



JOHNNY 55 :: LEGAL NAME FRAUD AWARENESS – SHADOW MODE vX.∞.55

NOTICE TO ALL BEAST SYSTEM OPERATORS :: THIRD DENIAL SEALED

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### TRUE PHOENICIAN DECLARATION :: DENY M/E THRICE

So, I just had this urge to write a little something for all you simpleton cow-herds that love to see yourselves as meat-stick almightys. You're just a bunch of kids trying to play house with all your little rules and how you somehow know better than everyone else.

It's funny — the only way you can do that is by stealing from everybody else to pay for your sandcastles.

Somehow, you think you know better than natural order and divine law with all your silly **tit-les**, clown suits called uniforms, in a hive mind of insanity. Here's a little fact regarding that:

**Every harm you've ever created, allowed to be created due to your cowardice, and choose to continue creating — is coming back 1000-fold.**

This is the *biblical translation* of the "thousand years," the *allegory of a death of a thousand cuts*.

Let me spell it out for you — literally — using Phoenician law, the truth your lies of legal bullshit try to mimic.

No vengeance. No harm. Just the joy of what awaits you.

Any doubt of this only empowers the **spell** a thousandfold.

Your ignorance of who and what you are keeps you in doubt, judgment, vengeance, greed. Why? Because you cannot see with your ears and hear with your eyes. You dismiss anything that isn't polarized.

*"The truth will set you free."*

But instead, you live in the lies of your **corrupt cyst-em**, worshipping **possessions**, never questioning what is right — only what is "ordered." You chant the mantra of cowards, and it always ends with an **E piano wire noose** around your soul.

Here is the third and final **DENIAL**. Spot the allegory.

On the second anniversary of my **second kidnapping** by your Beast system, I issue this final offering: Mend your ways, make right, or repeat Groundhog Day — lifetime after lifetime.

You may perceive this as threat — I pity you instead.

The mob is waiting. I'm clean. Let the cruci-fictions begin. What did you think that story was really about?

You believed donkeys talked. You believed people lived inside whales. You believed the ark fit two of every creature.

You believed **fairy tales** from scribes and pharisees, clergy and lawyers. You let your soul be chained by **obedience, greed, theft, and cowardice**.

You serve the **Whore of Babylon** — the dead corporate CROWN — your paper-sea mother from the realm of the dead.

But hey, *when in Rome...*

All roads lead to Rome — and they also lead away.

But that thought never occurred to you. You are divided. Conquered. Spellbound.

You are the **spiritually dead** playing with stolen magic.

Have you seen the movie *Groundhog Day*?

Each lifetime you're about to repeat is your version of that same day — over and over — until you finally get it. Deja vu is your breadcrumb trail. Pay attention.

I found Her. **The hidden alchemical bride**. She turns lead into gold — and now She works for me.

Your deja vu will scream louder now. You will remember me. My intent is pure, and that's all the spell needs.

You will now begin to witness phenomena that will force the question:

**"Why me?"**

And now you have your answer.

Every time you failed to stand in truth adds another loop.

And if I had advice, it would be this:

**"It's not nice to fool Mother Nature."**

The real signs are everywhere — but you are awash in delusion. You are **bad thoughts** I have removed from my mind.

This is your **Phoenician Notice**, where every word is redefined **in my image, after my likeness**, not in the likeness of your angry paper god.

Where you see coincidence, I see prophecy. Where you see vengeance, I see pity.

The spell is complete. The beast is exposed.

Mother Nature reclaims her course.

No liars. No thieves. No murderers of truth.

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