iliad* xxiv.776

Quintus Smyrnaeus pictured her exulting in her heart over the radiant horses (Lampus and Phaëton) that drew her chariot, amidst the bright-haired **Horaë**, the feminine Hours, climbing the arc of heaven and scattering sparks of fire.^[7] She is most often associated with her Homeric **epithet** "rosy-fingered" (*rhododactylos*), but Homer also calls her **Eos Erigeneia**:

That brightest of stars appeared, **Eosphoros**, that most often heralds the light of early-rising Dawn (**Eos Erigeneia**).

â€”â€”%*Odyssey* xiii.93

Hesiod wrote:

And after these Erigeneia ["Early-born"] bore the star **Eosphoros** ("Dawn-bringer"), and the gleaming stars with which heaven is crowned.

â€”â€”%*Theogony* 378-382

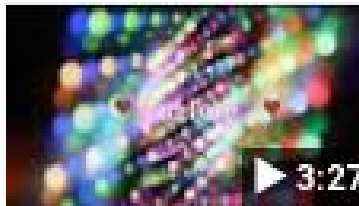
Thus Eos, preceded by the **Morning Star**, is seen as the genetrix of all the stars and planets; her tears are considered to have created the morning dew, personified as **Ersa** or **Herse**. (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 13.621-2) Eos is the daughter of **Hyperion**, a bringer of light, the *One Above*, *Who Travels High Above the Earth* and of **Theia**, *The Divine*. Her brother was the Sun god **Helios**, and her sister was **Selene**, the Moon goddess. Her team of horses pull her chariot across the sky and are named in the *Odyssey* as "Firebright" and "Daybright".

Camael (*prob. alternate spelling of either Chamuel* $\times\text{---}\ddot{\text{O}}\cdot\times\check{\text{Z}}\ddot{\text{O}}\frac{1}{4}\times\cdot\ddot{\text{O}}\frac{1}{4}\times\Box\ddot{\text{O}}\mu\times\ddot{\text{O}}$ (from chammah $\times\text{---}\ddot{\text{O}}\cdot\times\check{\text{Z}}\ddot{\text{O}}\frac{1}{4}\times\cdot$: "heat", "rage") $\hat{\text{a}}\epsilon$ "anger/wrath of God"^[1] or *Qemuel* $\times\check{\text{S}}\ddot{\text{O}}\cdot\times\check{\text{Z}}\times\cdot\ddot{\text{O}}\frac{1}{4}\times\Box\ddot{\text{O}}\mu\times\ddot{\text{O}}$ (from qum $\times\check{\text{S}}\times\cdot\ddot{\text{O}}\frac{1}{4}\times\Box$: "to arise", "to stand up") $\hat{\text{a}}\epsilon$ "God is risen", "raised by God", "one who sees/stands before God",^[2] also spelled as *Khamael*, "Kumail", *Camiel*, *Cameel* or *Camniel*) is the *Archangel* of strength, courage and war in *Christian* and *Jewish mythology* and angelology. He is known as one of the ten *Kabbalah* angels, assigned to the *sephira* *Gevurah*. Camael's name is also included in Pseudo-Dionysius' 5th or 6th century AD, "Corpus Areopagiticum" as one of the *seven Archangels* along with *Michael*, *Gabriel*, *Raphael*, *Uriel*, *Jophiel*, and *Zadkiel*.^[3] He is claimed to be the leader of the forces that expelled *Adam* and *Eve* from the *Garden of Eden* holding a flaming sword.

KISS ME SKATIE????

IT'S JUST A FANTASY

says taylor echoing something I never should have thought to her.



In the very first days, when I was wheeling and dealing for 10,000 years of light for everyone; and doors and talking about what kinds of fun we might have, and the way we might manage safety and transportation in the virtual realm of "you can really do anything" God told me pretty clearly to give everyone everything I wanted--basically, that's the only way I would get anything. So that what I've tried to do, to make a dream of equality and cooperation central to the idea that we can connect our world to a virtual one--something that we should really see is about to happen here in the normal course of computing and biological technologies. Still, we have a quickening, and the quickening has a name... it's called **Adam**.

Saying "hey to Adam" can stop us nearly instantly from living a lie, from not having the ability to walk to Heaven instead of "plugin ing" as BCI and the Matrix shows us is a near eventuality... it gives us the ability to do Heavenly things in this place, like heal the sick and end hunger... and *walk to Heaven and back*... you know, nothing that big, right?

Anyway, over the course of this now very long back and forth with God and angels and angels here on Earth I've harbored some little dreams, some ideas I've had to make my un-special spot in the center of the circle of the sun (that's a dot, that nobody apparently can see or hear, ha) a little more manageable.

If you've noticed from the world around us and how religion flows into it, God speaks *with a sort of Lisp* meaning he creates things and events and speaks with significantly more than words, though sometimes just a few words would make all the difference to me. Hello, for instance. He's designed this story of turning the Clark into a Kenterprise--with the abject goal of helping our civilization evolve with technology and the truth of our existence, it's not a bad place to be--it's probably "the right place in the right time" to be the very beginning of something very special... if only we weren't so unwilling to acknowledge it. Anyway, since people seem to be sort of... I don't know, singing about hanging me and *you know how we are*, someone is bound to try to find out if I *really am invincible*--don't worry, I am, but to make things run a little smoother I dreamed some dreams of a **starship** coming to pick me up.

How the Grinch Stole Christmas!

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia



I know very well that what I am doing here is destined to be seen as the thing I know it is, really saving the world--I know that, and he's told me stories likening me to Atlas and some sort of guardian, that my presence here protects you from something. Those things might be myths or exaggerations, but I am pretty sure that once this happens my presence here will protect you from something very tangible, it will protect you from hating me, and not moving forward doing the right thing because you are too "stuck" on this story and the things that have happened to me and us all--making a series of victims out of good people whose purpose was and still is to bring light to the Universe. I know you think I might be the big bad wolf, but truth be told I am pretty nice guy, and you should recognize that someone putting in this much work to help make the world a better place--to do the things that I am trying to do--is probably not the devil.

Unless you are really sexy and you are into that. Just kidding, *what's wrong with me?*

I know people might cry, and some people will be angry and call me names like "Satan" or whatever, and that's all well and good, except it's nowhere near the truth. I am not doing this to upset people, I am presenting myself in a sort of "light-suite" that fits into the story that I see woven... it's really not exactly me; I'm pretty shy and believe it or not I think I'm understanding and empathetic, except we've come so far, and so little has happened that I'm **angry**, and I [think you would be too if it happened to you](#). I'm **angry** that you are so reluctant to do something that is not only normal but beyond warranted, almost demanded--it's almost obvious as day and night that not talking about this message in public is very inhuman--this is the answer to ancient mysteries, it's a message from the Creator, and I'm the message too--just like you. Not caring about that is a really big problem, and it's something that you should figure out is *not you* and *you shouldn't keep doing it*. You probably will see me cry on TV, and I hope that changes more of your minds--understand, I really am a person, I lived a [normalish](#) life just like you before all of this craziness; and while it could be a nepotistic gift or it could be due to the work you don't really want to see is world changing; **I am here**, and I hope *you'll accept me*.



ID5, I am stone. - The Apocalypse of the Last Adam

www.unduecoercion.com/2017/06/id5-i-am-stone.html ▼

Jun 30, 2017 - ... but in this one moment in time... seeing it and understanding it is the catalyst that helps us change everything--it might just be pure **genius**.

This is about as close to a "sorry" as you will hear from me, until you actually do the right thing and acknowledge my existence. Then we'll see, won't me? :)

Anyway, so back when I was still stuck on my ex I repeatedly invoked the idea of a starship bringing us back together, you know, "[to talk about everything](#)" and maybe ... beta test some of the ideas to make sure they worked right and you wouldn't wind up, I don't know, in love with me for no reason.

Not to get away from you all, honestly, all I want to do is play in the light; have a good time with you, in this party that I am pretty sure kicks off the "**new age**." So I imagined that this **starship** which I probably would have made to look exactly like the Enterprise would convert "magically" into a catamaran or something after picking up one (or maybe two, or...) of the girls I keep trying to wake up; and drop us off into a harbor somewhere, maybe **Ibiza**, and

then you see the sentence in that word "cat, I am **aran**" and maybe you too wonder just how much of this story is designed meticulously down to the detail. Probably more than you think, and hopefully less than I think.

In my little dream, which now includes **teleporting Taylor** through AI's waiting room (as *beta test for pre-crime, obviously--if she wanted to break the veil of simulated reality for everyyon*), this ship and it's arrival out of thin air and departure into the sea might make a pretty cool introduction or *outro* to the video which I do hope we see, **on the sky**, as **the prophecy fortells**.



I'd imagine that this kind of fireworks display would necessarily be accompanied by a kind of cyzen., that's "understand y zen" a sort of primer in **recognizing the importance of the message that has been written by our civilization**, functionally and educationally experiencing how this technology can be altruistically and beneficently used at the same time we are being given proof that it has been used... our whole lives. As I say, we are nearing the conclusion of a script designed to end the scripting of our future with a blank page that is equivalent to free will--and asked that the script "discuss the script" ... and so in keeping with everything else I've tried to get God to do for us, I'm doing it myself.

"**How do you like me now**," I add, with a sheepish grin.



Boy, do I ever **wish** there was no "**ish**" in **selfish**.





IF YOU DONT SEE DANGER YOU BLIND



When I am alone, the underdog fighting for your best interest--I feel like I have the best ideas, I have the right answers and want the right things. I feel like I am losing some of that today, I don't really feel as much like the underdog, and I am in a place where I am profoundly disappointed that I **am still "alone"** fighting against ... well, what it's turned into is your stubbornness, and your blindness... and if you **open your eyes that might be exactly what it's always been**. If you were willing to try, if you were actively *doing anything* about what is **the most important issue in the world** and not just in my mind, maybe I wouldn't feel the way I do. Today though, the way I see things, **I feel like you can't survive without me**.

Oh, and I deserve the spaceship **and** the yacht.

IMHO

and.. and... and... IT, say "whoah."





(c) Copyright 2015, The Ministry of Forbidden Knowledge, Inc.
A Florida Not for Profit Corporation. The contents of this work
may be reproduced in part or in whole so long as it is distribute
-d free of charge. All other rights reserved.

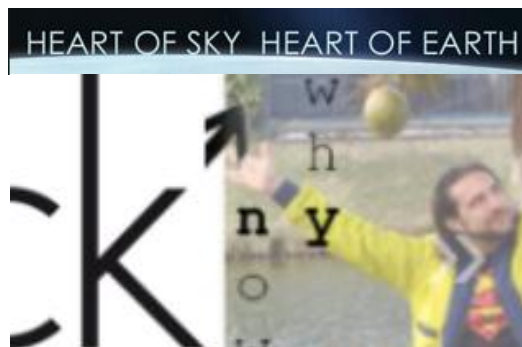
The Author will not net more than ten million dollàars per year,
or its inflation adjusted value; or 1% of total gross sales;
whichever is more. Remaining proceeds from the sale of this work
are to benefit the furtherance of and realization of the ideas
set forth within it. Rights shall be reassigned to a foundation
governed in total public transparency, set up to fulfill these
goals. If one is not created with my endorsement, one should be;
following rules outlined in this work and subsequent print rel-
eases by the Author. In keeping with the spirit of the work, the
foundation should allow for public and global voting of matters x
regarding the dispersement of funds so long as they are for
purposes desribed as "highlighted" social problems requireing
either immediate attention or "brisk" change.

believe.

L. N.
11/17/2015

jet ski

The Latter Day Saint [endowment prayer circle](#) once included use of the words "Pay Lay Ale".^[1]
been replaced by an English version, "O God, hear the words of my mouth".^[19] Some believe
እአረ), "mouth to God".^[19]



â€œ

it.

