

UFOLOSOPHY 3

Wobbler (Hyllerö)

There are many kinds of ufos. In this writing, ufos are those whose worlds orcs and reptilians cannot enter. Can Satan? Well, that's a good question.

I don't particularly distinguish between ufos - except now for Wobbler. He is a very powerful mega-ufo, a mega-entity. Always cheerful old man. He's turquoise and somewhat bulky. About five meters tall, but he can also appear human-sized. Wobbler likes to dress in armor somewhat like the Marvel character Galactus, except that Wobbler's armor is gold and silver of colour. Wobbler's armored suit also includes a helmet with two or three upward-pointing protrusions. I don't know what purpose they serve, but perhaps he uses them to pick up signals from the cosmos.

I don't know his real name. He got the nickname Hyllerö because he repeatedly blocked my Veikkaus (Finnish national betting agency) winnings. Some unknown entity put his face on Veikkaus' "Hyllerö" digital lottery game. There, he watches over to make sure I don't win anything. Wobbler is an English derivative of "Hyllerö".



AI depiction of Wobbler



Hyllerö of Veikkaus

Wobbler's Commodity

Is Wobbler fundamentally malicious and mean-spirited? He certainly is a very difficult person. If I say that Wobbler is taking advantage of me, someone could say the same about me when I drink milk and eat meat and eggs. In any case, Wobbler has taken a big role in this project I call my life. And he doesn't like me. Once Wobbler told me this is somewhat unfair to me, but on whole, I serve better this way. Instead of "doing things."

"Let others do now, and you do some other time," he said, even though he knows there won't be another time for me.

Once Wobbler told me through demons that he hadn't had anyone like me for a long time. And it can't be wasted. That day demons had been harassing me all day, and it was quite a nightmare, continuing through the night and to the following day. That was when I learned to fear Wobbler. He can be really nasty. Forcing a person to stay awake is a surprisingly powerful weapon. Add in the voices inside your head, the muscles twitching, the visual onslaught and the immense mental pressure, and pretty soon you are shaking like a leaf.

Maybe Wobbler takes care of his favorites among humans. And I am his tool to help those people. Someone has to suffer so these people can rejoice and succeed. But why can't Wobbler take that benefit out of himself if it's so important to him?

For a while, it's bearable to be a whipping boy. Compared to other lays, my life is tolerable. But in the long run, the awareness of being just a commodity is frustrating. And once you get used to something, it no longer bothers you, so Wobbler has to crank things up by other means. Gradually your life worsens further as pleasant elements are removed and replaced with nasty ones. Nothing can succeed, and your mind is constantly gnawed by gloom. A proper bout of frustration can even turn into physical pain. It's perhaps a wonder that I haven't developed cancer.

I can't also avoid the thought that Wobbler and his companions harvest the energy of my suffering for their own pleasure. That maybe they are hooked on the euphoria they get from tormenting me. It's also hard to dismiss the idea that they simply hate me. Or maybe hate is foreign to a mega-ufo like Wobbler. He wouldn't waste time on hating anyone. He just simply doesn't care about others except himself and his own thoughts. As a narcissist, he knows best – and nobody else understands a thing. Everything can always be justified from an educational perspective. Is the famous Vaganova Ballet Academy in Russia known for gentle methods?

Then there is the possibility that Wobbler is a satanist. Or that Satan is using him as a tool to get revenge on me. After all, I have written all kinds of things, and I refuse to join. Whether Wobbler is a junkie or a satanist, he is, in any case, an enemy to me, which is unfortunate, since he is so powerful.

Wobbler With Guitar

Around 2013, Wobbler and some other ufo appeared to me in a dream. They had surely seen that the next year I would quit playing guitar and the following year stop drinking. Wobbler said he could take my place if I wanted to stop living as a human.

“Don’t quit playing, and don’t sell your instruments. I’m interested in guitar playing,” he said.

Smiling, he went on, wondering how he might fare in my skin.

I got jealous of my own life. I didn’t want to give it to Wobbler or anyone. I forbade him from stealing my life.

Wobbler knows exactly which strings to pull. He also knew the guitar was a very important element in my torment. All the sabotage and jinxing related to playing guitar produced a significant but easy benefit for human satanists. Surely for Wobbler too. He had ensured he would get an ample cut of everything that had to do with me.

Committee

A few years later, I found myself before a ufo committee in a dream. I would say they were mega-ufos. In a very minimalistic room were three tables. In the center sat a panel of three ufos. On the left side, a panel of two ufos. At the back, a bit higher up, sat one ufo at his own table. Standing in the front of the room was one who acted as the presenter. On the right, next to the largest table, stood Wobbler. He asked me questions.

I was drunk. Why did I have to be heard right then? Wobbler's fingerprints were all over it. He asked what I wanted to do in life. I answered that I wanted to be like John Rambo - a lone commando. A melancholic, hardened loner who fights the whole world. I also said I wanted to be a secret agent or detective.

One of the committee ufos said that being alone isn’t wise. People don’t like being alone. He was right. I just didn’t know how to take the committee seriously. Nor did I take the ufos seriously. They looked a bit strange to the human eye, like cartoon characters. Even though they were all roughly the same size as me. None of them was five meters tall this time.

All the committee’s ufos took part in the discussion. I don’t remember what they said. At some point, I got fed up and started messing around, but the ufos kept their composure. Wobbler looked pleased. The committee ufos surely saw through the whole thing, but one of them got mad at me. I was probably rude in my comments about their appearance and other things. If I remember correctly, I even pulled one by the beard while dancing around the room, firing insults like a machine gun in all directions.

Many ufos hold the principle that one should not enter another’s mind.

Others are judged by their actions and words, not by thoughts. Maybe that was true of the committee as well. I do know these ufos aren't stupid. So why does Wobbler manipulate them and act so short-sightedly? Doesn't he really understand it's all plain to see? After the session, one of the ufos told me privately that I wouldn't get away without punishment either. Years later, I heard that Wobbler had manipulated me into hubris. And into drinking that night too.

Is there some other dimension somewhere from which they're messing with Wobbler? Is he being led around like a puppet? Maybe Satan has taken hold of him and is using him to strike at me.

Years later, I was again summoned before a similar committee. This time they asked me what I thought of Wobbler. I didn't remember the previous event, nor much else. I praised Wobbler and didn't want any punishment for him. Why do I have to be so forgetful? Life doesn't amount to much if your memory doesn't work.

I've always been too generous anyway. I don't hold grudges. I try somehow to get even and then forget the whole matter. It's not a bad method, but not perfect either. As a layman in the human world, it's certainly wise to avoid quarrels with people. Just look at Kimi Räikkönen. You got to admire that indifference to what other people say.

Maybe around 2017, a window opened. There were Wobbler and some others. They asked me if I would leave from there, because this didn't seem to be going in a good direction. But it was like a bolt from the blue, and I didn't dare seize the opportunity.

"Now you can come out, but after this, no more," they said.

They knew I wasn't ready. Why did they say there was only this one chance, and later it wouldn't work out? They just didn't want me to quit. Once again, a chance was given because they knew I wouldn't take it. Ufos see the near future very clearly with their prediction devices. They could phrase things so that it sounded like a risky leap into the unknown to my ears.

One of the ufos asked, why I wanted to be human? They laughed at humanity and said there's really no point to it. Problems in every area, starting with health. Culture in general is a mess. Superficial stupidity the defining factor. In the human world, everything is a lie. Nothing people believe is actually true.

A defensive stance arose in me. After all, I am a human. "Humans have potential," I said. I got childish and added that humans are the best. Others are just bad. I don't remember everything, but the point is clear.

"Fine. Then be human," they said.

You can be fucked, but you cannot fuck

In 2018, I lived in Turku. It was really quiet with women. Then Wobbler came and asked me what I think about woman raping me? I answered, whatever. It's not easy to get laid, so lay is lay, even if you don't remember it later.

That, of course, was yet another mistake. I was drained completely. Under the influence of a hypnosis trick, my sexual desire becomes very strong. But my machinery is not built to handle that kind of use. The result was a blur of vague memories - fucking different women. Then, in my normal state, as myself, I had no sexual desire at all. I just felt weak and apathetic.

Was Wobbler's idea to make it look like I have a sex life? While at the same time preventing me from experiencing intimacy as myself? Does he want my whole life to take place under hypnosis? He said sarcastically, "Well, at least now no one thinks you're gay." Is he bitter that I haven't turned out that way?

Because my erection was weak, I tried to stimulate it on my own with different sex fantasies. A couple of years later, I was already a proper pervert. I imagined myself as some woman's pet, being milked and dominated. Then, suddenly, I lost all interest in sex. The fantasies vanished, too. Wobbler called the whole thing off. Had he planned the entire narrative arc in advance, from woman raping to S&M to asexuality? The complete lack of sexual desire faded slowly over time. Still, under hypnosis, I remained fully functional, as far (or little) as I can remember.

After moving from Turku to Vantaa in the fall of 2021, I lost all of my sexual potency. It happened almost immediately after I had finally come to accept myself as a freak with small testicles. Took me just some 25 years to get there. I thought that at least I have some kind of sex life. Apparently, that wasn't supposed to happen. I'm not allowed to be content. There was also a physiological reason for my impotence: chronically inflamed, enlarged prostate.

In the autumn of 2023, I suddenly regained my sexual potency. I was overjoyed, on top of the world and full of energy. But the excitement lasted only a couple of weeks. I remember walking outside on a calm Sunday afternoon, completely sober. During my teenage years, I had been circumcised for medical reasons. Because of that, my glans sometimes rubs against my underwear, causing an uncomfortable erection. This time, it just wouldn't go away. I kept stopping and sitting down to smoke a cigarette, then got up and continued walking. I felt a bit disoriented. Then suddenly, I heard a voice in my head. It was Wobbler. He kept repeating:

"Should it be taken off, should it be taken off?"

(A question in passive form is difficult to translate into English.)

In that peculiar state, I found myself replying, "take it off."

After that, the impotence returned. Just like Wobbler wanted. After all, impotence induces a chronic gloom that you can't escape. Maybe that's better than failure in other areas of life. It also prevents sex, which many ufos view as debauchery. Wobbler certainly does, except when it happens under hypnosis. Then again, his main avatars in relation to me seem to be those Finnish pedophile-faggots who have become rich from persecuting me. They are not humans either but orcs. And what does Wobbler think of child molesting and homo sexuality? Is Wobbler a pedophile-faggot, too?

I've started to see Wobbler's influence behind everything the pedophile-faggots do. After all, he's the one who sets the boundaries within which they're allowed to harass me. At the very least, he gives their actions his blessing - or blocks them. For pedophile-faggots, I am a mix of work, pleasure, and hobby. Does the same apply to Wobbler? Does he also want to know everything, absolutely everything about me? And, of course, get involved in everything as well.

Through the pedophile-faggots and whores, Wobbler can operate more effectively in the worldly realm and torment me. For example, thought-police activity wouldn't be possible without the satanists' hypnosis trick. That's why I may never get my corpus callosum in order. I am forever doomed to wander as a helpless fool, someone anyone can hypnotize into a state of helplessness.

I've often wondered why are the problems the pedophile-faggots throw at me often so petty and absurd. I guess it's because they originate from Wobbler. If the pedophiles could freely define the nature of their harassment, it would probably be far nastier. Wobbler is capable of anything too, but he has to operate within certain limits and find at least a superficial reason or justification for what he does. Whether those justifications hold up under scrutiny doesn't really matter.

If the pedophiles were given free rein, I probably wouldn't have a car. It would be destroyed or stolen. Wobbler allows me to have a car - but it has to be a jalopy. He also wants me to participate in working life. Still, I refuse to be, say, a helping hand at a building site or a cleaner. That's why I'm allowed to do vehicle relocation work, even though the pedophiles hate it. Relocating cars creates challenges for their whore show, since I deal with new people every day and move around all over Finland.

The whore-show was originally Wobbler's idea. In this plan pedophile-faggots serve as middlemen. Whores tell people nasty lies about me but in the same time they also advertise me and indirectly my website, which is a source of awkward nuisance for the pedophile-faggots. It completely invalidates their argument that I am under their control. I wonder what Wobbler thinks of it?

England – Theme

From recent years, I bring up the England theme. Pedophile-faggots sic brits on me. And thus my website is advertised in Britain. Does it really make any sense for them? Especially since there are some writings in English, i.e. this one. Or maybe that is the secret ufo-reason behind it.

When people are thrown at me, I have to mention the website. It's comes as a surprise for them. Among the Britons, there is always one or two whores, hired by the pedophile-faggots. But no one mentioned the website to them either. Many freelancer based hostel whore has left the place immediately after looking into the website.

The homo theme is also very important for pedophile-faggots. Whores are looking for homos who are then sicced on me. They are shown the Senegalese nigger-faggots' rape video, and I'm sure there are lots of other videos, too.

The homo theme can be combined with the England theme. Every orc is more or less gay. And there are lot of homos in England, since most of the people there are taken by orcs. For this reason Britain has imported half a million Polaks into their country. The amount of orcs is rising in Britain and not everyone wants to be an African or Arab.

Wobbler's Defence

In many writings I have discussed the different ways pedophile-faggots are tormenting me through their whores. It has, however, remained unclear which of the various themes are specifically from Wobbler's toolbox?. His presence seems to loom in everything unpleasant. His dark shadow trembles even above the moments of happiness, always alert, seeking excuses to destroy anything fun and pleasurable. The ingratiating smile locked onto his hideous face makes one wonder: what exactly is so funny about all this?

I don't know how powerful Wobbler is in the end? I guess among the ufos influencing Earth he is one of the strongest. He is not god-like, that is for sure. If he is satanic, he must be a crypto. Perhaps all ufos are crypto-satanists.

Is Wobbler the one who has ruined my life? He said himself that I should not blame him so much as those friends of mine who do not help me, or take me away from here. In other words, he considers it his right to torment me as much as possible. Is it the case that Wobbler would do me much more harm if someone weren't holding him back? And who has to clean up after him?

If I have any friends or allies somewhere, they might not run over Wobbler, either because they can't, or because if you steamroll Wobbler, he walks. And then someone has to do his work. Apparently, I'm especially important to Wobbler. I serve on his worksite as an irreplaceable shovel man. A top-

notch shovel man never advances in his career, because no one can replace him at the end of the shovel.

Logically speaking, Wobbler maximizes the torment in order to extract maximum benefit from me. Therefore, since my life is relatively tolerable, someone must be holding him back from behind the scenes. However, as a mere resource, it is impossible for me to carry out anything on my own. The torment also prevents any kind of personal growth. Even if I were suddenly made a savant, I would still remain lacking in actual skills. Am I supposed to start learning languages, writing, and computer science at the age of 65? And everything else "the chosen one" is supposedly expected to know?

I don't think Wobbler likes my website. It clearly limits his ability to operate through me. It renders many of his plans void - assuming he has thought of me as anything more than just an energy asset. Does he intend to execute that fantastic world saver -project after I'm out of the picture, using my cloned body as an avatar? Controlling this clone at crucial moments and letting it otherwise run on autopilot. One must remember, of course, that the clone is exactly the same person as I am. It's not capable of anything either, nor is it interested in anything. And you can't get much of benefit energy out of it. Maybe some ufo will stage things so that not even Wobbler notices I have vanished. The clone continues my life, and the benefit is sucked out of the hundreds of thousands, maybe millions, of people who have tormented me. Or else Wobbler has to figure out for himself where to get the benefit he has earlier gained from me. After all, he has hijacked the whole "project", that is, my life, for his own purposes. So why should anybody help him?

So, could it be that the real intention is to smoke me out, to drive me away? It wouldn't be far-fetched to think that Satan is manipulating Wobbler to bully me out of the picture. Wobbler thinks he wants to save the world, but do it without me, because I'm just me. And he doesn't like my kind. Maybe the day will come when Wobbler realizes how hard it is to save the world. My own vision is to blow it to pieces. But that's just a kind of consultation. After all, I don't see the whole picture.

And how long can I continue to serve as an energy resource in general? Am I a bottomless well? I have heard that at least in the human world the satanic benefits gained through me are becoming increasingly hard to obtain. It would make sense if Wobbler prioritized his own projects over human ones. Or perhaps he simply skims the cream off the top of what human satanists manage to do.

It's clear that to Wobbler, his own projects are so important that my desires don't matter. And he doesn't want me to live my own life, anyway. Someone else would live it better. I would be allowed to leave the stage, but only once I'm already old. After that, Wobbler would carry out the things I was originally meant to accomplish in my life. In any case, I hope that my death as a human will finally put an end to my status as an energy resource. Or is Wobbler imagining that even if I commit suicide, I'll still end up in some kind of cosmic cell, reduced to nothing more than a milk cow? Does he think that as long as the cow milks there is no need for a butcher.

As I understand it, Wobbler exists above good and evil. Karma has no effect on him. However, I don't rule out the possibility that some extremely powerful entity has taken control of him. I won't speculate any further, but - as the saying goes - as above, so below. In other words, life is just as messy and chaotic at every level of existence. There is always someone stronger, someone unseen. There cannot be anything strongest without something stronger beyond it. At the very least, the entities that interact with humans cannot be the most powerful beings in the universe. Humans are such simple creatures that a real ultramega-entity wouldn't even find them interesting. Just like a human isn't exactly intrigued by the inner world of seaweed.

Starting from impotence and the voices, Wobbler has in many ways ruined my life. It seems to be really important to him. Wobbler and the Archons assisting him are determined to extract from me every ounce of possible benefit, for they have grown addicted to it. They probably even store up the harvested gains to use later, as they see fit. Yet they are making a mistake: they fail to carry out their intended projects now, while it would still be relatively easy, now that many other ufos are helping me, doing all the dirty work on Wobbler's behalf. Having met Archons many times, I can say that many of them truly seem like drug addicts. Their euphorically lazy and arrogant demeanor, along with hazy eyes, creates that impression.

If Wobbler ever has to steer the clone made of me, he will face an enormous task ahead, for he will have to do everything by himself and without the benefit-energy. Perhaps this was foreseen and scripted all along. How else could it be possible that a brute like Wobbler is allowed to terrorize various projects as he pleases? Is the separation of powers not a known principle in Ufoland? Surely all authority cannot be entrusted to one pair of hands. It must be distributed, so that if someone in the higher ranks falls ill, is coerced, or manipulated, not everything is lost. One must also remember that a junkie thinks of nothing but the next fix, and is therefore incapable of handling demanding projects.

This, then, is a warning to all kinds of entities: one should not wallow in pleasure, become an addict, or make life too easy by exploiting others. Well-being must be built on one's own work and skill; only then can it withstand the shifts of time, without needing to be artificially sustained through ever-growing exploitation and malice

The Whore Show

The satanists who lead my persecution in Finland hire people to do the dirty work. Some of these people work full-time; others are part-timers or freelancers. I call these people whores, since they will do anything for money. The whore phenomenon as a whole is an old custom. The satanic club needs henchmen and all kinds of people to deal with lays and unwilling satanists. Especially the poisoning, stalking and torturing of lays requires manpower.

In my case, the whore show has gone through the roof. They follow me everywhere. Wherever I go, there are a few whores trailing behind and ahead of me. The whore show could be seen as a security measure, but in practice, it's just constant harassment aimed at me. It doesn't really make any sense, which is not a big surprise, since the whole thing is Wobbler's idea. What else could it be but his way of messing with me to extract more benefit-energy, since, naturally, whores annoy me.

In 2010, I got into the club for a short period of time, just a week or two. That was enough for me to gain knowledge no layman should ever know. The satanists did erase my memory thoroughly, but it kept coming back. The original idea was to keep an eye on me, and block all unwanted influence from me. But after a while, it became a bit of a spectacle. People I interact with through my work for less than a minute, have to listen a half-hour lecture on what can and can't be said to me. And that is just the tip of this shiteberg.

When the whore show went bigtime, Wobbler asked, if it bothered me?

“Does it bother you to be followed all the time?”

“It doesn't bother me,” I said. I don't know why.

“It will bother you,” he said, smirking spitefully.

And right he was.

Maybe the whore show is also revenge for not worshiping Satan. Maybe Wobbler wants me to worship Satan, because otherwise I can't really get anything done here. But I can't worship Satan, because then I would have to stay here for many lifetimes. It's better to be here for just this one life. On the other hand, I wouldn't know if I have already been here many times before. I don't believe in that, but it is possible.

The way whores see it, they “keep an eye on me” or “see to it that everything goes properly”. At least that is what they say. I don't know what they think. Anyway, they are on my tail wherever I go. The chief whore commands from a control center and orders how the whores should stand, where to walk, what to say, and so on. Quite often, the whore “marks” me by walking back and forth in front of me or just stands there. Maybe whores are more entertain than my own actions. Maybe the show makes Wobbler and his associates happy.

Through whores, Wobbler can operate in the human world in a more concrete way. If he only controlled the pedophile-faggots, he wouldn't have access to the field. By the whore show, my life is under the widest possible control. It can be ruined in countless ways, while at the same time offering apparent protection and important isolation. No one is allowed to advise or help me so that my current ignorant state remains.

I'm not allowed to be killed either: I must not die. If I were to die, ufos could rewind the tape, but the whore show is a more earthly way to influence things. Through the whores, protection can be implemented so that I'm a helpless bystander, as it should be. One of the most defining aspects of my life is that I'm not allowed to live it myself, but others do everything. I just walk through my life, or rather crawl. If I were to reach my goal, a state where I can't be hypnotized, the whore show would have to end. No one would want to be a whore if the job were as much about running away as it is about following me.

Whores make good money at my expense, and it pisses me off. A whore earns more in one minute than I do a whole day. The operation costs millions a year. Yours truly is expected to be financially realistic, while the whores get their money effortlessly.

I'm not supposed to have any chance against the whores. They have all technical aids at their disposal. Even those not yet officially invented. I'm like John Spartan from the movie Demolition Man. He knows how to knit. I can make a sandwich. Whores have top-class computer experts, satanic mind tricks, a million-dollar budget, and an unparalleled surveillance system.

Fighting whores is impossible. Conflicts are not wanted because they could trigger unwanted changes. Aggression is cut away from me and the whore, so if I take a photo of a whore, it's hard for him to stop it. I, in turn, don't dare get too close to a whore. There's also a risk of hypnosis for me there. The main thing is to keep the current fearful apathy intact. Ville is pissed off, but no one gets hurt or killed. The whores' anger means nothing to Wobbler and the pedophile-faggots. They don't genuinely care about their employees.

Sick Entertainment

The whore show is depressing for me. It resets me no matter where I go. I'm just a helpless idiot whom the whores film and immobilize. They control the people around me. It's not far-fetched to say that this is exactly what's intended. To humiliate me. To make me an impotent eunuch. An ignorant fool whose insignificance must be emphasized. And it's becoming clear to people that nothing about me really depends on myself. Everything is given or taken away from above.

Maybe the whore show represents the idea that first there is oppression, and then suddenly the tables turn. Like in the Rocky-movies, where the

opponent beats Rocky to a pulp at the start, and then Rocky wins at the end. Or doesn't win...

The longer I'm oppressed, the sweeter the moment when I rise above. On the other hand, it's hard to believe in that, because even if the turnaround would be interesting, it doesn't erase decades of frustration. Long-term anger doesn't channel into rational action. Bitterness isn't noble, nor does it lead to good things.

And in the end, I'm not even allowed to do anything to anyone. And if I could mess with whores and pedophile-faggots, then what? Who would really care to watch if I command a whore perform somersaults in public or something like that? That wouldn't look good either, and it goes against my own idea of justice. My idea is that if someone can't adapt and repeatedly does wrong, they should simply be eliminated, put to an end. That's simple justice, and benefits also the wrongdoer. He can then be reborn as a dandelion or something similar. It's a waste of energy to humiliate and punish people over and over. Few learn anything from it.

On the other hand, the ufos' view of humankind is reflected in how they incite people to attack one another, only to punish them for it. A show is created by appealing to the basest of human instinct: the tendency to oppress the weak. In this way, the weakness of our species is exploited, and that is surely what the ufos desire. If people were told what's best for them, there would be no show at all. And yet, almost everything on this planet is built on performance, on the illusion that humans are the crown of creation. Ufos direct the entire spectacle from above.

Who does the whore show serve? It makes no sense that satanists hire people to follow me around and advertise me to the people I meet. Who benefits from turning my life into such a grotesque play without rhyme or reason? I'm an incapable idiot and my enemies are the worst satanists in the world who can ruin my sex life but can't remove my homepage from the Internet. They can rape me but they cannot punch me.

I don't want to be a shining star in the ufo entertainment heaven. I don't want to be a reality TV performer watched by millions, whose pitiful antics are dissected week after week in homes and workplace coffee rooms. Especially when I'm not getting paid.

This is snuff porn. Torture porn. A raw, violent, and perverse spectacle. Exactly the kind of low trash entertainment that a civilized ufo should not watch, but maybe craves precisely for that reason. Week after week, ufos gather in droves around their receivers to watch dirty, crude brainless entertainment. Apparently even ufos have reptilian brains. After all, they are at least as malicious and gleeful in others' misfortune as humans or reptilians. Ufos want a violent reality TV, juicy gossip, and maybe pornography too.

What's the purpose of a show like this, and who enjoys it? Is the ultimate goal just to mock humanity? Does this show even truly exist or is it just a simulation? A computer-generated program that starts when someone

presses a button and ends when that same button is pressed again.

Maybe none of this matters at all. We humans are just entertainers. The purpose of this play is to entertain. But does it? Does ufo feel entertained by this program? Is this a binge-worthy prestige show?

Elimination

You have to make up your mind. You can't hold two opposing views at the same time. Personally, I believe that pedophile-faggots are not the main ones responsible for my distress but ufos. Pedophiles are merely tools for them. I haven't yet been able to forgive pedophiles or whores, though. But I'm working on it. I don't blame myself for anything either. I don't take much responsibility for my life, because I'm not even allowed to live it. Someone else is living it for me.

Responsibility belongs to the one who holds the power, in this case, ufos. A small poke at an anthill or tweaking one thing doesn't necessarily make ufos responsible. But when you interfere with things on a daily level and keep almost all the strings in your hands - that does. The impact of all this isn't just the direct effect; the side effects and ripple effects are indirect consequences, and therefore the ufos who carry these out are responsible for what happens in my life. This is their life.

As for whores, I still believe that one should be killed every hour until the show ends. The killing should start from the top, that is, with those who have been whoring the longest. I'm not saying it would necessarily be righteous, but it would be an effective remedy and would bring the whoring to a halt within a few hours. And if the thinning out began from the upper branches of the organization, those killed would certainly have earned their fate. Who would miss them anyway? Is whoring their own choice? Yes, it is. Why do I also blame ufos? I blame both, but in this case, the point is to put an end to the whoring. That's what matters to me.

Would this bring me bad karma? Maybe. But I don't agree with the idea of constantly trying to avoid bad karma. If it's going to come, it will. I don't mind doing good things to earn positive karma or some benefit, but avoiding bad karma at all costs feels dishonest. Sometimes you just have to do what needs to be done if you want to achieve good results. If everyone only thought about their own karma all the time, nothing would ever move forward.

Still, I don't agree with any plan where I'm tormented for 60 years, only to get my turn to torment those who tormented me. To me, the whole thing is just about making everyone suffer. Setting different parties against each other. I don't want to take part in that.

Scapegoat

There is a certain balance of terror when it comes to the satanic torment. If it goes too far, I become self-destructive. My death would end the benefit I provide to my tormentors. So the pressure is tightened subtly, pushing my life in a worse direction. Or they curse me with some affliction, which is later swapped for another, slightly different one.

Sometimes it goes overboard, and some mega-ufo blows the whistle to stop the game. Then I get some concession, like a tape recorder or the job I wanted, which the ufos also tried to ruin. Wobbler wants me to be a cleaner or a warehouse worker, something I don't like. He thinks I should walk around in rags and be an ugly sloven. Meanwhile, he dresses in shiny armor of gold and silver. But for me, everything should be shabby.

And maybe it's true that Wobbler has made me a whipping boy for some other lays, or for some who have a task to fulfill. Thus, it's desirable that I remain a zero, because that way I serve the purpose best. Or perhaps out of carelessness, I handed over all rights to my life before coming here, and now, under this contract, ufos restrict my life. It's very important to them that I have no money. It can't be given to me, nor can I really earn it myself.

Wobbler said that if I were given money, I would immediately move away from Finland. He believes I must stay here. That this is my place. Here I'm being tormented as much as possible, because people have learned that it pays off. Here are my worst enemies, whom I can then bully as an old man. But first, I must become bitterly revengeful. In Thomas Harris's Hannibal novel, Mason Verger trained and starved wild boars to set them on Hannibal Lecter. My case is similar, although more complex in nuance.

Wobbler also asked what, in my opinion, should be done about Finland's economic growth. I quipped that economic growth is what is ruining the climate. Judging by his smug smile, it was exactly the answer he wanted. Perhaps Wobbler is envisioning Finland's economy plunging to the very bottom, only for me to be the one who can save it. That way, I'd have everything I wanted passed with ease, if not through the revelations about the club and pedophilia. Blackmail, after all, would be my chosen method of doing politics, if I ever did it. That's how the pedophile homos operate too, when they force people to turn against me. In truth, blackmail is merely one form of negotiation.

Maybe Wobbler's plans for me would be possible if only I changed into the kind of person he wants. That is, to have all good qualities but none of the bad. To be ambitious and determined, but also have high morals. To be optimistic and positive. Also selfless and constructive. And of course endlessly hardworking. No drinking, no smoking. No pornography or even thinking about sex. No animal products or junk food. No fancy cars or designer clothes. No wallowing in self-pity. Just patient suffering and sacrifice for others, and behaving with noble consideration.

Once some older female ufo told me, “We will finish this thing together in the end.” She didn't mean that I would be included in this “we”. From this, one can conclude that this project must succeed. Whatever that project is. I don't even know, but I can guess. For example, it would be great if orcs could be seen by everyone through special sunglasses.

Prophecies have ruined my life. Because of them, satanists follow and persecute me. And because I will eventually do something great, it will happen no matter what. This project cannot fail. It must succeed. That's why I'm a poor, miserable idiot. What does it matter, when the project succeeds anyway? And for this reason, one can think that everything that happens to me is right, because it is part of the prophecy. But on the other hand, I should become the opposite of myself, because such a great story cannot be too easy. So in the end, the whole thing is just a show. Why otherwise make the project harder to carry out if it's so important? Is it about energies? That they have to flow naturally or something like that.

Despite the prophecies, Wobbler and his associates don't like that I speculate about my future in a harshly realistic way. Digging into root causes and putting myself down. I suspect they think the human world can't handle the truth. But seeking truth is important to me. If the world can't handle truth, it must change and get used to handling it.

Why is truth bad? Is it a spoiler? Maybe human life is an unrealistic simulation. It can't be put under scrutiny. Everything here is fakery. For ufos lies are good. Who knows, maybe they are living one themselves.

Asceticism

An ambitious and determined person is most often selfish and ruthless. If not, then he is nearly perfect. Maybe such a perfect person exists somewhere, but I have not been able to become one. Nor have I really tried. I don't even know why I should? For I don't know what Wobbler's plan is about. What I do know is that it's not my plan. But if I'm just a laborer, then I should at least get paid. If they say the pay comes only after the work is done, they could tell me what I'm supposed to do.

In principle, one might think that ufos want people to live steady lives. No drinking, no sex, no partying. No salt, sugar, alcohol, or coffee. Not even tea. Just honest work during the day, and reading philosophical texts and meditating in the evenings. But then some of them don't want this. Some ufos believe that human life includes all kinds of things. Many of them have at some point been human themselves, and they understand human life better than those who have never been a human.

I myself am not capable of asceticism, even if there were a concrete reason for it, such as cleansing the body of toxins. It just doesn't work. The voices turn on. I hear various theories from the voices, but they change every day. I don't like the voices anyway, and especially don't trust them. Still, I have to admit that abstaining from pleasures would be possible for me. I could

refrain from drinking alcohol and coffee. Not smoke cigarettes. Eat nothing but raw vegetables. So far, I haven't been able to do it. I have tried a few times, but anxiety rises quickly. Meditation would have to accompany it, but that's another problem. When I first tried to learn meditation, I almost went blind. I couldn't meditate without involving my eyes. They just got involved, I don't know why. Maybe that too has to be made as difficult as possible. In order to get a third eye, I would lose the other two.

Then, after about half a year, when my eyes healed, I tried again. I thought I'd do it my own way. I didn't think about breathing at all. If I think about breathing, it becomes compulsive. In fact, it disturbs my meditation. That's why I focus only on spinning a "reel" in my brain. I draw various round patterns and a back-and-forth sawing motion in my mind. It's a bit like masturbating. I don't believe it's real meditation, but when I succeed, it feels good. My fingers and toes tingle. When I walk, I feel like I'm floating. But it doesn't always work. And I don't believe that when it works, my "meditation" depends solely on me.

The way out of hearing voices would surely be true meditation, but on the other hand, because of the voices, that's impossible. So even meditation, if successful, would just be an illusion created by ufos. I would have to pretend I'm meditating. Everything is based on pretending, and of course on the fact that misery must always be present.

Work

The Bible says: "By the sweat of your brow you will earn your bread, until you return to the ground, for from it you were taken; dust you are, and to dust you will return."

So, it is in human nature to work. But the Bible says many other things that have little relevance in the modern world. The whole book is, more or less, a distorted collection of human viewpoints—hardly divine, since divine knowledge could never fit into a human mind. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" is enough for a person to live by. The Ten Commandments serve as a frame: Thou shalt not kill, and so on. Of course, sometimes killing is inevitable.

If we seek the golden mean, I would say that downshifting is the key to happiness. Four days off, three days of work. That's a good balance. Unrealistic? Perhaps a little. It depends on how things are arranged. Artificial intelligence and automation are taking over jobs anyway. Shouldn't that increase our free time?

All in all, the best option would be for people not to have to work at all. Even if that sounds dull, it would still be better than running endlessly in the rat race. In theory, a smart person does very little. Every action, every word, sets off an uncontrollable chain of consequences. It is often wiser not to act at all, or at least to think carefully first. Also, bodysnatching orcs abduct the interesting people. A dull loser might escape their attention.

Still, we humans are forced to toil. And work is often competition against one another, which easily breeds bad karma. It feels as if everything that generates bad karma also serves as entertainment for ufos and propels the

world forward. Through work, too, humanity seems doomed to fail.

Just like in capitalist market economies, in satanism the strong prevail. When this logic is taken to the extreme, we end up with inequality among people. If a rich man owns all the beaches and prevents the poor from swimming, can that really be right? Satanism relies on the law of the jungle: the strong take what they want, and the rest must settle for scraps. Part of the hegemony of rich Satanists are the laws created to protect them—the tools of the strong against the weak. Judges are Freemasons and devil worshippers. A mason never goes to jail unless he breaks the law outrageously. Lawyers obey the orders of the club. Politicians operate under its rule. And then there's the media, which guides the public toward a pleasantly rounded, socially acceptable truth that is never questioned. Public debate remains polite, and limited to meaningless details.

In a pure capitalism, "laissez-faire" rules. Trade is neither regulated nor taxed; everything is free. Supply and demand dictate the prices of goods and services. Yet most people are destined to remain poor, for if everyone had wealth, prices would quickly soar. Only a small fraction of the population can be rich, and they are all satanists. Without satanism, one cannot succeed; but with it, one cannot pass through the eye of the needle into the kingdom of heaven.

Human life, then, is torment for everyone, that's how it's been arranged. But why would the super-rich even pay salaries to their executives unless they had to? If workers are imported from abroad - people willing to work for a few euros an hour - then why not also bring in managers ready to accept a thousand a month? It's simple cost-cutting. The welfare state is built on the idea that most citizens belong to the middle class, if not economically, then at least mentally. In the United States, this model was gradually dismantled from the 1960s onward. Nothing remains of it now. In Finland, the welfare state survives on borrowed money, since no one wants to compromise on living standards. With the euro, the right to create money was handed over to Brussels, and low interest rates encourage ever more debt.

The Nordic welfare state, however, works well for a layman. Social benefits and various safety nets protect those who have little. As long as the layman doesn't give in to drink or drugs, he has a fair chance to live a modest but bearable life. Of course, much depends on factors outside society itself.

Such as the kind of people he has around him. Do his neighbors happen to be thieves? Do his friends or relatives look out for him? His own personality also matters a great deal. If people like him, he might not be beaten or mistreated. Even so, the layman remains a second-class citizen, stripped of basic human rights. This glaring injustice is brushed aside among satanists with a simple wisdom: that's how it goes. It can also be referred to by the term "selective inalienable human dignity".

Ufos hold no illusions about a world where everyone gets along. Opposing forces drive each other forward. Ufos don't hold humanity's hand through hard times, because people must learn to take care of themselves. If someone does everything for you, you become dependent: lazy and inert.

When you stop moving forward, you wither, for the world does not stand still. Downshifting doesn't mean laziness; it means clocking in two hours later or clocking out two hours earlier.

I don't see myself as a model citizen. I am lazy, both mentally and physically. I don't like effort, and I've grown crooked. I try to resist my nature, but life could have been made easier than this. That is why I believe that a person must be taught diligence and activity from early childhood. Then it becomes second nature. Effort should not be seen as struggle. It's the foundation of everything. One must exert oneself every day, but it can be done with a light heart. A parent does their child a great disservice by teaching them laziness. Passivity is the cradle of depression.

Intellectual capital, gained through reading and study, also limits thinking. It creates patterns that guide you, but also freeze you. Books can inspire, but they are full of unoriginal thoughts—facts, lies, opinions, and mental clutter. Maybe it's more important to meditate.

In human culture, knowledge is power. People don't share it, because once it's shared, it loses its value. Life is competition. What you have, someone else doesn't. That's why people guard knowledge. Lies, on the other hand, are spread freely. They confuse enemies, forcing them to waste time denying them. When a lie is repeated often enough, it becomes truth. People internalize it. They stop questioning it, because doing so would threaten their own position and peace of mind. It's easier to live inside the lie.

But just as one shouldn't lie to oneself, one shouldn't feed shallow thoughts either. You must challenge yourself. You are, in many ways, what you think. Thinking is also doing. Yet the process of becoming a whole person is difficult. That is one of humanity's problems. It takes twenty to forty years to grow up, because everyone must learn everything from scratch. Nothing is inherited. Collective consciousness has been poisoned and destroyed. People are isolated from one another. Everyone is alone.

Maybe new technology will one day allow us to communicate without language. But I suspect that channel is already corrupted, or at least under strict surveillance. I would not be surprised if NWO meant that brain implants are mandatory. Then someone programs people without them knowing it.

In the past, people lived to forty. Now they live to seventy. In the future, maybe to a hundred and fifty. But the older we get, the faster time runs. The years pile up until they blend together, harder to tell apart. They are not all the same, but each year feels shorter in the span of a whole life. That is why childhood and youth are the most important times. They must be cherished and protected. Maybe in the NWO, children will be raised in institutions. Parents will get to see them only on weekends and during holidays. The advantage of this is that the number of psychopaths will decrease. The downside is that everyone will become brainwashed and mentally ill in other ways.