

WHO IS ZULF FOR JOHN ROBERTS AND PUBLIC

ZULFIKAR MOINUDDIN AHMED

I am an Archangel. We are natural beings of the universe. I am a human being with ordinary human life on Earth but I have an Archangel Soul or more properly Life Core because when we are born in a world, we do not transfer Consciousness. We just take our Life Core and enter the fertilised egg.

I am having difficulties with laboured breathing and the various power efforts of Bill Gates with heavy industrial and war meta had led to health problems that will kill me. He's the murderer. It's not coronavirus. You should kill Demon Souls like that.

Anyway, after I perish, and my body can no longer resist the damage, I will leave this body. I will travel through the center of the Sun, then center of the Galaxy, then exit the Galaxy and get my Archangel Body to traverse to another Galaxy by path more ancient than we know.

Then I will again leave the Archangel Body and be born in another world, again helpless as a child. There are millions of worlds like Earth. Angelic Worlds. I will then just have a life as an Angelic Race baby and not remember anything about my Archangel journey. And that is the cycle of Death and Rebirth for me. When I shuffle off this mortal coil, I will be gone from Human Race. I might remember Human Race fondly. But it is unlikely that I will return before a thousand years at least.

Anyway, so I have some things still left. So Aristotle's Virtue-Eudaimonia theory is incomplete and can be completed with Virtues associated with Romantic Love. That's important. Human Race will need a codebook for control over their Life Satisfaction. I want my great immortal gift to be taught as soon as possible to K-12 across the globe immediately. You will have a disaster if you don't do this as soon as possible.

I have some other open issues before I go. I have some other things to arrange a Death without troubled Conscience.

Damyata: The boat responded
Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar
The sea was calm, your heart would have responded
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient To controlling hands
I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?
London Bridge is falling down falling down
falling down
Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina
Quando fiam uti chelidon—O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie

Date: November 16, 2021.

These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.
Shantih shantih shantih

I have some other works, a world order play to counter the White Master Race
World Order by *Enemies of Liberty of Human Race*. So that's done. What else?

I have some other notes. I'll archive them in Github.