

Kikewatch and Whores

Kikewatch

Rich and Famous

Together with a few other Jewish businessmen, the late Samuel O'Neill ran an extremely profitable business. Although Samuel passed away from cancer in early 2011, the operation continues and expands year by year. These vipers have cameras installed in the homes, hotel rooms, cabins, meeting rooms, and so on, of famous, otherwise significant, or simply interesting people. These nearly microscopic wireless cameras, also equipped with small microphones, record people's private lives, which are then sold within a video ring under the name "Tapes".

A member of the rich elite, if they so desire, can watch, for example, Bob Dylan jogging on the treadmill in his home gym, or Scarlett Johansson taking a shower. Only a truly exceptional people can avoid being recorded at home, in case you consider royals or illuminatis exceptional. Yet, even they end up in the footage as cameras are placed in all kinds of locations where particular people congregate. But no compilations of their activities are made.

So-called ordinary people should not know about the whole thing. The rich and famous do, but they can't do anything about it. Sofia Coppola said that Quentin Tarantino, newly famous at the time, used to give himself self-esteem boosting monologues in front of a mirror at home, until he found out about the Tapes. "Did we really had to tell him," one Tapes client had complained. "It could have waited."

Sofia herself mocked me, saying she could see what I was doing at home. I asked Samuel to have cameras installed in her bathroom too. Many influential people are spared from this. In their homes, only the living room and kitchen are monitored. In families with children, there

are fewer cameras, or maybe pedophiles like Samuel O'Neill just keep the tapes containing underage nudity for themselves.

Beautiful Traditions of Judaism

The tapes themselves are delivered to clients, or at least used to were, specifically as physical recordings, as actual tapes. That is what I was told. Unfortunately, I don't remember which format the tapes were in. One could assume it was something relatively rare. Playing the tapes requires a special deck. It might be disguised as a DVD player, a radio, or something similar.

Tapes is a public secret. As far as I know, no newspaper articles have been written about it, although I vaguely remember reading about it in Finnish "City-lehti" in the 1990s. In popular culture, Tapes appears for example as Metallica's various tour and studio videos. After hearing about it in the late '80s, Metallica decided to start filming themselves and selling the footage to the public. They figured it was going to happen anyway.

Because the people who own Tapes are all Jews, I have also called the system "Kikewatch". But this doesn't mean that Jewish people aren't being monitored just like everyone else. True immunity only applies to the Illuminati and royalty. According to Samuel O'Neill, the surveillance system exists so that people's actions can be known. So that no one does anything inappropriate. So that people voluntarily limit what they do and say. It goes without saying that Tapes is also an excellent tool in politics and business. And on top of that, it's a great moneymaker. The money earned is perhaps used to buy new kippahs. Except Samuel's nephew Chris O'Neill doesn't need one, since, as a crypto-Jew, he pretends to be Catholic.

Silver Lining

A sufficiently aware satanist, one who is deep in the game, can make money with Tapes themselves by installing cameras in a location they deem suitable and leasing out that connection. By installing cameras themselves, they can also influence how the footage is compiled. As of now (2025), the people stalking me are Finnish pedophile-faggots. I wonder if they get to decide what kind of image of me is created through Tapes? This is an interesting question because, as a major enemy of the satanists, there's an effort to portray me in a negative light. On the other hand, many viewers would surely prefer to see what actually happened, rather than what someone wants them to see.

In addition to O'Neill, at least film producer Joel Silver had cameras installed in my apartment. He personally visited me in Turku, Finland in the summer of 2010. He called me a week prior to ask whether I would be home in case he dropped by. Then, on a beautiful summer day, he showed up at my door with an assistant. Once inside, Silver

poked me with something sharp. Soon I was laughing uncontrollably and passed out on the floor. I woke up earlier than expected and saw Silver and his assistant busy trying to mount a camera on the ceiling.

Smaller and Smaller

Cameras have gotten smaller and cheaper year by year. In 2001, they were just over a centimeter long and resembled a transistor. By 2010, they had become smaller than a grain of rice, black, extremely sticky, and stretchy like a rubber band. By 2020, the cameras were already vanishingly small and so cheap that they could be casually installed even on a subject's clothing, here and there.

The best place for a camera is a hat, especially a baseball cap. This way, the camera captures what the *target* sees as they turn their head. A camera can also be installed on the underside of the cap's brim, allowing the subject's face to be recorded as well. This is important, as the face, especially the eyes, is the most interesting part of a person. I remember how, in the summer of 2010, Chris O'Neill tried hard to coax me into wearing a cap, wondering why I didn't want to cover my short buzzcut with headgear. A little later, Finnish satanists were talking on the phone in a sardonic way about a new fashion trend, where nearly every man wore a cap when going out to a bar. I think that trend is still around in 2025.

Interesting Matter

Whether it's a private residence or some other locked space, cameras can be installed in under thirty seconds. Tapes has specialized personnel on their payroll for just this task. Samuel O'Neill said that any lock can be picked.

Installing cameras in the homes of lay-people is especially easy. You just break in by force and incapacitate the resident with a satanic hypnosis trick. Cameras on the ceiling, possibly guided with a monitor, and before leaving, another trick to erase the victim's short-term memory. Of course, a skilled satanist can do this to another satanist as well. After all, there are all kinds of satanists: some barely know a single trick, while others can pull theirs off even from a distance.

Not to mention the orcs, whose abilities differ widely. On a different note, it's interesting that many competent orcs pretend to be incompetent humans. And meanwhile, an incompetent orc may unwittingly rise to an important position in the human world. In such cases, they are often replaced by another orc.

The orcs' relationship with the Kikewatch is also an interesting matter. Because of the hidden cameras, they can't openly talk about life as an orc, not even behind closed doors. Thus we arrive at one of

the most fascinating questions in the human world: Are the world's leaders, politicians, businessmen, and various grey eminences actually orcs? And if they aren't, how do they stand up to them? Was Samuel O'Neill an orc? Are the Rothschilds orcs? Or could it be that if one is half lizard, he cannot be taken?

It is also interesting that when reptilians visited my apartment in the summer of 2010, they didn't notice the cameras. Then I received calls praising how amazing the videos of my encounters with them had turned out.

Neverending Tour

Chris said that there's a camera at the front door of his New York apartment, but he hasn't allowed any cameras inside. Samuel was disappointed that my home sauna couldn't be filmed. As he had suspected, the steam fogged up the lens. In Samuel's mind sauna was something perverted.

The cameras placed in my apartment used to bother me. Nowadays, I'm used to it. I sit on the toilet and watch adult entertainment if I feel like it. I don't flip the bird at empty walls to prove I'm aware of what's going on. It might actually be better to pretend not to know about the cameras and the satanic theater swirling around me. But I'm not doing that either. I must say, though, that I really hate Kikewatch. I think it's wrong.

I remember when Bob Dylan said he had struggled with the cameras for a while but eventually turned the situation to his advantage. As a world-class artist, many people want to observe how he works at home. Sarcastically he said that he must not disappoint his audience. Dylan is known for his work ethic. When he's at home, he still goes into his study every weekday morning and comes out in the afternoon. Because of Tapes, Dylan enjoys being on tour. And he surely is not the only celebrity who hates the cameras.

Many people are unknowingly in the same position. Their lives are a show too. It could be anyone whose endeavors some rich wrongdoer wants to follow. Money talks. Some rich people want to watch the lives of those suffering from famine. That's possible. Someone wants to follow President Obama's sex life. That too is possible, but it's not cheap. And I wouldn't be surprised if McMurdo Station in Antarctica were full of Kikewatch-cameras. One of the residents secretly works as an operator and maintenance guy for them. Then they just send all sorts of lunatics to the station and provoke them into going after each other. The camera runs 24/7, recording this real-life Big Brother show for whoever happens to be interested in watching it.

Less or More

The idea of being watched makes you self-aware. You start to do less – or more. What effect does constant surveillance and being filmed have on the human psyche? I never really thought about it, as you just have to get used to it, and that's it. The more you freak out, better show it is, and more satisfied are the kikes who gain from it.

In a way, Kikewatch reflects the human world on a larger scale. The universe is full of advanced species that can observe the lives of humans and other similarly undeveloped species without them ever realizing it. In the same way, someone might be watching them. We live in a very transparent universe, or whatever cosmos it is.

Some say one should not complain about Tapes, since other people are being watched too. That is, anyone someone happens to be interested in. The common way to deal with the whole thing is to claim that it doesn't bother you. Even racing driver Kimi Räikkönen said that. Though surely it does bother him. Who wouldn't be bothered? At least you get to watch other people's lives too. Kimi mentioned that Schumi really likes to fuck. No doubt about it. Even Finnish NHL players knew about Tapes but they said it's apparently something you're not supposed to talk about - so they didn't.

Very few people are filmed and watched as much as I am. It's a punishment, because I left the club and refused to worship Satan. At some point I tried adopting the attitude that my life is a performance. I'm the star of the show. But it's hard for me to accept that I didn't get a single crumb of the money that flowed through me to all kinds of cunty wrongdoers. I figured: "No money, no show," as Chuck Berry put it. But how stupid would I be to think like that? It's only natural that no one wants me to do anything. The whole world hates me. I just have to fight back, try to defend myself, and keep working on my writings. You don't get paid for a calling. What kind of show my life is? Or what could it be like? Many Satanists seem to be interested mainly in seeing how their magick and influence can harm my life. How much they can mess it up. My suffering is their joy. By far, my misery is the most important thing about me.

Samuel O'Neill said he could see everything I do, even in the dark. When all the things I had experienced and heard in 2010 slowly but inevitably started returning to my memory in late 2011, I was shaken by the thought of the cameras and Tapes. The idea that people could see everything I do in my home felt awful. I started using the bathroom without turning on the lights. Eventually I remembered that some of the cameras are infrared. And you could put cameras in the bedding. Even if I were to jerk off under the blanket in the dark, it could still be recorded. So what can you do? Let them watch. Who exactly is watching? I don't know.

I have grown to think that anyone in the club can watch me. And for free. In fact, it is probably expected from at least Finnish satanists to

watch me and then talk about how I wipe my asshole. This would be the Jews' revenge on me for making Kikewatch something everyone knows.

In 2025 my landlord Barham Tofiq made a mistake. He described my behavior in his apartment with strangely precise detail and even claimed to notice everything I do. It's natural that the pedophile-faggots sic the landlord on me but this time it was somehow different. I don't think commenting my actions to me is allowed. People can watch but I'm not supposed to know about it. Or then they can't but they have to imply that they do.

Whores

Introduction

A group of Finnish men has taken charge of my satanic persecution. They have been given an unlimited budget by some international entity to carry it out. They themselves have, of course, also become wealthy. I call these men 'pedophile-faggots', because that is what they are, and because I don't know their names.

They don't personally handle the day-to-day aspects of my persecution. For that, they have hired other people, whom I call 'whores', because they will do anything for money. Some of these individuals were already on the satanic club's payroll beforehand. But my persecution is such a large-scale operation that new people have to be hired constantly. These are found among the large crowd of satanists. Almost anyone can whore, and very many do.

Over the Top

In my case, things have gone seriously over the top. There aren't just cameras at home and in the car. They are being installed everywhere I go. Everything I do is considered worth filming. Still, I don't believe anyone actually bothers watching all that footage. Only holiday trips and nights out at bars would seem like something remotely interesting. But no matter who I talk to, the whores need to know who it was. To the whores, I'm "the target", and they see themselves as working "in the security sector".

Maybe the Finnish pedophile-faggots and whores are desperately trying to prevent the spread of my home page, or maybe they are just curious. What protocol are they operating under? In the apartment downstairs, a whore eats an apple and reads my mail, watching my daily activities out of the corner of her eye on a monitor. It's one way to make a living. What boosts my mood is the thought that the lives of the whores and pedophile-faggots are being watched too. And I would

guess their activities are far more interesting than mine.

If I weren't being isolated from my own life, my life might actually be interesting. I'd be in touch with all sorts of people. I could be dating some nice woman. I would have a hobby. In that case, I probably wouldn't be writing these bitter texts. But this is where things have ended up. I didn't choose for it to be this way. Still, life goes on, more or less.

Qui Bono?

I have heard that the whores handling my surveillance on a practical level don't like me. They are forced to take the stance that I'm a crazy and dangerous loser who needs to be watched. By lying to themselves like this, they justify what they do. And they are well-paid for it. Even so, the majority of the whores are imbeciles who are good for nothing. People don't like them because, despite their obvious dull-wittedness, they act with arrogant rudeness and a controlling attitude. I suppose they're instructed to command, not to negotiate.

I have heard that stalking me pays around 150e for the first hour, and 100e per hour after that. This would be for a part-timer. Full-timers earn a lot more, depending on the skill level. Computer experts earn more than drink lacers. A top-tier information technology expert surely won't settle for petty cash, but knows how to demand a salary in the hundreds of thousands per year. After all, whoring is ultimately a highly corrupting line of work. You are a criminal, and in dealing with me, you may hear things that put your own well-being at risk.

There are all kinds of whores with different contracts. One might do a shift on the road, trailing me for a few hours. Another might show up just to mock and insult me when I go to a bar. This kind of targeted hit job meant to ruin my night includes performance-based bonuses. The bonus depends on whether the whore can get me to lose my temper. Then there's a third kind who lives next door – spending 60 hours a week monitoring me, and when I'm out, sneak into my apartment to switch my clothes for ones in the wrong size.

I don't know how these people get paid. Is it in cash or by bank transfer? From a tax inspector's point of view, it is an interesting matter. If someone does this for a living for 10 years, owns a new car and an apartment but hasn't inherited anything, what do they put on their tax return? Or on their résumé, for that matter? It's clear that at some point, the fun will come to an end.

And of course, I would gladly take everything away from these people if I could. But there are thousands of culprits. And more. There are so many of them, and their crimes are so serious, that if the whole thing were exposed and led to a police investigation, the prisons in Finland would never be big enough to hold them all.

I have heard that whores' actions have been reported to the authorities in large numbers. The police investigate nothing. On the other hand, they also ignore the investigation requests related to my home page. And I don't believe that even when I finally get the chance, as an old man, to torment my persecutors, these "crimes" will be investigated either. The whole case is simply far too big for any authority to handle. Whores are allowed to operate above the law. It's unreal.

Who made it like this? Fact is, some interdimensional ufo-entities want my life to be hot and cold. It has to be safe but unpleasant. They don't care if it doesn't make any sense to anybody. As long as it goes on and doesn't stop. They reap the best benefit from it the way it is.